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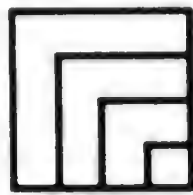
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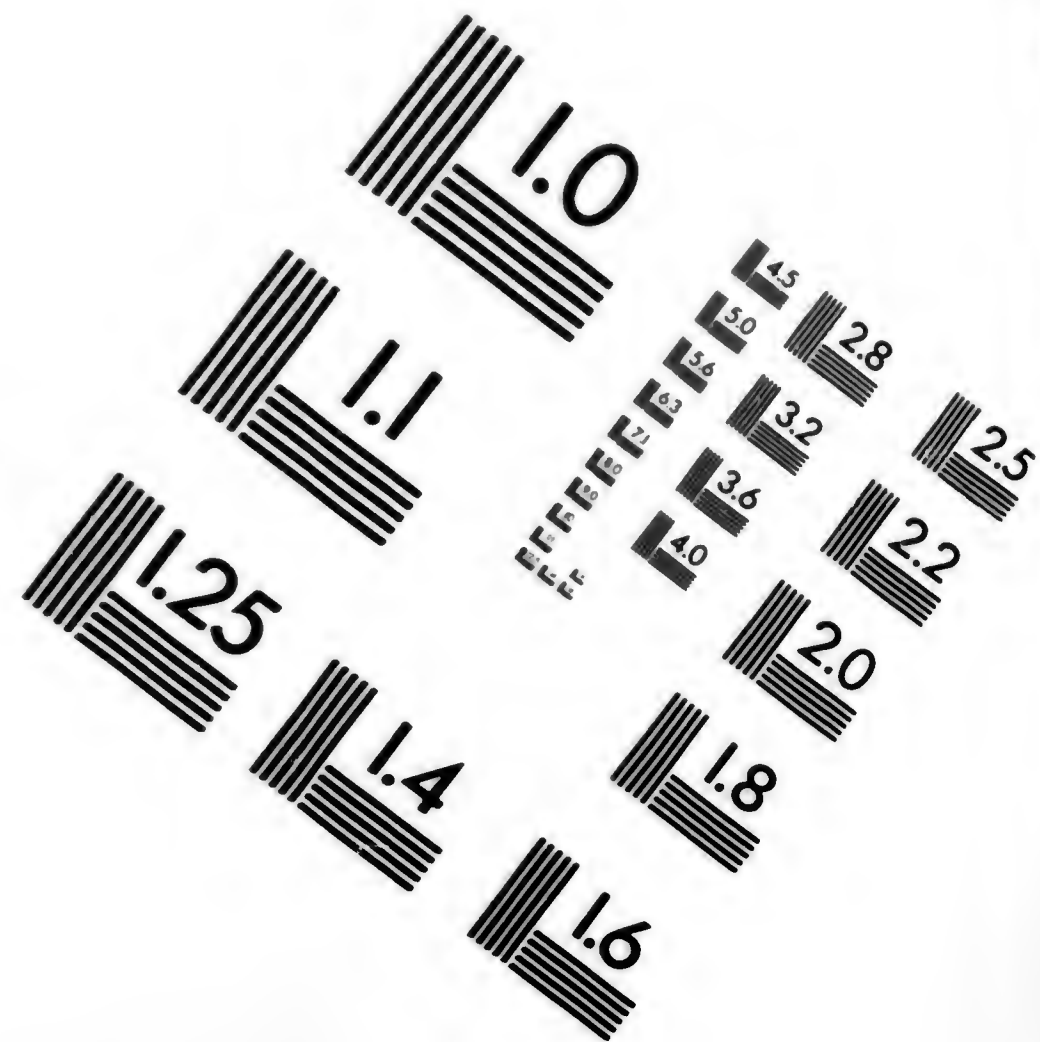
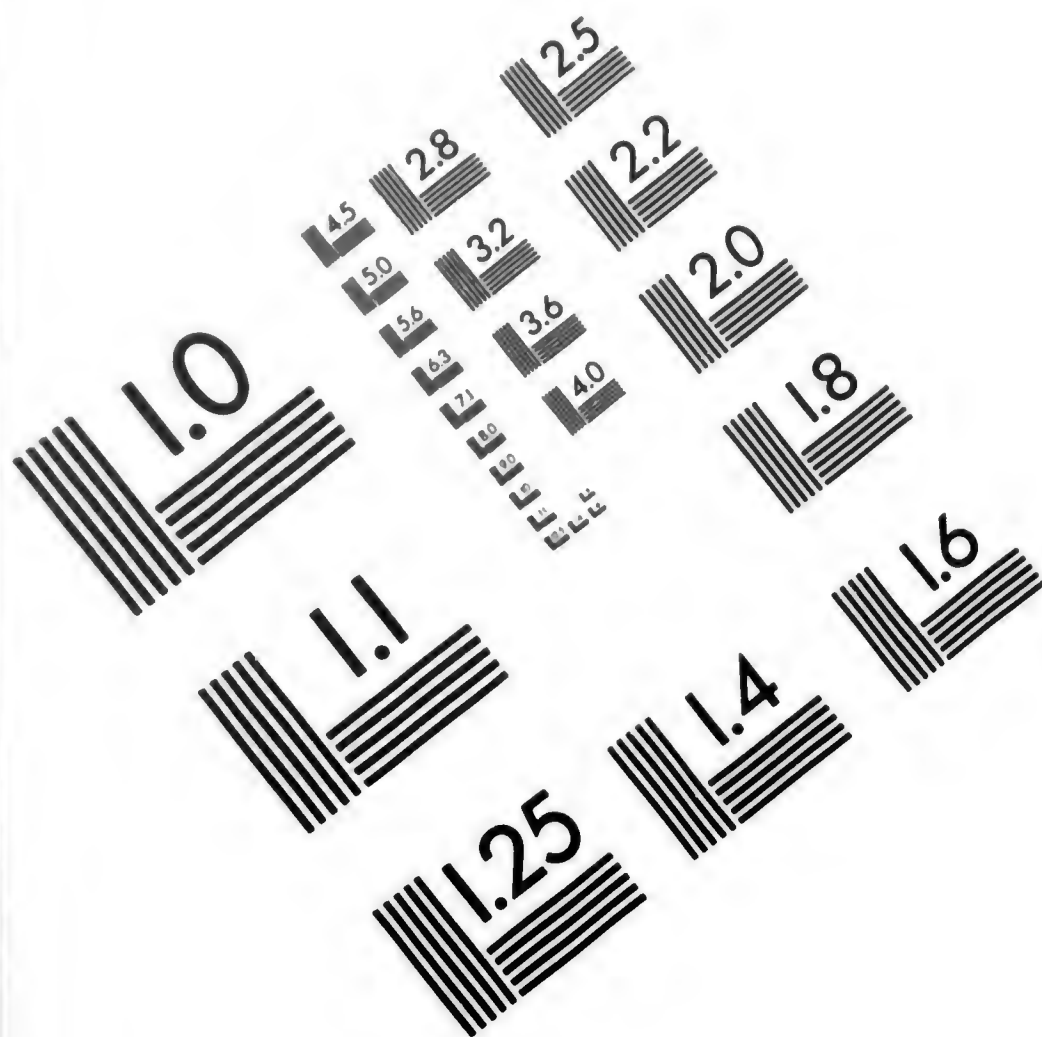


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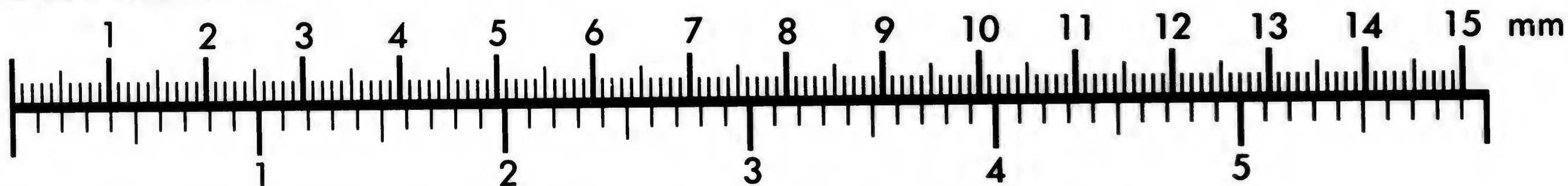
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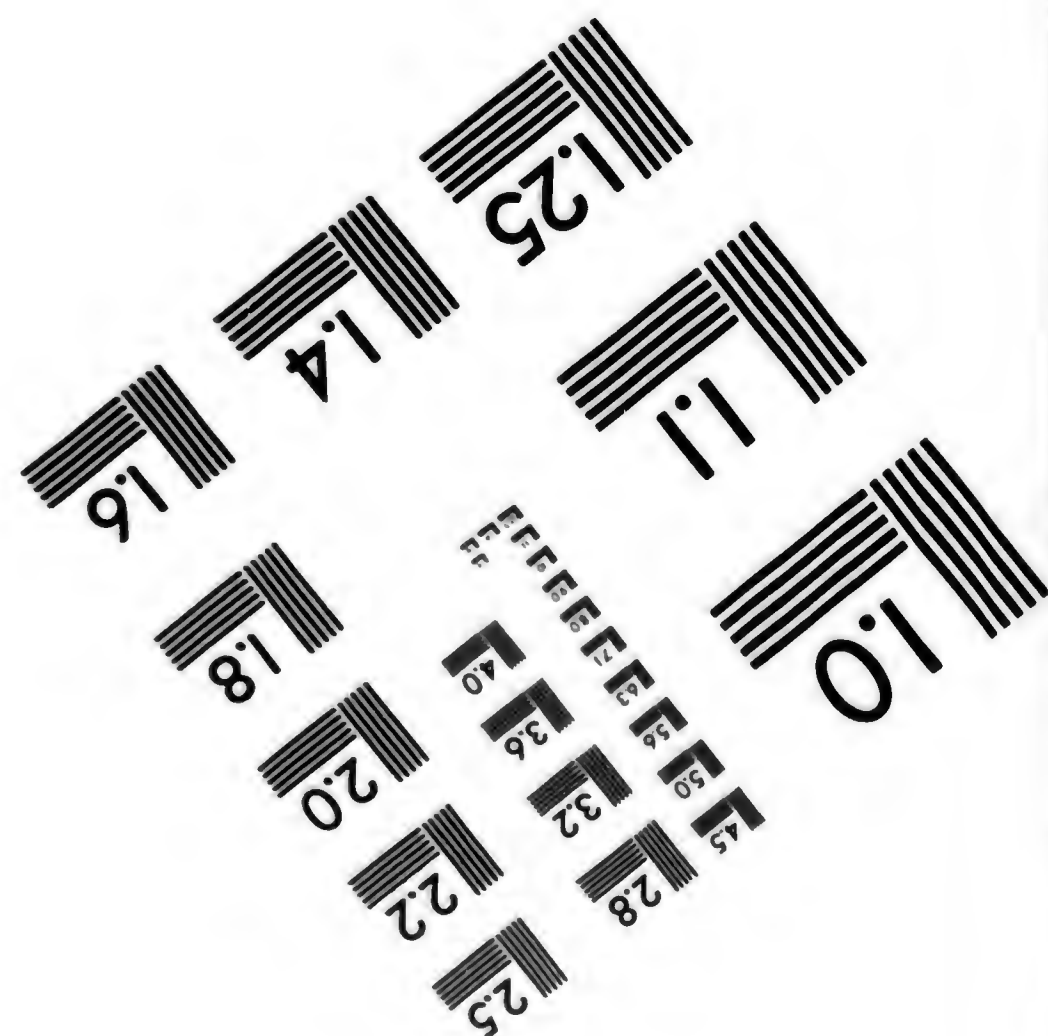
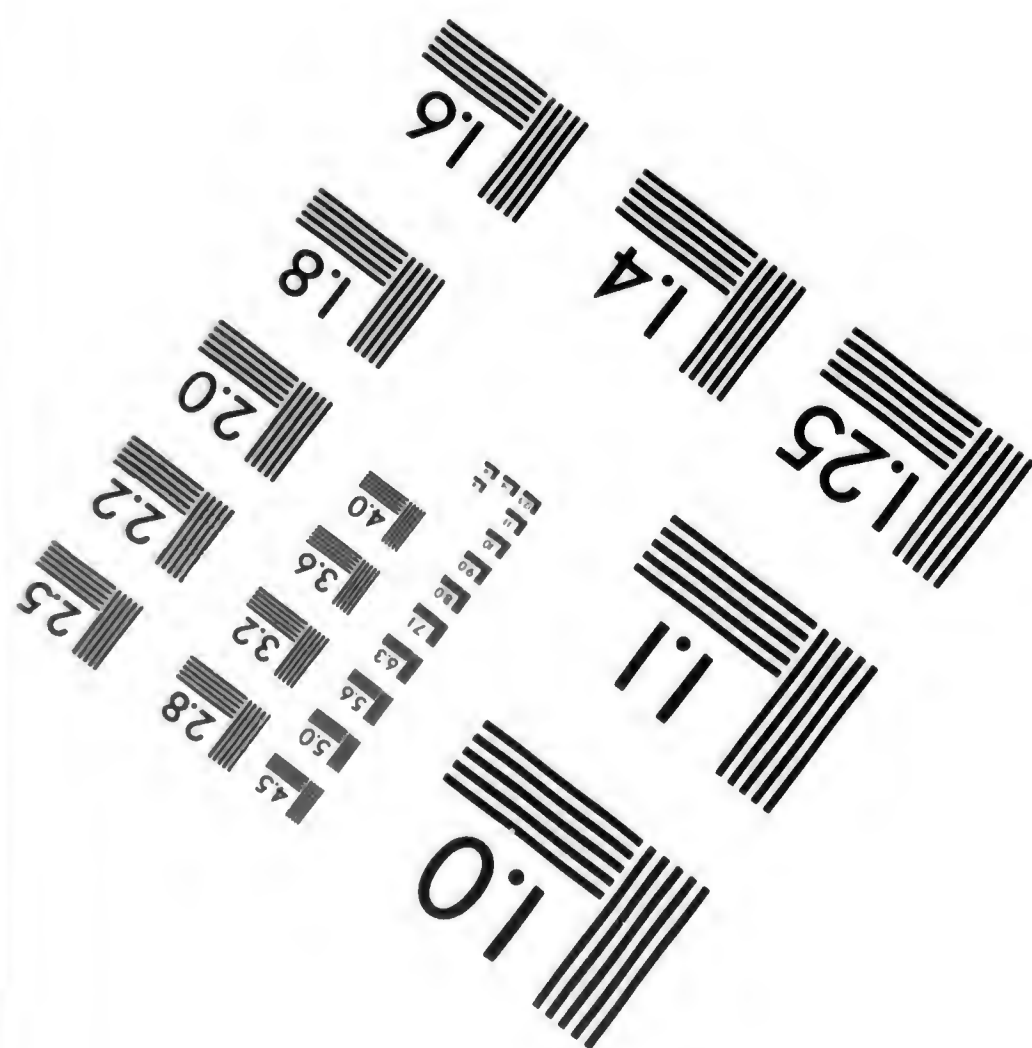
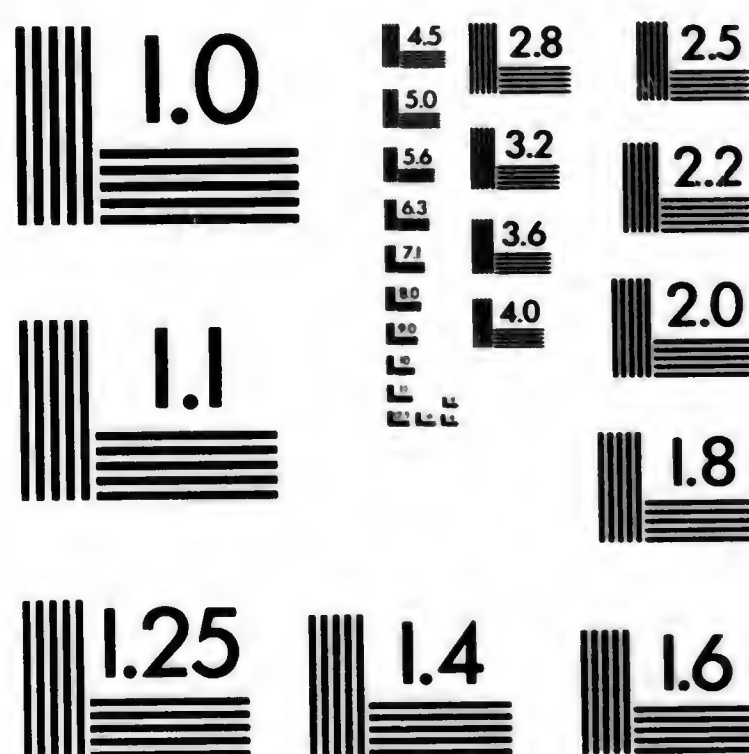
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INDIAN SCHOOL IN YOLO COUNTY.

Eunice T. Gray Writes Interestingly of Institution Established by Northern California Indian Association at Guinda.



1. Some of the Guinda girls. 2. Making a sleeping porch; boys' dormitory. 3. Group of Indian children at Guinda.

By EUNICE T. GRAY.

WE VISITED the Indian industrial school on a perfect September day, cloudless, golden and fragrant with the odor of ripening figs and grapes, blooming alfalfa and sunburnt fields. The road from Winters to Guinda is through a level country with wide pastures, fertile fields and green orchards, a rich valley tapped early in the history of California by the Southern Pacific railroad. Senator Stanford had such hopes for this section of the state that he laid out towns and encouraged his employees to invest along its line. A large hotel was built at Esparto, and there was every indication that the road would be the main line from San Francisco to Portland. But traffic turned the other way and it became the Winters branch, terminating at the head of the Capay valley, at Rumsey, a few miles south of Clear Lake.

A year ago the Yolo Water and Power company bought right-of-way along this line, put in a cement ditch, a million-dollar dam, a million-dollar bulkhead in Lakeport, and is bringing from Clear lake water to the thousands

of rich acres south, turning them into green fields which are to feed the stock for the thousands of newcomers even now on their way to California.

Purchase of School Site.

When the Northern California Indian association decided to establish an industrial school for young Indians, they began looking for a piece of land which would be near the Indian settlements and which would be a comfortable home and a profitable, workable ranch. Through the advice of Mr. C. A. Kelsey the committee visited this valley and decided that the section on the hills above Guinda was just what they wanted and they purchased a tract of 483 acres and proceeded to erect simple buildings suitable for the home and school.

We reached Guinda about noon, a campaign automobile was drawn up in front of the corner grocery. It was significant that among the score of listeners two Indian women, with kerchiefs over their heads, stood intently listening to the well-groomed, earnest but perspiring young orator.

We reached the gate of the school about noon and halted in the shade of an oak for our lunch. The sun was intense and we had a fellow sympathy for the figs that lay shriveling in the sun.

A well-made road, built by the Indian boys under their superintendent, Mr. Olsen, led us around the hill and out on a level plateau, where the superintendent's house and the school and dormitory stand. A cool breeze swept down the canyon, and there were wide, shady places, the coolest spot we had encountered that day. We were greeted with warm cordiality by Mr. and Mrs. Olsen, who made many protests because we had not come there for lunch, or at least a cup of tea.

Mrs. Olsen has the entire work of the school upon her shoulders for a few days; the teacher was away upon his wedding trip. She seemed equal, however, to being housekeeper, hostess, teacher and adviser. We rested for a time upon the cool porch of the home, looking out over rolling hills and the lovely Capay valley, dotted with almond and fig orchards or gleaming with the stubble fields of barley.

Mr. Olsen's Plans for School.

Mr. Olsen told us his plans for the school. He and the boys had been planting lemon trees on the south hillside that morning, and he hoped to put in an almond orchard on a protected flat, half way down the east slope, he spoke of the possibilities for raising a living for the school from the land, which would at the same time train the boys in farm methods and the conservation of the land.

It was pleasant to hear these two speak of their work for and with their Indian children; practical, wholesome, ambitious talk, with an undertone of kindness far removed from the sordid talk of gain for gain's sake, and yet free from false sentimentality. Surely, this is the kind of training our boys and girls need, whatever be their race.

The Guinda school provides home life, industrial training and Christian principles. It is the clear, sound note of morality, the gentle spirit of love, which distinguishes it from other schools, and it is this, which the Indian association has felt it was necessary and wise to work and strive for, and it is by this that the school will fall or succeed.

We visited the school, a large, airy building with a schoolroom, a kitchen and a pantry. Mrs. Olsen asked the class to read for us, but the girls were exceedingly shy, and their voices were almost inaudible, but after ten minutes of brisk physical exercises under the leadership of a tall, slim half-breed, the school lost its excessive self-consciousness, and the pupils glanced up

at us shyly, studying our faces with a slow intent expression as if to read there some of the things that seemed so hard to understand.

Fond of Music.

But the key to the hearts seemed to be music from the time that they sang in soft, mellow voices two hymns with the accompaniment of a cottage organ to the grand finale of the farewell serenade by the boys' band, they seemed to feel that we were friends, a part of the family.

My sister told the story so frequently related by the late Rev. Mr. Wakefield of the missionary influence of a brass band upon the Matakhatia Indians in Alaska, which pleased Mr. Olsen tremendously.

"Ah, yes, music is a great thing. We have had the instruments only a month, yet the boys think the whole day of the practice hour that evening. There is nothing they love so, nothing that brings them all together like that."

We saw the day's baking, rolled in a fresh cloth in the clean kitchen, a spotless pantry and shining pans, the work of the ten Indian girls, all of whom had lived a year ago in the most primitive of Indian camps. We visited their cool, airy sleeping quarters in the upper story of the superintendent's house. We were shown the boys' dormitory, a large one-room building under the oak trees in the rear, and it all seemed the simple, substantial beginnings of an institution which will be a useful factor in the country life of the state, a little oasis of peaceful contented living in the midst of a hurried, troubled social desert.

As we were served with great bunches of delicious Tokay grapes in the cool dining-room, we were told a few stories of the life of this little family, full of both humor and pathos.

Girl Sold for \$40.

That morning the mother and uncle of one of the girls had come to take her home. Mrs. Olsen knew the girl was happy and progressing with them, and she was loath to let her go. She questioned the mother closely. It was just as she had thought. The mother had come for Anna to pay off a debt incurred some years ago by her grandmother. She was to be married to a good-for-nothing Indian boy in the camp whose father had paid \$40 for her. In this way, one of the greatest problems of the school had presented itself that morning. Mrs. Olsen questioned Anna as to her wishes. She hung her head and murmured, "I stay here."

"Do you want to go home with your mother today?"

"No, no, I not want to marry. He bad boy. I stay here."

So the mother and uncle had driven home, and Mr. and Mrs. Olsen were in hopes that they could keep Anna long enough to train her and find a proper husband for her.

During our visit we were attracted by a lonely little Indian girl, who seemed to be having unusual freedom and privileges. She had come a few days ago with her father, and two brothers from the Mendocino county government reservation. The children had been pupils in the government school, whose \$40,000 school building had been burned to the ground by some dissatisfied boys.

"Gee, ain't this a lot better'n our school," one of the boys had remarked to his father after band practice. "I used to get a lickin' every day, and sometimes two."

Far be it from the Olsens to decide whether the likings were deserved or not. The boys had been put immediately in training with the others, but little Marguerite, an unusually quick child, was basking in the sunshine of

Mrs. Olsen's affection and a new hair ribbon.

Farewell by the Band.

We were given a spirited farewell by the band. School hours over the boys stationed themselves on Mr. Olsen's steps and, under his leadership, ran scales, time exercises and variations on march themes till they finally rose to the grand climax of a waltz in which the two stout boys' cheeks were veritable balloons. The "bad" boy from Mendocino ting-a-ling-tanged the triangle without missing a count, and the drummer was absolutely militant. Mr. Olsen's two young sons came home from school in time to assist with the waltz, but even with their help we knew that the Guinda Indian school band was a fore-ordained success. How many San Jose schoolboys could play a waltz from a musicbook with a three-weeks' acquaintance with notes and instruments?

Our last view of the school was of the score of girls and boys under the big oak tree in front of the schoolroom, waving their hands to us as if we were all old friends, of the Collie yapping a joyous farewell and of "Mary's" fat, contented lamb who had, true to the

good old story, been sleeping on the doorstep of the school the entire afternoon.

Two notes dominate the harmony of the Guinda school—patience and peace. Patience with the dormant, slow-growing minds and souls in its care, and the peace which comes with love and faith.

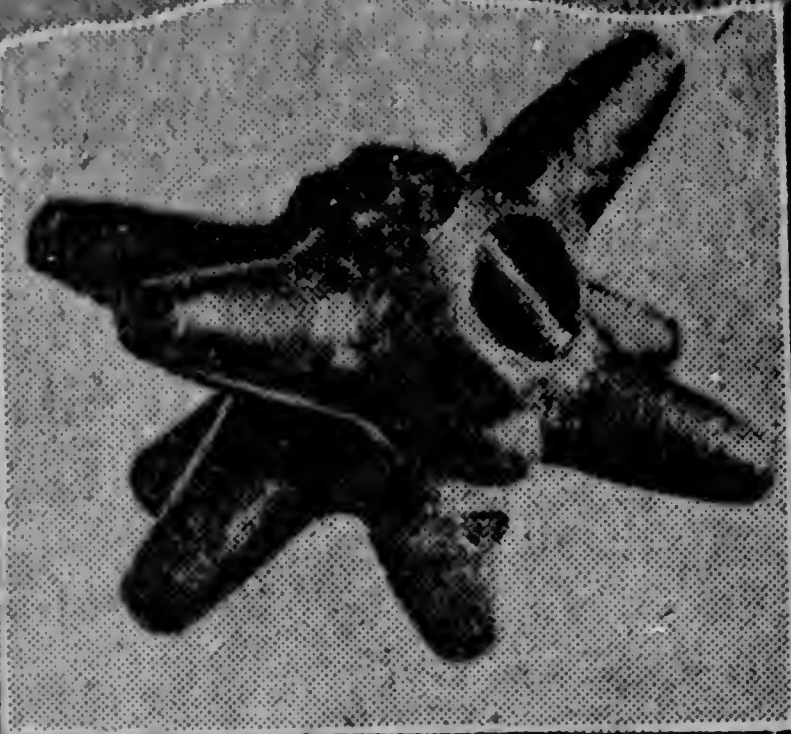
How the Peruvians Mend Their Broken Heads

S.F. Chronicle, Oct. 19, 1924

Remarkable Methods of Skull Surgery Followed Since Prehistoric Days and Rivaling All the Best Skill of Modern Science



Peruvian skull hundreds of years old, skillfully trephined for an injury quite possibly inflicted by a murderous spiked slungshot like that shown below. These slungshots of fire-hardened copper and clubs with spiked copper heads were the Peruvians' favorite weapons for close fighting, and so it's no wonder there were many cracked skulls.



TO CUT a piece out of the skull of a living person is a difficult and dangerous feat of surgery.

That major operations of this kind were commonly performed by the Peruvians in prehistoric times has long been known, but not until recently was it ascertained that they—that is to say, their present-day descendants—are still doing it.

Furthermore, this discovery has thrown sudden light upon what has hitherto been a mystery—namely, the method and "technique" employed by the prehistoric surgeon.

It has done more than that. It has revealed the amazing fact that the ancient Peruvians were acquainted with the use of anesthetics.

Inasmuch as their surgical knives (many of which have been dug up) were of no better material than flint or fire-hardened copper, the operation of trephining must have been a very long and slow affair. How could anybody endure the agony of it? Think of the strain upon the nerves of the operator!

It would have been wellnigh impossible. But observations made by recent explorers in Peru make it clear that a powerful anesthetic was used. It is still in use by native medicine men in the wilds of that country, who occasionally perform the operation.

The anesthetic in question was cocaine, our own acquaintance with which, as a valuable medicinal drug, is very recent. In prehistoric Peru it was administered in the form of what would nowadays be called an aqueous solution, obtained by soaking leaves of the coca plant in water.

This was supplemented by dosing the patient with an alcoholic drink called "chicha," in quantity sufficient to reduce him to a stupor of intoxication.

It appears, then, that the use of anesthetics in surgery was familiar to the native people of Peru at least several centuries before chloroform or nitrous oxide (laughing gas) became known to the world. In that respect their medical practitioners were pioneers.

Incidentally in recent explorations in that country many ancient burying grounds have been dug up, and in some of them 5 to 6 per cent of the skulls were found to show unmistakable signs of trephining.

That certainly seems most remarkable. But the matter is susceptible of explanation, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that nearly all of the trephined skulls are those of men—the male human cranium being distinguishable from the female by its more substantial structure.

These were war cemeteries, devoted at least mainly to the burial of fighting men. The trephined skulls represent soldiers who were operated on for cranial fractures. Many of the operations were successful, as proved by growth of new bone about the surgical opening; others were presumably failures, followed by death.

Why so many head wounds? Because

the favorite weapons of the ancient Peruvians, for fighting at close quarters, were clubs with spiked copper heads and copper slungshots, like those shown below. The slungshot was a heavy chunk of fire-hardened copper, formed with spikes projecting in all directions, which was swung from the end of a leather thong.

Thus it came about that most of the serious wounds received in battle were fractures or penetrations of the skull. Hence, doubtless, the development of the trephining operation, in which most often has lain the only hope of saving life. In many cases, however, it was performed for the removal of brain tumors or even for the cure of insanity.

At best, even with the help of anesthetics, it was a terrific operation—what in these days we would call heroic. Dr. Leonard Freeman, describing it in a forthcoming number of "Art and Archaeology," says that the patient's head was held tightly between the surgeon's knees—the former reclining, the latter sitting. A crisscross incision was made through the scalp, and the operator then set about the business of removing from the skull a piece of bone, usually square.

The instrument used was a sharp flint or a knife of hardened copper with a rough edge, set in a wooden handle. It was applied by bracing the handle against the operator's chest and rubbing the edge of the tool back and forth over the bone. Thus the process was one of scraping. Four grooves were cut in this way, crossing each other at right angles. When they were sufficiently deep the resulting "button" was pried out.

Sometimes the hole was covered by simply laying over it the severed lips of the scalp. In other cases it was closed with a little plate made from a sea shell. One trephined Peruvian skull was found with a perfectly fitting disk of lead inserted in the surgical opening. How modern that idea seems!

Most interesting of all the trephined skulls is one, recently found, which still wears the original surgical bandages evidently used to check bleeding of the scalp while the operation was in progress. The patient died under the knife, and it was not thought worth while to remove the bandage before burial.

The bandage consists of a long cord wound several times around the base of the skull, just above the ears, and also across the top of the head from one ear to the other. It is so arranged that by pulling on a loop the whole affair can

be cinched up to any desired tightness. The strands of cord passing over the top of the skull are inclosed in a roll of cotton covered with gauze, which represents a surgical dressing.

This dressing (discolored with what looks like old blood) is of materials such as are used in modern hospitals. The cotton is soft and fine, in no way different from the absorbent cotton employed by surgeons to-day, and the gauze is exactly like our surgical gauze, though finer. It is surely remarkable that those materials deemed so indispensable in our hospitals should have been utilized for equivalent purposes by medical practitioners in prehistoric Peru.

Another skull, small, thin and delicate of structure, is evidently that of a

woman. On the right side is a hole four inches long and over an inch wide, covered with a silver plate, which was held close to the bone by a replaced flap of the scalp. She was doubtless a person of wealth, and probably a princess. Considering that there is nothing but the skull to offer testimony, it is surprising how much can be told about her.

When a very young girl she suffered a slight fracture of the skull on the left side. The injury seemed trifling and did not excite much attention. But after a while it brought on an inflammation of the brain which induced paralysis of the facial muscles. The doctors—this may have been 500 years or more ago, mind you—knew nothing of the fracture and operated on the wrong side of the head. No benefit resulting, they operated again and again, enlarging the aperture. Their efforts were unavailing, and, after many years of distressing illness, the sufferer died.

At the time of her death she was about thirty years of age, but disease so retarded the development of her teeth that they were like those of a twelve-year-old child. The first molars are seen to-day in the jaw, just in the act of erupting through the vanished gums, while the "wisdom teeth" are still buried an inch deep in the sockets.

All these facts are told as if in plain English by the skull. The sex is obvious. The silver plate (the only one of that metal ever found, by the way) indicates that she was a woman of means and rank. The original fracture on the left side, though small, is conspicuous in the bared cranium. A distortion of the bones of the face proves the resulting paralysis.

The bodies from which the skulls were

obtained were buried in caves or in dry sand, most of them in sitting posture, with knees drawn up beneath the chin. In that rainless region they did not decay, but became desiccated—mummified by nature. Some of the mummies dug out of the ancient cemeteries have false heads, with long tresses of human hair or vegetable fiber. Why, nobody knows; it is a mystery.

In the eye sockets of many skulls are set the vitreous lenses of cuttlefish eyes. Undoubtedly a great majority of the crania antedate the arrival of Pizarro in Peru, 400 years ago. Most of them are presumably much older than that.

The trephining operation must have been a tedious ordeal, requiring at least an hour's time. Lacking the help of an anesthetic, the average patient would have died of sheer pain. One can endure just so much. Many scratches on the adjacent bone of trephined Peruvian crania, produced by slipping of the surgical instrument, suggest nervousness on the part of the doctor.

Unfortunately, the ancient Peruvians knew nothing of antiseptic methods, and infections must have been frequent. Sometimes, too, it happened (as shown by a study of some of the skulls) that the cutting tool was forced through the bone, penetrating the enveloping membrane, or even the tissue of the brain. No wonder, then, that more than half of those who submitted to the operation died of it.

One skull has three holes in it, representing as many operations performed at different times. From two of them the patient recovered, but he succumbed to the third. From observation of the crania, it is possible in nearly every case to judge with reasonable certainty whether the sufferer survived or not, and, if he survived, for how long. Survival is indicated by a reparatory growth of new bone around the orifice.

In another skull, taken from a mummified body, the scalp, some of the hair and much of the flesh of the face are preserved. On the left side of the forehead is a three-cornered hole—possibly made by a spike on the end of a club. The injury caused paralysis of the face, so that the nose and mouth are twisted to one side. An operation, evidently tried for the purpose of relieving the brain

of pressure by bone splinters, was unsuccessful, the patient dying under it.

There is no telling how much of superstition may have been concerned in the practice of the prehistoric surgeons of Peru. Very likely, where the case was one of mental disorder, they believed that the removal of a button of bone permitted the escape of an evil spirit. Not so very long ago in civilized countries insanity was attributed to "possession" by devils. Likewise epilepsy.

The ancient Peruvians deformed the skulls of their babies to a remarkable extent by tight bandaging, thereby rendering them very elongate. When Pizarro and his followers first reached that country he must have been astonished by the shape of the natives' heads.

It has been suggested that this practice may in some instances have given rise to brain troubles for which a cure was sought by trephining, but most authorities pooh-pooh the idea. No amount of deformation seems to impair the efficiency of the human brain, so long as there is no interference with its development in respect to volume.

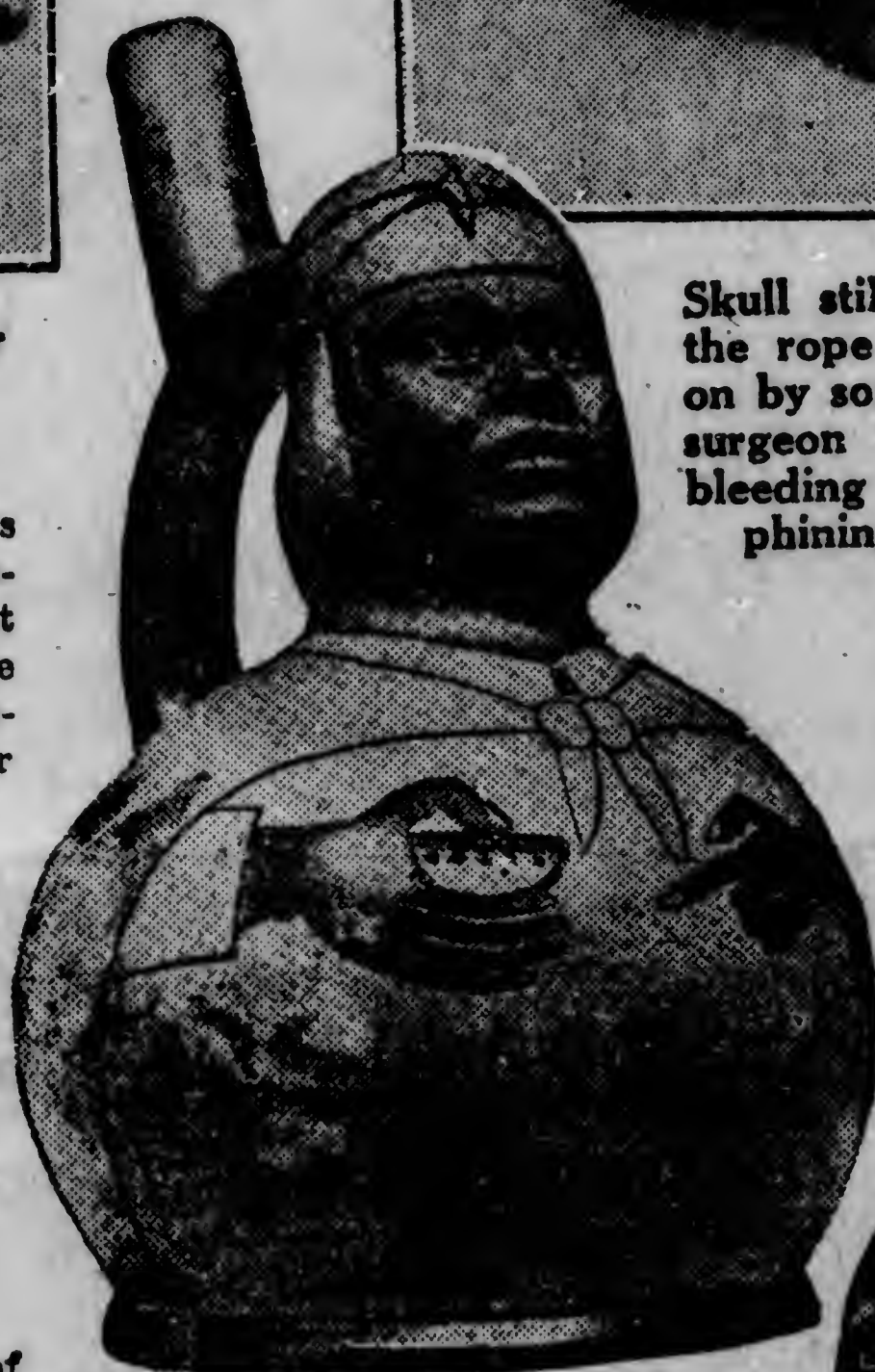
It may be taken for granted that the prehistoric Peruvian members of the American medical profession were men of tribal importance, combining the functions of doctor and priest, and quite possibly rulership.

The mummy of one of them, recognizable by the technical equipment buried with him, really looks like a doctor—his head large, his forehead high and benevolent, his hair and mustache iron gray. Though many centuries have passed since he died, he still wears a pleasant and encouraging smile.

That the ancient Peruvians lived in a very high state of civilization is being evidenced more and more every day by the remarkable relics which are being unearthed by archaeologists.

Not only has science discovered actual proof of the extraordinary surgical skill of these ancient Incas and the fact that they were familiar with the use of chloroform and cocaine as anesthetics but they have also discovered that these ancient Peruvians were fully as artistic as the ancient Egyptians in sculpture and that they had also developed the potter's art to a high degree.

Below, a descendant of the Incas and a carving of an Aymara god which they overthrew



Artistic water jug which was found in the grave of an ancient Peruvian surgeon and may have been used to quench the thirst of patients whose broken heads he patched up



Another fine example of the high development attained by the potter's art in old Peru

One of the strange Houses of the Dead in which the Incas of ancient Peru interred the remains of members of their families. They refused to be parted from those who had died, and so they put their bodies in the upper part of one of these windowless towers while they lived in the gloom of a lower chamber

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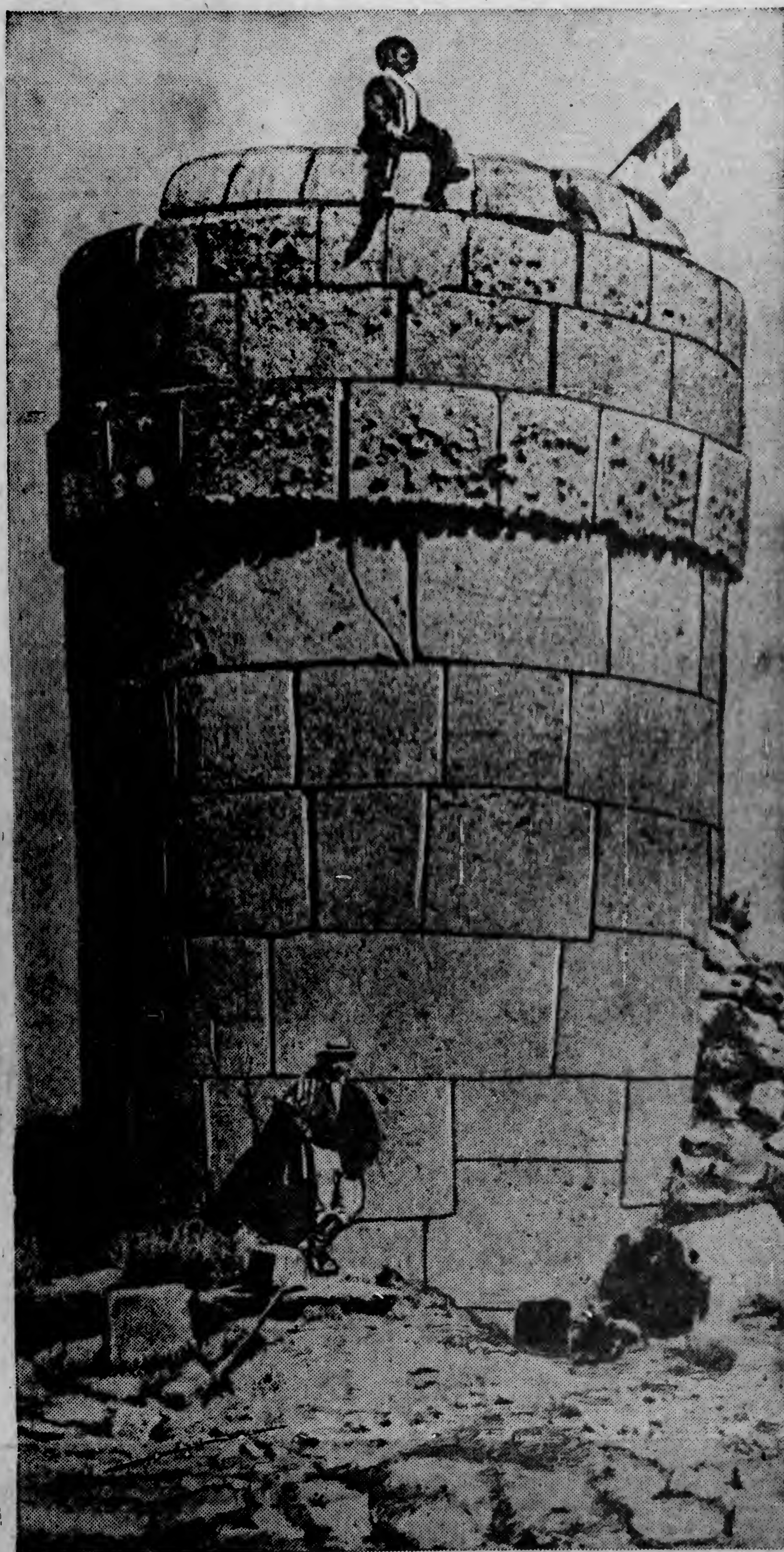
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October 11, 1925.]

Sunday Magazine

11



Some of the men whom Wovoka started on the march. Officers of the First United States Infantry—"the First California Foot"—at Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, Jan. 19, 1891. In the front row, left to right, Capt. (later Brigadier-General) John J. O'Connell, Capt. Callahan, Capt. Franklin E. Pierce, Maj. Gardner, Col. (later Major-General) William R. Shafter, Lieut.-Col. Casey, Capt. Dougherty, Capt. Armstrong. Rear row, left to right, Lieut. Kirkman, Lieut. (later Major-General) F. L. Winn, Lieut. Mason, Lieut. (later Major-General) Thomas H. Barry, Lieut. (later Colonel) S. A. Cloman, Lieut. (later General) M. P. Maus, Lieut. Starr, Lieut. Tripp, Lieut. Carrington, Lieut. Brant, a doctor, Lieut. Ferris.

W O V O K A

The Last Indian War Prophet

By The Captain

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the war-bugles were blowing over the poppy-flowering sea hills of California. Fifteen hundred miles toward the east the dark storm clouds of the last Indian War were fast gathering, and the blood of the California garrisons of the Regular Army was deeply stirring.

In the distant Dakotas, the great and warlike Sioux Indian nation, still able to put seven thousand warriors into the field, was muttering in wrath and making secret war medicine in their far-flung teepees. Racially restless, that proud and powerful nation of grim warriors were, during the year 1890, deeply stirred by the strange prophecies of Wovoka, the Indian Messiah dwelling in Western Nevada near the California State Line; and the Ghost Dancers, celebrating the prophesied destruction of the White Man and the new future recrudescence of the Red Race, had wrought the wildest emotions of the Sioux fighters up to a dangerous pitch.

The Ogalala Sioux of the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota, enraged by the broken treaty promises of Washington, and rendered desperate also by hunger arising from the late loss of their crops and the cutting down of their government rations, were aroused to a point of frenzy by these factors and by the Ghost Dances, and soon broke completely away from the control of their Indian Agent. This individual had so loudly called for troops that Washington at last hearkened to his walls, whilst the war news swept our country.

Hence, swiftly came to us here in California, that November, marching orders dispatching us, the First United States Infantry, to the war front. Californians knew the regiment well; it was a proud old regiment, with many a gallant tradition of war service, first organized after the Revolutionary War from old Continentals; and it had been out here so long in sunny California, stationed from San Diego to Fort Gaston in Trinity county, that our California friends smilingly called us "The First California Foot." At this time, nearly the whole regiment was stationed in garrisons around San Francisco Harbor; and the bugle echoes of "Officers' Call" summoning us to get our marching orders, had hardly died away before we were hastily packing tents and war gear, and were under way with that celerity that foreign officers had always so admired in the regulars of our Old Army.

Loaded on a special train at the Oakland Mole, we were soon speeding eastward over the S. P. and U. P. railroads, the War Department granting our telegraphed request that our regiment be sent to the front, to join the gathering forces of the Regular Army that were already converging to the scene of conflict from all over the United States. We were a gay and joyous lot, in the First Foot; we were quite young—the rank and file averaged only twenty-three years of age—and so we sang and rejoiced exceedingly, as only young soldiers weary of garrison routine can, as we waved farewell to the green hills and smiling valleys

of California, and tossed kisses to the pretty girls in the cheering California crowds that bade us Godspeed. Our old captains and war dogs chuckled deep in their chests, and even our gruff, bluff old Colonel, W. R. Shafter, popularly known in Texas and the West as "Pecos Bill," later the famous Commanding General of the Army of Santiago de Cuba that broke the power of Spain in America, relaxed into a grim grin of complacency at the gambols of his war cubs. We began to shiver in the snow belt and landed, a few days later, at Fort Niobrara in northern Nebraska, just south of the Rosebud Indian Agency of the ever-fretful Brule Sioux. Swift orders arrived at last, and we entrained on the Elkhorn railway, and sped northward toward Deadwood, South Dakota, detouring finally at Hermosa, a terror-stricken frontier hamlet where the few citizens who had not fled had barricaded themselves in their houses or weird hastily devised "bomb-proofs."

Restless, wrathful, and excited by wild rumors, the whole vast mass of the Sioux had bolted northward from Pine Ridge Agency, and now lay in a great sullen half-hostile encampment in that savage, almost unknown wilderness near the White River called The Bad Lands; whilst General Nelson A. Miles, now commanding the large part of the whole Regular Army here assembled, hastily threw a cordon of troops about the lowering red men.

At daybreak, the First Foot swung out of Hermosa to the southwest toward the Bad Lands, marching all day through "a desolate land and lone," and finally starting to make camp at sunset, only to be startled by the thunder of hoofs as Barry of ours—later a major-general in our army—galloped up with pews of the Battle of Wounded Knee the day before, and new orders for the regiment to immediately march back to Hermosa. So, all that long night we tramped thither, a weary way in truth, and that bete noire of the soldier, a night march. Did you, as soldier or civilian, ever march continuously all day long and all that same night, at a fast marching regiment's gait? Some going! The First was famous for its pace, too. Marching out to California to our summer maneuver camps (Santa Barbara, '86; Monterey, '90 and '95; and Santa Cruz, '92 and '96) we often hiked at a four mile an hour gait. Load yourself down with a rifle and ammunition and an infantry kit, some day, and—"Try to do it!" Well, we did it, that night; and back into Hermosa we wobbled. In the grey morn's snowy light, to find General Miles waiting for us with a special train that hurried the regiment toward Pine Ridge, nineteen miles from the battlefield of Wounded Knee, where a heavy engagement had taken place with the Sioux led by Chief Big Foot.

This big Indian band of malcontent Sioux, many of them outlaws through blood-feuds in their own clans and generally all around the bad hombres, had broken away from the Cheyenne River agency, evaded the troops and local agent there, and had just avoided the Sixth Cavalry, but were, eventually rounded up on Wounded Knee Creek by the Seventh Cavalry, whose terrible defeat by the Sioux tribes—known as the Custer Massacre—in the year 1876, is part of our nation's history, and a scarlet wound in the crimson annals of the regular army that has guarded our far frontiers for over a hundred years. Big Foot's sullen band of renegades were in a most dangerous mood, and next morning when the Seventh started to disarm them, Yellow Bird, the Indian medicine man, who had been chanting war songs, suddenly stooped down—seized a pinch of dust—threw it into the air—and the Indians dropped their robe blankets, drew guns, and immediately opened fire on our troops. The soldiers promptly replied, in like kind, and a short but terrific engagement took place, as a result of which the entire band of redskins was annihilated; the Indians losing 220 killed and fifty wounded, whilst the troops had thirty-one killed and thirty-five wounded in the affray.

It was a terrible and sanguine revenge that the Seventh Horse had taken on the warlike Sioux for that red nation's fearful slaughter of the Seventh twenty-four years before. News of it was instantly dispatched to General Miles, Lieutenant Guy Preston making a notable ride of the nineteen miles into Pine Ridge Agency in only one hour, his horse dropping dead under him at the agency's portals.

The huge mass of the Sioux, alarmed at the cordon of troops being drawn around them, had meanwhile left their grisly lairs in the Bad Lands, and now lay encamped south of the White River, whence some of their young braves now dashed out against the Seventh Horse, but were beaten off for the time. They continued their forays, however, raiding isolated ranches and attacking our army wagon-trains that were bringing up military supplies and rations to the troops on our widely extended cordons of troops now encircling the hostiles in a double line. But the Battle of Wounded Knee had once and forever demolished the superstitious belief of the dusky fanatics amongst the Sioux Indians that the facious fringed Ghost Shirts—made mostly of white cotton, blessed by their raving medicine men, and painted with mystic symbols—were truly proof against the bullets of the white man, although the medicine men had assured their devotees that the balls would bounce back off said shirts and kill the hated white brother who had fired them.

The prophecies of Wovoka, the western Nevada Messiah, had become inextricably involved in and was emotionally expressed by the weird and to the Indian most awesome Ghost Dances, in which the Indian medicine men, exerting their often uncanny powers of real hypnotism over the Ghost Dancers, had thrown the wildly excited red men and women into hypnotic trances, during which these staring victims fell to the ground and lay there as if dead, sometimes for hours; only to finally start up in hysterical convulsions, with loud cries that they had actually seen and spoken to their dead friends and relatives, who all had solemnly assured them that the Great Spirit would soon cause the ground to open up in great fissures that would swallow up the white man, whilst from other crevices would spring up again on earth in living form the dead or slain red warriors, together with the vast herds of buffalo that the Sioux had once hunted over all these western plains for hundreds of glorious years of red dominion.

Thus, in truth, had Wovoka, the last great Indian prophet, lately spoken to the Sioux chiefs who, hearing of his sybilline utterances, had visited him in his native habitat near the California Line: this was the beginning of the vicious and tragic circle that here at Wounded Knee had borne such bloody fruit born of the mad ravings of that strange character, and fostered by the pathetic hopes, the smouldering wrath and deadly despair of a great Indian nation that saw itself passing silently away, in grief and hunger, before the irresistible encroachments upon them by the hordes of the white man. We of the army knew how the Indian felt; we felt the pathos of his sad lot; and thus there ever was between us and him, who often were forced by kismet to fight together—there has always existed—a strange but strong bond of deep sympathy. For—the real Indian was a real man; some of them like the Sioux and northern Cheyennes were, man for man, the finest physical specimens of manhood and as good fighting men as mother earth ever nourished on her broad bosom. They fought to the last man, to the last gasp of that last man, at Wounded Knee; and though I have been in four wars, I for one would never willingly look again over that same appalling battlefield—for there were some terrible features about it concerning which an American military annalist will ever keep silent.

Meanwhile, the First Foot went on to Pine Ridge with General Miles, two companies being dropped off at Oelrich—including the one in which I was then a lieutenant—to guard that Acting Base of Supplies for the troops on the White River line, and to also plug a gap in the second and outer cordon encircling the Sioux tribes. Here I took charge of an armed six mule wagon-train, and set off eastward, supplying the Leavenworth Cavalry Squadron (with whom was Lieutenant Casey with his troop of Cheyenne Scouts; also, further on, a second camp fortified by the Seventeenth Foot.

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

By CLAUDE CATHERMAN

Port Bidwell, located at the north end of the three big lakes in picturesque Surprise Valley in Modoc county, under the shadow of the Warner Mountains and the lofty extinct volcanic mass of Mt. Bidwell, is only three miles from the Nevada State line. The only Indians there were the Pituec, against whose enlistment I duly reported to headquarters, as being unfit for soldiering. P.—was soon relieved as Commanding Officer of the post, and Lieutenant S.—also sent up to take his place, and the Indians there would do for soldiers for out Indian company. Also, came instructions to look up Wovoka, the Messiah, the Indian prophet whose machinations or revelations, prophecies or general blabbering had at the time played so large, lurid and tragic a

IN THE FORT

where the troops had had a fight with the Indians the day before, and evening Horse, to be warmly greeted by hundred troopers, smiling classmates, and dear Jack Pershing, later on to be so justly famous as the able Commander of the American Armies in France.

On my return to the Supply Base, I missed meeting Lieutenant Casey, whom I had an engagement that same day to ride with him and his Cheyennes (the hereditary foes of the Sioux) to get a victory thus incidentally saved my life—Casey was that day fired on and killed some young Sioux braves.

Back again at Oelrich, I found our companies had gone on to Pine Ridge where I and my detachment proceeded to join the regiment there, finding that Agency in a tense state of excitement, as no one could as yet guess which way the cat was going to jump. Our First Foot, the Seventh Horse and a battery of light artillery were on guard at the Agency, and we all sat (and slept) under arms for some vivid days and nights, whilst the war batteries blithered on the frosty hills around the

Out here in California, we had no such wild "alarums and excursions," although the Ghost Dance doctrine had quickly spread to our California Washoe Indians, around Lake Tahoe; a small tribe quite different from the Piutes, an ethnological islet amidst the Sierra Indians. It also infected the Indians living near Bridgeport and Lake Mono in California and spread clear out to the red men dwelling on the western slopes of the Sierras, most of whom belong to the same large Shoshonean stock as the Piutes. This same Indian craze also swept through the Indians of Southern and Southwestern California to the Pacific Ocean. Amongst our own Mission Indians, their medicine men prophesied the coming destruction of the white race, and the restoration of the red man to his former dominion over our country; and they commenced Ghost-Dancing at the Potrero, amidst the greatest excitement.

All over Southern California, the Indians were greatly wrought up; and when, in the summer of 1891, the Colorado River broke loose and the Salton Sea burst into being, the Indians near by fled precipitately to the mountains, frightened at this speedy and startling fulfillment of the first part of Wovoka's prophecies. They were not quite fully convinced, yet they preferred to take no chances; so they perched hopefully on the adjacent mountain peaks for three or four days, until the pangs of hunger forced them to descend again to the lowlands, embittered by the despair of another lost hope.

West of Fort Bidwell, California, where I was then stationed, the Pitt River Indians of northeastern California (another distinctive Indian group, differing from both Putes and all other tribes) still dwelt in Modoc county. The northern bands had once suffered in the past by slave raids from the Modocs, while their own southern groups later had terrorized northern California during the sixties. All these began to Ghost-Dance in '90, also did the Mohave Indians and the Walapai and Chemehuevi of Northwestern Arizona. In fact, the immense area swept by this strange Indian doctrine embraced nearly the whole vast territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean or The Cascades, with their many different tribes of red men.

I had heard, from my Sioux Scouts in Dakota, such weird things about the Indian messiah, Wovoka, that now that I was close to his native haunts near the California line, I was anxious to both investigate and later meet him—if I could. No newspaper correspondent had ever seen a Ghost Dance, nor glimpsed this aboriginal prophet.

Originating here in his native habitat, the Ghost Dance craze had soon spread from the Plutes (to which Wovoka belonged) to their linguistic cousins, the Bannock Indians of Fort Hall, Idaho, and thence eastward, through the racially related Shoshoni and the northern Arapahoe to the northern Cheyennes, who passed the joyful tidings on to the wild, warlike turbulent western or Teton Sioux. Upon these last named hearing about this new Indian messiah, Red Cloud (the great chief of the Ogalala Sioux,) American Horse, Young-Man-Afraid-for-His-Horses and other Sioux chiefs had called council near Pine Ridge, in the fall of '89, and as a result therefrom, had then sent a Sioux deputation, including Short Bull, Kicking Bear and other chiefs, with whom went Porcupine of the Cheyennes, to interview Wovoka the Prophet. They were gone all winter; slowly making their way to the "Fish-Eaters"—as they called the Plutes—at Pyramid Lake in Western Nevada, who sent them on in wagons to meet Wovoka seventy miles to the south at Walker Lake.

Here they found a vast concourse of Indians, of many different and widely separated tribes from all over the United States; "there were more languages there than I ever heard of before," said Porcupine later, "and I did not understand any of them."

"But," he added, "the messiah could speak all of them—he speak words just once, but we all know what he means, though we don't know what each other say." This was truly a marvel—a one-tongue that all that many languaged lot of tribes understood! Verily, he must be a great prophet!

In the Spring of '90 the Sioux pilgrim chiefs returned to Dakota and made formal report that, after traveling thousands of miles, they had at last come to the base of the mighty snow-capped Sierras and there found a great prophet who said he was the son of God, the Christ, and showing them the scars on his hands and feet—possibly painted on for the occasion—and he told them that men on earth had been so bad,

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

By GLADYS CATTELMAN

we proceeded to burn up with messages to the powers that be; and hence, we at last received orders soon, sending us back to our beloved California. Ah, that was a wild night, mates—when that joyous order came unto us on the Dakota plains—thanks largely to our California friends, wives and sweethearts.

I was sorry to leave my Ogala!a Sioux Scouts—Ogala!a Ogala!a they called me, from my white wolf skin overcoat—but California was dearer than all. "We shall always look for you and want you to return unto us," said old Iron Rock, at our solemn parting. "We will always remember you, as long as grass grows, water runs or the sun shines. Yes, we, our sons and their sons will be ready to fight under you as our chief, Ogala!a Ogala!a."

It was a full joyous home-coming, in faith, when we again crossed the Sierras, once more beheld the Golden Gate, and greeted our California amigos. What brave songs were sung, what merry toasts were drunk—the favorite toast being—"Here's to California, God's own country! Watch me walk a crack!"—this last being quite some feat, at the end of big California dinners in the gay old preprohibition days. and made trouble for us in the army for over a hundred years.

Certainly none of them ever was, from the accounts we had, a more mysterious and romantic figure than this prophet of the western red races. At this time Wovoka was reported to be living near the California State line below Lake Tahoe, and was said to be wary, embittered, and secretly preaching treason to his Indian intimates, thus, indirectly avoiding the very prac-

One day shortly after our return to California I was intercepted at the old Bohemian Club, then at Post and Grant Avenue, by the aide-de-camp of the general commanding the Department of California, and summoned before that high personage in his office in the old Phelan building. Asked if I would like to go up to Fort Bidwell, California, to there enlist an Indian

company for my regiment, as was now being done in each regular regiment as a matter of Indian policy, I hesitated—and was lost. Soon I was speeding by rail to Reno, Nevada; thence over a freak narrow gauge to Amedee on Honey Lake, California; and from there 140 miles in an old-fashioned Wild West stage to Fort Bidwell, California, which was then on the verge of be-

On my return to the Supply Base, I just missed meeting Lieutenant Casey, with whom I had an engagement that same day to ride with him and his Cheyennes (the hereditary foes of the Sioux) to get a view from the hills of the big hostile camp; but I was delayed by my escort, which probably thus incidentally saved my life—as Casey was that day fired on and killed by some young Sioux braves.

Back again at Oelrich, I found our two companies had gone on to Pine Ridge, where I and my detachment proceeded to join the regiment there, finding that Agency in a tense state of excitement, as no one could as yet guess which way the cat was going to jump. Our First Foot, the Seventh Horse and a battery of light artillery were on guard at the Agency, and we all stood (and slept) under arms for some vivid days and nights, whilst the war bale-fires nightly glittered on the frosty hills around the big hostile encampment still thronged with thousands of Sioux warriors in their war-paint. The First Foot was here and now mounted on local horses and did duty as mounted infantry, but I myself was detailed as Commander of one of the three mounted troops of Ogalala Sioux Scouts enlisted at the Agency—some of them with the war paint still daubed on their ferocious faces. It was a great compliment for a young officer only twenty-three years old, and I was naturally as tickled as a Pinte pappoose with a bright-red bran-new tin choo-choo car that when properly wound up would run all over his Nevada-California wickup. It was also a fine opportunity for further study of Indian character, fairly familiar though I already was with it, through having been brought up as a kid along with Indians in the stormy old days in Texas along the Rio Grande.

I lived with my Ogalala Scouts, and a finer lot of men physically I never saw—and I have seen the fighting men of nearly every civilized nation under arms in the field. I shared my big Sibley tent with my First Sergeant, Iron Rock, a grim old sub-chief of the Ogalala Sioux, and noted for his fearless bravery amidst even that race of brave men. Also I took in, as interpreter, my trumpeter, a bright young Sioux who was a graduate of Carlisle Indian School; also my quartermaster-sergeant, a tall and stately Sioux, but smiling and even chatty when we were alone in my tent, of wintry nights amidst the terrific snow storms and howling blizzards, for he was full of amusing observations and anecdotes of his queer experiences when touring Europe with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Famous Buffalo Bill himself had now joined General Miles at Pine Ridge, and that celebrated frontier scout was a romantic sight, with his splendid carriage on horseback, his magnificent sombrero, sweeping mustachios, and beaded and porcupine-quilled buckskin garb with its flowing colored fringes. General Miles himself fascinated the eyes of his young soldier admirers, as he rode by, for he was—like Henry of Navarre—a great soldier, a born leader of men, and the beau ideal of the gallant chevalier. Indeed, it was solely due to his wonderful diplomacy, wise patience, and skillful handling of the ominous and deadly dangerous situation there that a terrible Indian war was averted, that would undoubtedly have cost our country heavily. For there were on the spot, with arms in their capable red hands, thousands of grim half-hostile Sioux; they were angry, suspicious, and only the faith that the red tribes always had in Miles finally induced them to heed the wise advice of their old war chief, Red Cloud, and eventually move back once more to their former camping grounds on the upper White Clay Creek.

It was a wonderful, unforgettable sight, to see that immense red army of savage warriors cross the plains, with almost military order and discipline throughout their martial ranks, their advance guards ahead of their army, their flankers riding the outlying hills, the rear-guard closing up behind their wagon-trains, and their young braves galloping madly back for orders from their great war-chiefs.

We all breathed normally, once more, and soon General Miles had quite pacified the Sioux, especially after the Indians were awed by the imposing military review held by Miles near the Agency of the many

had come down in a cloud to meet him, he
 Out there, when first they met him, he
 the night before.
 tance away from where they had fallen asleep
 awake, they found themselves at a great dis-
 him; and to, next morning when they
 waylaid that night, they had prayed unto
 slowly built up these marvels of nature,
 posted on coming into the open air, had
 material that by being thus gradually de-
 streams of hot water impregnated with the
 height, from the small orifices in the top
 basins, some of them twenty feet in
 not harm the Indians, whom he would
 that would drown all the white men but would
 with him, and would send ahead a big flood
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Some of the men whom Wovoka started on the march. Officers of the First United States Infantry—"the First California Foot"—at Pine Ridge Agency, South Da-
 kota, Jan. 19, 1891. In the front row, left to right, Capt. (later Brigadier-General) John J. O'Connell, Capt. Callahan, Capt. Franklin E. Pierce, Maj. Gardner, Col.
 (later Major-General) William H. Shafter, Lieut.-Col. Casey, Capt. Dougherty, Capt. Armstrong. Rear row, left to right, Lieut. Kirkman, Lieut. (later Major-
 General) F. L. Winn, Lieut. Mason, Lieut. (later Major-General) Thomas H. Barry, Lieut. (later Colonel) S. A. Cloman, Lieut. (later General) M. F. Maus,
 Lieut. Starr, Lieut. Tripp, Lieut. Carrington, Lieut. Bran, a doctor, Lieut. Ferris.

W O V O K A

The Last Indian War Prophet By The Captain

THIRTY-FIVE years ago the war-bu-
 gles were blowing over the poppy-
 flowering sea hills of California. Fif-
 teen hundred miles toward the east the
 dark storm clouds of the last Indian War
 were fast gathering, and the blood of the
 California garrisons of the Regular Army
 was deeply stirring.

In the distant Dakotas, the great and
 warlike Sioux Indian nation, still able to
 put seven thousand warriors into the field,
 was muttering in wrath and making secret
 war medicine in their far-flung teepees.
 Racially restless, that proud and powerful
 nation of grim warriors were, during the
 year 1890, deeply stirred by the strange
 prophecies of Wovoka, the Indian Messiah
 dwelling in Western Nevada near the Cali-
 fornia State line; and the Ghost Dancers,
 celebrating the prophesied destruction of
 the White Man and the new future recrui-
 tence of the Red Race, had wrought the
 wildest emotions of the Sioux fighters up to
 a dangerous pitch.

The Ogalala Sioux of the Pine Ridge Ag-
 ency in South Dakota, enraged by the broken
 treaty promises of Washington, and ren-
 dered desperate also by hunger arising
 from the late loss of their crops and the
 cutting down of their government rations,
 were aroused to a point of frenzy by these
 factors and by the Ghost Dances, and soon
 broke completely away from the control
 of their Indian Agent. This individual had
 so loudly called for troops that Washington
 at last harkened to his walls, whilst the war
 news swept our country.

Hence, swiftly came to us here in Cali-
 fornia, that November, marching orders
 dispatching us, the First United States
 Infantry, to the war front. Californians
 knew the regiment well; it was a proud old
 regiment, with many a gallant tradition of
 war service, first organized after the Revo-
 lutionary War from old Continentals; and
 it had been out here so long in sunny Cali-
 fornia, stationed from San Diego to Fort
 Gaston in Trinity county, that our California
 friends smilingly called us "The First Cali-
 fornia Foot." At this time, nearly the
 whole regiment was stationed in garrisons
 around San Francisco Harbor; and the bu-
 gle echoes of "Officers' Call" summoning us
 to get our marching orders, had hardly died
 away before we were hastily packing tents
 and war gear, and were under way with that
 celerity that foreign officers had always so
 admired in the regulars of our Old Army.

Loaded on a special train at the Oakland
 Mole, we were soon speeding eastward over
 the S. P. and U. P. railroads, the War De-
 partment granting our telegraphed request
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 Army that were already converging to the
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 entire band of redskins was annihilated; the
 Indians losing 220 killed and fifty wounded,
 whilst the troops had thirty-one killed and
 thirty-five wounded in the affray.

It was a terrible and sanguine revenge
 that the Seventh Horse had taken on the
 warlike Sioux for that red nation's fearful
 slaughter of the Seventh twenty-four years
 before. News of it was instantly dispatched
 to General Miles, Lieutenant Guy Preston
 making a notable ride of the nineteen miles
 into Pine Ridge Agency in only one hour,
 his horse dropping dead under him at the
 agency's portals.

The huge mass of the Sioux, alarmed at
 the cordon of troops being drawn around
 them, had meanwhile left their grisly lairs
 in the Bad Lands, and now lay encamped
 south of the White River, whence some of
 their young braves now dashed out against
 the Seventh Horse, but were beaten off for
 the time. They continued their forays,
 however, raiding isolated ranches and at-
 tacking our army wagon-trains that were
 bringing up military supplies and rations
 to the troops on our widely extended cor-
 dons of troops now encircling the hostiles
 in a double line. But the Battle of Wound-
 ed Knee had once and forever demolished
 the superstitious belief of the dusky fanat-
 ics amongst the Sioux Indians that the fa-
 mous fringed Ghost Shirts—made mostly of
 white cotton, blessed by their raving medi-
 cine men, and painted with mystic symbols
 —were truly proof against the bullets of
 the white man, although the medicine men
 had assured their devotees that the balls
 would bounce back off said shirts and kill
 the hated white brother who had fired
 them.

The prophecies of Wovoka, the western
 Nevada Messiah, had become inextricably
 involved in and was emotionally expressed
 by the weird and to the Indian most awe-
 some Ghost Dances, in which the Indian
 medicine men, exerting their often uncanny
 powers of real hypnotism over the Ghost
 Dancers, had thrown the wildly excited red
 men and women into hypnotic trances, dur-
 ing which these staring victims fell to the
 ground and lay there as if dead, sometimes
 for hours; only to finally start up in hysteri-
 cal convulsions, with loud cries that they
 had actually seen and spoken to their dead
 friends and relatives, who all had solemnly
 assured them that the Great Spirit would
 soon cause the ground to open up in great
 fissures that would swallow up the white
 man, whilst from other crevices would
 spring up again on earth in living form the
 dead or slain red warriors, together with
 the vast herds of buffalo that the Sioux had
 once hunted over all these western plains
 for hundreds of glorious years of red domi-
 ion.

Thus, in truth, had Wovoka, the last
 great Indian prophet, lately spoken to the
 Sioux chiefs who, hearing of his sibylline
 utterances, had visited him in his native
 habitat near the California line: this was
 the beginning of the vicious and tragic cir-
 cle that here at Wounded Knee had borne
 such bloody fruit born of the mad ravings
 of that strange character, and fostered by
 the pathetic hopes, the smouldering wrath
 and deadly despair of a great Indian nation
 that saw itself passing silently away, in
 grief and hunger, before the irresistible
 encroachments upon them by the hordes of
 the white man. We of the army knew how
 the Indian felt; we felt the pathos of his
 sad lot; and thus there ever was between
 us and him, who often were forced by kis-
 met to fight together—there has always ex-
 isted—a strange but strong bond of deep
 sympathy. For—the real Indian was a real
 man; some of them like the Sioux and
 northern Cheyennes were, man for man,
 the finest physical specimens of manhood
 and as good fighting men as mother earth
 ever nourished on her broad bosom. They
 fought to the last man, to the last gasp of
 that last man, at Wounded Knee; and
 though I have been in four wars, I for one
 would never willingly look again over that
 same appalling battlefield—for there were
 some terrible features about it concerning
 which an American military annalist will
 ever keep silent.

Meanwhile, the First Foot went on to
 Pine Ridge with General Miles, two com-
 panies being dropped off at Oelrichs—includ-
 ing the one in which I was then a lieuten-
 ant—to guard that Acting Base of Supplies
 for the troops on the White River line, and
 to also plug a gap in the second and outer
 cordon encircling the Sioux tribes. Here I
 took charge of an armed six mule wagon-
 train, and set off eastward, supplying the
 Leavenworth Cavalry Squadron (with whom
 was Lieutenant Casey with his troop of
 Cheyenne Scouts;) also, further on, a sec-
 ond camp fortified by the Seventeenth Foot,

...and he was now back again; that pretty soon the earth would begin to tremble and shake all over, all the white race would be destroyed, all the dead Indians and buffalo would come back, and thus the red man would again be happy as of yore. Before their very eyes, this prophet had shown them a vision of the Spirit World, with a great ocean therein, and beyond it an immense land on which they beheld all the many Indian nations coming back to earth. Other wonders had he worked, making animals talk; things way off looked as if they were close; and waving an eagle feather over his hat, he bade Black Coyote, an Oklahoma Arapahoe look therein—and lo! the latter "saw the whole world" in it, as in a picture. Once, when they were homeward bound and very weary of their wayfaring that night, they had prayed unto him; and lo, next morning when they awoke, they found themselves at a great distance from where they fallen asleep the night before.

Out there, when first they met him, he had come down in a cloud to greet them, and had told them that the earth was old and worn out, but he had come to renew it. He said that if soldiers came up against him, the earth would open and swallow most of them and the rest would fall down as if they had no bones in them. The prophet assured them that he would send people to heal them of sickness and disease by merely touching them; that Indians that did not believe in him would be turned into stone or into pieces of wood that would be quite burnt up; also, that he would know what they were doing or even thinking, no matter how far away they were from him.

When the pilgrims related these wonders to the Sioux, the greatest excitement had broken out amongst them, and their great chief Red Cloud—ever a malcontent and hater of the white man, like his friend Sitting Bull, the big medicine man of the Sioux—had at once declared his belief in the Prophet Wovoka. Another Sioux delegation was sent off to the messiah, that Spring of '90; and, on their return, they announced that Wovoka had prophesied that the white race would be wiped off the face of the earth next Spring—the Spring of '91. Small wonder that a warlike and disgruntled race like the Teton Sioux were aroused to a point of fanatic frenzy, immediately began to Ghost-Dance madly, and were in proper mood to try and help Providence along a bit by killing off such portions of the white race as their arms might reach.

S— and I having just been through the ensuing Sioux outbreak, were of course now glad to look up Mr. Prophet in his native lair. For our expedition, we took a post buckboard drawn by two big fast mountain-bred mules, with a sergeant of our garrison for driver and guard, and as interpreter, a short, thickset, smiling Piute named Indian George, whose aboriginal nature, childish naivette blent with red cunning, plus a rare sense of humor, an Epicurean philosophy, talkative disposition, and natural acquaintance with the local Indian legends and doings, enlivened the long hours of traveling through the desolate plains of far north-eastern California and western Nevada. George afforded S— almost endless amusement by his quaint verbiage, appallingly frank details relating to his married life with a couple of mahalas (wives), and his generally Sancho Panzan attitude toward our expedition's efforts to try to recruit Indians for a regimental Indian company, and ascertain the whereabouts of Wovoka. His attitude was that of the wayfarer in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and he was always ready to philosophize, rest, or eat—especially the last two features of wayfaring in the wilderness.

Leaving Fort Bidwell, California, we drove at a fast pace southward, past the three long Surprise lakes with their eastern border of mud geysers, past thousands of warm springs and lakelets so hot that the local ranchers used to scald their slaughtered pigs in them, and along the flanks of the Warner Mountains from whose western volcanic peaks had once flowed the high obsidian lava-flows that one now sees near Goose Lake. Crossing the line into Nevada, we drove on through some of the most desolate wastes in the whole wide world; alkali flats, arid deserts with not even a weed on them, black blasted with volcanic fires, poisonous springs, and the general abomination of both Black Rock and Smoke Creek Deserts.

We stopped for the night at a ranch oasis in that desolation of the damned, where there actually were some wells of

One thing about these wells is the occasional appearance in them of myriads of tiny black fish resembling young catfish, which disappear after a while as suddenly as they had before appeared. Very likely, those wells had some connection with an underground lake or river, whence they drifted into view at times.

Next morning, we drove southeastward, finally entering the valley of Pyramid Lake, the north and west shores of which large and picturesque body of lovely water are strewn with hundreds of stone fountains or beehives, some of them twenty feet in height, from the small orifices in the top shallow basins of which still flow tiny streams of hot water impregnated with the material that by being thus gradually deposited on coming into the open air, had slowly built up these marvels of nature. There were vast quantities of them, some still flowing, some overthrown from their bases, of various sizes and colors, although mostly of greyish white, and something like those seen in California near the Oregon line, on the old stage-road to Klamath Hot Springs. Along the western shore of this beautiful azure lake, I noticed that our road crossed a large ledge of true red ochre—veritable "war-paint" that a Sioux or Cheyenne would have gone crazy over. Some one will "get next" to it, some day, I mused, and we will have another "Natural Paint" factory started in these U.S.A. for the adornment of that national feature of our back-East landscape yclept the Red Barn.

Finally reaching the southern extremity of the big lake, we put up for the night at the Indian Agency of the Pyramid Lake Reservation, and met the Agent who has in charge both this Agency and the sub-agency of Walker River Reservation. There are here about six hundred Piutes, which with the five hundred of the same tribe at Walker Lake, constitute the largest single body thereof, and are their tribal headquarters in a sense, although by far the greater number of the Piutes—about seven thousand of them—are not on any reservation at all, but roam over Nevada, eastern and southeastern California, northwest Arizona, and southwest Utah; subsisting on jackrabbits, chuckwallas, grasshoppers, pine nuts, corn and sand grass or wild millet which they crush into flour and make into mush.

They wander to and fro, free as their own desert breezes, camping by springs or water-holes, beside which they soon put up their wikipu—a slight shelters, made by stretching bark or sheets over bent-over willow withes cut from the nearest creekside, and quite open at the top, in this land of no rain and little snow. The fire is in the middle of the wikipu, with the bare floor of dirt, and no furniture save a few baskets or woven bowls, as they sleep on the ground and have no pots or household gear of other sort.

They are truly a primitive lot; yet they are really moral, peaceable, and the men are good seasonal workers when the white ranchers can pay for their services in the harvesting or hayfield. They call their Piute race the Reed-Arrow People; themselves of Pyramid and Walker Lakes the Agai-tikara—Fish-Eaters, and their cousins to the north of them, the Bannock Indians, Katso-tikara—buffalo-eaters; their remote cousins, the far-distant Comanches, being also termed Katso-tikara.

The then Agency head told us that he himself had never seen Wovoka, who always ran away or kept out of sight, as if he feared to be arrested, whenever that official had visited Walker Lake. He thought Wovoka was quite harmless, and that the best policy was to ignore him; and he advised against arresting him; for, in his opinion, the whole thing would soon blow over. He also said there were no Ghost Dances going on, on either reservation, nor had there been, to his knowledge.

I did not contradict him, but I had learned that Ghost Dances had been going on at Walker Lake for the last three years, were still going on, and that visiting Indian delegations, some of them from great distances, still visited Wovoka and joined in Ghost Dances with him that lasted several days and nights. He agreed with us that the Plutes were hardly good material for an Indian company, but said we could try here and at Walker Lake both, to see if any of them wanted to enlist. Most of the Agency employees did not seem very communicative, but by policy and a few presents, we finally found out something really definite about this mysterious Indian prophet who seemed to be without honor, truly, at his own head.

very much as a real messiah.

It seems that about the year 1870, there lived in Mason Valley, Nev., almost on the California State line, a Piute named Tavibo, the son of Kwijauh (Keejow;) Tavibo meaning "white man"—in the allied Shoshoni and Comanche, taivo. About that time, Tavibo began to prophesy to the Piutes that the Great Spirit would soon return to earth, bringing all the dead Indians with him, and would send ahead a big flood that would drown all the white men but would not harm the Indians, whom He would send up into the mountains, aforetime. Then the said flood would disappear, leaving no one on earth but Indians but with lots of game on every side, and every (red) body as happy as ten ticks.

Tavibo also started a new hand-in-hand dance, in a circle (with no fire in the center) which is the general way in which the Ghost Dance with its circling whirls is performed, all over the country. He also went into trances, after one of which he told the awed Indians that he had just seen the Great Spirit, who was soon coming back to make a new earth, where everyone would live forever, and all be enormously happy; and, Tavibo suggestively added, that any person who did not believe what he, Tavibo, said, would quickly grow little—about one foot high—and forever stay that way! About this much had been told Captain Lee at Bidwell, the year before, by a Piute headman; another headman also said that Tavibo had predicted that great earthquakes would destroy the white race, which would fall into the big cracks in the ground and thus disappear for keeps.

About 1872, the Prophet Tavibo died, leaving a son named Wovoka, (Plute for "the Cutter") then fourteen years old, who went on living in his native Mason Valley, from which he never has wandered far; working seasonally there for a white rancher named Wilson, to whom Wovoka became quite attached, and by whom he was named Jack Wilson. From this rather religious family, he imbibed some English and some Christian theology. He grew up, married an Indian girl, and went on working for Wilson. Doubtlessly he had absorbed much of his father, Tavibo's teachings and supernatural claims, although he latter denied it, saying his father was only "a dreamer of big dreams," and had some magic ways of working wonders at times.

Howsoeverbeft, about 1886, Wovoka told the Indians then there that he had had a talk with the Great Spirit juft lately! and next year, he introduced to them a new dance, though not the Ghost Dance as yet. He told them to call him "Father," and they did fo; as already they held him in great reverence, efpecially after his fecond divine revelation in 1889, when (he told the Indians) the fun died and he fell afleep at once; that God then had taken him to the Spirit World, where he, Wovoka, faw all the Indians who had died a long time ago, now happy and forever young, and buftly engaged in enjoying their favorite fports; that God had told them, the living Indians, that if they too wanted to join that happy band beyond, and thofe they had loved, in the Spirit World where there was no death or old-age or ficknefs or mifery, then they muft be good—muft love one another—muft put away all war dances and habits, and muft dance the Ghost Dance often, to ftrengthen their hearts and help haften the millennium a bit.

We found that what had really happened was that Wovoka had been quite ill, with a high fever, that day of January 1, 1889, when a total eclipse of the sun had occurred over all that part of Nevada and California, greatly terrifying the Indians, as eclipses always do, for they believe that some frightful monster is about to swallow up the sun, and hence they break out into loud shouts, wild wailings and fire off their guns, to scare this devouring demon away from the orb of day. This noise seems to have affected and heightened Wovoka's delirium, possibly inflicting him with visions and hallucinations; for he seemed to believe in his own supernatural powers, although not above playing tricks at times on his red brethren, on occasion, to add to the magic effect, when he thought he could get away with it. He had quite a bit of sleight-of-hand, besides possessing undoubted hypnotic power on susceptible persons of his superstitious race.

We found that after the Sioux explosion had come off, Wovoka denied that he called himself the Saviour. Nevertheless, I knew that he had told the prairie Indians: "I am the man who made the earth—everything you see. See what bad men did to

men the alleged scars of the supposed crucifixion. Later he denied that he had said this then.

However, in 1839, this aforesaid revelation of the prophet's produced a tremendous sensation amongst the whole race of Indian tribes, and they flocked from far and near to see him, and to hear his rapt prophecies that were as the Balm of Gilead to a sad, dejected, and despairing race, overborne by a stronger race and higher civilization to the point where the older Indians had about lost all hope, and now could only ceaselessly mourn for the old days now gone forever.

To aid in their present pleasant delusions, other trances also now came to Wovoka—God came and took him to Heaven, as he put it—several times, and thus inspired new hopes in his disciples. His father had apparently been an epileptic, and Wovoka himself seems to have had epileptic fits at times, like other religious fanatics and dreamers, both before and after the time of Mohammed. Wovoka introduced the Ghost Dance to all the Indians in the United States, but did not sponsor the Ghost Shirt; that supposedly invulnerable garment was the invention of the Arapahoe, Sioux and other warlike Indians, who had taught the soldiers of Uncle Sam, in former times, and might again do so, if it so fell out.

We soon found out that Wovoka spoke only Plute and a little English; how, then, could anyone explain the mystery about the One-Universal-Tongue that the prairie Indians said that Wovoka spoke and which they all understood, although they could not usually understand each other's language? Close questioning solved this riddle; and afforded a fresh illustration of the agelessness and universality of priestly artifice—also, Wovoka's naïve cunning. At his solemn receptions of visiting delegations of Indians living at a distance, all the Indians present were arranged in circles. Nearest the Prophet were his fellow tribesmen, the Plutes; next to them were their cousins of the same language, the Idaho Bannocks; next to the Bannocks were their distant relatives who understood them—the Wyoming Shoshoni, and in the next circle the Arapahoe who lived on the same reservation with the Shoshoni; next were the Cheyennes and Sioux, whom the Arapahoe converse with, as comparative neighbors. By this clever arrangement, each tribe heard the prophet speak in his own language, as Wovoka purposely spoke so low that only the Plutes nearest him could hear him; they passed the word on, in the proper tongue; and each tribe thus thought that Wovoka spoke its own particular tongue. Quite a clever trick—that!

It now hardly seemed worth while for us to go further, in our quests, but as we had come this far S— and I decided to go on to Walker Lake. So we went on, next morning to Wadsworth, through the narrow pass eight miles from that town, where the Piutes had in 1850 stood off a mob of miners; who had made a most unprovoked attack upon them; leaving fifty of the white men dead, although the Indians had only bows and arrows against the rifles of the whites. This is the only battle ever fought by the Piutes as a whole; generally, they are wholly peaceable.

We went on to Reno, staying the night there, and leaving next day for Schurz, the Walker Lake agency. Here we found that Wovoka had evidently gotten word of our coming, whilst we were staying over a day for the famous trout fishing in Pyramid Lake; for he had fled to the mountains, and the Indian Police said that he had gone to Pizen Switch. They gave us no hope of either finding or seeing him, for it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack to track a man through that maze of mighty mountains that girts about Walker Lake and Mason Valley. Our time was limited, and according to what we had learned, Wovoka was quite a meek and harmless specimen; he was now trying to renig on his prophecies, and to put the quietus on his former devotees; hence, it was best to leave him alone, as the agent had advised.

Southwest of Walker Lake, we saw the famous sacred mountain of the Piutes, Kurangwa (Mount Grant,) near which the Indians get the sacred red paint used in the Ghost Dances. West of the lake, the Sierras rise into row after row of mighty peaks, gashed and torn by volcanic fires, but now capped with glistening snow above, and great dark forests on lower levels. Wovoka's native valley stretched westward, touching the California line with its last mountain barrier, and seeming a fit haunt for one who possibly may here have "seen

(Continued on Page Thirty-one).

McFEE

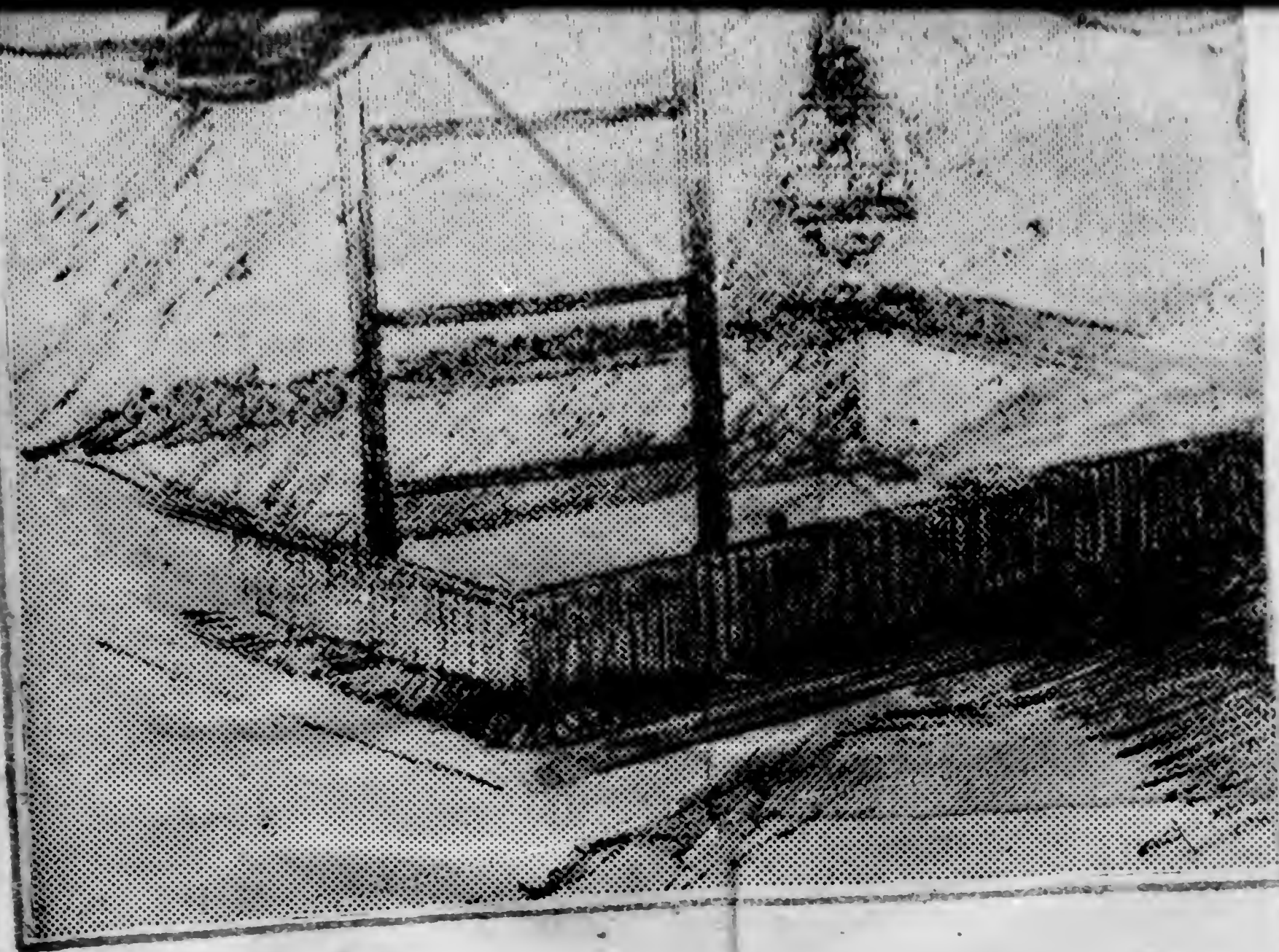
"I love you, my children;
Ye shall grow to be a nation"
the eloquent and graceful Arapahoe chant of—
"I who wear the Morning-Star in my head"
or the plaintive Plute singing of—
"The show lies there—rorani
The Milky Way lies yonder—rorani!"
—there is something stirring about them
all. The Indians say that the Milky Way
is The Pathway of The Spirits of The Dead;
the prairie Indians revere the Morning Star,
usually representing it by a Maltese Cross.
There is, in truth, a deeper side to Indian
character that few white men ever see; but
their longings and human aspirations are
quite keen and deep. And who would not
have been touched, during that strange ex-
citement, to have seen strong red men pray-
ing aloud with such intense fervor, their
rugged faces working with emotion, as they
stretched out their trembling hands toward
the home of the Indian Prophet, so many
of hundreds of miles away, in the faltering
hope that their eyes might catch some faint
sight of the coming glories of the new red
race favored by the Great Spirit.

In those fervent pleadings of those many
thousands of poor Indians, there was again
voiced that universal longing of all races of
men who believe or have believed in the
coming of a messiah who will lift from their
overborne shoulders somewhat of the weary
burdens of life on this earth of ours. When
strong men pray, even stronger men may
well bow the head in the respect and rever-
ence all owe to simple faith, humble devo-
tion to ideals ardently believed in, and those
great deep human longings that reach to
the very roots of all our hearts and souls.
And, so, it was with the pathos of that sad
lost hope of an unfortunate red race strong
within us, that we turned to California, and
returned whence we had come.

Tale of the Groaning Old Cassandra of Her Rollicking Second Engineer

Sam Ray Magazine

1925



"Who? I say, who are you talking
about?"
"I'm talking about the whole blithering
tribe of skippers," he shouts, and the cabby
pulls up, thinking we're fighting.
"Now we were moving over to the buoys
in the morning, and a crowd of Arabs was
coming aboard to clean the holds, and
while we hadn't any orders, I knew we'd
need steam on the main engines. And the
next morning the chief, Mr. MacBrayne,
comes along our alleyway and I heard him
talking to the second, who was lying on his
settee.
"Don't forget, mister, light the wing 'tros
at nine o'clock."
"All right, Mister MacBrayne!"
"And warm her through at noon."
"All right, Mister MacBrayne!"
"And take a turn out of her at two
o'clock. We'll be moving at three."
"All right, Mister MacBrayne!"
"I'm away ashore with the Old Man, but
have her ready as I'm telling ye," says the
chief, and Jack Crobble roars out: "All
right, Mister MacBrayne! but let me tell
you it's me as is going ashore tomorrow
morning, as I have particular private just-

"You see, he was in what you might call
a state of suspended animation. He wasn't
drunk and he wasn't sober. The cloud the
chief gave him had just pushed him over the
border line of sanity, and he went around
talking to himself and to me, and only part-
ly realizing he was going on the carpet for
amashing up the engines. It took the re-
pair shop three weeks to patch that cylinder
and at the spare piston rod, and when we
got home we had a new cylinder complete.
About fifteen thousand pounds from him to
last and add another fifteen thousand for
the Black Sea charter we missed. Every-
body made money out of it except poor Jack
and the underwriters. The skipper bought
the ship."

"Mister, Jack says to me when I came
out. So I did the work, as usual.
room, you drunken fool," and chases him
says to Jack, "Get you out of my engine
had a smash and couldn't move. The chief
draw the dres, and report upstairs that we'd
there. We had to shut off the main stops.
about?"
"I'm talking about the whole blithering
tribe of skippers," he shouts, and the cabby
pulls up, thinking we're fighting.
"Now we were moving over to the buoys
in the morning, and a crowd of Arabs was
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Galen Clark, the Discoverer of Mariposa Big Trees and the Guardian of Yosemite Valley

Stockton Record-January 2, 1926



Galen Clark, discoverer of Mariposa Grove and for many years guardian of Yosemite. Mr. Clark always kept a number of walking sticks leaning against a sturdy oak near his cabin in Yosemite to give to callers who might be starting off on trail hikes.

—Photo by Harry T. Fee.

By HARRY T. FEE

WHILE SPENDING part of the summer of 1909 in the Yosemite valley, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of, and be almost in daily touch with, Galen Clark, the discoverer of the Mariposa Big Trees and Guardian of the Yosemite valley. During my visit I was staying at Camp Ahwahnee, a name that was taken from the earliest Indian tribe inhabiting the Yosemite valley. The Indians of the tribe were called Ahwahnee'chees and the word, Ahwahnee, translated from the Indian means "deep and grassy valley."

Galen Clark had a small cabin close to the camp, known as Ahwahnee, in 1909, and at this cabin I visited and chatted with him almost daily. Here under the shadows of a giant pine, through the long summer days, he greeted his visitors, always with the courtesy and attention that is the mark of great souls—and with the hospitality that distinguishes the dweller in the Open. No sojourner in Yosemite Valley counted his visit complete until he had shaken hands and chatted with Galen Clark. Those who learned to know him more intimately were fortunate, indeed, for in this gray bearded, kindly old man they knew a great and beautiful soul.

The greatness of the giant peaks and giant walls about him seemed reflected in his heart, and the beauty of this enchanted valley seemed to linger around the life of this gentle, gray old man. I have heard many persons remark that Galen Clark was rather quiet and taciturn, and the thought came to me that time, that Half Dome and Sentinel Rock and Glacier were quiet, and the deep, broad Merced river, flowing in Galen Clark's back yard, was quiet. It is only the shallow, thoughtless streams that skim over the surface of rocks and boulders that are babbling and garrulous. And so I came to the conclusion that great natures like great peaks are quiet, and that still waters run deep.

Many Sought His Autograph

Galen Clark remained for twenty summers in Yosemite valley, living in a humble cabin, enjoying the wonders of the open, and greeting the tourists and travelers who made his lowly dwelling place their mecca.

On a rude table in the shadow of the trees, just below Camp Ahwahnee, he kept pen and ink, and a request for his autograph was never denied, while leaning against a huge oak tree beside his cabin was a supply of walking sticks, which the old man cut and stripped and prepared out of the goodness of his heart for the use of the traveler in trail and mountain climbing.

Prepared His Own Grave

Galen Clark had a passion of love for Yosemite valley, his one wish being that he should die and be buried in the midst of the scenes he loved so well. So earnest was he in this regard that many years before his death he dug with his own hands his grave in the little cemetery at the foot of Yosemite falls, planting and caring for a young

sequoia at the head of his grave, and carved his name on a huge block of granite for his monument.

I made a special journey during my visit of that year to view this sight, and I saw with my own eyes, within an hour after I had talked to the living person known as Galen Clark, a huge granite boulder with his name carved on the same, a grave partly scooped out in the sand of Yosemite valley, and a tiny Sequoia, healthy and thriving at the head of the grave which was to be the last resting place of the discoverer of the Mariposa Big Trees and the guardian of the Yosemite Valley.

Upon my return from this visit I stopped at Galen Clark's cabin and talked with him, and as I shook his hand a shock and thrill ran through my being, at the serenity—I might say divinity—of the human being who could look so calmly upon life and death as to build his own tomb and attend to the details of his last resting place.

Caring for the Habitations of His Own Tomb

Galen Clark used to make regular trips to this cemetery to care for the Sequoia and some shrubs which he had planted at his grave and to water the same.

One evening upon returning to Camp Ahwahnee from Yosemite Village I met the old gentleman, somewhat stooped with years but with hurrying steps and intent face going along the path to the Yosemite cemetery. So intent was he upon his mission that he did not recognize me in the dusk of the evening. As I turned to gaze after him the thought came into my mind: he is going to care for the trees at his own grave; and the golden rod that bordered the path on which I stood seemed to nod in the gentle evening breeze in answer to my question, "Yes, he is going to care for the habitations of his tomb."

Nature, Always Kind, Friendly and Smiling

John Burroughs in his "Accepting the Universe" seems to carry through his entire volume the thought that Nature is cruel and wasteful; that its law is the survival of the fittest; that myriad numbers of species in tree and plant and animal life are crushed and trampled upon by this inexorable fiat; and that Nature is stern, unyielding and implacable. But I cannot accept the universe in that

spirit. I cannot seem to keep the impression in my heart.

To me Nature seems always kind and friendly and smiling. The lofty mountains speak to me; the great boulders are silent, but they have messages which I understand; and the trees and the flowers and the grass are like old friends. So the golden rod by the foot-worn path in Yosemite Valley answered my question with its nodding plumes: "Galen Clark is going to water the trees of his grave."

A Biographical Sketch

Galen Clark was born in Dublin, Cheshire county, New Hampshire, March 28, 1814. In the year 1854, attracted by the account of gold discoveries, he came to California and engaged in mining in Mariposa county.

In 1855 he made his first trip into Yosemite Valley, and was deeply impressed with the wonder and beauty of the place. He returned to Mariposa, and while engaged in mining suffered a serious attack of lung trouble, brought on by exposure. In 1857 he moved to the south fork of the Merced river and built a log cabin on the spot where Wawona now stands.

The Discovery of Mariposa Grove

While on a hunting trip in the summer of 1857, Mr. Clark discovered the famous Big Trees of Mariposa county. In the year 1864 Congress passed an act granting to the State of California the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. A commission was appointed by the Governor to manage and govern the Yosemite Valley and the Big Tree grove. Galen Clark was selected as one of the commissioners. He was subsequently appointed "Guardian of Yosemite Valley," and under his administration many needed improvements were made.

Mr. Clark is the author of two books, "The Big Trees of California" and "Indians of the Yosemite," the former containing many interesting facts concerning the giant trees of this wonderful State, and the latter being the real history of the Indians of Yosemite Valley, their origin, their life and customs and their many wonderful legends.

Galen Clark died in 1911 at the age of 96, and so strange are the mandates of Fate, not in Yosemite Valley, as he had so earnestly wished, but at the home of his sister in Berkeley. His body, however, lies in the grave dug by his own hands, at the foot of Yosemite falls, in the valley that he loved so well. And here the future tourist will read his epitaph, graven by the hand that lies beneath, but scattered over the whole world are thousands who knew the grasp of Galen Clark's hand and the glance of his friendly eye. And these will cherish the memory of this fine kindly lover of Nature.

John Muir and Galen Clark

John Muir, the famous naturalist, revered by every lover of the out-of-doors, stopped over to pay visit to Galen Clark during my stay at Ahwahnee. And it was my good fortune to grasp the hand and chat with that distinguished soul, who

GHOST DANCE BORN HERE, U. C. FIND

Alameda county was once the scene of the great ghost dance, the strange ritual by which Indians hoped to recall the spirits of departed warriors to join in overthrowing white domination.

This is revealed in a study of the ghost dance ceremony recently completed by Dr. Leslie Spier, professor of anthropology at the University of California summer session. The work is being published by the University of Washington.

WANTED WHITES OUT

Originating among the tribes of western Nevada in 1870, the belief that legions of braves would return from the happy hunting ground to drive out the whites, restoring mountains and valleys to the red man, spread rapidly among California Indians.

California's escaping of a general uprising such as the ghost dance incited 20 years later among plains Indians is attributed by Dr. Spier to the weakened condition of tribes here following the gold rush, when many red men were slain.

Tracing the spread of the last

(Turn to page 5)

Heap Big Braves

:-

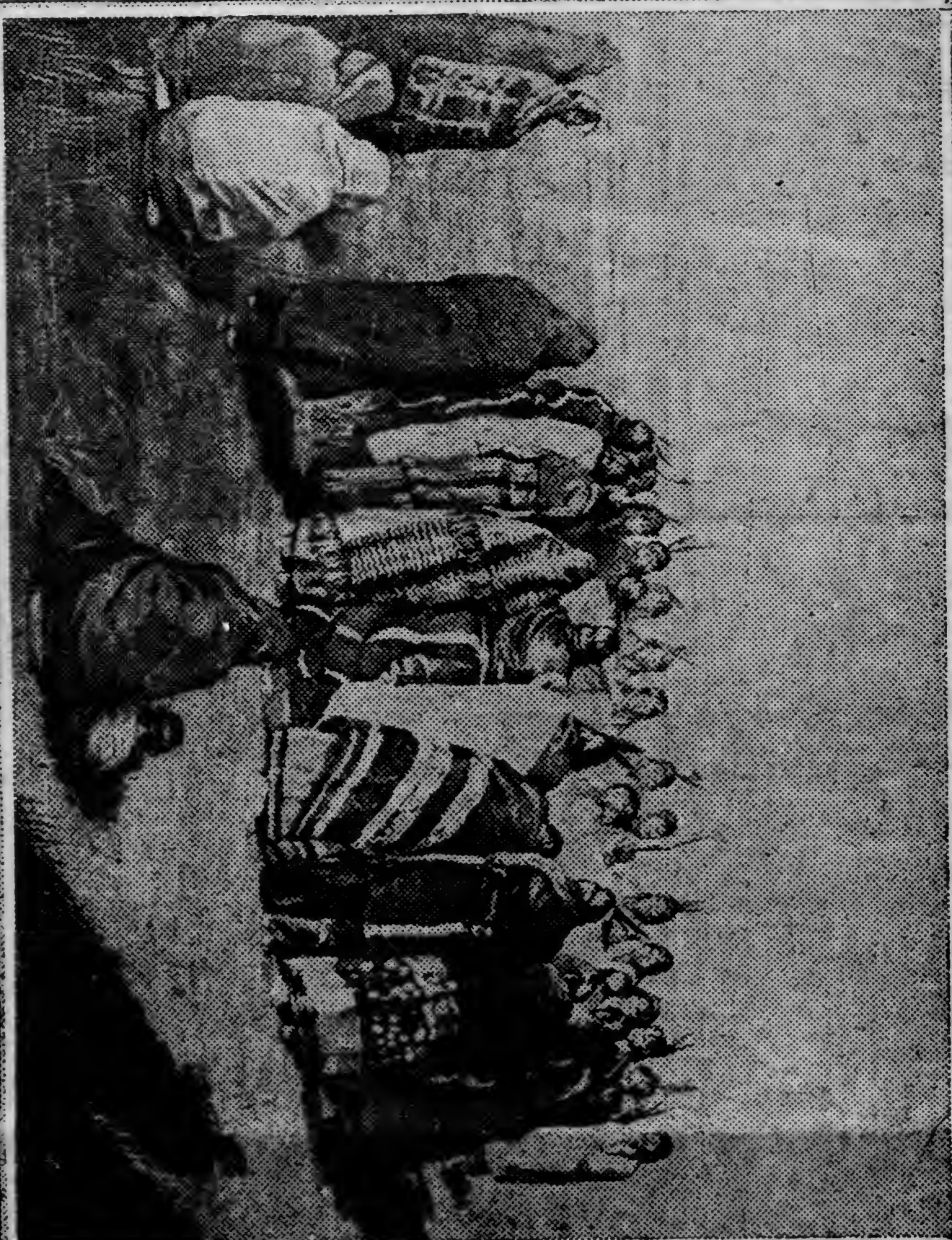
'Ghost Dance' Began Here

:-

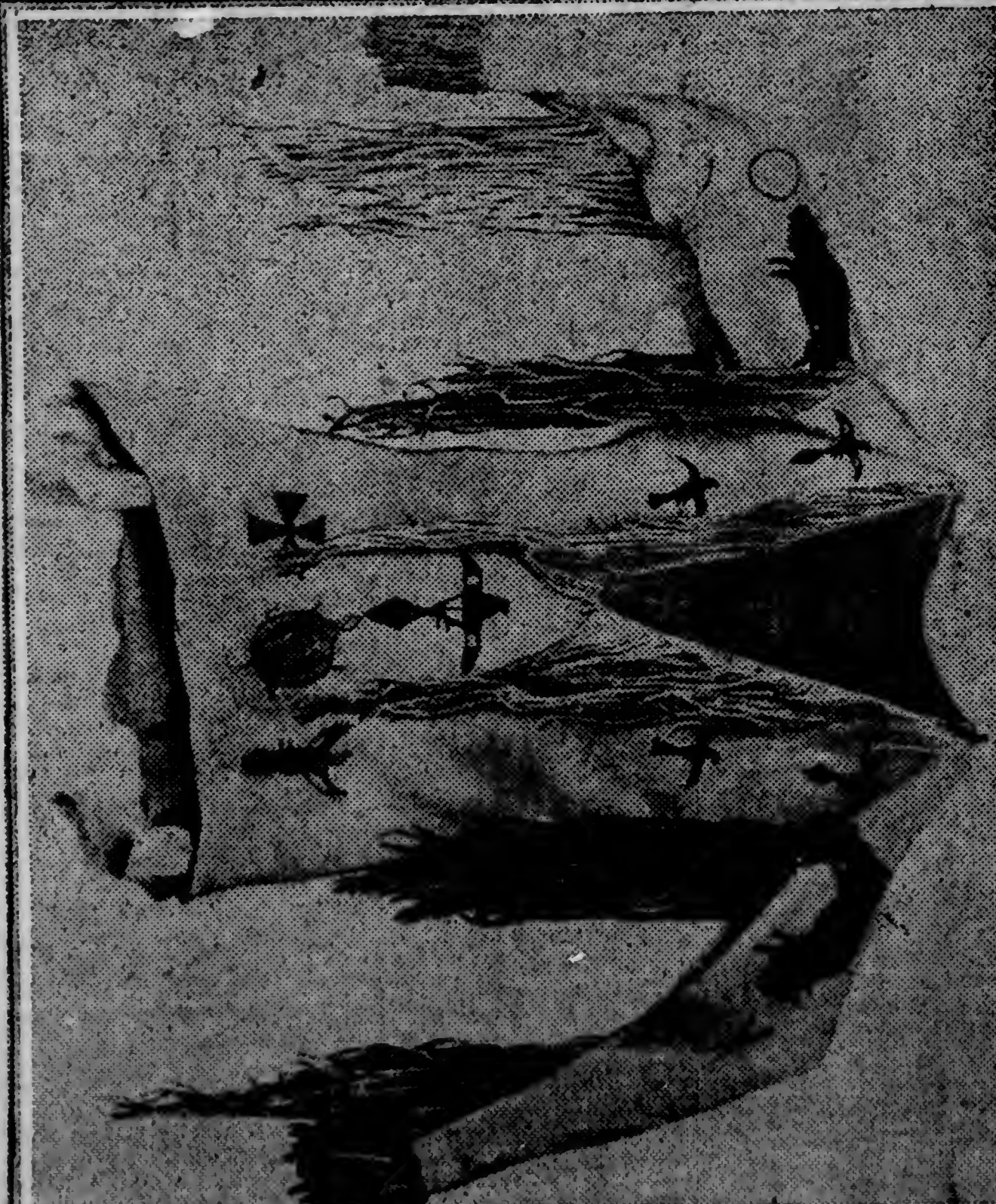
Aimed at Whites



COME BACK, BIG SPIRITS! Wawoka, Nevada Indian who revived California's ghost dance, is shown above. Dr. Leslie Spier, University of California professor, says the dance originated in this section.



FOURTEENTH AND BROAD. WAY—as it may have appeared in 1870, when California Indians originated the "ghost" dance to drive out the white men. Dr. Leslie Spier says he has found that the weird ritual that underlay the Custer massacre was originated in the area now Alameda county. He has secured various documents, he says.



BEWARE, BAD GHOSTS!—around a pole until they fell in a trance, when they expected to receive tidings from the happy hunting grounds. Departed warriors gathered to drive out white men.



WARPAINT AND FEATHERS adorned the dancers. The photographs are reproductions of the Sioux Indians ritual. Dr. Spier obtained valuable data in his study from the Klamath Indians, who took up the ghost dance. Above, preparing to dance.

OAKLAND, CALIF.
POST-ENQUIRER

Big Chief, Bride in Oakland



WEALTHY INDIAN honeymooners at the Hotel Leamington here are Chief Red Wing of the Cherokees and his bride, Princess Rose Marie, an Osage beauty from

Oklahoma. The chief heads an oil company and is president of a motion picture concern. They were both educated at college.

—Post-Enquirer photo.

A pair of rich Indian honeymooners registered at the Hotel Leamington yesterday in the persons of Chief Red Wing of the Cherokee nation and his bride, Princess Rose Marie, an Osage beauty of Oklahoma.

The couple were married recently at the Baker ranch in the San Fernando valley.

The petite Rose Marie, than whom Pocahontas was no fairer, is reputed to be the wealthiest Indian girl in America. She benefitted by oil strikes in Oklahoma.

Red Wing claims the distinction of being the only Indian aviator in

the world. He pilots his own plane.

He declares also that as president of the Red Wing Picture company, he is the only Indian movie producer in the world. The Red Wing company has produced pictures of Indian life, starring Red Wing himself.

And as if that weren't enough, he adds that he is the only Indian in the world heading an oil company. He is president of the Ventura Oil company, operating on the Rancho de Norte in this state.

Both Red Wing and his pretty

bride have college educations, speak perfect English and peruse the financial pages of newspapers. They make no mistakes in pronunciation when reading off the French dishes in the Castilian dining room at the Leamington.

Declaring that he was drawn here by reports of oil possibilities in the Livermore valley, Red Wing announces that he has purchased 160 acres of Livermore land.

Red Wing says he will begin drilling immediately in partnership with

SAN DIEGO, CAL., UNION

APRIL 4, 1926

San Diegan Compiles and Publishes First Book on Indian Sign Language

Study of Ideography and Pictography Also Included in
Volume Prepared by William Tomkins, Who Learned
'Code Talk' While Riding Cattle Ranges in Dakota.

To William Tomkins, a San Diegan, goes the credit for compilation and publication of a new book on "Indian Sign Language," which is said to be the first accurate exposition of the language, and is really the only authentic book on the subject that yet has been prepared, and is the only book of its kind in existence. The book is significant as a contribution to the extensive studies on the origin of language and languages, for it contains, in addition to a complete description and vocabulary of the sign language, a study of ideography and pictography as developed by the Indians of North America 5000 years ago.

VOLUME IMPORTANT

The volume is important in many ways, for it is the first codification of a language that is "talked," not spoken, for it is silent, and has been talked, it is said, by more people than any other universal language ever employed or invented. It was developed and used by the Indians of the great central areas of the United States, Indians of many tribes, speaking languages as different as English and Chinese. But this sign language was used and understood by men of all tribes. It is a logical language, for the signs appear to have an understandable significance even to persons not knowing the language.

The signs are graphically descriptive, and Mr. Tomkins has made them in that volume so clear and so interesting that the book is a temptation to learn the language. San Diegans have heard the author lecture on the subject, and they know that he is justified in asserting that the sign language is a graceful and a beautiful language.

The author has explained in his foreword that he learned the language as a young man while riding the cattle ranges in the Dakota territory on the edge of the Sioux reservations. He not only learned the language, but he studied its meaning and its significance, the reasons for the uses of the signs and how they were developed. He learned the spoken language of the Dakota Indians and was able through that medium to learn still more about the signs and the graceful method of making the signs that causes them to become in the hands of a skillful talker a flow of conversation as fluent and eloquent as an ably spoken tongue.

But he has done more than go just to the Indians for the signs and the language it makes. He has studied the results of the research of others, has checked their material, eliminating all deaf and dumb language that does not properly belong with the Indian

WILLIAM TOMKINS

San Diego authority on the American Indian sign language, who has just written and published a book on the subject, the first of its kind to be prepared and said to be the only authoritative work on the sign language in existence.



symbolism, and has produced a book that is unique in its field.

RELATIONSHIP EVIDENT

The close relationship between ideography and pictography and the sign language is evident in the comparison he has made and the pictographic examples he has reproduced. This one is a language to be talked and understood without sound by person speaking different languages. The pictographs are a method of putting the universal sign language into recorded form so that it may be read by one speaking a different language.

The interesting feature of Tomkins' volume, however, is that while it will have a special appeal to the scientist, the student of the history of language, it is exactly as interesting to non-scientific persons. Boy Scouts will find it fascinating. Men who go hunting may find it as valuable as it is interesting, for the signs are visible farther than the voice can carry and may be used when silence is desired. While it does not pretend in any way to be for the use of deaf mutes, these unfortunate persons may find in the book material of great value. And anyone who ever has heard Tomkins speak on the sign language and on pictography, will want to own a copy of the book if for no other reason than to refresh his or her memory of the interesting things Tomkins tells and the signs which he has illustrated.

Mexico
Aztec

SHE COOKS FOR TEN DESPITE 101 YEARS

Life at 101 is a busy work-a-day affair for MRS. CORNELIA REYS, Aztec Indian woman. She starts her day at 5 o'clock each morning, and takes a cold bath, no matter what the temperature. She doesn't permit herself to be sick—illness is for lazy folk, she holds. She does the cooking and housework for her family of 10, which

includes six orphans her daughter has taken in to care for. And when she rests, she enjoys a quiet smoke. She's been puffing ever since the days when she was a girl in Mexico City. At left she is shown cooking the family breakfast. In the center she is depicted telling a story to (left to right) JOE and MARY ARMENTA, twins; RUDOLF

and GLORIA ARMENTA, and her granddaughter, TERESA ARELLANO. The Armenta children are part of the orphan brood for which she helps care.—TRIBUNE photo.



Oakland Woman, 101, Still Cooks, Smokes, Heads Home

The head of the family is Mrs. Cornelia Reynolds, who is 101 years old. And the phrase "head of the family" means just what it implies, at the Reynolds home, 1543 Seventh street.

She's first up in the morning, rising at 5 o'clock and taking a cold bath before starting breakfast for the rest of her brood, which includes her daughter and son-in-law, Josephine and Albert Arellano, their daughter Teresa, 14, and six orphans whom the family has taken under its wing.

Mrs. Reynolds is a pure-blooded Aztec Indian, of a race whose civilization ago excelled in magnificence anything known in the Europe of that time.

As a child of seven she wondered at the strange radiance shed at night by Halley's comet when it swept through the heavens in 1835.

As a young matron she curtsied before the Emperor Maximilian and his bride, Charlotte of Belgium, and was their hostess during the first night they spent on Mexico soil in 1864, at the beginning of the ill-fated French occupation of Mexico.

One of her relatives was Benito Juarez, twice president of Mexico and often hailed as the savior of his country.

SHE STILL COOKS

All these years and events lie lightly upon the shoulders of Mrs. Reynolds. She curtsies just as gracefully now as in the days of Maximilian. And she can cook just as good a stew for her real and adopted grandchildren as she did in the days when she pounded tortillas in old Mexico.

Most very old people have recipes for long life and health, and Mrs. Reynolds has her's.

"Bed is for lazy folk, and the lazy ones are usually the most delicate," she says. "I have a pain sometimes, but I do not go to bed. I do not call the doctor. I work, and put my faith in Jesus."

There's another ingredient in Mrs. Reynolds' recipe. It's tobacco. Good cigarettes, preferably, but any kind will do. But she started smoking before the present-day flappers' grandmothers were born.

One of her greatest pleasures is to gather the seven children around

her and tell them about the time when she first saw Halley's comet, —that heavenly "express train" which makes its appearance once every 75 years. She has seen it twice, the second time being in 1910.

"The people in Mexico were very ignorant when I was a girl," she says in Spanish, which besides the Aztec of her ancestors, is the only language she commands. "When the comet came they thought it was the end of the world. There was no money then, only bars of gold and silver. Those who were rich hid their money in deep wells, and lived underground as much as possible until the great light had vanished."

SIX ORPHANS IN FAMILY

Her audience consists of her daughter and granddaughter, and the six orphans, who were taken in by Mrs. Arellano when their parents died recently in San Francisco. They are Helen Armenta, 11, and her little sisters and brothers, Joe and Mary, the twins, 7, Rudolph, 6, Gloria, 4, and Pete, 3.

Mrs. Reynolds' husband, one of the early Spanish colonists, died many years ago. For the past 20 years she and her daughter's family have resided in California, and for 14 years of that time Mrs. Arellano was an employee of the probation department of Los Angeles.

It was her years of experience in this work which prompted Mrs. Arellano to take in the six children of a friend when they become homeless. Although her husband earns but \$4.12 per day as a Southern Pacific employee, she found room in her home for them.

"We get along," she says. "Mother helps and bosses, and we manage to find enough to eat, and pay our rent. I wouldn't think much of myself if I couldn't be that charitable."

Mrs. Reynolds was born in Mexico City September 16, 1828. Recently there was some question about her age, and she discovered to her dismay that she had lost her birth certificate. But she recalled that the facts set forth thereon were taken down by immigration officials at El Paso when she entered this country, and so offers proof to all who doubt.

New Honors for Sequoyah, the Cherokee



Sequoyah

Z4001 KRT.
Tune, Home Sweet Home.

1
Z4 0101 1010101
T4010101 1010101
Z4 01010101 0101
KRT 0101
Z4 0101 01010101

2
D4 0101 1010101
D4 0101 01010101
T4 0101 01010101
KRT 01010101
01010101 01010101

3
L4 0101 01010101
T4 0101 01010101
01010101 01010101
KRT 01010101
01010101 01010101

The Cherokee Version
of "Home, Sweet Home"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

SPEAK of a great Indian and the average American usually thinks of one of those chiefs who won fame by their warlike deeds and the unsuccessful wars which they waged against the conquering white man—King Philip of the Wampanoags, Pontiac of the Ottawas, Tecumseh of the Shawnees, Black Hawk of the Sacs and Foxes, Osceola of the Seminoles, Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés and Red Cloud and Sitting Bull of the Sioux. Brave as these men were and deserving of honor though they may be, for being patriots who fought in defense of what they considered right, there is another—a man of peace instead of war—who seems destined to be remembered longer than any of the others. He was Sequoyah of the Cherokees.

For it was Sequoyah who invented an alphabet and taught his people to "write talk on paper so that talk stayed and remembered itself" and who won for himself the title of "the Cadmus of the Cherokees." His statue stands in Statuary hall in the Capitol at Washington, the gift of the state of Oklahoma as the symbol of one of its two greatest men. Out on the Pacific coast there is an even greater memorial to Sequoyah. There great trees tower to the heavens—some of them more than 300 feet high. They are the oldest living things in the world, their ages being estimated at from 2,000 to 4,000 years. The picture above indicates the size of these giants. Its girth is 84 feet. These trees perpetuate the memory of Sequoyah, for the two species "Sequoia sempervirens" the red wood of the timber trade, and "Sequoia gigantea," the big or mammoth tree, were given their scientific names in honor of the Cherokee Indian.

Now a new honor is proposed for Sequoyah and his name is to be perpetuated in the shadow of the high Smoky mountains where his people lived. If a recent proposal to the board of geographic names of Washington by the Interstate nomenclature commission of North Carolina and Tennessee is accepted, the peak just southwest of Old Black, standing more than 6,000 feet above sea level, will be known as Mount Sequoyah.

For a long time there has been considerable mystery about the early history of Sequoyah, the maker of the Cherokee alphabet. But a recently discovered manuscript in the collections of the Newberry library in Chicago written by John Howard Paine, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," has done much to clear up the mystery. This valuable record was dictated to Paine by Major Lowry, a cousin of Sequoyah, in the presence of many Cherokee chiefs and relatives in the cabin of the principal chief at a council of the nation at Echota in October, 1835. The Paine manuscript proves that Sequoyah was not a full-blood Indian but a half breed. He was the son of a white man, Nathaniel Gist, who had been a trader among the Cherokees and later was a lieutenant colonel of the Indian allies who fought with Washington in the French and Indian war. His mother was a full-blood Cherokee woman of the Paint clan.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, Colonel Gist seems to have deserted his Indian wife and son and returned to his own people in Virginia. One authority says that this took place before Sequoyah was born and that his mother named the boy George Gist, after his father.



Base of a
Sequoia Tree
in California



Sequoyah
Statue in
Statuary Hall
in the United States Capitol

though he had deserted her. Sequoyah is the Cherokee version of that name.

Very early he developed artistic ability, probably an inheritance from some ancestor in the paternal line. He turned his artistic ability to making articles of silver which were in much demand among the Cherokee braves—bracelets, "nose hobs," gorgets and chains. Unfortunately for him his shop became a popular meeting place and his friends began bringing liquor to him. He soon developed a taste for the white man's firewater and was rapidly succumbing to its influence when he came in contact with a white man, either a trader or a missionary, who rescued him from his drunken habits, and converted him to Christianity.

It was by a chance conversation in 1809 that Sequoyah was led to reflect upon the ability of the white man to communicate thought by means of writing. The general theory with many Indians was that the written speech of the white man was one of the mysterious gifts of the great spirit. Sequoyah boldly avowed it to be merely an art and that he could himself invent a written language for the Cherokees. By a hunting accident, which had crippled him, he was afforded more leisure for study.

The prevalent idea among the Cherokees was that the written page actually talked to the white man; for this reason they called it the "talking leaf." Sequoyah, noticing the strange cabalistic marks, conceived the idea that each one represented a word; but upon getting a book and counting the different marks thereon he soon saw that their number was inadequate to the expression of a language. In 1809 his meditation culminated in the idea that probably each mark meant a sound.

To test this he scratched with his knife on a stone G, calling it wa; and B, which he called ku. This demonstrated to him the probable feasibility of his idea; as by these two marks, and the sounds that he applied, he represented the word wa-ku, which is the Cherokee name of coy. At the same time he scratched out three other figures to which he gave the sequent sounds of tsa, qui, li, this being the Cherokee for horse.

Having thoroughly tested his discovery, he next proceeded to formulate a symbol for each syllable. For this purpose he made use of a number of characters which he found in an old English spelling book, picking out capitals, lower case, italics and figures and placing them right side up and upside down, without any idea of their sound or significance.

Having thus made use of some 35 ready-made characters, to which must be added a dozen or more produced by a modification of the same originals, he designed from his own imagination as many more as was necessary to his purpose, making 85 in all.

There were three dialects of the Cherokee language, the eastern (lower), middle and western (upper). The eastern and middle dialects were about the same excepting for the change of l or r and the entire absence of the labial from the eastern dialect. The western differs considerably from the others, particularly in the greater frequency of the liquid l and the softening of the guttural g, the changes tending to render it the most musical of all the Cherokee dialects. It is also the standard literary dialect and the one spoken by most of those now constituting the Cherokee nation in the West.

It was the only alphabet in the whole world to be finished by one man, and was so complete, that anyone understanding the Cherokee language could, upon learning the 85 characters of the alphabet, read and write correctly.

Despite some opposition, the alphabet was soon recognized as an invaluable invention for the elevation of the tribe and within a few months thousands of hitherto illiterate Cherokees were able to read and write their own language.

In 1822 Sequoyah visited the West to introduce the new learning among those of his tribe

1. D	14. R	27. T	40. 5	53. O	66. i
2. S	15. F	28. Y	41. A	54. J	67. E
3. 7	16. P	29. 3	42. F	55. G	68. 6
4. W	17. C	30. P	43. G	56. M	69. q
5. 8	18. O	31. H	44. 5	57. Y	
6. 0	19. A	32. h	45. Z	58. 4	70. O
7. E	20. 0	33. 7	46. v	59. 6	71. 8
8. U	21. 4	34. B	47. F	60. 8	72. R
9. L	22. S	35. J	48. A	61. S	73. 6
10. 6	23. L	36. C	49. 7	62. 7	74. P
11. G	24. V	37. h	50. K	63. J	75. C
12. C	25. 0	38. 0	51. 0	64. 0	76. 6
13. 0	26. 3	39. 3	52. 6	65. C	77. B

The Cherokee Alphabet

THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET
Below are given, by number, the English equivalents of the symbols in the Cherokee alphabet shown above:

1. A	21. SE	40. O	59. QUU
2. GA and KA	22. DE and TE	41. GO	60. VU
3. HA	23. TLE	42. HO	61. DU
4. LA	24. TLE	43. LO	62. TLU
5. MA	25. WE	44. MO	63. TSU
6. NA, HNA, NAH	26. YE	45. NO	64. WU
7. QUA	27. I	46. QUO	65. YU
8. SA, S	28. GI	47. SO	66. V
9. DA, TA	29. HI	48. DO	67. GV
10. DLA, TLA	30. LI	49. TLO	68. HV
11. TSA	31. MI	50. TLO	69. LV
12. WA	32. QUI	51. WO	70. NV
13. YA	33. 8	52. YO	71. QUV
14. GE	34. 8	53. U	72. SV
15. HE	35. DI and TI	54. GU	73. DV
16. LE	36. TL	55. HU	74. TLV
17. 7	37. 7	56. LU	75. TSV
18. 7	38. WI	57. MU	76. WV
19. NE	39. YI	58. NU	77. YV
20. QUE			

who had emigrated to the Arkansas. It was at once taken up through the influence of Takatoka (Da-gata'ga), a great chief who had previously opposed every effort of the missionaries to introduce their own schools and religion. The next year, 1823, Sequoyah took up his permanent home with the western land, never afterward returning to his eastern kinsmen.

The first Bible translation into the Cherokee language was a portion of St. John's gospel made by Atsli or John Arch, a young native convert, in the fall of 1824, using the alphabet. In September, 1825, David Brown, a prominent half-breed preacher, completed a translation of the New Testament in the alphabet, the work being handed about in manuscript as there were as yet no types cast in the Sequoyah character.

In 1827 the Cherokee council resolved to establish a national paper in the Cherokee language and characters, types for that purpose were cast in Boston under the supervision of the noted missionary, Worcester, of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions. Early the next year the press and types arrived at New Echota and the first number of the new paper, Tsa-lago Tsal'ehisanun'hi, the Cherokee Phoenix, printed in both languages, appeared on February 21, 1828.

After a precarious existence of about six years the Phoenix was suspended owing to the hostile action of the Georgia authorities. Its successor, after the removal of the Cherokees to the West, was the Cherokee Advocate, of which the first number appeared at Tahlequah, L. T., in 1844.

In 1840 the Cherokees all moved West and reuniting with the Old Settlers, as the Arkansas band was called, the nation was reorganized and Tahlequah was designated as the seat of government, taking its name from the old Cherokee town of Talikwa, or Tellico, in Tennessee. In this reorganization Sequoyah played a prominent part, but other things were in his mind. Uppermost, was the idea of inventing a universal Indian alphabet.

There was an old tradition of a lost band of Cherokees who were believed to be somewhere in the far Southwest. In the hope of verifying this tradition and restoring his lost kinsmen to their tribe, Sequoyah set out in 1848 with his son and another companion.

Somewhere near the village of San Fernando, Mexico, their ponies were either stolen or wandered away and the old man went out alone to find them. When his companions went out to see what had become of Sequoyah, they found him dead. His body was wrapped up with such of his writings as he had with him and with other mementos of his great life he had along with him, as is the Indian custom. They put the body on a shelf in a small cave where nothing could disturb it. They said they marked the place so they could find it, but the men sent on from Indian Territory to bring the body home failed to find the place.

So an unmarked grave in Old Mexico holds the dust of one of the greatest Indians who ever lived—Sequoyah, the "Cherokee Cadmus," who gave his people a written language.

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

Colorful Existence of World's Wealthiest Indian Marked by Simple Pleasures and Legal Rows



Jackson Barnett's favorite pastime—the make-believe directing of traffic in front of his mansion at Wilshire Boulevard and Rossmore.



Love of animals was a characteristic of the rich old Indian, and here he is with some of his horses on the Barnett ranch near here.



This is a photograph of Jackson Barnett on the day of his marriage to Anna Laura Lowe at Coffeyville, Kan., subject of much litigation.



Mrs. Jackson Barnett, the former Anna Laura Lowe, is shown in this Clinedinst photograph taken on one of the Barnetts' trips East.

proaching daylight will perpetually pay tribute to the warrior who fought under Chief Crazy Snake in the Peach Tree Rebellion in Indian Territory, now the State of Oklahoma, more than fifty years ago, when the Creek tribe waged war over the confiscation of their lands by the white man.

KNOWN TO MOTORISTS

Barnett, self-appointed traffic officer at the busy intersection at Rossmore avenue and Wilshire Boulevard, was known to thousands of motorists. Always dressed in the height of unobtrusive fashion, the genial Indian would stand on the street corner opposite his beautiful home.

Although he wore a perpetual smile on his wrinkled face, deeply tanned by the wind and sun, Barnett never became chummy with anyone. He did, though, smile to one and all. When accosted by a person seeking to engage in conversation, Barnett would grin and quickly move away.

He invariably smoked long, black cigars and occasionally when tired from his vigil of safety over the welfare of traffic regulations, would sit down on a bench and his friendly smile would disappear into an expression of thoughtfulness.

HE LOVED PONIES

Frequently he would absent himself for days at a time, and as if following the dictates of his loved ones who had preceded him to the "happy hunting grounds," the rich Indian would visit his ranch in Coldwater Canyon to be with his ponies.

To people who had met him, Barnett appeared to be disinterested in everything save his ponies. His love and knowledge of horse flesh was born with him.

His love of horse flesh was the only tie that bound him to the world he had deserted when riches came to him and a white wife brought him to Southern California.

Barnett was born near Fort Gibson, Okla., of full-blooded Creek parents. Once, during a court appearance in connection with the government's suit to annul his marriage, he said he remembered a "big battle" in the Arkansas Mountains in Civil War days. It was estimated, however, that he was 93 years of age.

RAGS TO RICHES

When the government divided the Indian lands of Oklahoma among members of the Creek tribe, Barnett was allotted 160 acres near Henryetta. Here he built a two-room shack and lived in rags. In 1912 oil was discovered on his land and the government declared him to be mentally incompetent to lease it. A guardian was appointed and his land leased to an oil company.

Mrs. Anna Laura Lowe, the government contends, made his acquaintance in January, 1920, and after failing in two attempts to marry him in Oklahoma, hired a taxicab and took him to Coffeyville, Kan., where a marriage ceremony was performed, February 23, 1920. Mrs. Barnett then took him to Neosho, Mo., where a second ceremony was performed several days later.

Two years later Barnett, who was unable to read or write, gave away \$1,100,000 with a thumbprint, \$550,000 to the American Baptist Home Mission Society for the endowment of Indian schools in Oklahoma and an equal sum to his wife. These gifts were declared null and void by United States District Judge Knox of New York in August, 1927, who ordered Barnett's funds and property turned over to the Secretary of the Interior.

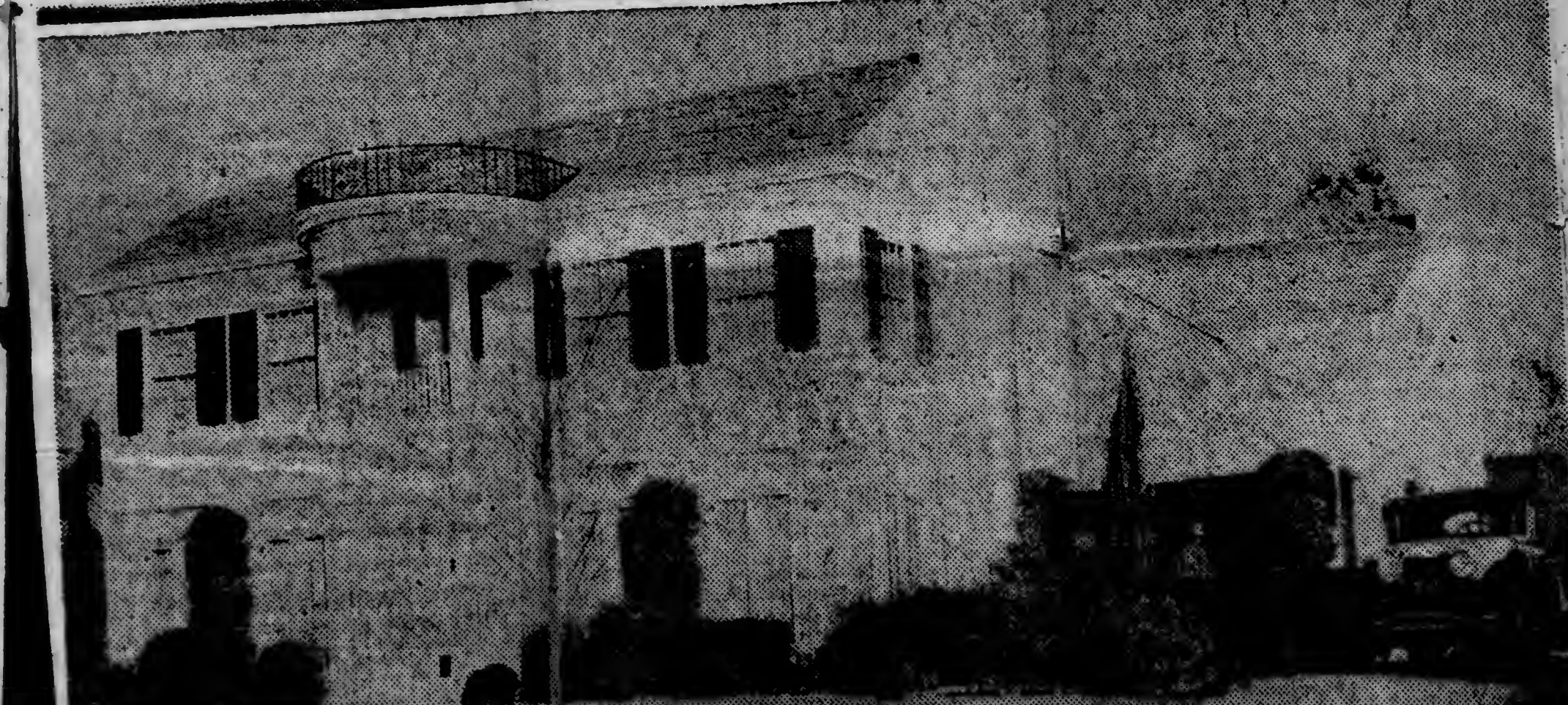
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Above is the Barnett mansion at Wilshire Boulevard and Rossmore avenue, while below is a picture of the Barnett ranchhouse near Henryetta, Okla., which was built when wealth began to pour in from the Indian's oil leases.

government suit was asserted. Following Barnett's death, the government has instituted a suit against the Riggs National Bank of that city seeking to compel it to turn over to the government the \$200,000 trust fund which Mrs. Barnett established for her husband's benefit after he had signed away \$550,000 in Liberty bonds to her.

END COMES TO BARNETT

Wealthy Indian Dies at 93

Center of Long Years of Legal Battles Succumbs in Palatial Home

Autopsy Conducted as Signs Point to Heart Disease; Government Notified

In a civilization alien to his ancestors Jackson Barnett, reputedly the world's richest Indian, was found dead yesterday in his palatial Colonial mansion at Wilshire Boulevard and Rossmore avenue.

The Indian, who had found peace and comfort in the white man's world, far away from the bleak, rocky hill lands of his native Oklahoma and the oil wells that had poured riches into the lap of the picturesque brave who had lived in poverty during the first sixty years of his life, was alone when death summoned him to the happy hunting grounds.

The famous Creek Indian had been the principal character in a spectacular marriage tangle in which the United States government recently was victorious in having pronounced the union annulled after a series of legal skirmishes over a period of fourteen years with Barnett's white wife Anna Laura Lowe Barnett.

FOUND BY MRS. BARNETT

It was Mrs. Barnett, who a Federal court ruling favoring the government had ruled was not the legal wife of the 93-year-old Indian, who found him in death at 5:20 a. m. yesterday.

Barnett, rising with the approach of daylight as had been his custom since childhood, had begun to dress himself when the sinister shadows of death enveloped him. Believing that he had fainted, Mrs. Barnett immediately applied restoratives, while her daughter, Miss Maxine Sturgess, telephoned Dr. Joseph Nicholson, the family physician.

When Dr. Nicholson, after a cursory examination, reported that Barnett was dead, Mrs. Barnett refused to believe it.

"The Chief can't be dead," she said over and over again. "He can't be dead."

As Barnett had never submitted to the services of a physician, despite the fact that he occasionally felt badly, Dr. Nicholson, although expressing the belief that the Indian had died from a heart attack, called the Coroner.

AUTOPSY CONDUCTED

The body of the man who had seen the primitive West change into a modern world was removed to the county morgue, where Chief Surgeon Wagner conducted an autopsy. He reported to Coroner Nance that he had "found a heart condition which could have resulted in death, being chronic mild myocarditis with calcification of the coronary artery."

Dr. Wagner announced that he will conduct a complete chemical analysis and microscopic examination, a report of which will be sent to the United States government authorities, as Secretary of the Interior Ickes was appointed guardian of Barnett following the ruling of United States District Judge James that the Indian's marriage to Mrs. Lowe was not legal.

U. S. Atty. Hall immediately notified Atty.-Gen. Cummings and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington of Barnett's death. Hall also requested Coroner Nance to furnish him with a complete report of the autopsy findings.

Tribal burial rites, born of the Creek Indian custom, which dates back to the beginning of the red man's habitation of the western

(Continued on Page 1, Column 2)

Times

RICHEST INDIAN IN WORLD DEAD

Barnett Made Wealthy by
Oil on Property

Former Warrior Rose From
Poverty to Luxury

Government Victorious in
Battle Over Wife

(Continued from First Page)

world, will be denied Barnett, who long ago discarded the brilliantly colored facial paints, feathered headgear and buckskin clothes of his tribesmen for tailored suits, colorful neckties and expensive shoes of the white man.

Instead, private funeral service will be conducted at Pierce Brothers mortuary, 720 West Washington street, at 3 p.m. tomorrow. Burial will be on Sunrise Slope, Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale.

Thus the bright shadows of approaching daylight will perpetually pay tribute to the warrior who fought under Chief Crazy Snake in the Peach Tree Rebellion in Indian Territory, now the State of Oklahoma, more than fifty years ago, when the Creek tribe waged war over the confiscation of their lands by the white man.

KNOWN TO MOTORISTS

Barnett, self-appointed traffic officer at the busy intersection at Rossmore avenue and Wilshire Boulevard, was known to thousands of motorists. Always dressed in the height of unobtrusive fashion, the genial Indian would stand on the street corner opposite his beautiful home.

Although he wore a perpetual smile on his wrinkled face, deeply tanned by the wind and sun, Barnett never became chummy with anyone. He did, though, smile to one and all. When accosted by a person seeking to engage in conversation, Barnett would grin and quickly move away.

He invariably smoked long, black cigars and occasionally when tired from his vigil of safety over the welfare of traffic regulations, would sit down on a bench and his friendly smile would disappear into an expression of thoughtfulness.

HE LOVED PONIES

Frequently he would absent himself for days at a time, and as if following the dictates of his loved ones who had preceded him to the "happy hunting grounds," the rich Indian would visit his ranch in Coldwater Canyon to be with his ponies.

To people who had met him, Barnett appeared to be disinterested in everything save his ponies. His love and knowledge of horse flesh was born with him.

His love of horse flesh was the only tie that bound him to the world he had deserted when riches came to him and a white wife brought him to Southern California.

Barnett was born near Fort Gibson, Okla., of full-blooded Creek parents. Once, during a court appearance in connection with the government's suit to annul his marriage, he said he remembered a "big battle" in the Arkansas Mountains in Civil War days. It was estimated, however, that he was 93 years of age.

RAGS TO RICHES

When the government divided the Indian lands of Oklahoma among members of the Creek tribe, Barnett was allotted 160 acres near Henryetta. Here he built a two-room shack and lived in rags. In 1912 oil was discovered on his land and the government declared him to be mentally incompetent to lease it. A guardian was appointed and his land leased to an oil company.

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government, were purchased by Mrs. Barnett from \$550,000 worth of Liberty bonds, which the government successfully contended in another suit were obtained by her from an asserted incompetent.

Following the court's decision Mrs. Barnett issued a statement that no person, not even the government, could take her husband away from her, and continued to live with him. Two weeks ago she went to Muskogee in an unsuccessful attempt to have the Indian agency there send Barnett's \$2500 a month allowance directly to him instead of through the Mission Agency at Riverside.

Other suits pending, all filed in the name of the government as Jackson Barnett's guardian, are those against attorneys, Harold C. McGugin and others, who were charged with having assisted Mrs. Barnett in the marriage and litigation that followed.

In Washington, D. C., the government has instituted a suit against the Riggs National Bank of that city seeking to compel it to turn over to the government the \$200,000 trust fund which Mrs. Barnett established for her husband's benefit after he had signed away \$550,000 in Liberty bonds to her.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
TIMES
MARCH 6, 1939

SO ENDS ANOTHER CONQUEST OF HOLLYWOOD



Blackfoot Indians snapped at their powwow yesterday in Griffith Park. Seated, with the drum, is Many Treaties,

and behind him, left to right, are Turtle, Chief Coward, Yellow Kidney, Rolling Cloud, Mad Plume, Little Blaze.

Times photo

BLACKFOOT INDIANS ROAM HILLS OF GRIFFITH PARK

Indians again yesterday roamed Griffith Park hills.

Big Beaver was there. And Spotted Eagle and Yellow Kidney, along with nine other of their Blackfoot tribesmen.

Around a campfire they gathered for a powwow.

Old buffalo hunters from Montana, the tribesmen were the guests of the local Indian Actors' Association.

For most of the Blackfeet it was their first visit to the Pacific Coast. They were brought here to appear in a motion picture.

"ONE BIG DRINK"

Since coming to Los Angeles they have done much exploring. First they wanted to see the vast Pacific.

From Night Shoot, 74, oldest of the group, came the observation on seeing the ocean: "One big drink."

Motion-picture sets amazed the men.

"Everything is only half," said Judge Old Person. "Buildings are only fronts. Nothing behind."

RETURN TOMORROW

The visitors were feted because tomorrow they are to return to their homes. They have bought many things to present to their wives. A shopping tour down Hollywood Boulevard netted them pocketfuls of Indian jewelry.

"We make no jewelry on our own reservation," explained Iron Breast.

Many Treaties, head of the local Indian association, prepared the banquet yesterday for the visitors.

See Lucius Beebe in "Cafe Society" with Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray—starts Tuesday, Paramount Theater.

Effort Is Made To Take Relics Out Of 'Hiding Place'

Priceless Indian Exhibit Is Stored In Small Room Of Warehouse

A move today was launched to take the California Indian Exhibit, considered one of the finest in the world, out of its "hiding place" in a warehouse here.

Sponsors of the action believe the thousands of visitors who will be attracted by the Sacramento Golden Empire Centennial and the International exposition at Treasure Island should be given the opportunity of visiting the display in an easily accessible and more attractive location.

Bank Building Suggested

Arthur Dudley, secretary manager of the chamber of commerce, suggested in a letter to Phil S. Gibson, state director of finance, that the display be placed in the state-owned building at Seventh and J streets formerly occupied by the California National Bank, now in liquidation.

The display is located in a 35 by 10 foot concrete storage room in the Lawrence Warehouse at 1108 E Street. It is reached by climbing a flight of steep stairs, after which the visitor must push his way between bales of hops and storage boxes.

Many Relics Undisplayed

Only one fourth of the relics are on display because of the cramped space. The remainder of the material is stored in more than 100 filing cabinets and boxes in the warehouse.

"Not very many people come to see the exhibit any more," said Ben W. Hathaway, curator of the exhibit. "We have tried to make it as attractive as possible, but we can show only a small part of the material we have. And, of course, it is pretty hard to get here."

Hopes For Place In Fort

"I hope that someday we will have our own museum at Sutter's Fort, which surely is the logical place. In the meantime, it would be excellent if we could get into a better place so that visitors to the city during the centennial and fair could see what we have."

"The exhibit is priceless and is the finest display of California Indian relics, history and handiwork in the world. It would be a shame to keep it hidden away."

Included in the exhibit are many colorful ceremonial costumes, beautiful headdresses, countless bead collections, both prehistoric and semi modern Indian arms, cooking and grinding instruments, hand woven baskets of many designs, a dugout canoe and many other objects which have been painstakingly gathered since the exhibit was started ten years ago.

Gibson Urged To Act

Dudley urged Gibson to give the suggestion to move the exhibit to the closed bank building "most serious consideration."

"Inasmuch as thousands of tourists will stop in Sacramento on their way to the Golden Gate International Exposition, and as hundreds will stop here to participate in the Sacramento Golden Empire Centennial," Dudley wrote, "it occurred to us that the old California National Bank Building, which is now the property of the State of California, would be a logical place where the Indian exhibit could be temporarily displayed during the 1939 tourist season."

Priceless Exhibit Is 'Hidden Away' In Warehouse



The state's priceless exhibit of prehistoric and modern Indian relics and craft is tucked away in the Lawrence Warehouse on E Street, reached by visitors by climbing the steep, narrow stairs shown in the photo at the lower right. Upper left: Emma Altman, an employee at the warehouse, examines some of the

ornamental headdress feathers in the exhibit. Upper right: A general view of the cramped quarters, which permit only a small portion of the material to be shown. Ben W. Hathaway, curator, is shown in the lower left photo, with some of the valuable ceremonial adornments in the exhibit.

Bee Photos

SECOND SECTION.

UTICA, N. Y., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1911.

SECOND SECTION.

INDIANS RETURN TO SHORE OF ONEIDA LAKE AND LAY CLAIM TO LAND THEY ALLEGE WAS SECURED THROUGH TREACHERY

Descendents of Aborigines Take Possession of Property Near Constantia and Prepare to Litigate Matter in Courts—Oneidas Assert That Original Estates Were Taken From Their Forefathers at Feast When White Settlers Plied Chiefs With Liquor and Then Secured Valuable Holdings in Exchange For Rum—About Forty More Are Expected to Reach Encampment Soon.

Back to the north shore of Oneida Lake on land which they claim was taken from their forefathers by white men through trickery, have come from Canada a band of Oneida Indians, who have "squatted" on the shore of the lake. There they remain, and no attempt has been made to dislodge them, for they have merely occupied an old building, while making preparations to take their case to the courts. The Indians are of pure breed, and adhere to the customs of their ancestors, though

they have abandoned blankets and feathers and now wear the garb of the white man, they cling to their tribal religion and customs and speak the Indian dialect, as they claim, unchanged from the time that central New York was the home and the favorite hunting grounds of the Oneidas and the other tribes in the Five Nations.

The spot to which the Indians came unexpectedly is admirably chosen, and is said to have been a favorite with the Indians years ago. The fish-

ing is good there, and along the shore of the lake grow an abundance of the reeds from which the women of the tribe fashion baskets for sale. The men in the tribe find work by the day in the nearby farms, while the women are engaged in basket weaving and in caring for the several children which form an interesting part of the aggregation.

Led by Shrewd Chief.

The chief of the tribe is a stalwart man, a fine conversationalist and extremely shrewd in his dealings. He is a typical Indian and such a character as is shown in books giving pictures of Indian types. Adorn him in war paint and feathers, with a bow and arrow and a tomahawk and it would not stretch the imagination far to believe he might have stepped from the tribal gathering of a century ago, or that he might be one of the characters in Cooper's Indian tales.

The members of the tribe are extremely reticent to talk with white persons. They willingly allow their photographs to be taken and invariably ask that they be paid for that privilege. The elderly squaw whose picture is printed in connection with this story demanded \$1 for the privilege of taking her picture, but did not press the demand when informed that the photographer would charge \$2 for taking the picture.

More Expected Soon.

At present there are in the colony nine adults and six children. Forty-two adults are expected to join the colony soon. The Indians have taken peaceful, though perhaps forcible, possession of an old building. They live together in a primitive manner, cooking their meals outdoors, and living much in the old style Indian fashion, though tepees have been abandoned and instead of stone pestles the modern appliances for cooking are found, even in a limited quantity.

The first that the residents saw of the Indians was about two weeks ago when the band was seen walking along the road and scanning the scenery. They chose a place about two and a half miles from the village of Constantia and between Bernhard's Bay and that village. There, on the north shore of the lake, they set up their belongings, and were soon much at

home. The residents did not understand the procedure at first, but upon inquiry were informed by the Indians that the land had been taken from their forefathers by fraud, and that they intended to re-establish their claim to the land on which their ancestors had hunted and fished.

Unable to Speak English.

Aside from the chief and one squaw the Indians speak English very brokenly, and the children are unable to speak or understand a word of English. It is said that the intention is to bring the children up to speak their mother tongue and not use the white man's language.

Aside from working on the farms and making baskets, the Indians find somewhat profitable work in picking berries in the vicinity where they are encamped. They are said to be willing and capable workers. The spot is within easy reach of the city of Syracuse, and there the women and children go to market their wares.

The claim of the Indians is somewhat ancient, but is said to be somewhat well founded. Their contention is based on a grant made to their ancestors following the close of the Revolutionary War. The colonists at that time decided to place the Indians on reservations. Every other square mile along the shores of Oneida Lake is said to have been deeded to the Indians already settled there, and they also claim land four rods back from the shore all the way around the lake. This gave the Indians an unobstructed path around the lake. The tribes occupied this land for some time, but with the increase in the number of settlers the greed of the white men grew, and a plot is said to have been concocted to gain possession of the fertile soil.

Trickery Claimed to Have Been Used.

According to the Indian traditions a great feast was arranged, and the Indians were invited. There was plenty of good things to eat and an abundance of "fire water." The chiefs and lesser lights in the Indian organization were treated to a grand spread, and it is said the chiefs became stupefied with drink. At the height of the festivities the supply of strong drink is said to have been stopped.

The Indian craving for more drink is said to have been their undoing, for at an opportune time, it is alleged, the Indians were induced through their burning thirst to sign away their land holdings along the lake for a jug of rum. One of the chiefs, who was famed as an orator, is said to have urged the action and his advice prevailed.

Removed to Reservation.

Following the deeding away of their lands the Indians removed to the Onondaga reservation. Later some of them settled in Canada and on other reservations in New York State.

Each year there is a gathering of the descendants of the tribes on the Onondaga reservation near Syracuse. There the chiefs confer, but the pub-

lic is not admitted to the sacred rites practiced, and visitors are not welcome except at a few of the less important functions. The rites which were practiced a century ago are religiously adhered to, and the chiefs and members of the tribes attend in the full regalia of their respective tribes. The gaily colored blankets and headgear, the feather adorned hats and the fine display of beads testify to the Indians' love of pomp and ceremony. What is done in the "long house," as the council chamber is called, is not made public, but it is possible that there was discussed a plan for the retaking of the land which the Indians claim was secured from them by treachery and by plying them with whisky and rum.

That the Indians are determined in their effort to regain land is shown by their retention of Supervisor William M. Gallagher of Cleveland to present their case in court. The matter will be taken to the Court of Claims and there the documentary evidence will be produced. If the claim of the Indians is found valid there will be several persons who will be affected as to their land holdings. Many property owners have occupied their lands for years, but if the claim of the Indians is maintained they will be compelled to vacate them. The outcome of the novel situation will be awaited with no small degree of interest. The Indians are said to be planning the erection of a larger barn and dwelling houses on the land where they have squatted.



BACK TO HER ANCESTORS' HOME

Aged Squaw in Encampment at Bernhard's Bay on Oneida Lake, Where Indians Claim Land.



CLAIMANTS OF LAND ALONG ONEIDA LAKE

Part of Tribe of Oneida Indians Who Have Taken Possession of Section Along Shore and Who Will Contest Their Claim in the Courts.

MONTANA BLACKFEET ARE STARVING ON ROCKY, BARREN RESERVATION IN NORTH; SWINDLED OUT OF THEIR TRIBAL WEALTH

Kalispell Times Dec 29, 1921.

It is not generally known by the people of Montana that, while various organizations are collecting money in the United States for the relief of famine-stricken people in Central Europe and other parts of the old world, there is right here in Montana a colony of helpless, starving human beings who have been reduced to depths of poverty and wretchedness almost unbelievable through the administration of their affairs by the United States Indian department. On the bleak and barren Blackfeet reservation in Northern Montana women and children are starving to death this winter and there is suffering indescribable. Under-nourished mothers are unable to nurse their babies. Everywhere among these unfortunate people are suffering and want. The once wealthy and prosperous Blackfeet have been swindled and cheated by the United States government over a period of sixty years and have been gradually reduced by disease and starvation to a mere remnant of their former tribal strength through a policy of the Indian Department that could not have been more certain in exterminating them if it had been deliberately framed for that purpose. The manner in which the Blackfeet and other Indian tribes have been treated by the United States government has left a black spot on the escutcheon of this nation that can never be erased. Every American citizen may well blush with shame at the record of the Indian Department. But it is never too late to take action to relieve existing suffering and save lives of starving babies. The following article by James Willard Schultz, author of "My Life as an Indian" and many other books about the Blackfeet, tells of conditions as they now exist on the Blackfeet Indian reservation and gives a brief history of the manner in which thousands of these people have been killed by disease and famine while politicians in Washington of all parties have aided in reducing them to their present condition of terrible poverty. There are two things you can do to help these starving people. Write to the senators and congressmen from Montana and urge them to get relief for the Blackfeet. Send what money you can afford to give for saving human life to the Blackfeet Relief Fund, First National Bank, Browning, Mont.

(By James Willard Schultz.)

I have just returned from a visit of a month, with the Blackfeet Indians, in Montana, and can say without hesitation that they are in far worse shape to face the coming winter, than they were a year ago, when I was with them. At that time, a number of friends of the tribe opened, and handsomely contributed to, the Blackfeet Indian Relief Fund, Browning, Montana, and thereby saved many lives during the winter. Some thousands of dollars must be sent to the fund now if the old and helpless members of the tribe are to see the green grass of another spring: yes, and younger members, too, for in that bleak, windswept, unsettled portion of our country, there is no work to be done by Indians or whites during the winter months.

That the Blackfeet are in this pitiable condition, is all the fault of the Indian Bureau, in Washington, as I shall here briefly relate:

In 1855, at the junction of the Missouri river and the Judith river, the United States by treaty with the Blackfeet, formally recognized their ownership of a vast tract of plains and mountains, bounded on the north by Canada; on the west by the summit of the Rocky mountains; on the south by the entire length of the Musselshell river, and then the Missouri river down to the mouth of the Milk river; on the east by a line running from the mouth of the Milk river due north to the Canadian line.

In 1867, by executive order of President Grant, the Missouri river was made the southern boundary of the Blackfeet reservation. Later executive orders so reduced the size of the reservation that, at last, it extended only from the Canadian line south to the Marias river, and from the summit of the Rockies east to a north and south line cutting the mouth of this river. All of the executive orders were made without the consent or knowledge of the Blackfeet. They never knew

that they had been issued until the winter of 1879-80, when a detachment of U. S. soldiers rounded them up in the Judith basin, where they were hunting buffalo, contented, rich, happy in their own country, and drove them north to their agency, there to begin to starve. That they did not resist the soldiers and kill all of them, was due to the fact that, in the winter of 1870, a command of mounted infantry under Colonel Baker, had attacked one of their camps on the Marias river and massacred the men, women and children as they slept in their lodges. After that they said it was useless to try to fight the whites, for if they did, they would surely lose their women and little ones.

In the winter of 1883-84, more than five hundred of the Blackfeet died from starvation at their agency, through the fault of the Indian Bureau in not supplying them with food in this, the second year after the extinction of the buffalo and other game of the Montana plains.

In 1887 the Blackfeet sold the eastern part of their reservation to the United States for \$1,500,000. In 1896 they sold the extreme western part of their reservation—the region that is now Glacier National park—for \$1,500,000. So was their reservation cut down to a tract of high and bleak country about sixty miles square.

Not until the starvation winter, 1883-84, did tuberculosis begin to affect the Blackfeet; from that time on it became increasingly prevalent and so reduced the tribe that, in 1896, it numbered less than two thousand souls. The vast sum of money to their credit in Washington at that time, was more than sufficient to assist every family on

the reservation to become self-supporting, and under the administration of two efficient and absolutely honest agents, Major George Steel, and Captain L. W. Cooke, U. S. A., a fine start was made with a portion of it. Thousands of head of stock cattle were bought, and distributed to every family according to its size, and many thoroughbred stallions were issued for the improvement of the Indian horse herds. Wagons, harness, mowing machines and other farming machinery were also issued to the families. They were not allowed to kill or sell any of their cattle other than the steers they raised, and as they were issued weekly rations sufficient for their needs, their herds of cattle and horses rapidly increased in numbers; they were actually well upon the road to self-support.

This period of Blackfeet prosperity was during the administration of their affairs by Major George Steel, two years; Captain L. W. Cooke, two years and then Major Steel again for two years. Then began, under other agents—a succession of them—the frittering away of the Blackfeet funds and the decline of the tribe. The great setback came when the Indian Bureau decreed that rations should be issued only to the old and infirm members of the tribe. As there was never any work to be had in that remote and unsettled part of Montana, the Indians began killing their cattle and selling them, and their horses, in order to obtain food. The reservation traders bought many thousands of them, particularly the cattle, at ridiculously low prices, until finally they had about all of them. But while the Indians still had a few cattle and horses, the Portland Land and Loan Company, a subsidiary of the great packing firm, Swift & Company, was allowed to graze so many cattle upon the reservation that the range was eaten out, and in the severe winter of 1919-20, the last of the Indian cattle, and all but a few of the Indian horses, died of starvation, and the cattle of the white men too.

But before this happened, the Indian Bureau had begun issuing to the Blackfeet, the patents in fee to their allotments of land, two hundred and eighty acres of grazing land, and forty acres of irrigable land to each man, woman and child of the tribe. The patents came in great batches from Washington, and the Indians were notified to call at the office of their agent, and sign for them. Many members of the tribe did not want to accept them, but were told that they had to. Thus many of them, by acceptance of the patents, became citizens of the United States against their will, citizens who could neither write, read nor speak the English language. And of course, starving as they were, they began at once to sell their land patents to the reservation traders, and real estate dealers, for whatever they could get for them, never more than a very small percentage of the value of the land. Of these buyers, one, a reservation trader, had two hundred and twelve patents a year ago, and now, I believe has some-

thing like four hundred of them. I am told that in many instances the Indians have been outrageously robbed in these transactions. I strongly recommend that a lawyer of ability and proved honesty be sent to Browning, the Blackfeet agency, and to the office of the county recorder in Cutbank, to investigate these Indian land sales. George Star, an intelligent, reliable English-speaking Blackfeet, residing in Browning, will gladly aid the investigator.

The greatest crime that the Indian Bureau ever committed, was in issuing to the Blackfeet, hungry, starving, shivering people, the patents to their allotments, for they have now lost their tribal rights, and have become pauper citizens of our country. Those who have not sold their lands, are without exception unable to pay the state and county taxes upon them. Nor can they work the lands themselves. Some years ago the Reclamation Service began the irrigation of Blackfeet reservation lands, and altogether has expended more than one million dollars upon the project, and that vast sum is a charge upon the lands. The canal system was said to have been built for the benefit of the Indians. Actually, it benefits only the white people who have bought the Indian lands. Many years ago, while a resident of the Blackfeet reservation, with the Fathers of the Holy Family Mission, Bear Chief and Tail-Feathers-Come-Over-the-Hill. I got out a ditch from the Two Medicine river. Later on, and without paying for our work, the Reclamation Service took over this ditch and enlarged it. Last summer, Comes-With-Plenty, sixty years old, and suffering from want of food and half-blind, used some of the water of the ditch that his father had helped build, to irrigate a few hills of potatoes that he had managed to plant. The Reclamation Service called upon him to pay \$46.00 for the water that he used. With a bitter laugh he said to me: "They will never get it! That is more money than I have seen in many winters! And anyhow, why should I pay for the use of a ditch that my father helped to dig?"

During this past summer of 1921, my son, Hart Merriam Schultz, has had his studio in the town of Glacier Park, which is in the Blackfeet reservation. On the day that I arrived there, September 27, his grandfather, Yellow Wolf, old, blind, and with a family of four, had come to him for further help in the way of food. The rations issued to him for a period of fourteen days, lasted but four days, and all summer long he and his dependents would have had to endure ten-day periods of starvation had not my son come regularly to his relief. Other old relatives and friends of his dead mother were constantly coming to him to ask for a little money with which to buy food. One old woman, feeble and in rags, who had walked seven miles across the plain to ask him for help, broke down and cried piteously when he gave it. None of these people, proud and independent as they have always been, would have even thought of asking him for food had

they not been actually starving. Previous to my arrival in Glacier Park, my son had visited the Indians in their homes along Two Medicine river, and Little Badger and Big Badger creeks, and had found them without food other than a few small trout that they were catching, and in a few of the homes, a very little flour and beans. The latter were being boiled in straight water, for the people had no bacon fat of any kind with which to make them palatable. I found the same scarcity of food in the homes of the Indians that I visited. Just as I was to take the train to return to California, I was told of a family, a deserted wife named Monroe, and her children, who were starving right in Browning, one of the children having recently died from want of food. I saw many emaciated Indian men and women in Browning, hungrily looking at displays of food in the store, which they were unable to buy. None of them asked me for money, but when I handed them small sums, tears of gratitude filled their eyes as they hurried to the butcher shop to purchase meat. They were so overcome that they couldn't even voice their thanks for what I gave them.

At that time, some of the able-bodied Indians were working upon an automobile road that was being built across the reservation. They received fair wages for what they did, but none of them could earn enough to more than support their families during the period of road construction. Last winter, after I had informed the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia, of the dire need of the Blackfeet, the Association secretary went to Washington and got the Indian Bureau officials to promise that they would expend \$25,000 for the immediate needs of the tribe, and we all believed that this was done. To my great surprise I was told that this money was being expended for the construction of an automobile road, "For the whites to ride upon; few of us have even wagons to use upon it!" one old Indian remarked.

While on the reservation, I interviewed the present agent—now called superintendent—for the Blackfeet. He has done very commendable work in visiting every Indian family of his charges, obtaining photographs of them and their homes, and inducing them to plant vegetables and wheat. He offers to all who will get the posts around forty acres of land the wire to complete the fence, and then to each family so doing, he will furnish 1 cow, 20 sheep, and one dozen chickens. They will be required to put some of the fenced acres into wheat, and he intends to provide grist mills with which to turn the grain they raise into flour. I believe that this experiment is doomed to failure, and for these reasons:

1. Few of the Indians have lands which they can irrigate, and three years out of five, drouths or summer frosts will kill the growing grain. Of the seed planted last spring, not one-tenth of the amount was harvested, I was told.

2. Many of the families no longer have teams and wagons and machinery with which to fence and farm forty acres of land.

There remains but one hope for the Montana Blackfeet, and that is, to obtain from the government a portion of the value of the vast territory arbitrarily taken from them by presidential executive order. On April 11, 1921, Congressman Riddick, of Lewistown, Montana, introduced a bill, No. 2432, which provides that the tribe, through its lawyers, may bring suit

"Pape's Dis- self the eures- Gases, Flatul- ness, Fermenta- tress caused by a- give almost immed- and shortly the sto- so you can eat favori- fear. Large case costs at drug store. Millions nually.

against the United States for the value of the land. All persons interested in this should urge their senators and congressmen to pass this bill at an early date.

In the meantime, as I have stated, the Blackfeet are starving. The Indian Bureau, having committed itself to the policy of making pauper citizens of the majority of the members of the tribe, and far under-rationing the old and blind and infirm, will not help them in their need, so we must. I earnestly urge all friends of the Indians to send at once to the Blackfeet Indian Relief Fund, First National Bank of Browning, Browning, Montana, all the money that they can spare for this purpose. The fund is administered there by the cashier of the bank, and George Star and Joseph Brown, two reliable members of the tribe. The three decide upon the families to be helped, and issue weekly checks upon the fund at the rate of \$4.00 per week per family.

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ.
University Club,
Los Angeles, California.



Blackfeet Braves.

"WE REACH THE POINT OF LIFE OR DEATH!"

Pueblo Indians' Cry to American People

CRISIS IN THE AFFAIRS OF RED MEN TRIBE

By JOHN COLLIER

THE United States Government capable of being either intelligent or honorable in matters where the Red Indian is concerned? This question has been answered "No!" a great many times in what Helen Hunt Jackson has called the Century of Dishonor. It is going to be answered "Yes" or "No" in the settlement by Congress of the fate of the New Mexico Pueblos, which are twenty in number, with a population of 9000. The Pueblos in their memorial to the American people in November stated: "We have reached the point where we must either live or die." Whether they shall live by their own self-supporting efforts or die through neglects and misdoings on the part of Congress and of the Department of the Interior will be decided in the next few weeks or months at most.

Hearings on the Pueblo question were held last week before the Senate and House committees at Washington. A delegation of seventeen Indians, representing the all-Pueblo Council of New Mexico, traveled at their own expense to state their own case to Congress. In addition, they will state their case to the American people at meetings in Washington, New York, Boston and Chicago. They are accompanied by Mrs. Stella M. Atwood of Riverside, Cal., chairman of the Indian welfare committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and by Father Fridolin Schuster, missionary of the Franciscan Order, representing the Archbishop of Santa Fe. The organized women of America are concerned for reasons of justice and also because woman, in the Pueblos, holds a position of dignity and power met with in few countries of the white man. They are concerned because the Pueblos maintain a system of education for children from which the white race has a great deal to learn. Then Franciscan Fathers are concerned because they Christianized the Pueblo Indians 300 years ago and worked out and maintained a successful Indian policy for 200 years, while now they see the Pueblos being clubbed over a precipice to extinction.

An explanation must be given about these remarkable Pueblo Indians. They were highly civilized before the white man came. They have lived in towns and farmed the desert through irrigation for several thousand years. Their culture is like that of the Mayans of Yucatan and the Aztecs, but they have always differed from the Aztecs in being never warlike. Terrific fighters in defensive war, they never waged wars of conquest. They are not believers in force. Discipline in the Pueblo is enforced through mockery, not through whips or jails. They are very conscious that it is a bad thing for a man to hate or to cherish revenge, and though outraged by the white man and by the Government they never give expression to bitterness even in their private councils. The Pueblos are co-operators. Every man, woman and child gives service to the community without pay. They hold their lands in common, but give the individual an ownership over what he produces and the right to transmit it to his children or to sell it within the tribe.

But the Pueblos are more than just the original American Quakers, as Charles Lummis, the great writer of the Southwest, has called them. They are artists in living and artists in the grand style. Every one born in the Pueblo becomes a dancer, a singer, an actor and a producer of drama. There are times every year when the whole Pueblo population, except the babies and the very aged, is an actor in marvelous pageant-dramas, religious in character, which probably have no rivals on earth for complexity and rhythmic, dramatic power. White men

the foundation of agriculture. When the white man came he found land ready made, irrigated with primitive skill, by the Pueblos. The Kingdom of Spain set aside for the Pueblos 17,000 acres of land for each. There are twenty Pueblos. The Indians collectively purchased additional land. The Spanish land grants, save in the case of Zuni Pueblo, were confirmed in 1858 by Congress and President Lincoln affixed his signature to the parchments. The Indians have the parchments—they have lost the lands. At a later date the Court of Private

trespasses? These Indians have no status, either individual or tribal, save the status of minors or wards. The Government has constituted itself their guardian. The Bureau of Indian Affairs has constituted itself their monopolistic guardian. It has been the Government's task to put an end to the encroachments on Pueblo land. The Government has grossly failed in the duty. Taos has lost over 3000 acres of its best land. Tesuque has been robbed of all its water. Santa Clara retains the use of about 200 acres of

starvation, or gone into the mines, the railroad towns, into the peonage of unskilled industrial labor. That will be time to develop the water, to enrich the land! Whatever the mental process of the Indian office, the projects for water have been left in the files.

And now the crisis. The story of the Bursum bill has been told in news dispatches. That bill was framed on instructions from Secretary Albert B. Fall by Ralph E. Twitchell, who is the United States attorney paid to defend the Pueblo Indians. It was

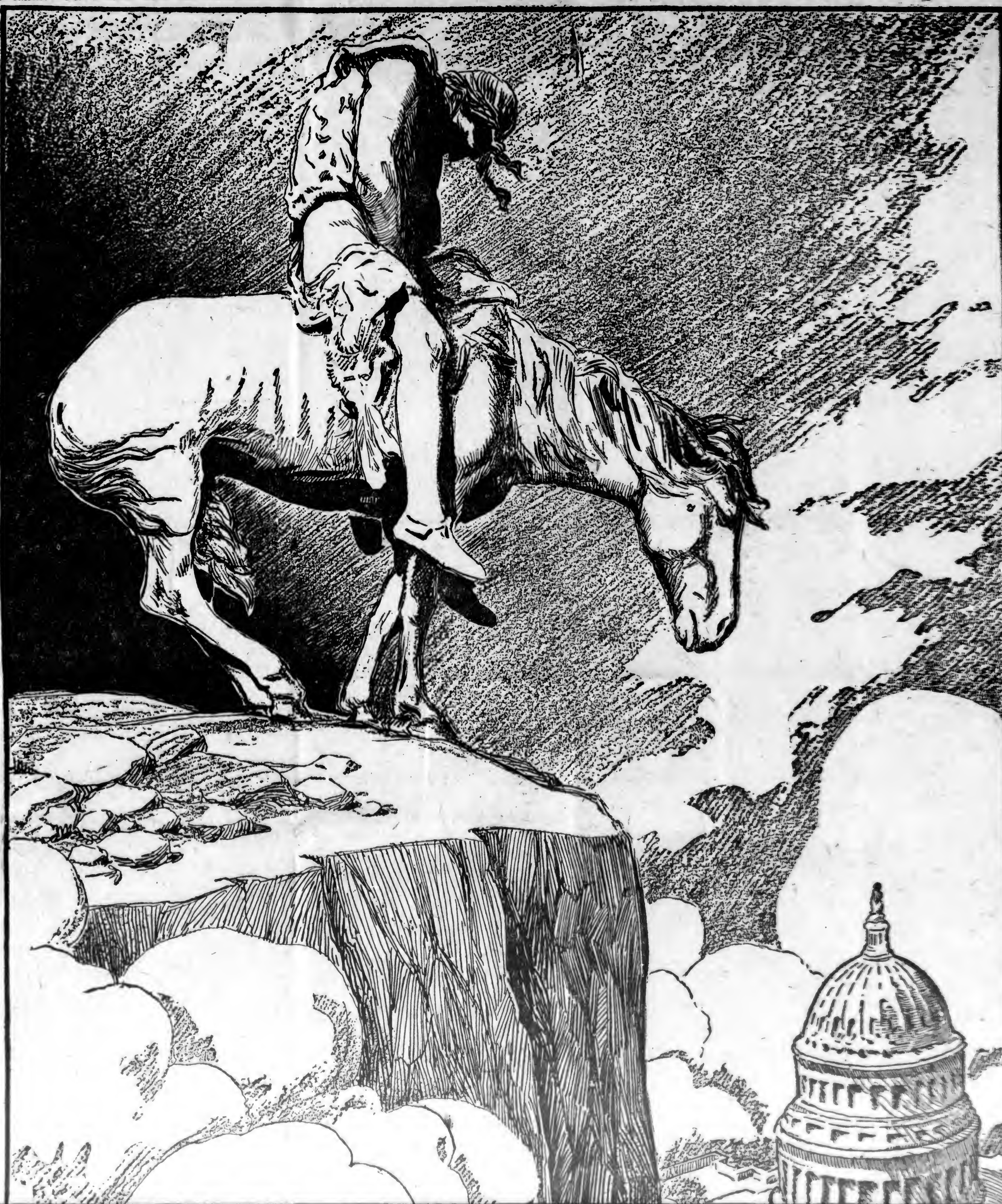
In brief, the Bursum bill with elaborate method would have wiped out the Pueblos.

This bill now lies in the Senate Committee on Public Lands. Meantime Representative Snyder, Republican, of New York has introduced a modification of the Bursum bill, which retains a number of that bill's worst features. Snyder is chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee of the House.

To meet these assaults there has been introduced the Jones bill (Senate 4223). The Jones bill has been proposed by the Pueblos themselves, acting in harmony with the General Federation of Women's Clubs and several other organizations, which want to avert the crowning dishonor of Indian history. This bill is remarkable in what it shows as to the mental attitude of the Pueblo Indians. These Indians have valid title to the tens of thousands of acres which have been taken from them illegally by the white man. But they say, "We, the Pueblos, do not want to hurt the white man. We do not want to thrust his settlements off our land. Give us the improved irrigation and drainage systems which have been promised us for so many years; remove the white squatters from the midst of our own villagers; give us the land to live on, and then grant clear title to those old settlers who are now on our land in good faith, even though their fathers may have stolen the land!" This result is to be obtained through appropriations for storage, drainage and ditches totaling \$905,000 for the twenty Pueblos, and by the creation of a special court of Pueblo Indian land claims, appointed by the President, charged with the duty of settling land cases out of court so far as possible and with broad discretion as to titles, boundaries and compensation to settlers who must be dispossessed or Indians who must be deprived. An important feature of the Jones bill is that it gives the Indians a right to name associate counsel of their own to represent them in the negotiations. This plan is regarded in the Department of the Interior as a climax of un-Americanism and impertinence, for are Indians—even these sage and gentle Pueblo Indians—men? No, they are minors, wards, dependents—Indians. Their status is slightly more definite than the status of cattle or of caged wolves.

The Pueblos are facing their crisis with complete consciousness. They met at Santo Domingo Pueblo on November 5 last for the first formal council of all the Pueblos that ever took place. They formed a permanent All-Pueblo Council for mutual defense and co-operation. In the two days and nights of that meeting, where every word spoken was translated by interpreters into five languages—English, Spanish, Tewan, Keresian and Zunian—the amazing history of their greatness and their ruin was recalled. Their present situation was described by themselves. The Bursum bill was analyzed and the provisions of the Jones bill were indorsed and a cry of near-despair was raised, which the people of the United States listened to. Out of their extreme poverty these Indians raised the money to send their delegation of ten to Washington. Friends of the Pueblos are hoping that the American people will not allow the Pueblos to spend this money for rectification of abuses which America, not the Indians, is responsible for.

At that meeting the capacity of the Pueblos for democracy was well tested. The excitement was extreme and the issues were life and death. All the strong individualities of the Pueblos were present. Half of the entire meeting proceeded without a chairman and no parliamentary rules were needed. Every one spoke and none interrupted another. The melodious boom of voices never became an excited shouting. All decisions were unanimous before the end. It is so in all the Pueblo councils. They have



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In addition, the Pueblos are masters of pottery arts, of costuming and of pure design. Theodore Roosevelt said, "They are one of America's most precious possessions. Let us cherish them tenderly and proudly!"

The Pueblos have never received rations from the Government. They have never received grants of land, but only the confirmation of fee-simple ownership which existed before this country annexed New Mexico, together with the use of some executive order reservation land. They probably are the only Indians who have bought land in large quantities. Peaceable, moral, self-supporting and productive, they were recognized by Spain as being civilized, and under the Mexican regime they were entitled to vote. Only when the United States came, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs took them in charge, were the Pueblos thrust from their place among recognized civilized communities and there began that chapter of oppression which brought them face to face with death.

The nature of the present crisis can be stated in few words. The Pueblo life rests on the land. The whole social system—even the religious system—of the Pueblos (and their ancient religion survives with full force, though they are Christian, too) rests on



Land Claims confirmed the title of the Pueblos to the grants purchased by them. The Pueblos have the confirmation, but they have lost the purchase grants.

In brief, white men have been encroaching on the Indian lands and tapping their ditches and diverting their water until many of the Pueblos are slowly starving to death. Not very slowly either. The per capita income of Tesuque in 1922, for each inhabitant, was a few cents under \$17. The per capita income of San Ildefonso was a few cents over \$14. The per capita income of San Juan Pueblo was a little over \$30. The per capita annual income of Taos Pueblo, in a good year, is \$38. This means all that they produce and all that they earn—all that they consume. They are starving. But it has never occurred to any of these Pueblos to ask for charity or for Government aid. Nor are they ever so poor that they cannot find means to entertain the stranger without charge. Just at this time San Ildefonso and Tesuque are receiving aid, for the first time in history. It was forced on them because tuberculosis, planted in the starved bodies of the children, was sweeping them off rapidly.

What has the Government done about these

arable land. Picuris retains only about forty acres. The Indians have protested ceaselessly. Twice they have pulled down an encroacher's fences and then there have been wild announcements of "Indian war," and in the last case, in 1921, the superintendent who failed to dissuade the Pueblos from this pitiful assertion of rights was transferred to a place remote and lonely.

Meantime the Government has spent over \$10,000,000 on irrigation projects in other parts of the Indian domain, but save in the case of Zuni Pueblo it has done virtually nothing for the Pueblos. The water is there; the engineering and fiscal projects for developing it had been thrust on the Indian office by the engineers of that office. In the Indian office the projects have died. They need cost the taxpayers ultimately nothing, being sound business projects which could, if Congress desired, be made reimbursable. Had these projects been carried to execution there would today be plenty of land for whites and Indians alike in New Mexico. But the unconscious reasoning seems to have been: "The Pueblo Indians cannot be 'civilized' (according to the Department of the Interior model) until they are first dispersed. Also why enrich the Pueblo Indian? Soon they will be gone—gone into death through

denominated by Secretary Fall "an administration measure." It was brought up in the Senate without public hearings in committee, and was passed in September. Its career in the House was checked through a Nation-wide protest by the women's clubs and by other friends of the square deal. It was recalled by the Senate in November on motion of Senator Borah, who stated that the bill had been passed under a misapprehension. Its purpose and effect had been erroneously described on the floor of the Senate by Senator Bursum of New Mexico, who had sponsored it. It has been stated that the Government had failed to protect the Pueblos against encroachments. This bill carried out the logic of the Government's record. It required the courts to give clear title to the encroachers. The Government has warred on the self-governing institutions and the cultural life of the Pueblos. This bill carried out the Government's logic. By throwing all internal affairs of the Pueblos, including the right to hold office, into the United States courts, it struck at the heart of the Pueblo life. Attorney Twitchell, who drew the bill, had stated that the local New Mexico courts never gave a square deal to the Indians. Therefore the control of water, essential to life, was placed under the New Mexico State courts.

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It has been stated that these Indians are self-supporting and neither ask nor want charity or rations. But there is one thing which they are asking with desperation. That is medical service. Trachoma has invaded the Pueblos, mostly brought back by the children, who are forcibly taken away to the Government boarding schools. Tuberculosis has invaded them. Forced to go out long distances for periods of months and years to earn money for the support of the old people and the babies, the young men have brought back venereal disease. The undernourishment which prevails in most of the Pueblos creates a seed-ground for many diseases. The Pueblos themselves have started, through their governing councils and their caciques (the priests of the ancient religion) a campaign for social hygiene. But they petition for medical treatment. It is withheld from them. The medical service of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in the Pueblos is worse than a shadow. Some of the doctors are admirable men, but they are forced to cover impossible areas with impossible numbers of patients. They are hopelessly undersupplied with apparatus, with drugs, even with transportation facilities. They are wound up in red tape. The condition is notorious for the whole Indian service. But seen in the Pueblos, which even without epidemic sickness are reeling at the edge of the grave and are being pushed into the grave, the condition appears as a national scandal.

Blackfeet Indians Not Starving, But Are Well Supplied With Food, Much of Which They Are Raising Themselves

By WARREN W. MOSES

THE STORY of the starving Blackfeet has been told and retold all over this continent in magazines, newspapers and circulars spread broadcast by writers, associations for the relief of the American Indians, and by sympathetic individuals whose interest has been aroused by coming slightly in contact with the Indian and who has not had the time or the inclination to examine deeply into their conditions.

To the public there have been presented pictures of sick, hungry and emaciated wards of the government, victims of the avarice of the whites, defenseless and subsisting largely upon the generosity of the people, held down and deprived of their rights by the Indian bureau, and whose numbers are rapidly being reduced by disease and undernourishment.

That the Blackfeet along with other tribes of Indians, have been the victims of inroads upon their territories by the whites and have suffered the loss of lands and property through the greediness of the whites, may well be admitted, but these are mistakes of the past, mistakes which may not now be corrected or at least difficult to correct, and are subjects which the writer will make no attempt to cover in this article.

In this article will be the story of the Blackfeet Indian of today in an honest effort to tell of conditions as they now exist, of the work being carried on to improve the economic, moral and physical standing of the Indian and of the almost child-like eagerness which many of them, the full bloods in particular, are evincing in this movement.

No Starving Blackfeet

In the first place let me say that there are no starving Blackfeet—no suffering and no cases which have come to my observation requiring financial assistance from outside the reservation, but, on the contrary, the Indians seem to be well supplied with provisions, either through their own efforts or through the medium of the Indian service, or both, and the large majority already in possession of food supplies sufficient to carry them through the coming winter and spring.

As to health conditions, naturally they are not of the best and could be greatly improved, still there is nothing alarming in the situation and instead of the Blackfeet tribe showing a rapid loss in numbers, the birth rate largely exceeds that of the death rate, exclusive of full bloods, is on the increase.

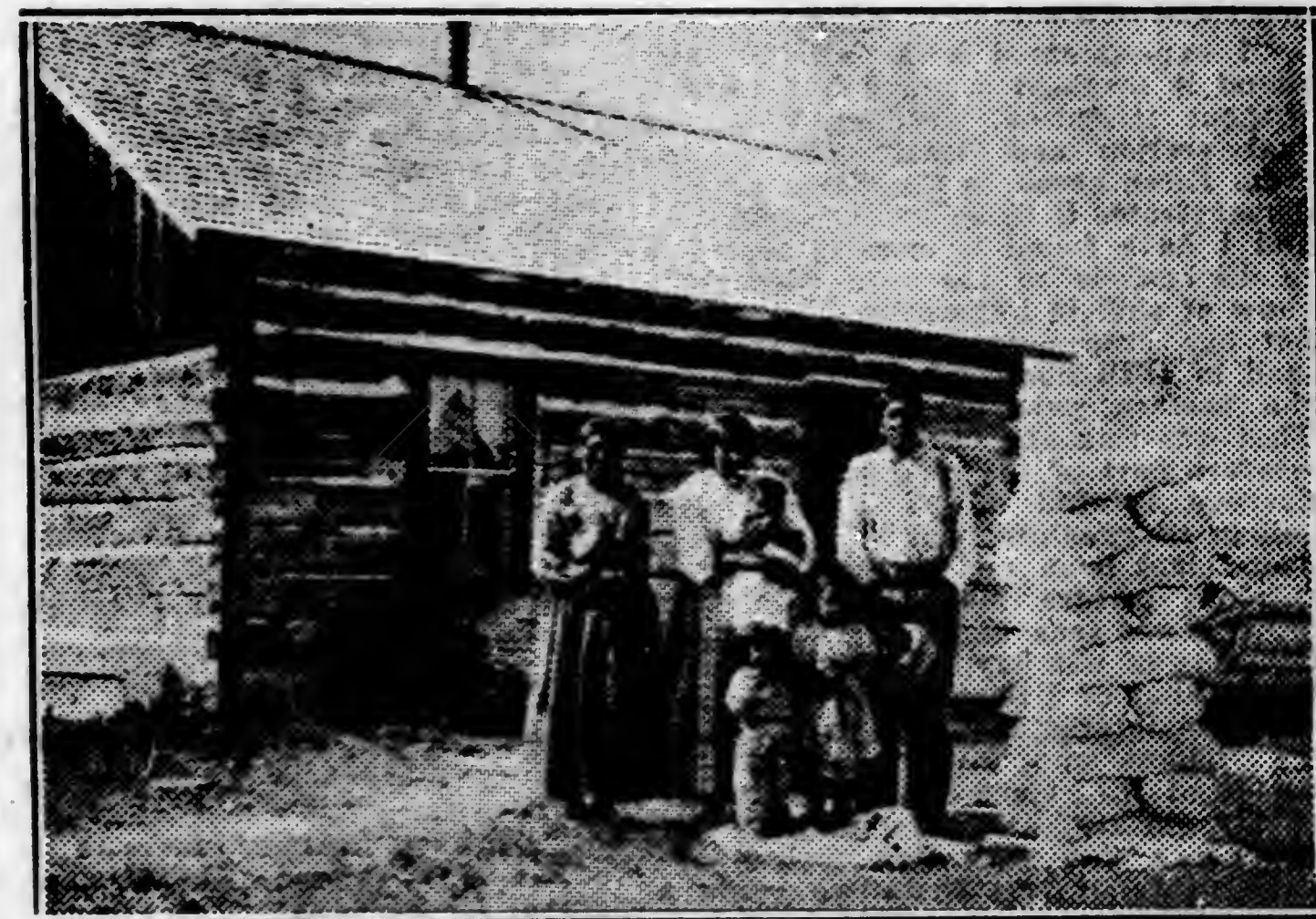
These observations are the result of an eight-day survey of the Blackfeet Indian reservation made by me during the early part of September, which survey was made for The Great Falls Tribune, with a view to ascertaining the truth as to conditions among the Blackfeet and in the hope that in the light of an investigation many controversies which have arisen in recent years might be put aside.

In the course of this survey, I penetrated virtually every portion of the reservation, with the exception of the extreme northern and northeastern sections where there are few Indians. During that period I traveled by automobile over mountain and prairie roads, and wagon trails a total of 454 miles, my longest day's journey being 117 miles and the shortest 21 miles, visiting Indian homes, schools, hospital, mills and other industries, inspecting wheat fields, gardens and livestock and interviewing scores of Indians, full bloods and mixed. The full bloods are of an intelligent type some of them able to converse fluently in English but with most the services of an interpreter were required.

But Little Discontent

Among them I found little discontent, most of them being enthusiastically engaged in farming and gardening, all of them proud of the attainments of the present and planning for an extension of their activities in the coming year. In a number of the Indian homes I found flour and vegetables sufficient for immediate needs, remaining from the results of their farming activities of 1922, while in the gardens were large quantities of potatoes and other root crops awaiting storage and in the fields thousands of shocks of wheat and oats for the thrasher.

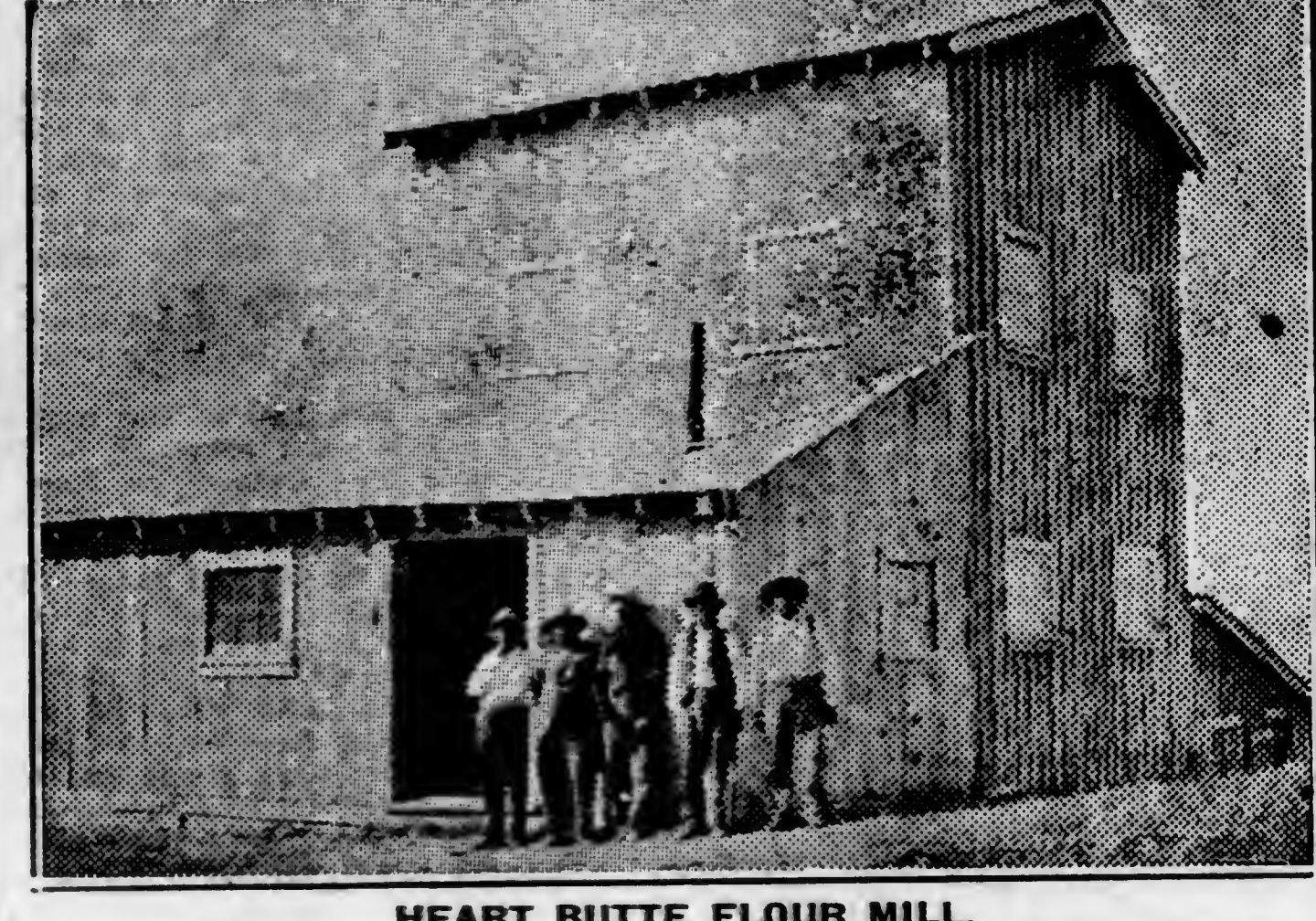
Not only had most of these Indians, the full bloods in particular, produced sufficient root crops and flour last year to supply the needs of their own



JOHN SPOTTED WOLF AND FAMILY.
One of the "starving Blackfeet" with his surplus flour from 1922 crop.



The Rev. Thomas Grant, in his 3,000 head cabbage patch at the Holy Family Mission.



HEART BUTTE FLOUR MILL.
Center figure is White Quiver, once the champion horse raider of the Blackfeet.

dent supporters of the plan, or "program" as it is known among them, with the result that many who have been holding back have been converted to the program or have been shamed into accepting it.

A Few Malcontents

Naturally there are a number of Indians, mostly young mixed bloods, who are opposed to farming methods or other things involving work and who are frequently referred to by the older Indians as "agitators." I was told I would find these around the pool rooms, but as I was not there for the purpose of ascertaining conditions as they existed in pool rooms I did not interview these men. I did find a few full bloods who were classed as agitators, but even among these I found no agitators to the farming program but rather an advocacy of a movement to obtain from the government financial redress for the hunting grounds which they claimed had been taken from the Indians and for which they claimed the Indians had received nothing.

One of these, Oscar Boy, a young full blood, educated and speaking good English, said to me:

"There are the rich and the poor Indians—the fellows who work and those who will not work. I like to work for the interests of the full blood Indians and their children. I want to see the Indians get their dues. There has been a vast amount of land taken away from the Indians by treaties and the Blackfeet got nothing out of them. We are trying to bring these matters before the government because I believe they are just causes and the Indians should be recompensed."

"Probably for 20 years before the last two or three years we had Indian agents who seemed to care nothing for the Indians. Within the last three years we have had an agent, Mr. Campbell, who is a hard worker and who has been working in the field with the Indians. He has urged appropriations to buy stock and other things for the Indians. He has loaned the Indians machinery, stock and seed on the reimbursable plan and the Indians have been getting things they never had before."

"I did some farming, put in two acres in potatoes and wheat, but we haven't got any money. This farming is a great help but nobody gets any money. If we can get congress and the good people to vote us the money for our lands we will be all right. The only thing the full-blood Indian is hollering about is that he never got a cent for his land under the treaty of 1855. Right now the people are getting along better, but in the last three or four years we have pounded away until we have remedied matters to a great extent."

Curly Bear Wants More Cash

Another of the full blood Indians who is classed among the discontented is Curly Bear, a would-be-chieftain, 50 years of age, who is said to have been a hard worker in his earlier days. Curly Bear owns two lots with two small houses in Browning, where he lives, and also a lot of land from which he gets some lease money, sufficient



JOE RUSSEL WHITE BEAR'S WHEAT FIELD.
White Bear used stuffed overalls for horse collars in cultivating and planting this field.

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Bad Conditions Exaggerated

Charles Simons, deputy sheriff, who has lived with the Blackfeet all his life and talks their language, said that while he was interested in the Blackfeet and wanted to see them helped he was not in sympathy with the exaggeration and misrepresentation that had been practiced by some who were seeking aid for the Indians.

He said he was satisfied that many of the Indians are hungry at times but he thought it is due largely to the fact that the Indian does not parcel out his rations as he should to cover the ration period, being more likely to consume all of certain portions at one or two meals, which condition is aggravated by the fact that his friends or relatives are likely to drop in on him and help eat up his rations with the result that his supply is exhausted long before the arrival of another ration day.

All efforts to meet up with Bob Hamilton, leader of the so-called "agitators," failed, as, during all of my trips about the reservation I was unable to encounter him or learn his whereabouts. Hamilton is a full blood Indian who studied at Carlisle for several years. I learned from others that at one time he had 30 to 40 head of cattle and had recently lost his ranch through mortgage foreclosure, that he spends a portion of his time at Glacier park and professes to be working for the interests of the Blackfeet in trying to obtain remuneration for lost lands and in seeking the abolition of the Indian bureau.

Neither Prosperous Nor Pauperized

While the Blackfeet Indians are not paupers, few have money or cattle, and none is in the prosperous condition he should be nor as prosperous as he will be in the course of a few years if he sincerely continues with the agricultural program now under way. A few years ago there was money in the tribal fund, most of the Indians had cattle and many of them possessed cash. In the winter of 1919-20, following

gratuitous issues to the Indians, while out of the field matrons' fund about \$2,000 goes to the Indians in the form of supplies.

In supplies, clothing and subsistence for children in the boarding and day school \$19,238 is allotted. As the Indian service is inclined to the discontinuance of day schools and the maintenance of Indian pupils in the public schools it pays into the district school funds tuition for its wards. The Browning public schools, where the great majority of the pupils are of Indian blood, receives about \$20,000 in tuition from the reservation funds, lesser amounts going to the smaller schools on the reservation. Rations, clothing and other supplies to the extent of \$8,000 are allowed the Holy Family Mission school where many Indian children are under instruction.

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Rice, 4 1/2, beans 1 1/2, sugar 1, hominy 1 1/2, tea 3/4, coffee 1/2, salt 1/2, soap 1/2, baking powder 1/4, bacon 3, beef 5, flour 10. To the older Indians and the sick, oat meal and condensed milk is provided and other rations in larger quantities.

Besides the food rations, clothing, blankets, bedding, stoves and other articles of home equipment are furnished to old or sick Indians who are physically unable to contribute to their own support.

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holders for \$50 for use in Glacier park. At one time there were 70,000 head of cattle upon the reservation, as large a number as the reservation can stand until such time as alfalfa and other winter feed can be provided. Many have gone out of the cattle business into sheep raising and at the present time there are probably 25,000 cattle and 30,000 sheep on the reservation. Practically the reservation grazing land is now under lease to the Long & Clary company, the Portland Cattle Loan company and the Blackfeet Livestock company. These concerns pay 10 cents an acre for the pasture, buy all the hay the Indians will put up and hire the Indians to feed the hay in the winter. Of these concerns the Blackfeet Livestock company is paying annually for pasture leases over \$50,000. It is said that the livestock business can be greatly augmented on the reservation by agricultural activities in the rearing of winter feed.

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at the reservation, developed that of 95 children examined at the Holy Family Mission school 38, or 39 per cent, had trachoma, while at the Cut Bank boarding school the disease was present in 54 of the 115 children examined, a percentage of 47.

According to Dr. L. Webster Fox, an eminent eye specialist of Philadelphia and professor of ophthalmology of the University of Pennsylvania, with whom I visited the Blackfeet hospital and several Indian homes, trachoma is an old Egyptian disease caused by a germ which infects the eyeball. The disease takes about 10 years to run its course and eventually the eyelashes turn in and scratch the eyeball, resulting in blindness. It breeds itself from uncleanness and is very prevalent among children. It can be easily controlled and Dr. Fox states that proper operative treatment brings good results in two or three weeks.

Medical Attention is Provided

Besides such work as is performed by the three district field matrons, the health conditions of the Indians are looked after by reservation physicians, two of whom are field doctors and the third is in charge of the hospital, the boarding school and the mission school at Family. As near as I could ascertain these doctors are attentive and answer calls about the reservation.

Several Indians interviewed by me expressed satisfaction with the medical attention given them. George Starr, a full blood living on Cut Bank creek, said he was well satisfied with the doctor service and that the doctor had called at his home three or four times this year when there was no sickness there, while Mike Short Man, another full blood said:

"Got a good doctor now. My wife was sick and I thought she would die but the doctor saved her. He treated her at home."

Near Blackfoot station, about eight miles east of Browning, is a modern hospital erected about 10 years ago

pils, boys and girls, are being educated. This school consists of stone buildings, containing dormitories, school and play rooms, one for the boys and one for the girls, a frame chapel and numerous farm buildings. The schools are located on Two Medicine river about two miles east of the automobile road leading to Browning and the Glacier national park.

Plan to Build Community Houses.

The Indians are now getting out logs for a community house to be erected at Heart Butte and which will be large enough for community gatherings and a basket ball court. It is also hoped to install a radio receiving set and a motion picture outfit providing sufficient funds can be obtained from outside donations to meet the expense, no money being furnished by the Indian service for such purposes. The present plan contemplates the erection of one of these buildings in each of the three districts.

The buildings will be put up by the reservation log worker who is employed to assist the old Indians in the erection of cabins, several of which have already been built at the agency, hospital and other places.

The reservation personnel consists of the superintendent, formerly known as Indian agent, a chief clerk and disbursing agent, and five other office assistants, one handling land leasing, one handling gas and oil leases, education and the reimbursable fund (the latter containing several thousand accounts), one who looks after stores, valuation of machinery, stock and supplies, one who handles individual Indian moneys deposited in banks, and an interpreter who looks after survey work, industries, land office and family histories.

There is one Indian policeman located at the agency who looks after law and order among the women, seven Indian policemen scattered about the reservation, and two judges of Indian courts who hold stated court sessions every two weeks. There is also a prohibition enforcement officer, white.

Employed in connection with the industrial campaign are three district farmers and a farmer at large, a wagon maker, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a log worker, an auto mechanic, a sawyer and two flour millers. The duties of the four farmers include chapter work, direction of cultivation and harvesting of crops on individual Indian lands, irrigation, trespasses, leases and sale of Indian allotments.

Drouth Strikes Down Hard.

For several years prior to 1918, due to the sale of reservation lands and successes in production of livestock, the Blackfeet were in a very prosperous condition, leading the Indians of most other reservations in the purchase of Liberty bonds in 1918. Then came the drouths of 1918 and 1919 coupled with the drop in values of livestock with the result that in the spring of 1921, soon after F. C. Campbell, the present superintendent, took charge of the reservation, they were practically bankrupt, without cattle and the majority subsisting on rations.

In this emergency, although few had ever evinced any interest in agricul-

Butte district numbering 120 families not more than six will fail to have produced their own flour, potatoes and other vegetables. A similar condition exists in the Old Agency district, containing about the same number of families.

The Agency (Browning) district has not been checked for the reason so many of the Indians are absentees from the reservation, many living and working in Browning, and some are in the shops at Cut Bank, but it is estimated that 90 per cent of those living on their allotments will have their own flour and vegetables.

Chapter Organizations.

Of the 28 chapters 20 are active, composed mostly of full bloods, and eight chapters composed mainly of whites and mixed bloods. The average membership is 20. There is no treasury, no money to handle, and few, if any, have dropped their membership.

To carry on the chapter work the agency has provided five threshing machines, 25 binders, 46 mowers, 40 rakes, and each chapter has a grain drill and a fanning mill, together with harness, plows and discs. The equipment is in charge of the president of the chapter who gives it out to the Indians of his chapter as they require from the Indian agency.

The agency takes toll from the Indian farmers at the threshing machines, which toll wheat is afterwards ground into flour and this flour, together with that later obtained in tolls at the flour mill, is used by the agency for supplying the old and infirm Indians, the hospital, boarding school and day school. It is expected that sufficient flour will thus be obtained during the fall and winter to supply all the needs of the reservation thereby obviating the necessity of purchasing flour on contract as has always been done in the past, several carloads of flour being purchased annually for the reservation.

Before the treaty of 1855, since which time the government has in most instances provided the flour used on the reservation, the Blackfeet paid to the Indian traders six buffalo robes for 100 pounds of flour, six robes for a blanket, a yearling robe for a butcher knife and one robe for a filled powder flask and 30 trade balls or bullets, according to Richard Sanderville, the agency interpreter.

Agency Mills Grind Wheat

To take care of the wheat to be produced by the Indians the agency two years ago erected at Heart Butte a flour mill with a capacity of 25 barrels in 24 hours. The lumber for this mill was gotten out by the Indians who donated their labor. Experienced millers are employed to operate the mill and out of each bushel of wheat the Indian farmer gets 30 pounds of flour and 11 pounds of bran, or mill feed, while the agency retains as toll five pounds of flour and eight pounds of bran. On September 12 this mill completed the grinding of the 1922 crop of wheat.

In view of the increased wheat production the agency is preparing to erect another mill at Browning to have a capacity of 50 barrels in 24 hours. The machinery has been ordered and lumber is being saved at the reservation mill near Glacier park and being planned at the agency. It is hoped to have the new mill operating by December 1 of this year.

The Indian flour is an excellent product and Levi Burd, one of the leading stockmen of the reservation who has a contract for the building of a 12-mile stretch of the new reservation federal aid highway, stated he had bought 3,000 pounds of it recently for use in his camps at \$3.60 a hundred-weight, and that while it is cheaper than patent flour it makes a better bread.

The largest amount of flour secured by any one Indian from the 1922 crop was that obtained by Bull Shoe, a full blood, president of the Bull Shoe chapter. This Indian, according to the records at the Heart Butte mill, received 9,635 pounds of flour, practically five tons, out of which he supplied his family, sold several tons and still has a large amount on hand.

Livestock and Poultry

Under the reimbursable plan whereby the government furnishes funds for the purchase of articles to be resold to the Indians upon an initial payment of 20 per cent and the balance in four equal annual installments, Superintendent Campbell has under way pig, heifer, sheep, chicken and turkey campaigns through means of which he hopes to have every family on the

To the public there have been presented pictures of sick, hungry and emaciated wards of the government, victims of the avarice of the whites, defenseless and subsisting largely upon the generosity of the people, held down and deprived of their rights by the Indian bureau, and whose numbers are rapidly being reduced by disease and undernourishment.

That the Blackfeet along with other tribes of Indians, have been the victims of inroads upon their territories by the whites and have suffered the loss of lands and property through the greediness of the whites, may well be admitted, but these are the mistakes of the past, mistakes which may not now be corrected or at least difficult to correct, and are subjects which the writer will make no attempt to cover in this article.

In this article will be the story of the Blackfeet Indian of today in an honest effort to tell of conditions as they now exist, of the work being carried on to improve the economic, moral and physical standing of the Indian and of the almost child-like eagerness which many of them, the full bloods in particular, are evincing in this movement.

No Starving Blackfeet.

In the first place let me say that there are no starving Blackfeet—no suffering and no cases which have come to my observation requiring financial assistance from outside the reservation, but, on the contrary, the Indians seem to be well supplied with provisions either through their own efforts or through the medium of the Indian service, or both, and the large majority already in possession of food supplies sufficient to carry them through the coming winter and spring.

As to health conditions, naturally they are not of the best and could be greatly improved, still there is nothing alarming in the situation and instead of the Blackfeet tribe showing a rapid loss in numbers, the birth rate largely exceeds that of the deaths and the Indian population of the reservation, exclusive of full bloods, is on the increase.

These observations are the result of an eight-day survey of the Blackfeet Indian reservation made by me during the early part of September, which survey was made for The Great Falls Tribune, with a view to ascertaining the truth as to conditions among the Blackfeet and in the hope that in the light of an investigation many controversies which have arisen in recent years might be put aside.

In the course of this survey, I penetrated virtually every portion of the reservation, with the exception of the extreme northern and northeastern sections where there are few Indians. During that period I traveled by automobile over mountain and prairie roads, and wagon trails a total of 484 miles, my longest day's journey being 117 miles and the shortest 21 miles, visiting Indian homes, schools, hospitals, mills and other industries, inspecting wheat fields, gardens and livestock, and interviewing scores of Indians, full bloods and mixed. The full bloods are of an intelligent type, some of them able to converse fluently in English but with most the services of an interpreter were required.

But Little Discontent

Among them I found little discontent, most of them being enthusiastically engaged in farming and gardening, all of them proud of the attainments of the present and planning for an extension of their activities in the coming year. In a number of the Indian homes I found flour and vegetables sufficient for immediate needs remaining from the results of their farming activities of 1922, while in the gardens were large quantities of potatoes and other root crops awaiting storage and in the fields thousands of bushels of wheat and oats for the threshing.

Not only had most of these Indians, the full bloods in particular, produced sufficient root crops and flour last year to supply the needs of their own families, but I encountered several instances where they had sold to Browning storekeepers, sheep companies and road camps large quantities of potatoes and Indian flour.

What they have accomplished in the past, with their naturally restricted crop areas, they will be far more able to accomplish during the coming winter and spring with their doubled or trebled acreage.

In 1921, the Indians of the reservation produced 1,100 bushels of wheat, last year they produced 15,000 bushels, while the estimates for 1923, made prior to the commencement of threshing, would give them a production in excess of 50,000 bushels.

Transition of Indian Slow Task

It has been no easy task to bring the Indian around to the idea of farming. He is a lover of meat, beef, principally, and may be said to be naturally inclined to the raising and possession of horses and cattle. Many of the Indians have raised some garden stuff over a long number of years, but as they received their flour and various other classes of rations from the agency quarters at regular intervals, no attention was paid by them to agriculture and none was inclined to take upon himself the labors or responsibilities of the farmer.

It was a long and tedious task that the present superintendent of the reservation assumed when he sought to bring the Blackfeet Indian to a position of independence and to wean him away from the feeling of dependence upon paternalism and even charity which they had possessed for many years.

It was a case of slow education, but it appears to be winning its way to the extent that a majority of the older full-bloods have been thoroughly convinced of its efficacy and have become ar-



JOHN SPOTTED WOLF AND FAMILY.
One of the "starving Blackfeet" with his surplus flour from 1922 crop.

dent supporters of the plan, or "program" as it is known among them, with the result that many who have been holding back have been converted to the program or have been shamed into accepting it.

A Few Malcontents

Naturally there are a number of Indians, mostly young mixed bloods, who are opposed to farming methods or other things involving work and who are frequently referred to by the older Indians as "agitators." I was told I would find these around the pool rooms, but as I was not there for the purpose of ascertaining conditions as they existed in pool rooms I did not interview these men. I did find a few full bloods who were classed as agitators, but even among these I found no agitators to the farming program but rather an advocacy of a movement to obtain from the government financial redress for the hunting grounds which they claimed had been taken from the Indians and for which they claimed the Indians had received nothing.

One of these, Oscar Boy, a young full blood, educated and speaking good English, said to me:

"There are the rich and the poor Indians—the fellows who work and those who will not work. I like to work for the interests of the full blood Indians and their children. I want to see the Indians get their dues. There has been vast amount of land taken away from the Indians by treaties and the Blackfeet got nothing out of them. We are trying to bring these matters before the government because I believe they are just causes and the Indians should be recompensed."

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Another of the full blood Indians who is classed among the discontented is Curly Bear, a would-be chieftain, 80 years of age, who is said to have been a hard worker in his earlier days. Curly Bear owns two lots with two small houses in Browning, where he lives, and also a lot of land from which he gets some lease money, sufficient to keep him in provisions were he always able to get the money when needed.

At the time I saw Curly Bear, with Deputy Sheriff Charles Simons acting as interpreter, he had but recently returned home after spending the summer at Shelby, with friends and relatives in Canada, and around the hotels in Glacier park. He then said he was hungry and had no provisions other than some beef which had been given to him by a friend in the park.

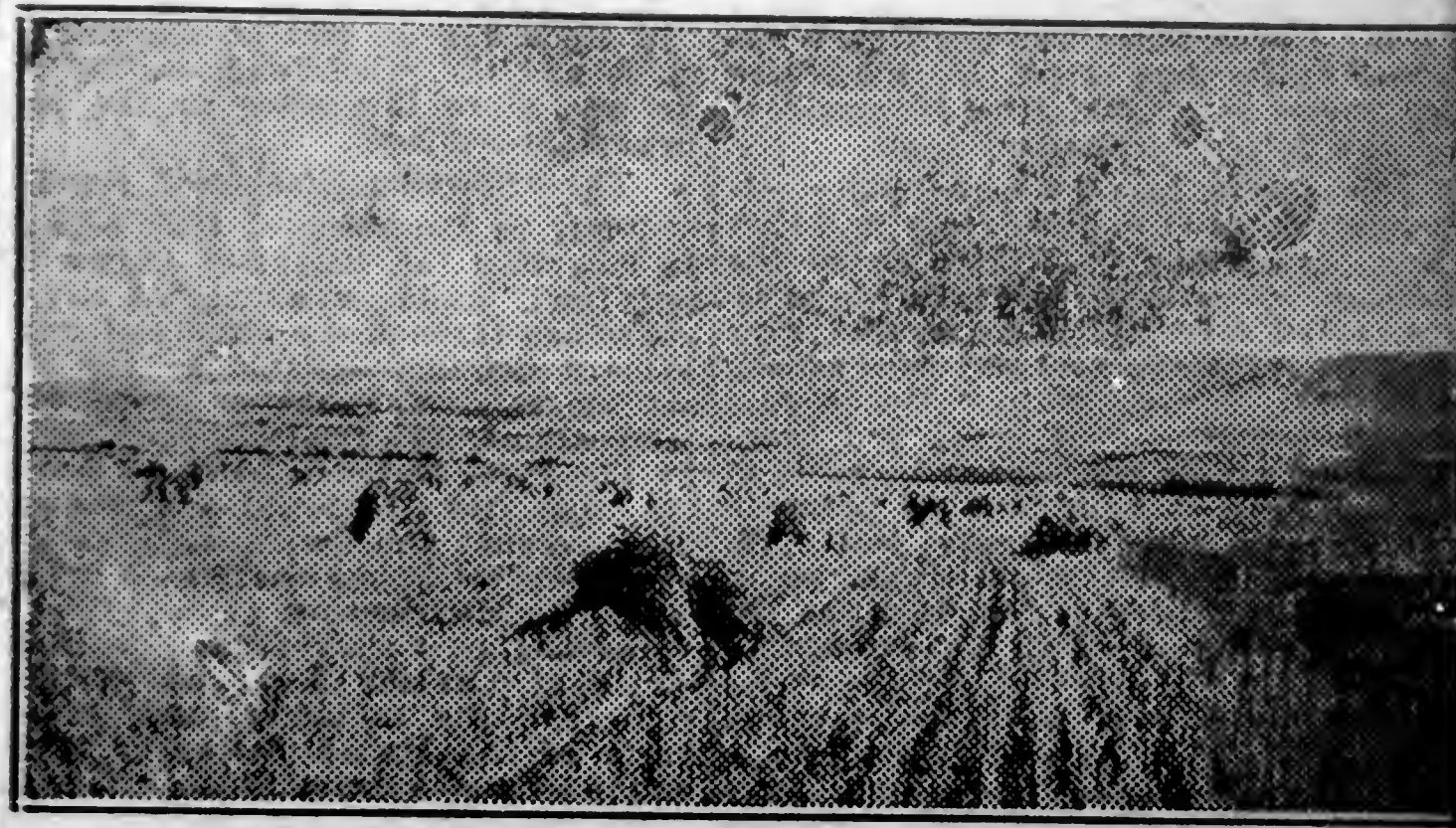
He said his ration ticket had been taken from him because he went to the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby, and he was afraid to apply for another. Later I was informed at the agency that his ticket had been taken up because he left the reservation for Canada in the face of instructions to remain on the reservation, and that his ticket would be restored to him any time he should apply for it.

Curly Bear said there were a good many Indians living away up north and south and along the mountains who did not get enough to eat. He has seen some and heard of others but could name only two, Many Hides and Home Gun.

He was of the opinion that a man as old as he should be able to get patents to some of his deceased allotments so he could sell them and get enough money to last him the rest of his days. He added that he wanted the money in his own hands so he could put it in the bank.

Even Curly Bear seemed agreeable to the reservation farming program and of this he said:

"I think right now, with three years of the program past, that if the next two years continue as they now are, it would be wise to start another five-year program. When these two years are up, however, I will be in a



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Two large payments had been made into the tribal fund by the government for lands ceded to the government, \$150,000 having been received in 1887 for a strip from the eastern part of the reservation, and later a like amount for the western part of the reservation which now forms a portion of the Glacier national park. This fund is now about exhausted and all money must come from the Indian appropriations. Some money is coming into the tribal fund from oil leases on allotments of surplus lands, but this is negligible.

The Annual Appropriation

For the year commencing July 1, 1923, \$190,114 was allotted to the Blackfeet reservation, which is supposed to cover all costs of the reservation, including administration, schools, hospital, rations and field work. An emergency fund of \$50,000 additional has been provided to cover a two-year period to meet the costs of an industrial campaign and to be used for the purchase of binders, mowers, hay rakes, fanning mills, threshing machines and flour mills.

An additional emergency fund of \$10,000 was allowed early in September to be used for the purchase of livestock, chickens and turkeys for sale to the Indians on the reimbursable plan.

Out of the general appropriation of \$190,114 about \$35,000 goes to the Indians in the gratuitous distribution of rations. The hospital receives \$12,000 of which about half is expended in



The Rev. Thomas Grant, in his 3,000 head cabbage patch at the Holy Family Mission.



BUNCH OF INDIAN HEIFERS.

Sold to Heart Butte Indians last year at \$20 each to start herds.

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Cattle Herds Are Depleted

In spite of the fact that the pasture upon the reservation is of the very finest character and ample to feed great herds of cattle very few are in evidence at the present time. Only a few head of cattle are owned by the Indians and those belonging to the big stockmen are being ranged well back towards the mountains. Bunches of horses can be seen with frequency about the reservation, all fat and in fine shape, but there is no demand for them and they are practically worthless. Recently three fine head were



Mountain Chief, last surviving chief of the Blackfeet, in his wheat field near Heart Butte.

sold for \$50 for use in Glacier park. At one time there were 70,000 head of cattle upon the reservation, as large a number as the reservation can stand until such time as alfalfa and other winter feed can be provided. Many have gone out of the cattle business into sheep raising and at the present time there are probably 25,000 cattle and 30,000 sheep on the reservation.

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A comparison of the census of these two years, separated by seven years, shows a decrease of 135 in the number of full bloods but an actual increase in Indian population of 381.

Many Indians Tubercular

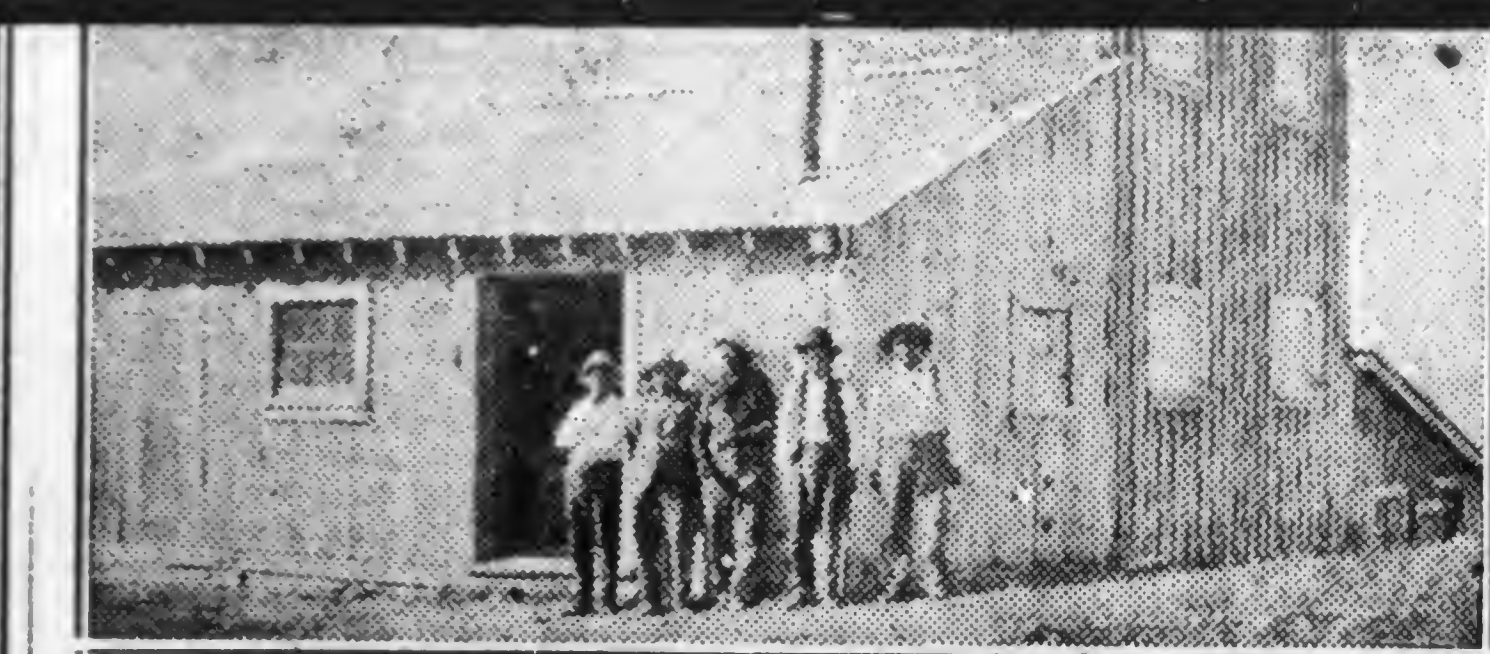
While tuberculosis, the foe of the Indian, has gained quite a foothold in the tribe, it is not alarming as has been demonstrated by a survey made during the past summer by Dr. W. C. Barton, a special physician temporarily assigned to this reservation. Out of 517 Indians north of the Two Medicine river examined by Dr. Barton, he found 227 cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, or 52 per cent. There were six cases of glandular tuberculosis, while 92, or 20 per cent, will require further examination of the chest.

South of the Two Medicine river among 441 Indians examined Dr. Barton found 122 afflicted with pulmonary tuberculosis, only 2.7 per cent, and four cases of glandular tuberculosis. Further examination of the chest is required in the cases of 92 Indians, 20 per cent of the whole.

Disenses of the eye are prevalent among the Blackfeet Indians, practically one-third of the entire population being afflicted with trachoma or granulated eye lids. Out of 517 Indians examined north of the Two Medicine river Dr. Barton found 154, or 30 per cent, with trachoma, two blind in both eyes, three practically blind and 14 blind in one eye.

South of the Two Medicine river out of 441 Indians examined he found 105, or 23 per cent, with trachoma, six blind in both eyes, six practically blind and 15 blind in one eye.

An examination of school children made earlier in the year by Dr. Rosa, an eye specialist temporarily on duty



HEART BUTTE FLOUR MILL.
Center figure is White Quilver, once the champion horse raider of the Blackfeet.



Plan to Build Community Houses.

The Indians are now getting out logs for a community house to be erected at Heart Butte and which will be large enough for community gatherings and a basket ball court. It is also hoped to install a radio receiving set and motion picture outfit providing sufficient funds can be obtained from outside donations to meet the expense, no money being furnished by the Indian service for such purposes. The present plan contemplates the erection of one of these buildings in each of the three districts.

The buildings will be put up by the reservation log worker who is employed to assist the old Indians in the erection of cabins, several of which have already been built at the agency, hospital and other places.

The reservation personnel consists of the superintendent, formerly known as Indian agent, a chief clerk and disbursing agent, and five other office assistants, one handling land leasing, one handling gas and oil leases, education and the reimbursable fund (the latter containing several thousand accounts), one who looks after stores, valuation of machinery, stock and supplies, one who handles individual Indian moneys deposited in banks, and an interpreter who looks after survey work, industries, land office and family histories.

There is one Indian policeman located at the agency who looks after law and order among the women, seven Indian policemen scattered about the reservation, and two judges of Indian courts who hold stated court sessions twice a week. There is also a prohibition enforcer, a white.

Employed in connection with the industrial campaign are three district farmers and a farmer at large, a wagon maker, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a log worker, an auto mechanic, a sawyer and two flour millers. The duties of the four farmers include chapter work, direction of cultivation and harvesting of crops on individual Indian lands, irrigation, treasurers, leases and sale of Indian allotments.

Drouth Strikes Down Hard.

For several years prior to 1918, due to the sale of reservation lands and successes in production of livestock, the Blackfeet were in a very prosperous condition, leading the Indians of most other reservations in the purchase of Liberty bonds in 1918. Then came the drouths of 1918 and 1919 coupled with the drop in values of livestock

and the result that in the spring of 1921 soon after P. C. Campbell, the present superintendent, took charge of the reservation, they were practically bankrupt, without cattle and the majority subsisting on rations.

In this emergency, although few had ever evinced any interest in agriculture, Superintendent Campbell set out to devise some definite plan to put the Indians upon their feet and after consulting some of the leading members of the tribe, inaugurated a series of agricultural program which has such success that it has since been approved by the Indian bureau and installed on all Indian reservations of the country.

To interest the Indians in this plan necessitated personal visits to the homes of each Indian family and a slow campaign of education in which was enlisted the services of the interpreters, doctors, field matrons, farmers and the more influential Indians. Then the Piegan Farming and Livestock association was formed, embracing the entire reservation, and divided into about 28 district chapters.

Out of agency funds farming machinery was furnished to the various chapters to be loaned out to the members. Naturally it was difficult to fire the Indians deeply interested in the program and their operations were very limited at first.

Indians Succeed With Wheat.

As the result of the first year's operations, 1921, the Indians produced 1,100 bushels of wheat, in addition to oats, hay and garden products. The work of the second year, 1922, was attended with far more success and the harvest yielded 15,000 bushels of wheat and increased quantities of other farm products, while the third year, just now drawing toward its close, saw such an increase in acreage and production that it is estimated the Indian crop will be at least 50,000 bushels of wheat averaging about 15 bushels to the acre, with an acreage of close to 3,500 including oats and barley.

During the present year in the Heart

Agency Mills Grind Wheat.

To take care of the wheat to be produced by the Indians the agency two years ago erected at Heart Butte a flour mill with a capacity of 25 barrels in 24 hours. The lumber for this mill was gotten out by the Indians who donated their labor. Experienced millers are employed to operate the mill and out of each bushel of wheat the Indian farmer gets 80 pounds of flour and 11 pounds of bran, or mill feed, while the agency retains 25 pounds of flour and eight pounds of bran. On September 12 this mill completed the grinding of the 1922 crop of wheat.

In view of the increased wheat production the agency is preparing to erect another mill at Browning to have a capacity of 50 barrels in 24 hours. The machinery has been ordered and lumber is being sawed at the mill. It is hoped to have the new mill operating by December 1 of this year.

The Indian flour is an excellent product and Levi Burd, one of the leading stockmen of the reservation who has a contract for the building of a 12-mile stretch of the building of a federal aid highway, stated he had bought 3,000 pounds of it recently for use in his camps at \$3.60 a hundred-weight, and that while it is cheaper than patent flour it makes a better bread.

The largest amount of flour secured by any one Indian from the 1922 crop was that obtained by Bull Shoe, full blood, president of the Bull Shoe chapter. This Indian, according to the records at the Heart Butte mill, received 9,635 pounds of flour, practically five tons, out of which he supplied his family, sold several tons and still has a large amount on hand.

Livestock and Poultry

Under the reimbursable plan whereby a government furnishes funds for the purchase of articles to be resold to the Indians upon an initial payment of 20 per cent and the balance in four equal annual installments, Superintendent Campbell has under way pig, heifer, sheep, chicken and turkey campaigns through means of which he hopes to have every family on the reservation engaged in the raising of livestock and poultry.

The chicken campaign was started in 1922 with 135 dozen chickens with the result that a large percentage of the Indians are now raising chickens and supplying themselves with eggs. All but five families in the Old Agency district have chickens and these have asked to be supplied with this fall.

The pig campaign was started in 1922 when 100 gilts were distributed. In spite of the fact that many died from cholera, quite a number of the Indians now have small bunches of pigs so they will have one or two to kill this fall and leave enough for breeding purposes. It is planned to have a general pig killing in each district just before Thanksgiving Day and before Christmas, when the Indians will take home for immediate use all but the hams and sides which will be smoked at the agency and then returned back to the owners.

The heifer campaign was also started last year with 200 dairy heifers, between one and two years of age, to provide milk and the nucleus of private herds. Only three or four of these were lost. It is expected that 200 more will be distributed this fall.

Getting Started With Sheep

The sheep campaign was also started last year, when Superintendent Campbell secured 300 ewe lambs, with the result that about 25 Indians now have sheep and an equal number of applications are on hand for sheep this fall. From the wool and the increase the Indians are able to pay their installments and purchase more sheep. It is now the plan to buy a bunch of high grade bucks with the idea of providing one for each bunch of sheep.

working in Browning, and some are in the shops at Cut Bank, but it is estimated that 90 per cent of those living on their allotments will have their own flour and vegetables.

Chapter Organizations.

Of the 28 chapters 20 are active, composed mostly of full bloods, and eight chapters composed mainly of whites and mixed bloods. The average membership is 20. There is no treasury, no money to handle, and few, if any, have dropped their membership.

To carry on the chapter work the agency has provided five threshing machines, 25 binders, 46 mowers, 46 rakes, and each chapter has a grain drill and a fanning mill, together with harness, plows and discs. The equipment is in charge of the president of the chapter who gives it out to the Indians of his chapter as they require.

The agency takes toll from the Indian farmers at the threshing machines, which toll wheat is afterwards ground into flour and this flour, together with that later obtained in tolls at the flour mill, is used by the agency for supplying the old and infirm Indians, the hospital, boarding school and day school. It is expected that sufficient flour will thus be obtained during the fall and winter to supply all the needs of the reservation thereby obviating the necessity of purchasing flour on contract as has always been done in the past, several carloads of flour being purchased annually for the reservation.

Before the treaty of 1855, since which time the government has in most instances provided the flour used on the reservation, the Blackfeet paid to the Indian traders six buffalo robes for 100 pounds of flour, six robes for a blanket, a yearling robe for a butcher knife and one robe for a filled powder flask and 30 "trade balls" or bullets, according to Richard Sanderville, the agency interpreter.

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(Continued on Page Three)

Blackfeet Indians Not Starving; Well Supplied With Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

The agency also has under consideration the plan of bringing a Navajo woman from one of the southwestern reservations to teach the Blackfeet women the art of blanket weaving as an added stimulus for wool growing and general industry.

A turkey campaign is now being started with the idea of having 100 families with turkeys by 1925. Already 10 families are raising turkeys and over 100 applications for turkeys have been received.

Superintendent Campbell is also working on a campaign for 50 Indians with individual bank accounts by 1925, to consist of money accumulated by their own efforts. At the present time only one full-blood has such an account.

Training for the Indian Women

Through the efforts of the field matrons and the policewoman, the Indian women, members of the auxiliaries to the chapters, are being taught canning, cooking, sewing and other household accomplishments, and in this connection the field matrons are seeking to interest the women in the erection of screen doors and windows in their homes for the improvement of health and living conditions.

The management of the Glacier Park hotel, where many of the Blackfeet appear as entertainers during the park season, are co-operating with the Indian service in the matter of the agricultural program and are now calling upon Superintendent Campbell to designate who shall visit the park as a reward for merit in program work. These Indians, while at the park, are furnished with their provisions and are given a supply by the hotel management when they leave for their homes. Outside of these, there are a few hangers on who visit the hotel, but they are not being encouraged.

Views of a score or more of the older full-blood Indians were obtained upon the five-year agricultural program and almost without exception they voiced their enthusiastic approval of it and proved by their accomplishments that they were following it. I saw Mountain Chief, 75 years of age, the last surviving chief of the Blackfeet, on his farm at Great Falls, where he had eight acres in wheat, barley and oats. He said:

"This is the first time I ever struck the straight road and I don't intend to change it. It means a better living for the Indians. They are going to winter well. It is my place to urge the young fellow to carry out the program."

"There are three ways for the Indian to go. In the middle is a straight road. To the sides is a lazy road and a crooked one. I want to lead my people on the straight road, which is the program. When you see an Indian who is working against the program, I wish you would follow him and see what he is doing. Our crops tell the story of what the rest of us are doing."

"I have lived all these years and have never seen an Indian starve. The only trouble is we do not know how to cook these things, while the white people have several ways to cook them."

Passes Up Shelby Fight

Last summer Mountain Chief prevailed upon Superintendent Campbell to grant permission for the holding of a medicine lodge. Afterwards he was presented by Gibbons and his manager with tickets to the prize fight at Shelby. In a quandary he called upon the superintendent for advice as to which of three things to do—go to the prize fight, go to Canada to visit friends who had promised him gifts, or stay at home for the medicine lodge. He was told that no objections would be offered to either of the plans and, after thinking it over, he announced that he would give up the prize fight and the trip to Canada and remain at home to attend the medicine lodge as an example to the other men of the tribe.

On one of the semi-monthly ration days when the Indians from various parts of the reservation congregated at the agency to obtain their gratuitous supplies, I was surrounded by a bunch of full blood Indians, few of whom can speak English, and questioned them as to their condition and farming experiences.

John Ear Rings, 36, president of the White Grass chapter, said before the program started he raised only a little garden stuff and some oats. Now he grows wheat and corn. He has a garden and produces enough vegetables and flour for his own family. "The men in my chapter have stayed with the program and seem to like it," said.

George Starr, Indian police judge and president of White Antelope chapter, said he had in between 17 and 18 acres of wheat. Last year he had in but 4 1/2 acres, but raised 1,500 pounds of rutabagas, 200 pounds of carrots, 200 pounds of cabbages and five tons of potatoes. He sold some and gave some to neighbors. He expects to get more potatoes this year.

"Men in my chapter are in favor of the program," he said. "They are raising wheat and corn."

speaks good English, was not much impressed with wheat growing. He said he did not think it would mature and that last year he cut his wheat for chicken feed. However, last year, he got 56 sacks of potatoes and sold them at Browning for 1 1/2 cents per pound, by which he obtained his groceries.

"In a way the program is all right if the men keep going," he said. "If they try they will make good, if not, they will fail. I'm trying my best to make headway and probably will do better later on. The only trouble seems to be that the season is too short. We have to put crops in early, else the frost will get the best of them."

On the farm of Joe Russell Whitebear in the Meat Butte district was a field of about 20 acres of very fine wheat and oats, which I learned had been planted under rather peculiar circumstances. When Whitebear got ready to put in his crop last spring he discovered he had no horse collars for his harness. He took some old overalls, stuffed the legs with straw and using them in lieu of collars plowed and drilled in 20 acres of grain. The resultant wheat crop was of such high grade that Superintendent Campbell decided it should be preserved for seed.

Bull Shoe, who had a fine crop of wheat last fall, most of which he had ground, producing nearly five tons of flour, intended to put it to summer fallow the land but could not do so because his team, wagon and harness had been stolen. Before he could re-equip it was too late to plow and it looked like the land would have to stand idle. However, a volunteer crop of grain produced itself of such extent that he cut it for hay, getting about two tons to the acre, which he sold to the Long & Clear Creek Reserve.

Although it was nearing the middle of September when I visited the home of John Spotted Wolf, I found in the house 17 50-pound sacks of flour remaining from his 1922 crop, sufficient to carry his family through the coming winter without taking into consideration his crop of the present year. This year he had in nine acres of wheat, an acre of barley, and had put up about 25 tons of hay, half of which he expected to sell in the stack at \$7 a ton.

His mother, Isabelle Spotted Wolf, had a very large flock of chickens of which she seemed very proud. Speaking through an interpreter she said she thought the "program" was about the finest thing that had happened to the Indians.

"Since we started the auxiliary it seems to me that I have done about all the talking at meetings," she said. "We have followed out the work of the chapter—my daughter and me—and we are carrying on the work. There is something to do all the time. We don't want to lie around idle."

Charles Buck, mixed blood Indian, a leading resident of the reservation and formerly one of the most prominent stockmen and bankers of that section, said he was satisfied that Superintendent Campbell is doing a big work, but that it is hard to get the Indians started on the program. He also felt that farming is handicapped by early frosts, but did not think there had been much actual suffering among the Indians, but that they sometimes ran short of some kinds of provisions. He thought the Indian relief fund was all right if properly administered but said that some of it had been paid out to young Indians who spent it for whiskey.

Winning Proposition for Indians. Confidence that the Indians are destined to win out on their agricultural program was expressed by Levi Burd, mixed blood, a prominent reservation stockman. He said conditions are not what they were two years ago, that a big change had taken place since 1919 and 1920, and he expected more surprising changes in the next two years.

"The Indians are seeing that the program is a winning proposition," he said. "Yesterday I bought potatoes from an Indian who had never worked before. We have wheat that will go 40 bushels to the acre. Land is cheap and we are raising wheat for our own use. We are farming on a diversified plan and the Indians cannot help making good. They are raising beans and if we can get money this will develop into a dairying section. We are planning to build a creamery here and then they can market their cream."

"The old Indians are rationed and would not have to worry if it were not for the fact that the lazy young ones go and eat off them." He mentioned one prominent "agitator" who had, so he said, "sponged" off Curly Bear all last winter.

"A lot of Indians got fee patents to deceased allotments," he continued, "then mortgaged or sold the land and pretty soon all their money was gone."

Still in my travels back and forth across this same reservation, I saw hundreds of fields of magnificent grain and hundreds of gardens producing richly of root crops and vegetables, and I picked strawberries from the bushes in a patch within stones' throw of the agency buildings at Browning.

I found one wheat field on the reservation which appeared to have been a failure due to frost and was worth cutting only for hay. The farmer of the district stated that this wheat must have been caught by a frost which occurred late in July when the wheat was in the blossom. He knew of four other fields in the valley which had been blighted in a similar manner, and an estimate was made by the reservation officials that frost damage on the entire reservation would not exceed 10 per cent.

Through the valleys of the Two Medicine river, Cut Bank and Badger creeks, beautiful streams flowing from the main range of the Rockies to the Marais river, well timbered and sheltered, are rich bottom lands which the Indians have settled and cultivated. A large portion of these bottom lands have been given over to the raising of wheat, oats, barley and garden stuff and from the surrounding hills at harvest time they present a delightful picture.

Occasionally here and there on the



Indians gathered at old log round house on Cut Bank creek discussing farming program.

When an Indian becomes a fee patent Indian he becomes a citizen and loses his tribal rights, and even at that some of these Indians were fed by the government last winter.

"I don't know of any instances of suffering, although in the winter of 1919 the Indians were eating the cattle that had died on the range. These Indians will be in good shape this winter. They must have money, as we cannot get them to work."

Mr. Burd said there was no excuse for an Indian not obtaining employment and went on to explain that he had taken a contract to build 12 miles of the reservation highway, expecting to furnish employment to the Indians, but that at the present time he had only one Indian on the job and the highest he had ever had at one time was four.

Oil Developments on Reserve. Last winter Mr. Burd organized the Mountain Chief Oil company which took over the "Tip" O'Neill-Frantz reservation leases on the Milk river anticline, 23 miles north of Browning. O'Neill had drilled to 513 feet, which hole the company was unable to sink deeper, because of some obstruction. It then went to another location, where it sunk a 1,200 feet, when the casing broke. Good showings of oil had been encountered at 847 feet and 1,020 feet. The rig has been moved to still another location and will be drilling soon. The company is fully financed and has under lease 7,000 acres of tribal and patented land.

In an interview with James Willard Schultz, well known writer of Indian stories, published in The Tribune of August 30, Mr. Schultz said that an agricultural program will never work out on the Blackfeet reservation because of its high altitude and because the soil of the reservation is so glaciated that no crops can be grown there. He said there is no agricultural season north of the southern boundary of the reservation.

Mr. Schultz may know whereof he speaks as during his earlier days he lived in the closest contact with the Blackfeet on their reservation, and had much in common with them and in his new field of endeavor he has conducted a nation-wide campaign to raise funds for the relief of the "starving Blackfeet."

Grain Fields Explode Fallacy. Still in my travels back and forth across this same reservation, I saw hundreds of fields of magnificent grain and hundreds of gardens producing richly of root crops and vegetables, and I picked strawberries from the bushes in a patch within stones' throw of the agency buildings at Browning.

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INDIAN COUNCIL.

higher ground back from the valleys will be found a small wheat field, while in the extreme southern part of the reservation in the Birch creek country under the ditches of the Birch creek division of the Blackfeet Indian irrigation project are thousands of acres of fine wheat and oats raised by white farmers who have obtained a foothold there in the purchase of some of the Indian allotments and the leasing of others. Among the many fields of fine wheat past which I rode was one of 1,000 acres, and shocks of wheat were visible as far as the eye could reach.

Farming at Catholic Mission. Proof of the agricultural possibilities of this reservation land can be obtained nowhere better than at the Holy Family Mission, a Catholic school for Indian children, in the Two Medicine valley about 15 miles southeast of Browning. The mission is conducted by the Rev. Father Thomas Grant, superior, who has been located there for seven years and who is president of the Mission chapter.

The mission has 320 acres under cultivation devoted to hay, grain and gardens. According to Father Grant the mission wheat last year went 32 bushels to the acre and has averaged over a period of years probably 30 bushels. From his gardens Father Grant gets enough potatoes, root crops and vegetables to supply the school, in addition to which he sold 10 tons of potatoes to Browning storekeepers last fall. This year he has 3,000 cabbages in his garden, weighing as high as 10 pounds, some of which he expects to market.

Father Grant is authority for the statement that frost has done no damage to the mission crops this year and never at any time in the past has caused a real failure. He states there are about 15 Indian families in that valley within a stretch of about eight miles, all of whom are now farming and who did very little before the last three or four years.

"They have been doing very well under the program," said Father Grant. "It has been a great help. When the Indians are busy they have no time to get dissatisfied. It is also doing a great deal for their moral and religious lives. The Indians are staying at home better and are being better provided for in their homes."

When asked if there had been any instances of starvation in the vicinity of the mission Father Grant said there had never been any suffering there during his period of service.

Irvin Defends Agriculture

Strenuous protest against the attack made by Schultz on the agricultural possibilities of the reservation was made by L. S. Irvin, a mixed blood Indian, lawyer by profession, who became well known over the state in 1920 through his candidacy for attorney general.

Mr. Irvin was found in his son's general store, which he was conducting during the summer absence of his son. He said:

"I was very much surprised at the recent publication of a slanderous statement of the non-productivity of the soil and climate of the Blackfeet reservation. We have here one of the very best parts of the state, susceptible of very high development, and we probably will have that development, if only small farming has been demonstrated to be a success. On my own land in the shadow of the peaks of the Glacier national park where glacierized conditions should show, if at any place, there is a record of successful farming in the past five years. Since 1915 and each succeeding year

there has been raised a great variety of crops within a half mile of the big hotel, experimental in most instances.

"With the exception of corn, we have raised every crop—oats, barley, cabbage and cauliflower—perhaps to heavier weight and quality than I have seen anywhere—and potatoes are always a success. We have raised fodder corn, millet, rape and field peas, for which the soil and climate seem particularly adapted. Timothy seems indigenous and will overrun and drive out natural grasses and weeds, and sets itself as a permanent crop, as has been demonstrated in many instances where there was no cultivation. Alsac clover has found its way in a number of mountains, probably from shipped-in hay. Red clover is showing itself here and there in a volunteer way."

"I experimented with alfalfa and found it attained a stand and growth without irrigation. Winter wheat in that section and nearly all sections from Birch creek to the Canadian line demonstrates it to be an excellent crop and I have found it running from 25 to 45 bushels to the acre with little show of skill in husbandry. I knew of but one crop grown on non-irrigated land in 1919 north of the railroad on the eastern part of the reservation. That was flax and was profitable. The western part of the reservation has an average rainfall of 23 inches. The soil in the western part is as a rule a deep, black loam, and with ample moisture to mature almost any kind of crop. Last year at the park we took 54 loads of oat hay off 14 acres—the finest kind of livestock provender."

"I am interested in the plan to get the Indians into farming and wholly commend it. Here in the store we supply our trade with Indian potatoes, which are of a very high quality. We have paid not less than two cents a pound this season and as high as four cents for new potatoes. We pay more than in other part of the state as we give the Indians the benefit of the freight charges."

Mr. Irvin declined to express himself upon the subject of starving Indians and the relief fund, stating that he was more interested in the more important subjects.

The "Starving Blackfeet" Fund

While in Browning, I took occasion to look into the Blackfeet Indian Relief fund, which was created several years ago through the efforts of James Willard Schultz, assisted by the Sun-set magazine and one or more other publications. The fund is being handled by the First National bank of Browning, upon the basis of an ordinary bank account and the bank assumes no responsibility in the matter of its collection or distribution.

Looking over correspondence in the hands of Cashier J. L. Sherburne I saw that the money came from all parts of the United States in contributions ranging from \$1 to \$100. The fund was started one or two years prior to November 21, 1921, when the Stockmen's Bank, the then depository, was closed, at which time there was a balance of \$119.

The account was then placed with the First National Bank in which, from December 27, 1921, to August 21, 1922, there was deposited \$1,745.26, all of which was paid out on checks. Since the latter date up to September 8, when I visited the bank, \$115 came in for deposit.

During the first winter the relief fund was checked out by George Starr, full blood Indian residing near Browning, who received \$4 a week for his services. The money was issued to Indians in amounts of \$4 per week, and, according to Cashier Sherburne, probably five or six checks were the highest number received by any one Indian, although Starr said payments were made weekly to all needy Indians through the entire winter.

Last winter the checks were issued by Schultz in California, he being assisted in making the distribution by Frank Gardipee, a former Browning Indian now living in California who is personally acquainted with the Indians of the reservation. As both were in California during the period of distribution they were unable to make personal investigation of the cases. Most of the payments of last winter were made to full blood Indians residing on the south side of the reservation and were made in units of \$5 and \$10.

Sherburne Discourages Relief. In a circular sent out by Schultz in December 1922, calling attention to the impoverished condition of the Blackfeet and soliciting donations for their relief the writer stated, at the close:

"Old clothing, bedding and shoes are also needed, and these should be sent to Oscar Boy and James White Calf, Browning, Montana, who will distribute the articles to the most destitute."

In response to this great bundles

of clothing were received at Browning and I was told that many of the articles were distributed by the pair to Indians at a dance held on the reservation. Oscar Boy told me he had distributed all the clothing, impartially, to those in need.

Among the many letters on file at the bank was one from a woman in Ohio telling of having sent a money order for \$25 to Oscar Boy and James White Calf and inquiring as to the condition of the Indians. To this Cashier Sherburne replied:

"I believe there is no starving or distress here and while some of the Indians would be starving were it not for the government's assistance, yet I believe all wants are taken care of if they are advised of the need."

In this letter Mr. Sherburne questioned the advisability of sending money to Oscar Boy and White Calf, and in reply to other letters of inquiry he sought to discourage the idea that starvation and suffering existed on the reservation.

Mr. Sherburne states he has been advised that these two received and cashed a lot of money orders during the past winter and rather questioned the disposition of the money, but when I inquired of Oscar Boy about it he said he had received but two money orders, one for \$25 and one for \$15, which he said he had paid out in cash to old men.

Starving Woman Not Destitute

In Schultz' last interview in The Tribune, given in Great Falls while en route from the Glacier national park to Los Angeles, he said that the last relief check given to a starving Indian had been issued to the widow of William Jackson, former favorite scout for Generals Custer and Miles, in the sum of \$5 for food.

Upon investigation I learned that Mrs. Jackson is a regular rationer at the agency and in addition gets sick rations. She has 400 acres of land in her own name, owns approximately 150 horses, is heir to several deceased allotments, and her lease money amounts to \$201.98 per year. One of her daughters is married to a very well to do and successful lessee on the reservation.

Cashier Sherburne is authority for the statement that Mrs. Jackson told him Schultz had promised her \$30 a month this winter for helping him in the preparation of a book he is writing.

Mr. Schultz neglected to mention another relief check for \$3 given about the same time to Tim No Runner, who spent the money for "moonshine" with the result that he was arrested by the reservation prohibition enforcement officer.

On September 13, following his arrest, No Runner made the following affidavit before the agency officials:

"I, Tim No Runner, a full blood Blackfoot Indian and a ward of the government, being first duly sworn, depose and say that on or about August 21st I was at Glacier park entrance; that I presented Hart Schultz' wife with a pair of huckleberries and that later on Hart Schultz gave me a check for \$3 and told me I could get it cashed at Mr. Lindhe's store. Mr. Lindhe gave me three silver dollars in payment and I then went to the Clarke pool hall, where in company with Last Star I spent the \$3 for drinks. In addition to what we drank in the pool hall I bought a bottle from a girl that contained some kind of intoxicating liquor similar to what I have been drinking. When my money was spent we went to the lodge of Big Spring near the Glacier Park hotel, at which place Mr. Billings (enforcement officer) took the bottle with what remained in it. The \$3 above mentioned is all that I spent for drinks. The liquor that I bought was intoxicating."

Signed "TIM NO RUNNER."

No Distress on North Side

Due to distances and the fact there are few full bloods in the northern part of the reservation I did not visit that section but learned something of them from Jack Monroe, an old time squawman on Upper St. Mary's lake, who has been in the St. Mary's valley nearly 20 years.

He said there were few Indians, and no full bloods, up there. All the mixed bloods are doing some farming and gardening and all are absolutely independent.

There are no instances of starving around here and nobody ever got a 10-cent piece from Schultz," he said. "The people do not need help and don't want any. The only demand for produce up here comes from the reclamation service, highway camps and park saddle horse outfit. Conditions here are better than in other parts of the reservation as the men have something to do during winter. We have a rattling good public

school and a good teacher at Babb."

So much for the Blackfeet Indian Relief fund.

Claims have been made in the publications attacking the Indian bureau that money of the Blackfeet tribe was squandered in the construction of an irrigation system on the reservation, the Schultz circular stating: "The Indian bureau . . . used \$900,000 of their funds for the construction of an irrigating system that never was of any use to them, and which is now watering the lands of the white men."

A portion of this statement is very true as the Indian does not, or at least has not up to this time, taken to irrigated farming and practically all the work done under the irrigation system has been handled by white farmers.

R. M. Snell, manager of the project, states there are no full-blood Indians on the two larger of the four irrigation systems, most of the land being farmed by white owners, renters or mixed bloods. The 20th annual report of the United States reclamation service in referring to this project says:

"Lands under the project have not been opened to settlement. About 57,000 acres have been definitely allotted to Indians and the remainder tentatively allotted to Indians, except about 250 acres allotted to the Holy Family mission. 40 acres held by the Indian service as a demonstration farm, and eight operation and maintenance camps comprising about 200 acres held by the reclamation service. The allottees generally have not settled on their allotments nor farmed them. Several large tracts are being farmed by white renters, and a good many allotments are being sold to white men who cultivate them."

Tribal Monies Not Utilized. However, as to the use of tribal funds in constructing this project, I was informed by Manager Snell and also by Superintendent Campbell, that the money used in this work did not come out of the tribal fund but was provided for out of the general treasury by appropriations in the Indian bill. Up to January 1, 1923, the cost of this project had been \$1,160,900.

The project, upon which construction was started in July, 1908, is being built by the reclamation service for the Indian service. The work has been conducted entirely by government forces and the labor provided principally by Indians and Indian teams. When construction was actively in progress several hundred Indians were on the payroll at one time.

The irrigation plan provides for six systems, of which some work has been done on four. There is a present total ditch mileage of 361, of which 87 miles are main canal and the balance are laterals.

The Two Medicine canal diverts water from the left bank of the Two Medicine river, and, supplying water through the North Branch canal, the Spring Lake reservoir and the South Branch canal, is planned to water 44,000 acres. It now has a lateral system sufficient to cover 24,000 acres but the main canal is capable of delivering water for only 7,000 acres. Work is now under way to enlarge the main canal to double its present capacity but funds are insufficient to complete and later appropriations must be depended upon.

The Badger-Fisher system diverts from the right bank of Badger creek, supplying water through the Two Horns supply canal and reservoir and the Fisher canal. This system is planned to water 30,000 acres between Badger and Birch creeks, but up to the present the lateral system has been built to only 18,000 acres, while the main canal is sufficient to deliver water for only 9,000 acres.

The Piegan system, diverting water from the right bank of Badger creek direct to the Piegan flats, is intended to cover 3,000 acres and can now deliver water to 2,300 acres.

The Birch Creek system diverts water from the left bank of Birch creek to about 2,600 acres between Birch and Blacktail creeks, but is planned to cover 3,500 acres.

No construction work has yet been done on the two remaining systems, the Cut Bank North system intended to irrigate 9,000 acres north and east of Cut Bank creek, and the Cut Bank South system, intended to irrigate 18,000 acres south of Cut Bank creek, near the station of the Great Northern railway. The aggregate acreage of the six proposed systems is 107,000.

Little Irrigation This Year. In 1921, the last dry year, about 15,000 acres were actually under irrigation of which 6,536 acres were on the Two Medicine system, and 7,616 acres were on the Badger-Fisher division, but little irrigating being done on the Piegan and Birch creek systems which are mostly in the hands of Indians who are doing little irrigating.

During the present year, due to the abundant rainfall, only 1,600 acres on all four systems were irrigated, water being used mainly for alfalfa. However, this year, between 12,000 and 14,000 acres were actually cultivated under these projects, of which about 8,000 acres were in wheat, 1,000 in alfalfa and the balance in oats, flax, rye,

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Passes Up Shelby Fight

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ments that they were following it. I
saw Mountain Chief, 75 years of age,
the last surviving chief of the Black-
feet, on his farm at Heart Butte,
where he had eight acres in wheat,
barley and oats. He said:

"This is the first time I ever struck
the straight road and I don't intend
to change it. It means a better liv-
ing for the Indians. They are going
to winter well. It is my place to urge
the young fellow to carry out the
program."

"There are three ways for the In-
dian to go. In the middle is a straight
road. To the sides is a lazy road
and a crooked one. I want to lead
my people on the straight road, which
is the program. When you see an
Indian who is working against the
program, I want you to follow him
and see what he is doing. Our crops
tell the story of what the rest of us
are doing."

"I have lived all these years and
have never seen an Indian starve.
The only trouble is we do not know
how to cook these things, while the
white people have several ways to cook
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vaild upon Superintendent Campbell
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friends who had promised him gifts, or
stay at home for the medicine lodge.

He was told that no objections
would be offered to either of the plans
and, after thinking it over, he an-
nounced that he would give up the
prize fight and the trip to Canada
and remain at home to attend the
medicine lodge as an example to the
other men of the reservation.

On one of the semi-monthly ration
days when the Indians from various
parts of the reservation congregated
at the agency to obtain their gratui-
tous supplies, I was surrounded by a
bunch of full blood Indians, few of
whom can speak English, and ques-
tioned them as to their condition and
farming experiences.

White Grass chapter, said before the
program started he raised only a little
garden stuff and some oats. Now he
plants all he can, has in wheat and
oats, and produces enough vegetables
and flour for his own family. The
men in my chapter have stayed with
the program and seem to like it,"
said.

George Starr, Indian police judge
and president of White Antelope chap-
ter, said he had in between 17 and
18 acres of wheat. Last year he had
in but 4 1/2 acres, but raised 1,500
pounds of rutabagas, 200 pounds of
beets, 200 pounds of carrots, 200
bushels of corn, and 200 pounds of
potatoes. He said some of his neighbors
He expects to get more potatoes this
year.

"Men in my chapter are in favor of
the program," he said. "They are used
to raising vegetables and some grain.
This year they increased some-
thing. Nobody in my chapter is hun-
gry or suffering. There is one fellow
who is not getting along very well, but
he won't work or help himself, al-
though he has had plenty of offers.
However, he put in a good garden this
year and some wheat."

"Finest Thing Ever Was"
No Coat, 63, member of Bull Shoe
chapter at Heart Butte, had a good
crop this year. The first year he put
in some grain, the second year he
doubled it and this year he trebled.

"Finest thing ever was—this pro-
gram," he said. "It is our pride to
come back. We don't want to be class-
ed as beggars. We have some pride.
In this program the government is do-
ing its share and it is our duty to
carry it out. When you can show ac-
tual farming it goes farther than talk."

No Coat has two pigs and seven cal-
ves, the two of which he has just fresh
and he expects to make butter. He
raises enough for his own use and sells
some. Has 600 pounds of flour left
over from last year.

Split Bars, 55, president of Three
Sun chapter, whose father was one of
the head chiefs, was very bitter to-
ward the opponents of the program.
He said:

"There are some kickers on the
reservation who don't want to follow
the program and who say nothing will
grow here. For that reason I want to
put in more crop each year to show
them. It is pretty high here but I
can raise everything. I am living high,
with lots of eggs and vegetables and
my wife makes butter."

"These agitators—some don't get up
until noon—lay in bed all forenoon.
Some put in no crops, hang around the
park because people feed them, don't

interest the women in the erection of
green doors and windows in their
homes for the improvement of health
and living conditions.

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Park hotel, where many of the Black-
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will be found a small wheat field, while
in the extreme southern part of the
reservation in the Birch creek coun-
try under the ditches of the Birch creek
division of the Blackfeet Indian irri-
gation project are thousands of acres
of fine wheat and oats raised by white
farmers who have obtained a foothold
there in the purchase of some of the
Indian allotments and the leasing of
others. Among the many fields of
fine wheat past which I rode was one
of 1,000 acres, and shocks of wheat
were visible as far as the eye could
reach.

Farming at Catholic Mission

Proof of the agricultural possibilities
of this reservation land can be ob-
tained nowhere better than at the Holy
Family Mission, a Catholic school for
Indian children, in the Two Medicine
country, about 15 miles southeast of
Browning. The mission is conducted
by the Rev. Father Thomas Grant, su-
perior, who has been located there
for seven years and who is president
of the Mission chapter.

The mission has 320 acres under cul-
tivation devoted to hay, grain and gar-
dens. According to Father Grant the
mission wheat last year went 32 bush-
els to the acre and has averaged over
a period of years probably 30 bushels.
From his gardens Father Grant gets
enough potatoes, root crops and vege-
tables to supply the school, in addition
to which he sold 10 tons of potatoes
to Browning storekeepers last fall.
This year he has 3,000 cabbages in
his garden, weighing as high as 10
pounds, some of which he expects to
market.

Father Grant is authority for the
statement that frost has done no dam-
age to the mission crops this year
and never at any time in the past has
there been a real failure. He states there
are about 15 Indian families in that
valley within a stretch of about eight
miles, all of whom are now farming
at who did very little before the last
three or four years.

"They have been doing very well un-
der the program," said Father Grant.
"It has been a great help. When the
Indians are busy they have no time to
get dissatisfied. It is also doing a
great deal for their moral and religious
lives. The Indians are staying at
home better and are being better
provided for in their homes."

When asked if there had been any
instances of starvation in the vicinity
of the mission Father Grant said
there had never been any suffering
there during his period of service.

Irvin Defends Agriculture

Strenuous protest against the attack
made by Schultz on the agricultural
possibilities of the reservation was
made by S. Irvin, a former blood
Indian, lawyer by profession, who be-
came well known over the state in
1920 through his

Indian" in San Diego county. Chief, perhaps, among these is Angel Kwilp, said to be 100 years old and now busily engaged in constructing for the Smithsonian institution a full-sized replica of the primitive type of house used by the Southern California Indians before the advent of the Spaniards and before adobe construction had been introduced into California.

And while one may still hear many a story from eye-witnesses, among the Indians and others, of aboriginal life of the most primitive type, of hardships and cruelties and of the wonders of archery, the average Indian of today lives on one of the eight reservations maintained in San Diego county and farms his own bit of land or works for others in much the same manner as the white man.

The Indian of today as represented by the inhabitants of the eight tribal reservations located in San Diego county is an industrious, patient, energetic, self-supporting and self-respecting human being who is attending to his own business and caring for his own needs with an almost negligible exception.

Indians have been given land, which is perhaps only right, but they must support them. They grow grain, fruit, vegetables and live stock with success, which they use themselves or sell on the open market.

Fundamentals Taught To Young of Indian Race

The Indian children are taught the fundamentals, including music and art and many of the older ones advance to higher institutions for the further study of such subjects as appeal to them or fit them for a better and more successful life.

About 20 years ago conditions were more or less unsettled from the viewpoint of the Indian here and caused unrest due to the fact that they were removed from their lands at Warner's ranch to Pala. They felt, quite naturally after this experience, that they were not secure in their and possessions and homes. It seemed to them that they could be moved by authority from Washington at any time, without guaranty of any desired permanency in the home places which they might build up and improve.

But now the government has given them title to lands in one of the most fertile valleys of southern California, under the shadow of the cross which the beloved Padre Feyri raised more than 100 years ago. Each Indian, whether man, woman or child, is now given a patent to one and three-quarter acres of irrigable land and five acres of dry land, much of which has also been brought under irrigation. Each head of a family is also given two lots for home purposes.

Government Approves Of Indian Fiestas

Among the activities of a mixed historical and social nature which the Indians of these reservations engage in is a series of fiestas held during the summer months in which the various reservations in turn entertain each other and which the government approves, hoping that they will gradually develop into a series of fairs for the exhibition of farm products and other handiwork of the Indian.

The art of basket weaving is one which might well be revived by the offering of prizes at such Indian fairs because "it won't hold water" is a common term of approbrium which distinguishes the Indian basket of today from those woven before commercialism began to supplant utility and pride in this fascinating art.

In the olden days the male of the species limited his manufacturing activities to making bows and arrows and the women fell the duty of providing the utilities such as the woven basket and the graceful olla, the warming blanket and the burden net.

Basket weaving was then a high art and they were woven with such tight stitches that the basket would hold water and could be used for cooking. In those days the Indian basket was a "household" necessity. But as the older women, who wove their baskets for service, die out or get too old to pull the stitches tight, the younger generation is weaving looser to speed up production and daubing more paint on to catch the eye of the tourist who "dotes" on Indian relics made to order for him by the shrewder younger women of today.

Eye Witnesses Tell Marvels of Archery

The stories told by old Indians scattered about on the various reservations in San Diego county, the truthfulness of which substantiated by others who had witnessed the feats, are many and interesting. To relate every credible story would make a large volume but a few instances will indicate the Indian's real skill with these primitive weapons.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable of these arches was old John, a Sequan Indian, who appeared suddenly one day in El Cajon as a mature man. He was finally induced to don overalls, which he put on only so long as he was forced to because they galled him. John could drive his arrow into a jackrabbit that was bounding through tall wild oats.

Another story is told by Charles Cameron, customs inspector at

Campo, who was an eye witness to one of these feats of marksmanship. An old Indian was shown a small coin and told that he might have it if he could hit it with an arrow at 30 yards. The coin was set up and the Indian without hesitation shot three arrows, the first two grazing the coin on each side, and the third hitting its mark squarely as though he had the utmost contempt for so easy a mark.

Running Deer Shot At Distance of 300 Yards

Nafelso Lachapa of Mesa Grande relates that his father, who was a mighty hunter in his day, could sink an arrow into the shoulder of a running deer and never miss.

"How far away?" he was asked. Nafelso, standing in the doorway of his cabin, pointed to a ramada and replied:

"From here to there and never miss. He always kill if the arrow have stone head."

The distance was measured and found to be 300 yards. At that distance the arrow must have described a high curve and fallen on the running deer.

Stirred by these tales of the older Indians, archery as a sport has taken hold of a number of San Diegans and "shoots" have been held in Balboa park in certain portions of which every natural advantage exists for practice. Mr. J. Jessop, pioneer resident of San Diego, and retired merchant, has for years made a hobby of archery and gathered a wonderful collection of bows and arrows, many of which have been loaned and are on display in the great museum in the Science of Man building in the park, where thousands have viewed and enjoyed the exhibition.

Skill in Manufacture As Well as Shooting

A general idea of the Indian's skill with his bow and arrow may be had from the knowledge that a fair expert could whip arrows out of his quiver and shoot them fast enough one after another to keep an arrow in the air all the time. The shaft of the arrow was usually made of caribboe reeds which, if they needed straightening, were heated and slipped into a long, straight groove, which had been cut into some big rock, and left till they stiffened in shape. A gummy substance from the chamise wood was used as glue to stick the arrow head on one end and feathers at the other.

The bows were made of ash, willow or alder. Stone arrows were used for bigger game and war purposes. These were roughly shaped and then flaked off and their edges and points sharpened by striking them against a piece of deer horn which was bound to the fingers of the left hand. For smaller game an arrow head of chamise wood sufficed and was hardened in fire.

Granary Baskets And Coca Blankets

Some Old Baskets Were Loosely Woven

The granary basket was loosely woven out of willow withes with the bark and leaves left on them. It stood four or five feet high and was used for storing acorns and generally held several bushels. These baskets had then to be set on ollas to protect the acorns from rodents.

Fibres taken from milkweed and the mescal plant were made into small ropes with which burden and rabbit nets were woven by the women. The stems of these plants were split, so that the pulp could be taken out, leaving only the outside fibre. The fibre was then rolled on the thighs, which often became raw from the operation, and twisted into ropes. The nets were knitted as skilfully as though by trained fishermen. The feather skirt worn by the Indian man was made in the same way. The women's garment, a mere shadow skirt that was more than porous, was knitted similarly.

Coca Blankets Now No Longer Woven

The old Indians also wove blankets from a fibre of the Spanish dagger, but it is doubtful if there still lives one who can weave these coca blankets. A rare relic of this type is in the possession of E. H. Davis of Mesa Grande whose collection of specimens of Indian arts is the result of years of research work among the Mission tribes, Chupuro and Senon Moro of the Pala reservation are believed to have been the last Indians who made these blankets. The plant was crushed and soaked in water of the hot sulphur springs, which the Indians say was essential to the process. The fibres were then combed from the pulp and twisted into coarse thread and pegs in the ground served as a loom.



Marie Diego and baby.

Wigwam Built By Old Indian For Institution

Laboriously and with a patience mastered through a century of life, Angel Kwilp, 100-year-old Warner ranch Indian, constructed recently for the Smithsonian institute a full-sized replica of an Indian wigwam such as were once used by the early California Indians.

The wigwam is circular and is about 15 feet in diameter, while the height is about 16 feet. A stake is driven in the ground and a string tied to it; a circle of the desired radius is inscribed on the ground. Willow poles are then cut. Post holes are dug a step apart around the circle with a primitive crowbar made by hardening the point of a sharpened stick in the fire; the earth is scooped out with Indian baskets or with the hands. The poles are brought together at the top and are securely tied with string made from the fiber of the red milkweed. The fiber is prepared by twisting on the bare knee and is very strong. Over the framework of poles wild brush is lashed horizontally to serve as a bed for the thatching which is put on in six or seven tiers.

Grass Pulled Up by Roots So Thatch Will Not Rot

The thatching material is a peculiar grass which grows on the higher open hill sides of Warner's ranch. The plants are pulled up by the roots, because if the stems were cut water would enter and rot the thatching. These plants are alternated as they are placed on the roof, one of them being placed right side up and the next one upside down. To avoid the excessive use of milkweed string, the making of which is a laborious task, the grass is tied with a rope by an ingenious device. A supple willow twig is run across so that it holds the grass tightly for a section of the roof, one in length, only the framework of the house. The overlapping of the tiers cover up the lashing so that the house is neat in appearance when finished. The thatching when compressed by the



Angel Kwilp roots old home builder.

twigs is six inches thick, hard as a board and impervious to rain and wind.

Fireplace Just a Pit; Chimney Only a Hole

At the top of the house an ample hole is left for the exit of smoke and in the middle of the earth floor a pit 10 inches deep is dug which is used as the "atizadero," or fireplace of the house. Around this hole are placed three pot rests for supporting the Indian ollas which are used for cooking purposes.

The door of the house is a "petate," or tule mat. These are woven from the large tules which grow in the lakes, the weaving being done with milkweed fibre. The Indian word meaning "to look the door"

really says "to tie the door," for the only protection from the intruder when Indians went away and left the house was to tie the tule mat across the door. But Indian courtesy and custom forbade anyone from entering a house when no people were around, and Indians did not steal from each other.

Tule Mats Provide Warmth for Sleeping

Similar mats were used for sleeping and for sitting on the floor. These mats were like newspapers and are surprisingly warm when used for such purposes. The Indians lying at night had nothing between themselves and the cold earth except one of these "petates de tule."

Some of the Indians had their houses lined on the inside with

similar tule mats, much as the Americans used wall paper. The poorer houses had the willow twigs showing on the inside. Between the poles and the thatching all kinds of Indian utensils and furnishings were inserted. It offering a convenient place for placing such objects, where they would be out of the reach of children and in sight when they were needed for use.

Baskets, storage vats, regalia cases and other furnishings will complete the equipment of this primitive wigwam, which is the first ever constructed for scientific purposes.

Running Hot Water Feature at Warners

Some of the Indians at the springs had their houses arranged

so that the hot water ran through them and had the curious custom, reported from no other place in the world, of sleeping in the warm water. "Some of the Indians would sleep all night with their bodies in the water and only their heads sticking out," stated the aged informant, Angel Kwilp. "You would think that it would kill them, but they got used to it. They had the hot and cold water running as Americans have in a modern bath tub, and they would switch the water from time to time to keep their bodies the right temperature. Seals live in the ocean and stay in the water all the time and it does not hurt them, and that was the way it was with these Indians."



Just plain Indian boy.

An Indian Belle.

Home of Maria Segunda



Ancient Indian expert who pulls a mean bow.

Photos Courtesy Ed. Davis

Indian Basket Is Commercial Affair Today

The tight-woven Indian basket that used to serve for water has given way to cans and other "modern" facilities among the Indian population of recent years, the old industry of basket weaving confining itself more particularly to the requirements of the trade which means something that will look gaudy and savage and cost not too much.

Few, if any, Indian baskets made today will hold water. The stitches are too long and the seams too loose. And while the old-time baskets had little or no ornamentation, the modern Indian woman who weaves for the trade has sensed that paint is greatly admired by the white race and so has learned to weave patterns in the wool. Symbolic figures such as the swastika or crude drawings of birds, animals and snakes are much in use and it is even possible to obtain one of these Indian "relics" with fairly good designs of battleships or airplanes.

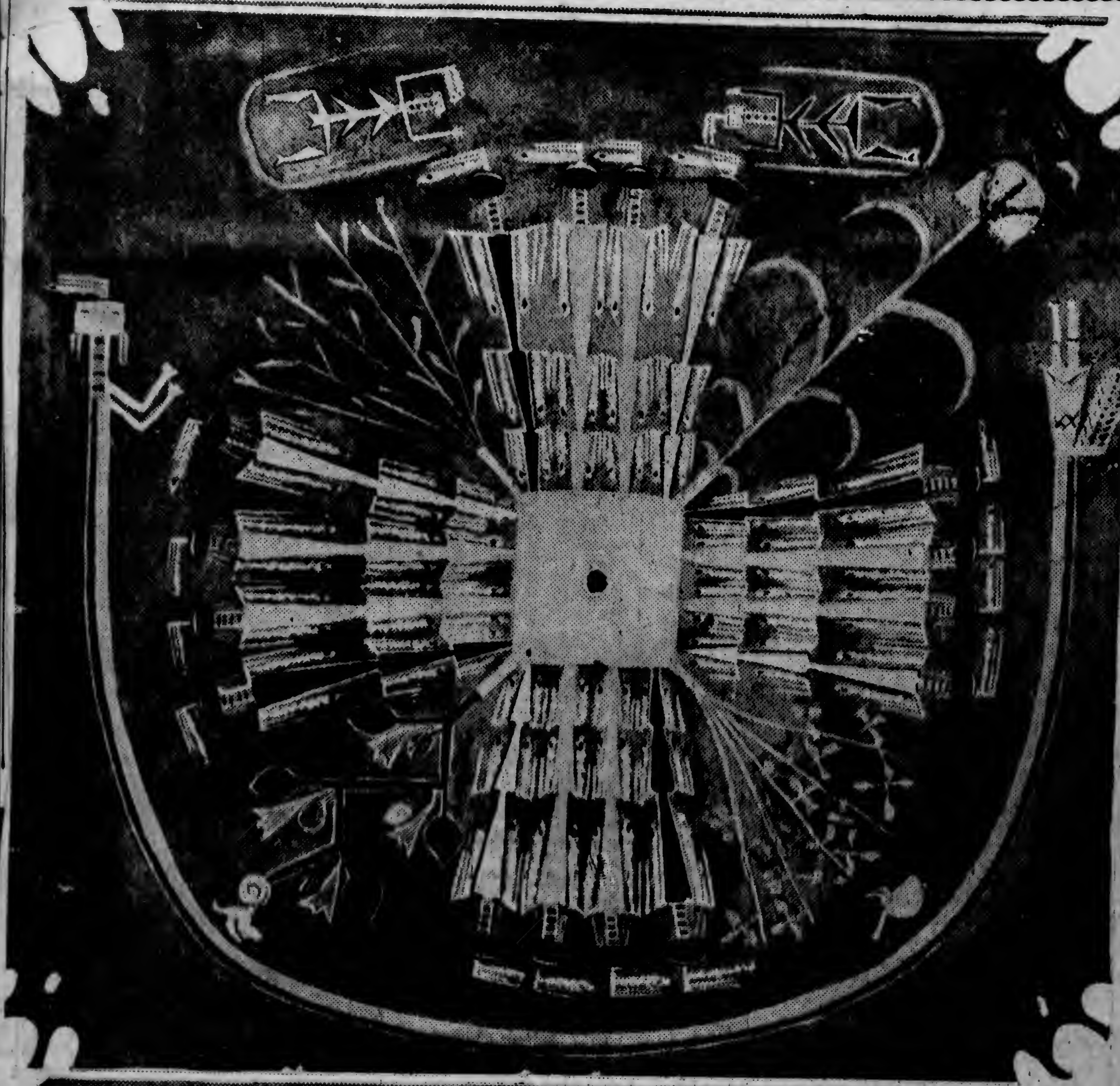
Admiration Given

Tight Woven Baskets

Recently a few old baskets which were obtained from an Indian family in a remote section were shown to some old Indians who were gathered about a roadside store and elicited expressions of admiration from them. It is impossible to describe the appreciation they showed for the workmanship they noted—the light in their eyes—as they turned the baskets over and over to examine the stitches made doubly significant their only words which were, "They will hold water."

One round of these old baskets, about six inches in diameter, required about 400 stitches and once around was a day's work for the old Indian women. A piece of deer bone served as a needle then, but a steel brad is now used. The baskets were woven out of grass and squaw weed. The grass was hard to obtain. It grew in damp places and was quickly eaten off by cattle. A short but rare grass which had a natural brown color extending six inches from the root was used to weave brown into the pattern while the green part was soaked and dyed in black mud to produce the black design.

36 Ta-ta-teen Ishki :- :- Honored by Navajos



SAND PAINTING made by the Navajo Indians and which tells an allegorical story of a grain of seed on the

life of a human being. It is called Ta-ta-teen Ishki (literally translated, "The Pollen Boy").



FIRST WHITE woman ever to be honored by having one of the Navajo sand paintings made for her. She is Mrs. Laura Adams Armer, Berkeley artist.

ARTIST TELLS WEIRD RITES OF NAVAJO INDIANS

Berkeley Woman Given
Unique Honor by 'Sand
Painter'

In her Berkeley studio, at 1329 Arch street, surrounded by her symbolical paintings of the inner spiritual life of the Navajo Indians, Laura Adams Armer today told the story of how she obtained the material for her creations.

In 1924, Mrs. Armer was in the Hopi village of Oraibi, in Arizona, where she had gone to see the famous Hopi snake dance. She was asked to display her paintings there and accordingly the exhibit was prepared.

UNIQUE HONOR

At her request the trader at the Indian post, a Mr. Hubbell, asked the shaman of a neighboring Navajo tribe to make one of the sacred sand paintings on the floor of the room where Mrs. Armer's work was shown.

The sand paintings are used by the Navajo medicine men in connection with the ceremonies for the healing of the sick and never before had one of them been made for an individual member of the white race.

The shaman arrived at the post and everyone waited breathlessly for his answer to the request.

It was Mrs. Armer's painting, "The Song Makers," which caused the medicine man to accede to the demand. The painting shows eight of the Navajo deities, standing on the four sacred mountains praying for rain. Mrs. Armer had managed to catch and transfer to her canvas the simple, symbolical Navajo tale and it established a firm bond between her and the shaman.

SAND PAINTING

He disdainfully passed by her other "realistic" paintings of Navajo braves and the village life, she said, and seemed to be attracted only by "The Song Makers."

It was under this painting that the shaman finally consented to make his sand painting. Spreading a fine coat of desert sand over the floor, he set to work to make his drawing. Red, yellow, and white sandstone, together with black charcoal from burned cedar wood, are the materials with which the Indian worked his intricate designs.

For almost a full day he worked alone and then late in the afternoon two others joined him. The painting tells the story of Ta-ta-teen Ishki, "The Pollen Boy," who disappeared from his home and was kept prisoner in a den of serpents, at the bottom of a deep hole. The great spirit rescued "The Pollen Boy" and brought him back to his parents, in answer to their prayers.

The story is that of the dying and rising god, which is found among many races. The Demeter and Dionysus cults of ancient Greece and the Osiris worship of Egypt had ceremonies which were based on similar stories.

STRANGE CEREMONY

When a member of the Navajo tribe becomes sick, the shaman prepares "The Pollen Boy" sand painting on the floor of the tribesman's hogan, or hut, and then the patient sits upon the drawing, with his face toward the east.

Two braves enter the hut with the shaman and chant prayers as the medicine man performs his mystical rites. The patient is covered with pollen and the prayers are addressed to the great spirit to come and heal the sick.

"I have made your sacrifice.

I have prepared a smoke for you.

My feet restore thou for me.

My legs restore thou for me.

My body restore thou for me.

My mind restore thou for me.

My voice restore thou for me.

Restore all for me in beauty.

Make beautiful all that is before

me.

Make beautiful all that is behind

me.

Make beautiful my words.

It is done in beauty.

It is done in beauty."

The chanting lasts for two hours

(Turn to page 3, Magazine sec.)

THE PRINCESSES' GARDEN

CAROLINE REIS
1528 Pacific Ave., Alameda
Who likes squirrel stories? Well, here's a prize-winning one!

THE SURPRISE BASKET

Once there was a little squirrel, one day as she was gathering nuts for winter, her foot got caught in a trap. One day it was Thanksgiving and she was crying at home. So the next day a little Miss Rabbit thought it would be nice to take her something to eat. Peter Rabbit thought it would be nice to take her something to eat. Peter Rabbit thought it would be nice to take her something to eat. Peter Rabbit thought it would be nice to take her something to eat.

MAVIS LEE TEMPLETON
125 Leinade Way, Inglewood, Calif.
This is the queerest little Indian legend you have ever read.

DEERHEART AND SKY ELK

Once upon a time there lived a squaw whose heart was so kind that everyone loved her. Her husband was so fleet and so brave that they named him Sky Elk. They had a little son whom they called Greedy Fawn. One day his father and mother went out into the forest to get some of the best deer meat. They had a little son whom they called Greedy Fawn. One day his father and mother went out into the forest to get some of the best deer meat.

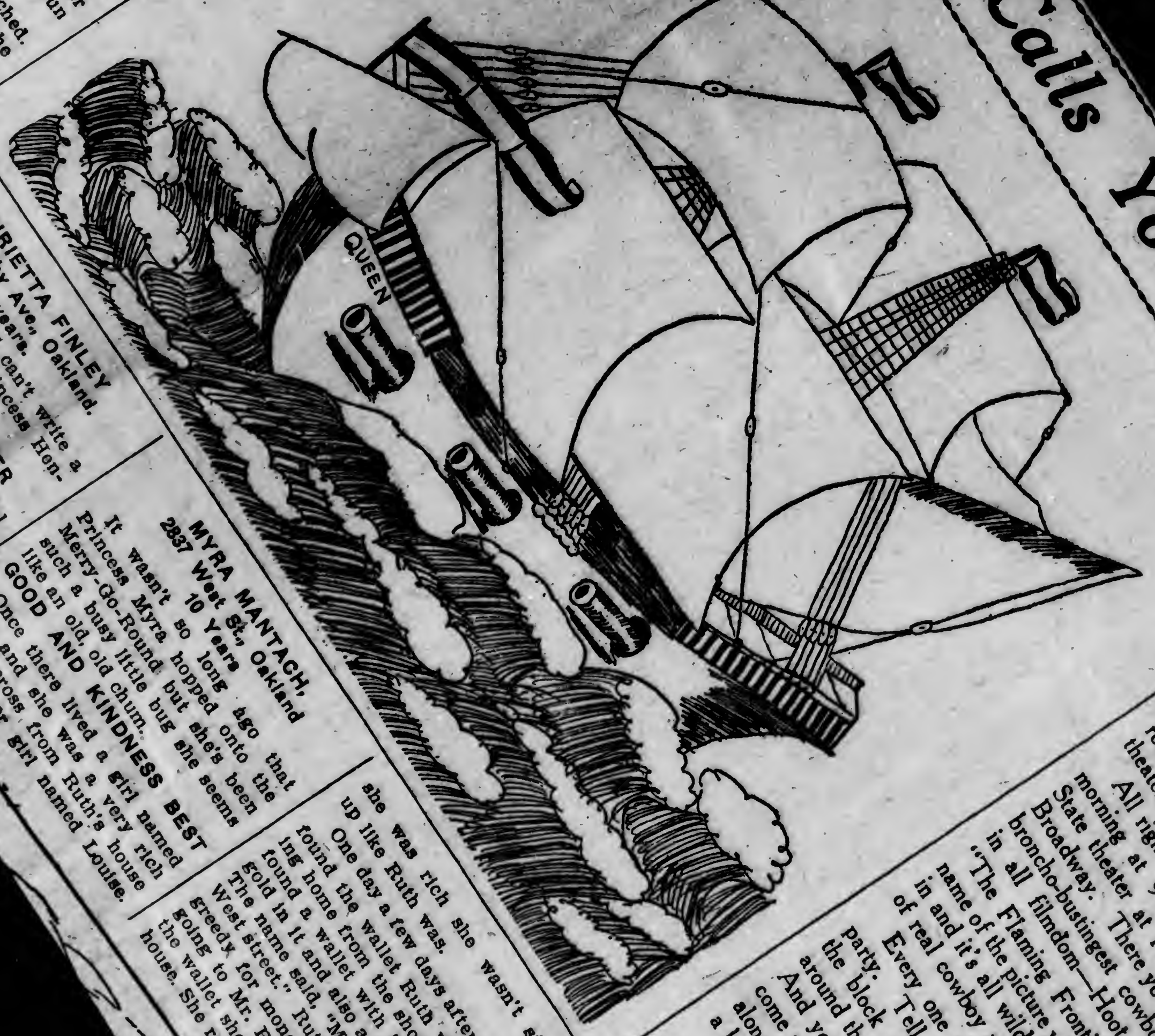
CLEMENCE LE DOUX
125 Broad Avenue, San Leandro
A beautiful flower for the garden is this story by our wee Princess Clemence.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER

One frosty evening a little fairy went into a beautiful garden. She was very tired and said, "Dear pansy, I am so very tired. Will you shelter me tonight?" "No," was the haughty reply. "I can't shelter you tonight."

Adventure Calls Youngsters

RALPH WILLIAMS
STAFF ARTIST
SAN JOSE, CALIF.



HENRIETTA FINLEY
1506 Derby Ave., Oakland
Who says a girl can't write a mystery thriller? Princess Henrietta can and here it is.

THE MYSTERY LETTER

It was the last day of school and Janet and Avis were going home. They were walking through the old orchard when Avis saw a black pocketbook lying on the ground. It contained

MYRA MANTACH
2287 West St., Oakland
It wasn't so long ago that Princess Myra hopped onto the life in old old chum.

GOOD AND KINDNESS BEST

Once there lived a girl named Ruth and she was a very rich girl. Across from Ruth's house lived a poor girl named Louise.

she was rich she wasn't stuck up like Ruth was. One day a few days after Louise found the wallet Ruth was carrying home from the show and she found a wallet with 60 pieces of gold in it and also a name inside. The name said, "Mr. Prince."

To Perform For Chums

Hip! Hip! Hooray! Who's ready for another Aunt Elsie theater party? Next Wednesday morning at 9:30 come to the State theater. There you'll see the Broncho-busting cowboy hero in all his glory.

TRIBE LOVES BEAUTY

Mrs. Armer pointed out that beauty is the thing in the life of the Navajo which is paramount and it was this love of beauty, which has been shared by all artists of all countries and ages, that aroused her interest in the Navajos.

She has studied them and their mythology thoroughly. Last summer she lived in a Navajo village for two months, in a canvas shelter set up at the base of a towering sandstone cliff and observed the tribal life of the Indians at first hand. She is said to be the only white woman who has done this. As a result of her studies, the walls of Mrs. Armer's studio are adorned with a series of symbolic paintings, which tell the story of the inner spiritual life of the Navajos. These paintings have been

Continued from page 1, this sec.

Advertisement



*I heap big
chief, desired*



*a longhair
(girl or
woman)*



*so I stole
into her
wigwam*



*and
carried
her away on
horseback*

INDIAN SIGN language has an able exponent in Howard O. Welty, principal of Technical high school.

DIRECT ACTION was favored by Indian youths in acquiring a bride, Welty shows.

CUSTOMS and languages of Indian tribes have been studied intensely by the educator.

AND THUS, the swashbuckling yarn of the Indian brave's wooing is concluded.

These treaties were never respected.
"Consequently, the population of the Indian has dwindled from 200,000 to 40,000. This diminution in number has been brought about largely by starvation."



"CLEAN FIRE" can only be made in this manner, with sticks, in the opinion of old Indian tribesmen, according to Principal Welty, who is shown here demonstrating the method to Gladys Crofoot. Welty's record is two fires in 20 seconds.

PRINCIPAL OF TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL EXPERT ON CUSTOMS OF U. S. INDIANS

When an Indian runs away with another man's wife, how does he express the incident in sign language?
Why do some Indians soak their fire-wood in water?
Have Indians the temperament of the proverbial cigar store type or have they a sense of beauty and humor?

This is not an "Ask Me Another" contest. It is merely part of a list of questions raised and answered today by Howard O. Welty, an authority on tribal research. Welty, who is principal of Technical high school, has spent years studying the dialects, customs and temperament of the Red Man.

UNIVERSAL "LANGUAGE"

"Sign language," Welty declares, "is a universal mode of communication among the tribes. When differences in dialect make conversation impossible, Indians manage to 'talk' by means of gestures."

To illustrate his point, Welty showed how a chief would express through his motions—the sentence: "I wanted a squaw, so I stole my enemy's wife."

Welty pointed his fore-finger at his chest. "This means 'I,'" he explained.

Then he cupped his hand and raised it to his mouth. This signified "want."

To express the idea, "squaw," Welty combed imaginary strands of hair.

TELLS TRADITIONS

He indicated the clause, "so I stole my enemy's wife," by raising his left hand, with palm outstretched, at an angle. This suggested a teepee. A clutch with his right hand under the "teepee" finished the story.

Not only is Welty well versed in sign language but he is also familiar with many Indian customs. Possibly the most curious of these is the "Building-of-the-New-Fire."

"This tradition," Welty said, "is based on the Indian's belief that the harder a fire is to build the greater is its cleansing powers."

"So, in order to get a potent fire, some tribes, such as the Hurons, will soak their wood in water before trying to light it. Other tribe fire builders will handicap themselves by using only one stick and stone to produce friction. Ordinarily, two sticks are employed. Using this slow method, I have seen Indians toil six hours to create 'clean' fire."

"SICK COYOTE"

Welty did not wish to convey the impression, however, that the Indian's superstition drives out his sense of humor.

"Once I heard a 250 pound squaw squeal a war song. After she had finished, an old man went up to her and, patting her on the back, exclaimed, 'Poor, little sick coyote!'"

"A red man's love of beauty is no less marked than his love of a good joke. In his music, language and dance, he reveals a yearning for the spiritual."

"The words in an Indian's vocabulary are full of symbolism. For example, the phrase, 'the setting sun' is expressed in Sioux dialect by a word which means: 'He who in his going home pauses for a moment on an eminence emblazoned with purple light.'"

DANCE MYSTICISM

"A similar mysticism," continued Welty, "is found in the dance. Some of the dances plead for rain or fertility; others offer prayers of thanksgiving for favors bestowed by the Great Spirit. It is clear, then,

(Turn to page 2, magazine section)

**Tulton Keeps
Comedy Hit**

[illegible]

Comedy

...the lion's

Lucille W. Medley, who has established the leading provokes and receives the applause of the American people for her work as the "rube" character in the "John Gray" is an artistic and successful actress.

PIANS

GEORGE
Cosmopolitan
Oakland soon.
Revue, on
Leas,
& D.

Colortun
'Spring
Stage at T. &
Ranchon & Marbo
at the
in conjun

Another cold-weather picture, *Revolution and Rebellion*, is being pressed for release. The picture, which is the title given to the screening of "Revolution and Rebellion" is the title given to the screening in which the picture is shown.

Harold Lloyd Star
Of Century Show
In 'The Freshmen'

Harold Lloyd
Yakima Candler
famous horse
Stallion," who
at the Cen
afternoon.
Charles Ray
and

The two-day engagements at the theater tomorrow are "The Closing Tonight" by C. H. Sothern Crawford in "Red Hot Hoofs," Wednesday Raymond and Wednesday Hatton in "Zane Grey's Rattlesnake," and Saturday will be attractions still to be announced.

[illegible]

Grand Lake Has Novel Stage Act In 'Gypsy Ideas'

[illegible]

Another Belasco
Play For Screen

The celebrated
Heart of Marylla
Stello's next star
Bro. Jason
Composite Miss Cost
Neum
KAYREVILLE
PLAYS
420

Orpheum
ORPHEUM CIRCUIT
STARTING TODAY
Mrs. Mother Hen
"The Great
Humorous"

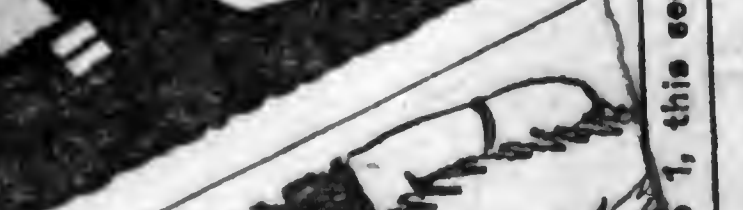
**Broad
WEEK**
The Beloved Remembered—
Always Photoplays—
Great "The Colleen and
and

THE FAMOUS
PEETE CASE!
IN PICTURES!

**PAYING
THE
PRICE!!**

—THE MOST REALISTIC AND SENSATIONAL
PICTURE OF ITS KIND EVER PRODUCED!

with **MARY CARR
PRISCILLA BONNER**
GEO. HACKATHORNE



page 1, this sec.

that the Indians ante-dated the Thanksgiving day of the Pilgrims by thousands of years.

The Indian's music, like his dance and language is often expressive of the deepest beauty. Wetly spent an entire winter on southern California taking phonographic reproductions of folk songs of the Navajo, Hopi, Tewa, and Achoma tribes. Though much of the music is barbaric and choppy, there is some of rare quality.

"I once heard an Achoma lullaby," Wetly said, "that for melody and rhythm was as great as anything ever composed by Schumann."

Wetly believes that the United States has failed in its moral obligation to the Indian.

"The United States bureau of Indian Affairs is a travesty on justice," Wetly declared.

"Since 1882, the government has made 18 treaties with California tribes in which gifts of millions of acres of land and large sums in cattle and farm implements were promised.

"These treaties were never respected.

"Consequently, the population of the Indian has dwindled from 200,000 to 40,000. This diminution in number has been brought about largely by starvation."

the leading role and her will include two men who an starred with their own — George Ebner and Kline. Others in the are Dorothy Buschner, G. Kline, Roberts, Thelma Werli, of Chanton, William St. Cyr, Nora Novelli and a singing and ing chorus of 40.

the production is sponsored by East Bay Opera Guild which bringing four light opera produc- ns to Oakland a year. The mat- will take place Saturday.

Fulton Keeps Comedy Hit

Another big hit has registered at the Fulton theater.

"The Butter and Egg Man," with Lucille Webster as the star comedienne, begins its second week ere tomorrow.

Crowds have packed the theater the last week and have attested their enjoyment of the brilliant comedy.

Lucille Webster, Oakland actress who has established herself as one of the leading comedieness of America, provokes most of the laughter and receives the lion's share of the applause.

Raymond Van Sickle does a very clever piece of work as the "rube"ictim. Shirley Gray is an artistic ever as his office clerk and George Rani, John Fee, John Ivan and others offer fine support.

INDIANS

(Continued from page 1, this sec.)

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FULTON

Extra Holiday Matinee

Monday

Decoration Day

Second Week Begins Sunday

"THE BUTTER

AND EGG MAN"

—Starring Lucille Webster

(Mrs. James Gleason) in her

original role as played a year

in New York.

Attention—Theatergoers!

Beginning Sunday, June 5

"Alias the Deacon"

with the original New York stars

Berton Churchill

Frances (Slosson)

Underwood

and a dozen actors brought from

Broadway for this superb produc-

tion. Seats now selling.

Orchestra \$1.25

Balcony—\$1.00, 75c, 50c

PHONE LAKESIDE 78

CENTURY

—Today—

CHARLES HAY and

JOAN CRAWFORD in

"PARIS"

A Picture of Great Passions

and

TOM TYLER in

"RED HOT HOOF"

—Tomorrow—

HAROLD LLOYD in

His Greatest Comedy

"THE FRESHMAN"

and

YAKIMA CANUTT in

"THE FIGHTING

STALLION"

All Seats 15c Any Time



GEORGE FAWCETT and MARCELINE DAY in the Cosmopolitan film success, "Captain Salvation," coming to Oakland soon.

Colorful Revue, 'Spring Ideas,' on Stage at T. & D.

Another colorful Fanchon & Marco revue is being presented at the T. & D. theater this week in conjunction with the screening of "Rookies."

"Spring Ideas" is the title given this musical concoction in which more than a score of Fanchon and Marco artists participate.

Harold Lloyd Star Of Century Show In 'The Freshman'

Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman," and Yakima Canutt, western star, and his famous horse "Boy," in "The Fighting Stallion," will open a two-day engagement at the Century theater tomorrow afternoon.

Closing tonight are Charles Ray and Joan Crawford in "Paris" and Tom Tyler in "Red Hot Hoofs."

Coming Tuesday and Wednesday are Jack Holt, Raymond Hatton and Arletta Marchel in Zane Gray's "Forsaken River." The attractions for Thursday and Friday will be Helene Chadwick in "The Still Alarm" and Corinne Griffith and Norman Kerry in "Mlle. Modiste."

er Hand
Lips---
NIELS garbed as a dashing
like a d'Artagnan and mak-
entine moon?

Over
y---
delightful thing BEBE DAN-
DRITA," a picture story that
comedy to glorious thrills.
M POWELL are in the cast.

BE

The race starts at 10:30 o'clock Monday morning. The distance around the island is approximately 14 miles and it is estimated the finish will be witnessed early in the evening. R. C. Strehlow, manager of Neptune, will pay the winner of the race \$1000. The first woman to finish will receive \$500. If a woman wins she gets the \$1000. The second swimmer to finish the race will get \$150 from the Alameda Chamber of Commerce and the second woman to finish will receive \$100.

Practically all of the swimmers who have entered were outstanding competitors of George Young in the Catalina Island event, including Byron Summers, who later lowered Young's time record; Leo Purcell, "Happy" Jack Wolyniec of Hollywood, Howard Chaffee, Ceslo Moshaw, the "human seal," Mrs. Lela Fourrier and a score of others.

Arrangements have been made by the beach management to provide ample entertainment for the crowds. There will be a continuous band concert, dancing and vaudeville and a fireworks display in the evening. A huge chart of the island will be posted on the beach, on which pegs will be moved at regular intervals to show the progress of the swimmers.

Grand Lake Has Novel Stage Act In 'Gypsy Ideas'

"Gypsy Ideas," one of the latest creations of Fanchon and Marco, is the stage attraction at the Grand Lake theater today in connection with the showing of Ramon Novarro's latest picture, "Lovers."

The original Sunkist Beauties, who have made a hit at the Grand Lake whenever they have appeared there, are featured along with Elmer Hurling, Maxine Evelyn and Gino Severi and his modern harmonists.

A novel stage setting, a gypsy camp, has been constructed.

Another Belasco Play For Screen

The celebrated Belasco play, "The Heart of Maryland," will be Dolores Costello's next starring picture for Warner Bros. Jason Robards will appear opposite Miss Costello.

Orpheum
ORPHEUM CIRQUE VADEVILLE
BEST FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHS
WEEK STARTING TODAY

Broadway, at 17th St. Glencourt 620

The Beloved Screen Mother Always Remembered for Her Great Photo-Plays—"Humoresque" and "The Cohens and Kellys"

VERA GORDON
(IN PERSON)

EWING EATON
The Musical Comedy Favorite

All Grown-up in Everything
Jane and Katherine LEE
Darlings of the Stage and Screen

Luley, Henri & Crooker
"Just Three Rubes"

THE FAMOUS
PEETE CASE
IN PICTURES!

PAYING THE PRICE

—THE MOST REALISTIC AND SENSATIONAL PICTURE OF ITS KIND EVER PRODUCED!

with MARY CARR
PRISCILLA BONNER
GEO. HACKATHORNE

fire-wood in water?

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Yosemite Indians Fade to Small Band of B

UNIQUE PAST HISTORY OF BAND BARED

Struggle Against Encroaching Civilization and Final Surrender to Modern Life Recounted

By J. E. HANNA.
Previous to 1851, or before the discovery of the Yosemite Valley by the whites, the Yosemite was the home of a tribe of Indians for whom the valley was named, the Yosemite—pronounced by the Indians "Yohomett."

The Yosemite held an undisputed ownership of the valley and much surrounding country. The latter was their hunting ground and in the valley they fished and gathered acorns, grass roots and herbs and maintained their villages. They were not disturbed by other tribes because of their close relationship to neighboring tribes, and the difficulty of gaining access to the valley, unobserved, would have been tribal suicide to any looking for trouble.

At the time of the invasion of the valley by the whites, Tenaya was chief of the tribe. His father had been chief of a former tribe, occupying the same territory, until he and a few survivors of a plague, probably smallpox, that had nearly exterminated the tribe, left and made their homes with the Monos. None dared return, because the evil spirits had killed their people and taken possession of the valley. When Tenaya grew to manhood he took with him those who were bold enough to face and defy the evil spirits, and founded a new tribe in the Yosemite. His people were from the several tribes in the mountains surrounding the valley. At the time of their discovery by the whites they had grown to be a well established tribe of probably 500 Indians.

Camp There Now

The Yosemite had several villages, chief of which was Awani, or Ahwahnee, located near the foot of Yosemite Falls, where the government free camp No. 20 has recently been established. When the winters were severe the Indians moved down the river, returning as soon as weather conditions would permit. They had many legends concerning the beauty and wonders of the valley, the falls, peaks, streams, birds and animals, and the people. They were happy and prosperous—Indian prosperity—until the appearance of the whites.

With the rush of the whites to the mountains in the mad search for gold, and as trapper and traders, the Indians saw the finish of their vast hunting grounds, the scarcity of game and the ruination of their fishing streams. That meant the ruination of their livelihood, their inheritance, and only known mode of existence. They became restless and sullen, and endeavored to discourage the whites by stealing their provisions and their horses and mules. They drove the horses and mules to their camps, or villages, and had great feasts on the flesh of those animals. The whites attempted to punish the Indians for their thievery and the enmity grew until there was bloodshed. Finally, the Indians resorted to murder. (Who caused the first blood to flow, the whites or the Indians, probably will never be known.)

Love Murders

At first lone prospectors were murdered, then parties of three or four, and trading posts were destroyed, and finally the Indians threatened to kill all whites who did not get out of the mountains. The Indians of the valley, San Joaquin Valley and the foot hills, gave the whites little trouble. They were not of the determined fighters that the mountain Indians were. They were soon rounded up and placed on reservations. There were attempts made to Christianize them, and some of them became partially Christianized.

The government sent word to the Yosemite and Chow-Chillas, that if they would go to the reservation for a peace conference, they would be well treated. This word was sent by runners from the reservation tribes. The invitation was declined by both tribes. They sent back word that they would stay and defend their territories. While they were considered by the whites as criminals, they maintained that they were fighting for their homes and their inherited hunting grounds. The miners called upon the government for assistance and asked permission to organize a military company to suppress the Indians. Col. Neely Johnson, the governor's aid, was sent to help organize and prepare the company. A trapper by the name of Savage, who had just recently had his trading post destroyed by the Indians, was chosen major. Major Savage had five squaw wives until the post was destroyed and the squaws carried away. Each squaw had been chosen from a separate tribe, that Savage might enjoy the friendship of the several tribes.

Hostility Excused

When the company had been as thoroughly drilled as time and conditions would permit and was about to start for the higher mountains, Colonel Johnson addressed the men, in part, as follows:

"While I do not hesitate to denounce the Indians for the murders and robberies committed by them, we should not forget that there may perhaps be circumstances which, if taken into consideration, might to some extent excuse their hostility to the whites. They probably feel that they themselves are the aggrieved party, looking upon us as

Bull of course - a word. The high fitting bonnets shown in photo were not worn by any tribe of California Indians - can

Still Active in Their "Hunting Grounds"



CHIEF CHRIS BROWN, great grandson of the once powerful chief of the Yosemite, Tenaya. Half Dome in the background.

trespassers upon their territory, invaders of their country and seeking to dispossess them of their homes," etc.

Their country was invaded. Their homes and their food stores of acorns and dried meats were burned. Their territory was seized and they were transferred to reservations, where many died of white men's diseases and whiskey, inactivity and restraint. Later, most of those who survived were allowed to return, under restrained conditions, their spirits broken, their happiness gone, their homes and provisions burned to ashes and the ashes scattered by the four winds of the heavens. Their hunting grounds were no longer hunting grounds, and no longer their property.

None Had Seen Valley

When the company set out, none knew where they were going, except to the higher mountains. No white man had seen the beautiful valley where the Yosemite lived. Colonel Johnson did not accompany the troop. Major Savage took charge, but soon after they reached the high mountain, a messenger overtook them with orders for Major Savage to return with the messenger to Fresno, for the purpose of dealing with the Indians from other sections of the State who had either been captured or had gone there voluntarily for a peace conference. The company was left in charge of Captain Boling.

When Major Savage arrived at the Fresno reservation he sent "Mission Indians" who had visited Tenaya's people, to help Captain Boling. These Indians guided the white troops to the beautiful valley, home of the Yosemite, Dr. Bunnell, the company surgeon, named the valley Yosemite, in honor of the Indians.

Shortly after the company entered the Yosemite valley, three of Tenaya's scouts were captured. Two of them later escaped. The third proved to be Chief Tenaya's youngest son. Captain Boling had sent out white scouts up the valley, and two of them, discovering some baskets of acorns near a trail, thought they had frightened the Indians from their task of gathering acorns, they followed the trail up a narrow pass, and had started to follow it up a ledge, when the Indians, waiting at the top of the ledge, rolled boulders down upon the two, injuring one. The other scout, seeing an Indian peering down over the ledge, raised his rifle and killed the Indian. He then picked up his companion and carried him back to camp. One of the injured scout's friends swore to avenge his friend's injuries, and murdered the unarmed prisoner, son of Tenaya. While these things were taking place, the "Mission Indians" had trapped and captured Tenaya, and took him to camp. When Tenaya arrived, a prisoner in camp, he saw his murdered son lying where he had fallen when shot by the white trooper a few minutes before. (The murderer was never punished for his crime.)

Refuge With Moros

After Tenaya was captured, some of his people took refuge with the Moros and other tribes. The others stayed near the valley in hopes of aiding their chief to escape. Captain Boling spent several days trying to persuade Tenaya to lead him to the camp of his people, but the old chief refused. Finally, the "Mission Indians" announced that they had located the trails of the scouts who had been watching the whites. They took the trails, closely followed by Captain Boling's men, with Chief Tenaya tied and led like an animal. They surprised, surrounded and captured the camp of Indians on the shores of a beautiful lake about ten miles above the valley. In honor of the chief, Dr. Bunnell named this lake "Lake Tenaya."

Chief Tenaya was released from the end of the rope, but was further mortified by being refused permission to talk to the men of his tribe, and ordered to stay with the women and children. The Indians were ordered to prepare to march for the reservation. Tenaya was informed that he would never again see his beautiful valley. He was so depressed that finally Captain Boling, taking pity on him, allowed him to march at the head of the column with the officers, under strict guard. One of the guards was one of the much-despised "Mission Indians," who had betrayed and helped to capture him.

After a short stay at the reservation, Tenaya, with his family, was allowed to return to his home. A number of his people soon afterwards followed him. Another attempt on the part of the Yosemite to keep the whites from entering the valley, more bloodshed, and again the troops were sent to capture enaya and his people. Five Indians were captured and shot. The rest escaped to the higher mountains and lived for some time with the Monos and Plutes and again, later, returned to their old home. The Monos had raided a white man's ranch and had stolen a band of horses and mules. The Yosemite feared to do likewise, so a few of their young warriors drove off a part of the stolen animals from the Monos' camp of Mono Lake and by a long, round-about route, finally got the animals into the valley. They then proceeded to hold a great feast. While they were in the midst of the feast, the Monos surprised them and slaughtered all but a few who managed to flee down the river. Tenaya was killed, his skull crushed by a boulder at the hands of a Mono brute.

Now Forty Remain

Today there are about forty Indians claiming to be Tenaya's descendants. Johnnie and Chris Brown are grandson and great grandson of Tenaya. Chris is called chief. However, as such, his duties are light. There are no wars—no hunting grounds—no vast territory—no tepees. There is no need to guard against invasion, for they have nothing to guard. They occupy, but do not own, a low, rocky ridge covered with scrub oaks and brush, with a sprinkling of cedars. Instead of tepees, they live in ragged canvas tents—pitched among the boulders and brush. The place is called the "Indian Village," as is proven by a crude sign pointed with a lead pencil on a box end and fastened to a tree facing the main drive at the foot of the ridge. It is the only spot of interest in the valley now reached by a well defined trail.



YOSEMITEs in war dance. Posed out in the open. The regular dances are not held in the open, as this picture would suggest, but in a small bowl shaped depression, on a rocky ridge, almost inaccessible to the public.

The present Indian village is near the site of the former Awani. How long the Indians have occupied the present location, instead of the former Awani, I do not know. Neither do I know how they happened to move, or to be moved, to that spot. It is the least desirable place imaginable, and if they moved there of their own accord, it must have been for some reason of which they do not care to speak. I heard three versions, none of which sounded true to me.

No Claim on Valley

I interviewed several of the Yosemite, among them Mary Wilson, Joe Rube, Bill Todd and others. None expressed any resentment, but all hoped that they would soon be assigned a better location. They have great faith in Uncle Sam, and all are sure that when the Indians decide unanimously on the location most suitable, the government will assign them that location. They realize that they have no claim upon the valley or any part thereof, outside of tradition, although the former Chief Tenaya did not sell his rights nor the rights of his people to the whites. Without having made inquiries, I presume that there is a record of the government having purchased from the Indians their rights and claims to the Yosemite.

Dr. L. H. Bunnell says, in reference to the statements of the five Yosemite, who were shot by the United States troops, that the whites had no right to enter the valley without their permission: "Lieutenant Moore told them, through an interpreter, that they had sold their lands to the government, that they belonged to the white men now, that the Indians had no right there. They had signed a treaty of peace with the whites, and had agreed to live on the reservations provided for them. To this they replied that Tenaya had never consented to the sale of their valley and had never received pay for it."

Many of the Indians now living in the valley had hoped to be moved back to their old homelands, Awani, but seem to have later abandoned that hope. They offer many reasons now for not desiring to return to that location. Their principal reason for not having arrived at a conclusion as to the most desirable place is that several of the older Indians have become discouraged and sullen and do not wish to be disturbed. Those, on advice of the others, I did not interview. I suggested a general council, that the agreement might be reached satisfactory to all, and it was planned to hold such a council. However, the Indians are easily excited. One

of the young men secured some fire-water and although he did not get noisy, and disturbed no one, he was reported and banished "for a time" from the valley by the authorities. That so upset the others that the council was postponed, and probably will not be revived again until some outsider urges it.

Rumors and Rumors

Rumors that a church is to be built on the former site of Awani probably has something to do with changing the minds of those who had wished to return to that spot. Also rumors that a store is to be built on their present location has made some of them uneasy. That rumor is probably false, as there are so many more accessible spots to be had. But the Indians realize that they are there at the pleasure of the whites, and should their village site be wanted by the whites, they must go whether other provisions have been made for them or not. After each rumor was repeated to me, still I was assured that Uncle Sam would see that they were taken care of.

Two or three of the Indians own small automobiles. They cannot drive their autos to their homes, but must park them a short distance away. They could probably build a road, with little effort but they have not inherited an ambition along the lines of labor. They do work, for they have no other means of earning their living. They work at road building, wood cutting and as government packers, etc.

Few of the ancient Indian customs remain. Among those still observed are—cooking the village meals over the village campfires, and during the tourist season, nightly war dances and the singing of old Indian songs. The admission to the war dances and singing is advertised at twenty five cents. The twenty five cents is collected by passing a basket after the spectators have assembled trusting to everybody's honesty, to pay the right amount, if anything.

The proceeds from this entertainment is used to help buy the necessities of life for the village.

Dance Around Fire

The war dance takes place around a very small sapling, in the bottom of a small bowl shaped depression in the same rocky ridge that the village occupies. Probably one hundred and fifty spectators can uncomfortably view the dances, standing or sitting on the sides and rim of the bowl. It is not easy to get to the dance bowl, as there are no trails, and many who would like to witness the dances and hear the

YOSEMITE FAMILY and display of Indian baskets, at entrance to bark tepees. The Yosemite no longer live in tepees, using, instead canvas tents. Since the white men control the valley and surrounding country, once owned by the Yosemite, the Indians are not free to strip the bark from the trees, as they once did. This may account for their having adopted the white men's tents.

Fresno Bee June 24, 1928

Reclaiming the Secret Culture of Our Indian "Lost" Tribes

How a Beautiful Cherokee Girl's Plan for a "League of Nations" Redskin Village Has Come True---Backed by the Indians Themselves.

An Apache Fire Dancer Interpreting One of the Ceremonial Dances of His Tribe. At the Left Is a Reproduction of the Architect's Drawing for the New Colony Where These Ceremonies Will Be Revived. At the Edges Will Be Seen the Pueblos and Mound Homes of Certain Tribes, While the Open Spaces Will Be Used for Those Tribes Dwelling in Tepees. The Theatre, at the Front, Will Be Used for the Presentation of Indian Folk Plays and Music.



Above: Tsianina, the Young Indian Woman Who Conceived the Plan of Founding a Walled Village Where Representatives from Every Tribe in the United States Can Dwell and Recreate Their Ancient Customs and Art Forms.

A walled Indian village, with representatives from the forty odd tribes in the United States, living together peaceably for the furtherance of their culture—that is the astonishing plan soon to be realized at Culver City, California.

It is a last stand, planned by the Indians themselves, to save their customs, rituals, art and government forms from becoming hopelessly lost in the encroachments of white civilization in America.

The most unusual phase of this comprehensive plan relates to its founder—a beautiful young woman, Tsianina, of the Cherokee tribe. This energetic girl, after studying the history of her race, deliberately set herself to the gigantic task of bringing together in one spot men, women and children from all the tribes in the United States, who will rebuild their ancient customs now threatened with oblivion.

The story of how she carried her plan to success is an amazing romance of achievement against tremendous odds.

The purpose of the plan is entirely non-commercial. White men are to be excluded from the California Indian village except on special occasions. The money to bring the plan into being has been raised by the Indians themselves. Many of these Indians, especially the ones from the Osage tribe in Oklahoma, owners of oil lands, are wealthy.

The rich Indians have offered to help their brethren of other tribes who are poor to preserve their customs. The result will be that some tribes from the eastern parts of the United States, whose tribal culture is lost in part, will be able to reconstruct their ancient and picturesque legends and reclaim their lost rituals and art forms.

Within the next year the great trek toward the Indian League of Nations village will begin. Wrinkled old men of the Mohawk tribe, proud Navahoes from the desert, Blackfeet from the north, and the highly advanced Pueblo dwellers from New Mexico and Arizona tribes will march toward the new haven, carrying the rich lore of the ages.

Squaws will carry their babies, some young braves will ride their Pinto ponies, others will come by train. They will arrive in glittering attire, wearing the ancient feathered head-dresses of their various tribes, wrapped in gaily colored blankets.

In the village they will build their own kind of homes—tepees or adobe dwellings. Their children will be taught the beautiful ceremonial dances which distinguish so many of the tribes, the wisdom of the medicine men will be set down in books, and the ancient customs of government will be revived and explained.

On this page you will see a drawing of the village as it will look when completed. A large theatre where Indian folk-plays can be given will have an important place in the undertaking.

Tsianina, the chief founder of the plan, is a recognized authority on Indian culture. She was the only woman invited by Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work to serve on an advisory



Miss Lois Bramlette, an Indian Girl Who Recently Participated in a Native Folk Play Presented by Members of Her Race at Palm Springs, Cal., on the Edge of the Mohave Desert.

council on Indian affairs. She explains her mission partly by saying:

"Before my mother died she gave me this passing thought: 'Take what is best of the white man's civilization, but retain what is best of Indian culture.'"

With this high purpose in mind Tsianina set herself resolutely to the task of reclaiming the lost cultures of her race. She is gifted as a singer, and her musical work brought her into contact with Charles Wakefield Cadman, foremost adapter and composer of Indian music.

Mr. Cadman proved a valuable collaborator and wrote the Indian opera "Shanewis," which is founded upon Tsianina's life. It was presented at Hollywood, Cal., before 47,000 persons, the largest audience ever to hear an opera.

Then Tsianina visualized the plan which she has made her ultimate goal, and which is about



A Group of Pueblo Indian Warriors from a New Mexico Tribe Enacting a Picturesque Ceremonial Dance of the Sort That Will Be Revived in the Culver City Colony.



Apache, 6,000 in Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma.
Arapaho, 1,400 in Wyoming and Oklahoma.
Assiniboin, 1,300 in Montana.
Blackfeet (Piegan), 2,200 in Montana.
Cayuse, less than 100 and scattered.
Cheyenne, 2,000 in Montana and Oklahoma.
Cherokee, 30,000 in Oklahoma and North Carolina.
Chickasaw, 4,000 in Oklahoma.
Choctaw, 19,000 in Oklahoma and Mississippi.
Comanche, 1,100 in Oklahoma.
Crows, 20,000 in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin.
Creek, 7,000 in Oklahoma.
Crow, 1,700 in Montana.
Hopi, 2,500 in Arizona.
Kansa, 800 in Kansas.
Kiowa, 1,300 in Oklahoma.
Menominee, 1,400 in Wisconsin.
Mission, 3,300 in California.
Mohave, about 350 in New York.
Mohave, 1,000 in California and Arizona.
Navajo, 30,000 in Arizona and New Mexico.
Nasapese, 1,300 in Idaho.
Ojibwa, 1,100 in Nebraska.
Oneida, 2,300 in Wisconsin and New York.
Onondaga, 575 in New York.
Osage, 2,800 in Oklahoma.
Ottawa, 3,700 in Michigan.
Palute, 4,000 in Nevada and California.
Papago, 5,000 in Oregon.
Pawnee, 7,000 in Arizona.
Pima, 6,000 in Arizona.
Potawatomi, 2,400 in Kansas and Wisconsin.
Pueblo, 8,000 in New Mexico.
Shawnee, 1,300 in Oklahoma.
Shoshoni, 1,900 in Wyoming and Idaho.
Sioux, 20,000 in North and South Dakota.
Seminole, 1,500 in Oklahoma and Florida.
Seneca, 2,800 in New York and Oklahoma.
Tuscarora, about 400 in New York.
Ute, 2,500 in Utah.
Winnebago, 1,800 in Nebraska and Wisconsin.
Yakima, 1,200 in Washington.
Zuni, 1,600 in New Mexico.

Although Advancing Civilization and Enforced Confinement Have Done Much to Thin the Ranks of the Indians, There Still Are a Goodly Number in the United States. The Above Map Shows Their Number and the Chief Points of Distribution. In the New California Colony Representatives Will Be Brought from Each of These Tribes.

who is ashamed of his nativity. Thus the establishment of the new colony savors of the romance of a dream come true. And one of the first purposes of the colony will be to correct erroneous impressions about the Indian that have taken root in the white consciousness. These impressions have caused intelligent Indians much discomfort.

First, Indian leaders hope to show, through this working model of their civilization, that the Indian is not, and never was, a barbarian, as many have been led to think. Through Indian ceremonies, and proper explanation and development of them, enthusiasts of the colony hope to show the symbolic side of Indian culture, as well as the necessity for many of the strange Indian rites.

One of these is the practice of self-punishment. Indian leaders point out that ceremonies involving self-punishment were a natural development among a race called upon to withstand the rigors of life afield, and that the fundamental object of these ceremonies was to train the Indian to withstand the hardships which he encountered in every-day life. It is a source of regret to Indian leaders that these ceremonies have been looked upon as evidences of a savage race.

The development of Indian music will be another important phase of the colony, and as a chief adjunct to this purpose the theatre is planned. Here Indian music will be presented in fitting fashion. It is the contention of the Indians that their music, or at least that part of it which flourished before the white man took from them their heritage of the soil, is not sad, but mysterious instead. It is said to resemble the ancient Semitic and later Greek forms, with progression in minors and whole-tone values.

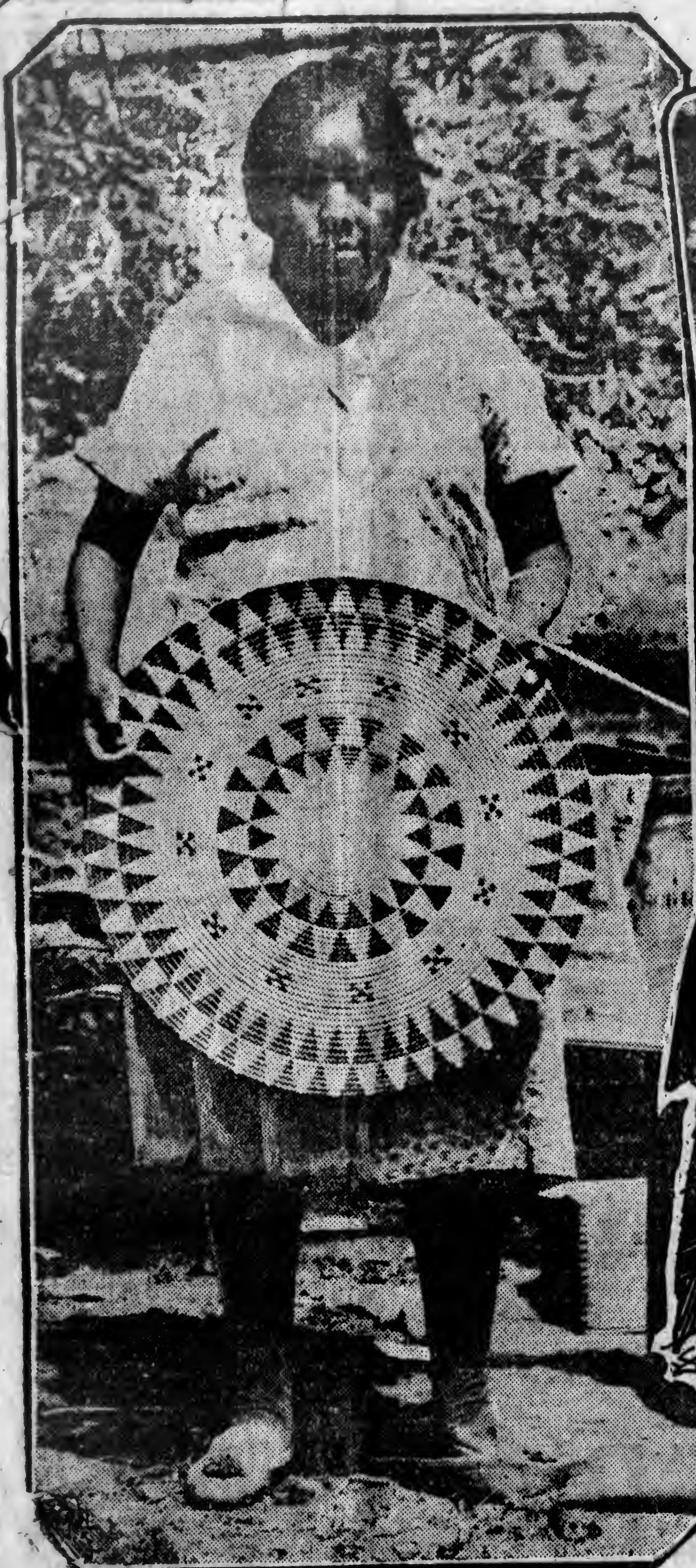
The religious beliefs of the Indian also will receive attention in the colony. It has been pointed out that the Indian religion is one of the most simple beliefs, incorporating a wealth of imagery and fascinating ritual which may be favorably compared with the religions of other races.

It is a singular fact that only one Indian tribe has developed an alphabet. The other tribes have handed down their history from generation to generation in colorful legend, and these legends have, of necessity, been unusually exact. Welding these legends into a compact and durable whole will be another undertaking of the colony.

According to present plans each of the tribes surviving in this country will be represented in the California village by a small group. Many Indians, interested in the development and preservation of the more fundamental Indian characteristics, have offered to represent their respective tribes. These groups will live within the bounds of the colony. Here they will assert their individuality, each tribe retaining its distinctive customs, ceremonies and modes of life.

The tribal representatives will be brought together only in the presentation of Indian folk plays founded upon the deeply spiritual currents common to all the tribes. The colony will be governed by a board of directors composed of the Indians themselves.

MOUNTAINSIDES OF BEAUTY FOR CALIFORNIA MOTORISTS



YE-I-KUM—TULE INDIAN BASKET MAKER.



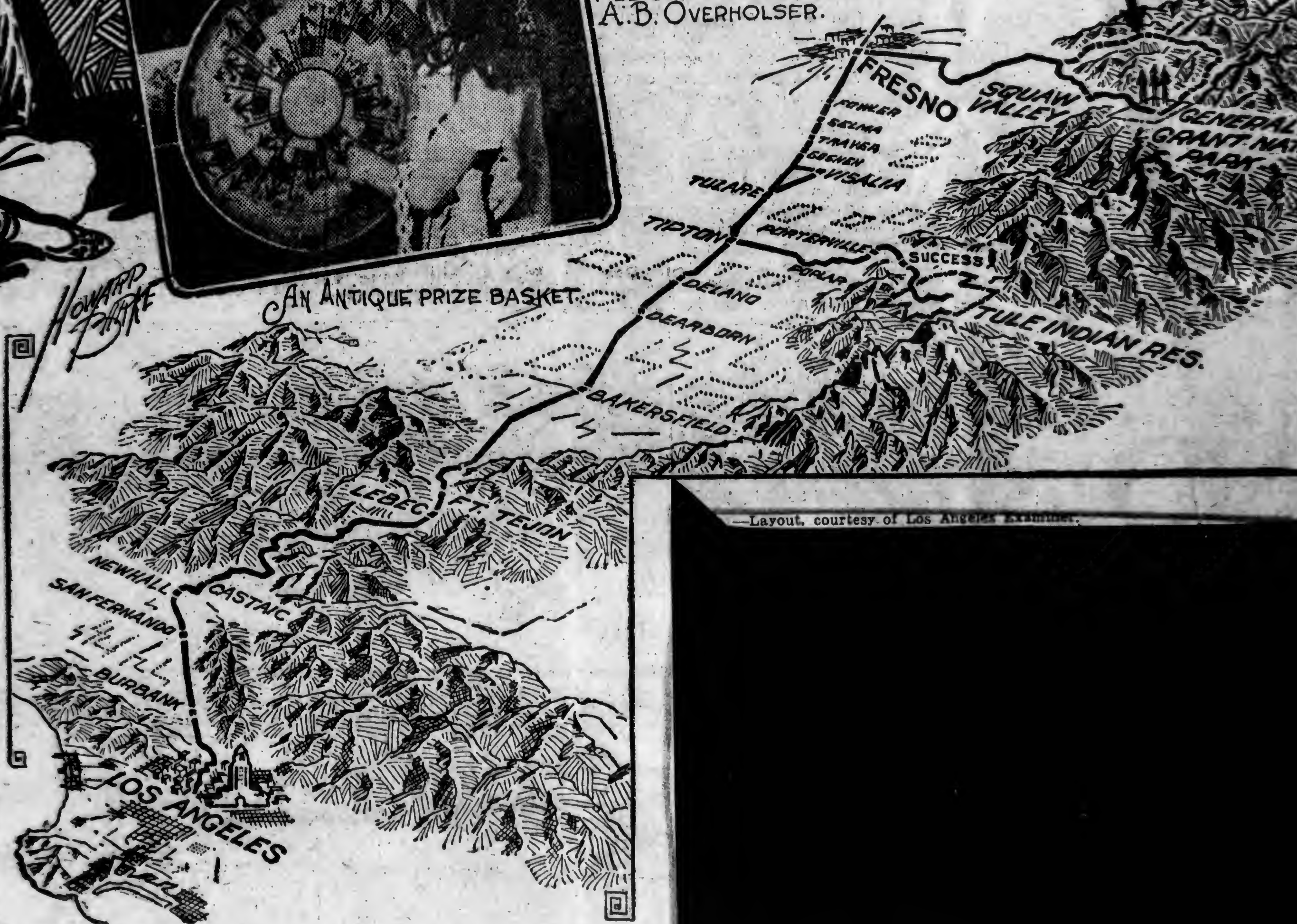
INDIAN SCHOOL
ON TULE
RESERVATION.



PART OF SQUAW VALLEY BASKET
COLLECTION WITH CHIEF BOB,
MEDICINE MAN AND MRS.
A.B. OVERHOLSER.



CAN ANTIQUE PRIZE BASKET.



Layout, courtesy of Los Angeles Examiner.

New National Parks Highway Opens Paradise Accessible Before Only to Pack Trains

TRAVELING the base of great towering granite walls, skirting the rushing waters of Kings river, penetrating heavy timber flats and opening up to motorists an outing paradise that has been accessible only to pack trains, the new highway leading from General Grant National park off the slopes of the high Sierras will take its place among the world's most scenic highways. Work was begun last year by the state and, it is expected, will require two more years to cover the 40 miles of unusually heavy construction.

The first 12 miles of the new Kings River highway from General Grant National park to Hume has been in for some time. This first section follows ridges at an average elevation of more than 6500 feet through giant sequoias, pines, tamaracks and white oaks. At Hume, where the new work has been begun to carry the Kings River highway to the intersection with the General Grant National park road at Centerville, thus completing a loop, descent is made into the gorge, which is followed most of the remaining distance.

WHEN the new highway is completed the motorists may have the choice of two entrances to General Grant National park which is 63 miles east of Fresno. While the park famed for its big trees has been accessible practically all winter, the formal opening will be May 15. By that time, according to the motorogue party in a Marquette sedan, the park lateral leading out of Fresno will be in splendid condition for the motor rush.

The motorogue party found that motorists this spring are being greeted by a greater wealth of wild flowers than ever before in the San Joaquin valley and the lower reaches of the Sierra foothills.

The late rains and warm weather have brought forth great fields of purple Lupin, evening primrose, paint brush and star flowers while the poppy areas have been refreshed. Approaching the Sierra foothills east of Fresno the countryside is white with snowdrops. Add to this the orchard blooms of the ranches and the red buds in the canyons to complete one of the most entrancing floral pictures that Frankland says he ever saw.

WHILE the white man put his clothes on the Indian, gave him houses in which to live and brought his diet up to a more sanitary and varied standard, the elder Indian has been left untouched and unworried. They retain the trait of their ancestors. He does not mind what the white man thinks of him. He has his own ideas of the white man and all this hustles and strife which makes up modern life.

Basket weaving was the work of the squaw and the youngsters of the tribes do not look with any interest or favor on learning this art as their ancestors did. In fact, basket weaving has been made a compulsory course at the Tule Indian reservation, which the party also visited on this trip, 16 miles east of Porterville. It is the hope to preserve this dying art by instructing the children as a part of the school work. Left alone, the younger generations wouldn't have it.

Ye-I-Kom, an Indian teacher who is adept in the weaving art and who has produced some of the finest specimens of baskets in design, coloring and workmanship, is instructing the Indian children.

BASKET weaving is an Indian form of story-telling. For aside from the utility of the basket, which have wide uses even to cooking, the designs on the baskets carry out legends and chronicles of events.

The Squaw valley has been inhabited by Indians ever since long before the white man came. It derived its name from the fact that when the Indians went on hunting trips or out to do battle, the squaws and children were grouped together in the valley, a beautiful area of about a mile and a half square hidden among the foothills and thickly studded with white oaks.

The larger part of the remaining Indians in the valley are of the Cho-Kai-Mi-Na tribe which retain certain of the old customs and rites. For instance, one of the few remaining "medicine men" still "practicing" is here in Squaw valley. He is called "Doctor" Bob and is 98 years old, the Indians say. "Doctor" Bob himself was uncertain as to his age when asked by "Outdoor" Frankland. "Me very old," was the withered medicine man's closest estimate.

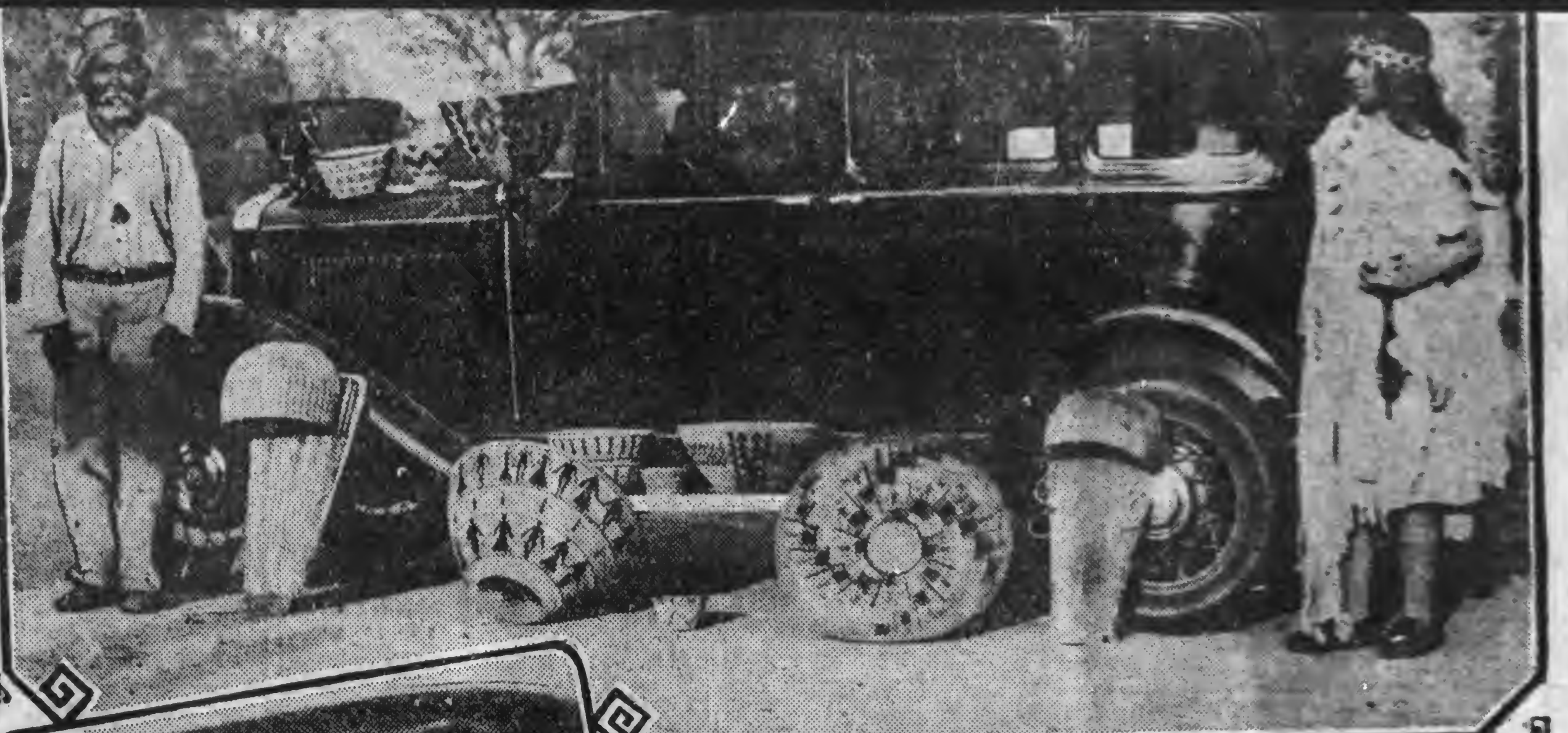
Surrounded by towering granite walls echoing to rushing waters, a motorogue party, in a Marquette sedan from the Robert D. Maxwell company, visited the new highway at Grant National park. When completed this new road which begins at Hume, will give motorists a choice of two entrances to the national playground, which is 63 miles from Fresno, and is expected to be ready for the formal opening of the park May 15. Going direct to Fresno over the Golden State highway, the party found fields of flowers in purple and evening primrose and halted at Squaw valley and watched the Indian basket weavers at work.



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GOING direct to Fresno over the Golden State highway (the more romantic name for the inland route) the motorologists found the fields of flowers at the height of their beauty just after leaving Grapevine and dropping down into the San Joaquin valley. At Fresno, Frankland turned the Marquette east over the General Grant National park highway to visit the park. But the party was halted at Squaw valley by the largest privately owned Indian basket collection in the world, containing more than 500 specimens.

This is the display of Mrs. A. B. Overholser who has been a resident of Squaw valley more than 20 years. It is in this little valley where Indian basket weaving has preserved. And there are only three weavers left, one estimated to be nearly 100 years old.

Indian basket weaving is one of the threads which the white man is now trying to follow back to tribal days. The customs, arts and native activities of the California Indian have largely vanished with the hordes who once peopled the coast in their interesting and unconcerned way.

The California Indian, for the most part, was unlike his brother of the plains. He did not have the disposition or desire of achievement to make him an irritable warrior. The tribes did fuss back and forth and at times were agitated to combat, but as a whole they were easily satisfied lotus eaters and conservative in mental as well as physical energy.

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A NEW DAY FOR THE INDIAN



Wide World Photos.

Chiefs of a tribe of famous Indians form the picturesque group overlooking a scene reminiscent of their forefathers' fight against the advance of the white man.

NOT long ago a descendant of our original American population (who, incidentally, as a nationally known publicist, has a hard-earned income of several thousand dollars a week) remarked that the greatest mistake the Indians ever made was in permitting the Mayflower to land!

There was painful truth in Will Rogers' witticism, as there is truth in many others from the same source.

Within the last few weeks, however, certain events have occurred which, if they had been portrayed for the motion picture screen by some of my California fellow citizens, probably would have been subtitled: "Came the Dawn, for the Indians."

Between the dawning of a new era for nearly a third of a million people, most of whom are now wards of the Federal Government, and the day when they will be firmly established as economically independent, free citizens, perhaps a generation will lapse.

Here is one of the most interesting human problems the administration in Washington has to solve. It is a problem made up of 200 distinct tribal groups, speaking more than 50 languages or dialects and living in more than two score States.

Let me put that problem in human terms, rather than statistics. Here, for instance, are 100 dark, bright-eyed Indian boys and girls, from 5 to 14 years of age, on a Western reservation. A few of them have parents who can speak, read or write English; most of them have not. Some of them have parents who are economically independent—earning a living without drawing on tribal funds or depending on Government bounties or loans. Many have not. Some of them will have substantial inheritances of land; many will not. All of these children are wards of the Government in faraway Washington, for the reservation was established by compact with the tribe many years ago, when ancestors then living were moved in a body from another part of the country that white men wanted to settle and put under the plow.

Now the job of the Government is to educate those 100 bright-eyed children of a race that seems "alien" to the governing one—which is really alien itself. For many years past the Government has been maintaining

By Ray Lyman Wilbur,
United States Secretary of the Interior.

schools and educating Indian children, and adults, too, in a fashion, but still there are scores upon scores of thousands of Indians who cannot speak, read or write English and who cannot earn their own living.

Shall we send these Indian children to a Government boarding school just for their own race, as in the past? Or shall we try to secure entrance for them in the public schools of the surrounding counties, there to mingle with another race?

WE know from our experience of decades that the Indian education of the past has failed—not that the children and older Indians did not learn what was in the books, but that this kind of education did not fit them to go out into the world about the reservation and become self-supporting. Thousands and thousands of Indians have been educated—then gone back to a primitive, tribal existence, because they were still strangers to the white civilization that surrounded the reservation.

Now multiply those 100 children by several hundred and you will still not have the full measure of our national Indian problem. For, in addition, there are thousands of full grown adult Indians who, to a large extent, are dependent upon the Government for their existence. Many of them are willing to work, but do not know how or where; others feel that the Government owes them a living.

What are we to do with these thousands of people and their descendants? Shall the Federal Government at Washington continue, generation after generation, to maintain a guardianship and protectorate, to spend millions from the Federal Treasury without substantially benefiting those upon whom the money is spent?

These are the problems, or some of them, relating to the Indians, that we have had to face in the two years the present national administration has occupied office.

Again let me reduce the problem to actual human

dimensions. Here, for example, is an Indian family in Arizona, in the most dire need. They are merely existing in a wretched hut, with no windows, with a dirt floor, the father afflicted with tuberculosis, the children with trachoma that threatens the destruction of their eyesight. They have no material resources worth mentioning. The Government provides hospital care, furnishes needed food, arranges for future support until tribal conditions improve.

This is the problem of the Federal Government by virtue of the fact of an old Indian treaty, making these people wards of the Government. Yet not a hundred miles away, in a populous city, is a family of white people in similar circumstances—but for whose economic welfare the Government will not be held accountable. Certainly the plight of many Indians is nothing less than tragic; yet, just as certainly, a bad condition has been exaggerated and made to seem universal.

The fact is that there are many Indians who may be said to be "suffering" from too much affluence! While the agents of the Indian Bureau are doing all that is possible to assist the unfortunate family I have mentioned, other agents are attempting to dissuade another group of Indians—father, mother, two sons and two daughters—from buying six separate and distinct new limousines with the proceeds of an oil lease that may or may not continue to yield large returns.

Such economic contrasts may be found in any large city, in almost any countryside, among people of the white race. Disease, poverty and misfortune know no barriers of race, color, nationality or creed. Yet we are charged with—and feel—a singular and compelling national responsibility with respect to the troubles of descendants of the original Americans; for, whether wisely or otherwise, we have assumed to exercise a guardianship over the Indian people.

As a physician I have been called upon, in early days of practice, to deal with troublesome dislocations of human anatomy. Now, as the head of a department of the Government, it is my duty to deal with a vast human dislocation—the economic dislocation of a race.

Such economic dislocations, unfortunately, are not rare. I have lately seen such a dislocation in the visit

with President Hoover to the Virgin Islands. There a change from the use of coal to fuel oil and the equipment of ships with radio facilities have dislocated the island population economically. Ships no longer stop regularly at the islands for coal, provisions and cable messages. Result: A large number of people are without the means of earning a livelihood.

Similarly, an economic dislocation occurred after the Civil War—millions of colored men and women made "free," but given no property or means to make a living.

So it has been with the Indians—an economic dislocation that has made them more or less dependent on the Government. When the white men came the Indian possessed America. He was free to roam, to hunt, to fish, to live a nomadic life. He was a member of a tribe, with a common supply of food, a common hunting ground. What belonged to one belonged to all. There was no spirit of acquisitiveness; no acquirement of much property by an individual for his own use and benefit; no provision for the future of the individual.

The white men who came to settle the country and continued to come by the millions were nothing like this. They wanted property; fixed rights, fixed boundaries; their own possessions of land, timber, water rights, mines and oil wells.

The result was, in brief, that the Indians were crowded into corners—corners called "reservations"—that might be hundreds of square miles in extent, to be sure, but were close quarters nevertheless for a people that had had the run of all America. Some of the "corners" consisted of desert land; some, the white man later discovered, contained things he needed and wanted—streams for irrigation, for power purposes; gold, oil, lead, zinc and rich soil for wheat. So the Indian has been under constant economic pressure from without—and from within, too, because we tried to make a farming and "fixed" population out of a race of wanderers who had always considered the growing of hay and grain "squaw's work."

And so the Indian was dislocated economically. For years those who wanted what he possessed—and usually succeeded in getting it in one way or another—were given to saying: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." And our forefathers too often practiced what they preached.

From that extreme and unjust view we have swung to another extreme: one which makes the Secretary of the Interior of the United States and those associated with him virtually guardians of two hundred and more thousand Indians, responsible for their education, economic welfare and happiness.

Today I may be called upon to appoint a principal Indian chief of an Oklahoma tribe; tomorrow I may be called upon to act as arbiter of the conflicting claims of the two husbands (past and present) of a 20-year-old Indian girl, whose funds in the amount of nearly \$400,000 are in the custody of the Interior Department. Day in and day out the officials of the department's Indian Bureau must decide such questions as whether John Tall Horse in Minnesota shall lease his allotted farm or be required to work—or at least keep—it himself; whether Henry Whitetree, in Oklahoma, shall be permitted to dispose of immensely valuable rights or be kept under close guardianship.

And Congress, year after year, for decades has passed thousands of laws relating to and governing the Indians and their affairs, so that a few dollars were appropriated for this school, some hundreds for a road improvement, some thousands for another purpose—and a general hater kept on everything relating to the Indians, for their protection, but to their hurt and detriment nevertheless. It is humanly impossible to exactly "budget" a great family of two or three hundred thousand people widely scattered under varied circumstances of location, weather and natural abilities. So some Indians had too much; many too little—and very few of them had any real chance to become independent, self-supporting, self-sufficient citizens.

THEN, too, during nearly a hundred years of national administration of Indian affairs there were more than 30 commissioners in charge. Always there was pressure from without to dispossess the Indian of what he had that was of value. That anything at all remains of the Indian speaks well for the honesty of purpose of most of the administrations that held office during the last century.

The fact is that property still held by the Indians is worth, at varying valuations, from \$1,000,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000. Some of the land occupied is little more than desert waste. Other land is worth many thousands of dollars an acre—because of minerals beneath the surface. So the Indian is not a pauper; though, lacking the knowledge or disposition to use his property or abilities to be self-sustaining, he is in economic distress in many cases.

Take John Blackfoot, a bright Indian boy, for example. He was educated by white men's methods at a Government school for a dozen years. But when school was over the Government made no effort to find a job for John in line with his training or abilities. He had no actual contact with the world outside the Indian school and reservation. He was as much a stranger here, almost, as a 16-year-old white American boy deposited in the middle of China and expected to make a living unassisted. The result was that John, like thousands of others, simply returned to the tribal reservation and became a "blanket" or teepee Indian again. In many cases tribal procedure upon their return required the burning of their "store clothes" and the purification of the wearer from all white contamination.

In some cases the Government schools and other institutions were such as to justify Indian wrath and dread. Congress, in session at a great distance and engrossed with national problems of greater importance, failed to make sufficient appropriations in some instances. Result: Some Indian children had to subsist on such food as could be bought for 11 cents a day.

New eras do not just happen; they are brought about by planning and thought. They do not come suddenly; they do not change everything overnight. So with the change in Indian affairs. When President Hoover came into office two years ago he very promptly said: "The fundamental aim of the Bureau of In-



Chief Two-Gun-White-Calf, whose famous profile can be found on any buffalo nickel.

By Acme.

dian Affairs shall be to make of the Indian, a self-sustaining, self-respecting American citizen just as rapidly as this can be brought about, and in order to bring this about it will be necessary to revise our educational program into one of practical and vocational character, and to make plans for the absorption of the Indian into the industrial and agricultural life of the Nation."

We have been working ever since to transmute that Declaration of Independence for the Indians into actuality. We have made substantial progress. There were more than 5,000 employees of the Indian Bureau who had to be imbued with the new spirit. Some were unfitted for the work of making the Indian economically self-sufficient. They had to be shifted to other work or replaced.

There were hundreds of reservations and tribes to be considered and dealt with in different ways. The Indians in Dakota were in different circumstances, for instance, from the Navajos. The latter occupy a reservation in contiguous parts of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah that has an area of approximately 25,000 square miles—about the size of the State of West Virginia. In times past they have had a million head of sheep, besides horses, cattle and goats. Yet they furnish problems for the Federal Government.

Some of the Indians need education that will fit them to make a living outside the reservations. Others need education that will enable them to make use of the resources of the tribes in the way of land, timber and water. Many need health care, for there are two great scourges that decimate the Indians: Tuberculosis and trachoma.

Is there any use in attempting improvement? Is the Indian capable of advancement?

The answer to both questions is an emphatic "Yes!"

THE Indian cannot be made into a successful imitation of the white man. But his own abilities and talents can be successfully developed.

Consider the case of George La Vatta, an Idaho Indian boy who grew up on the Fort Hall Reservation. After leaving the Government boarding school he lapsed into idleness for several years. Doing nothing finally became tiresome, so he applied for work at the Union Pacific Railroad shops in Pocatello, Idaho. The foreman didn't want to hire him because he believed Indians were naturally lazy and would not work. But finally George was given a job with a mop, cleaning up the shop.

When George had proved that he would work he was given a job as machine helper. He became a skilled machinist and served 10 years in the shop. He brought other Indian boys into the shop—and they made good. His success attracted our attention and he was made a placement officer in the Indian service to bring together Indians and the jobs they could perform. He is finding work that the Indians can do—and they are doing it.

Dr. Eri Bates, formerly with Cornell University, proved in a practical way the agricultural capacity of the Indians in New York State, who, by the way, are not under Federal supervision. Mohawk Indians developed fine dairy herds; in six years the Tuscarora Indians of one county, starting with 350 fruit trees, developed orchards with more than 7,200 trees. Dr. Bates believes in making the Indian a better red man rather than an imitation white man. We have borrowed him from the university to assist the Government in working out a practical educational program for the Indians everywhere.

In Minnesota a fisheries association composed exclusively of Indians—several hundred of them, many of whom spoke only the Indian tongue—marketed in a single year a million pounds of high-grade fish with a profit to them of \$100,000.

A large group of Indians were successfully trained to handle the machine drills in the building of the gigantic Coolidge Dam.

In Pittsburgh and Detroit boys from Indian training schools are doing technical and shop

work of the highest character in electrical and automobile manufacturing plants.

In Colorado the Government advanced some Ute Indians money for a start in sheep-raising. The Indians made a profit of \$10,000 the first year, with an estimated profit of \$25,000 the year following.

These are mere random examples of the capacity of Indians for improvement and advancement. They are practical proofs that these descendants of the original Americans need not always be wards or stepchildren of the Nation.

The beginning of the new era for the Indians was evidenced by the creation a few weeks ago of what we term a "human relations" organization in the Indian Bureau. We have separated the work for human advancement—for education, health and agricultural training—from the property problems of the Indians; the irrigation and power projects, the forestry work, the legal and accounting administration.

We have secured from Congress appropriations that will provide adequate food for Indian children in the schools. Better still, we have secured money to hire the kind of teachers who will teach the Indians to become self-reliant and self-supporting.

We are securing the co-operation of State and local authorities so that more Indian children may attend public schools. Thus they will become a part of the community life—enjoy all the opportunities for work and happiness that the community offers when school days end.

Sick and disabled Indians on the reservations and elsewhere are being given nursing and medical care and they are willing to accept the benefits of modern medicine.

Young Indians and older ones, too, who want work off the reservations are being helped to find jobs through placement bureaus we have established in the West.

We are getting rid of the bureaucracy which sometimes made it necessary for an Indian on a Western reservation to wait a couple of months for permission from Washington to draw enough from his guardianship fund to buy a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes! Yet we are strengthening the safeguards against fraudulent dissipation of tribal resources and of individual Indian funds.

Under Charles J. Rhoads, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Assistant Commissioner J. Henry Scattergood, the whole spirit of the Indian service has undergone a transformation. The new spirit carries with it a convincing promise of just and humane treatment for the wards of the Nation.

More than that. It carries the promise that the bureau will try to work itself out of existence within a generation by educating the Indians to become a free, independent, self-supporting people.

That is the new era for the Indians which is just beginning.

Dairy Farm Profits.

ONE of the most difficult tasks that have faced the Federal dairy expert is to convince the average dairy farmer that he ought to put his herds on a basis paralleling the piece-work basis of industry.

A cow is a cow to many farmers and not a producing unit which loses its value when the yield falls below the cost of production. The up-to-date farmer keeps charts on all the cows in his herd. It takes a bit more time, but these charts carry the secret of the success, if any, that the dairyman attains.

The charts show the daily yield of each cow and the butterfat test made twice a month. These two figures, together with the feeding figure, soon tell which cows are producers and which are boarders in the herd. A careful weeding-out process, eliminating the boarders, will soon raise a herd to an efficient basis.

As soon as a cow is milked the yield is weighed before being dumped into the cooling vats and a small sample of the milk is taken to be kept in a bottle containing a preservative for analysis every 15 days. The total milk at the fixed price per 100 pounds plus the differentials which may be allowed for excess butterfat over a given basis for payment will indicate just what the revenue from each cow is, and this figure minus the cost of the feed given the cow will clearly indicate which cows in the herd are worth while.

With as simple a system as this available, still many farmers decline to make the effort, and go on with the yield of a few fine individuals in a herd offset by the losing yields of cows better fitted for the butcher than the dairy.

Greater Snow Geese Protected.

ONLY one known flock of greater snow geese is still left in this country and these birds are being given the most careful protection both by officials of the United States and Canada through the action of the migratory bird treaty. This lone flock spends its Winters in North Carolina and Virginia, where local game wardens give it protection.

With the coming of Spring weather in April the birds feel the urge to go North and usually fly directly northward until they reach the St. Lawrence river. Here they turn northeast and follow the river to a group of small islands, where every year they stop off for a few days to rest and feed. While taking their "breather" they are under the care of the Quebec mounted police, who send a patrol to the islands.

Hunters in the past have taken an unfair advantage of the birds through resort to camouflage. The stream at this season is usually full of floating ice and the hunters, dressed in white and riding in white motor boats, approach close to the flocks before the birds realize that an enemy is at hand. Because of the rarity of the greater snow geese, particular pains are being taken to perpetuate the flock and perhaps bring about an increase which will later permit hunting of the birds.

Other birds found on the islands with the greater snow geese are the Canada goose, brant, black duck, pintails, mallards and teal.

Platinum Value Increases

PLATINUM, highly prized because of its comparative rarity, a value enhanced by its employment in higher-priced jewelry, has become even more important to industry and in many of its most important uses no substitute can be used.

This precious metal is one of a group closely allied in physical properties which make them unique as a group among metals. The others in the group include osmium, iridium, rhodium, palladium and ruthenium. They are all grayish white, lustrous, highly resistant to corrosion and, what is most important, highly resistant to heat, melting only at very high temperatures.

Platinum is, of course, the most widely used of the group, with palladium second and iridium third. The latter, however, is second in importance because of its use in alloys with platinum. A survey of the platinum situation recently made by the Bureau of Mines reveals that 90,000 troy ounces of platinum are used every year in the manufacture of jewelry and the amount so consumed is increasing each year.

For many types of jewelry an alloy of platinum containing about 25 per cent of iridium is best suited because of its extreme hardness. This hardness permits a more extensive engraving of the jewelry. This same hardness, however, makes the alloy less suitable than pure platinum, which is more ductile, for settings of gems which may have to be reset from time to time.

The use of platinum in electrical work is

more or less common, the metal being found exceptionally efficient for contact points in various types of apparatus.

The chemical industry finds platinum highly useful as a catalyzing agency, one of those mysterious substances which by their presence cause a chemical action without actually taking part in the action themselves. For an example, nitrous oxide gas and oxygen, when passed over heated platinum wires, become nitric acid, yet the platinum emerges from the process unchanged and undiminished. In the manufacture of sulphuric acid by the contact process between 500,000 and 600,000 ounces of platinum are now in use.

Iridium, because of its extreme hardness, is used as a tipping material for fountain pens and is also employed in the manufacture of particularly sharp surgical instruments.

Prior to 1914 Russia was the principal source of platinum, producing up to 300,000 ounces yearly. Since that time, however, the production has changed, according to the Bureau of Mines' survey. Colombia, South Africa and Canada are rapidly increasing their output and are bidding fair to fill the shortage left by the collapse of the Russian production to the 25,000 or so ounces turned out yearly at the present time.

What little platinum is produced in this country comes from California, Oregon and Alaska and this little could hardly be mined on a profitable basis if it were not obtained as a by-product of gold mining.

Noble Red Man Goes to Law--for a 3-Billion-Dollar Chunk of U.S!

*Long-Badgered Braves,
Now Wise in the
Ways of the White
Man, Sue to Win
Back Part of Their
Once Wide
Hunting
Grounds*

Seminole +



"SQUATTER"
According to Indian Claims, the Fine Miami Beach on Which Betty Dodge Sits Stringing Sea-Shell, Is Seminole Property! Fancy the Panic Among the Florida Bathing Beauties If the Braves Won Their Case!

EVERY school child knows the colorful, historic picture—the one which envisages today's remnant of a once noble race of redskins that swept an untrammelled continent on wild mustangs—hunting with the primitive bow and arrow, fishing in virgin streams, moving their teepees from mountain to valley as the seasons dictated. Indians who were masters of all they surveyed.

Subjugated by the white man with superior weapons, driven out of the lands of their forefathers, their hunting grounds converted to fields and cities, their proud spirit broken. So goes the tale.

And the sequel of the tale sees this once imperious race herded on barren reservations, stripped of every vestige of such freedom as they once enjoyed.

Sentimentalists have made much of this picture, and American sportsmanship of late years has been inclined toward a better "break" for Brother Lo. Many adjustments have bettered the state of the tribes, and legislation has conferred a legal status.

So, pitifully decimated though his ranks may be, the Indian is not through!



"ALL WE WANT IS 200,000 ACRES"
Sam Tommie, Spokesman of the Seminoles, Presents to Secretary Ickes a Proposal to Restore Lands Claimed by the Tribe.

PROUD SEMINOLE DICTATES TERMS—MIAMI THE STAKE!
Notable Pow-Wow Between Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes and Indian Braves from the Big Cypress Swamp in the Florida Everglades Brings the End of a 100-Year-Old Technical "State of War" Nearer.



nual sun-dance on the shores of Lake Worth, near West Palm Beach. Terms for a lasting peace between the whites and the Seminoles were translated by an interpreter. These terms specified return of the stipulated acreage and an indemnity of \$15 a month for each adult. The pipe of peace was smoked.

But the pow-wow brought a remarkable anti-climax. For from the deeper recesses of the big swamp came a rumble of protest, soon personified by a delegation of other Seminoles, numbering among them several lineal descendants of the great Ocoela, hero and martyr of the tribe.

Terming themselves the "hereditary and select headmen and councillors" of the tribe, and reaffirming the "state of war" which they insist still exists between the Seminoles and the United States, they stormed the chambers of County Judge Blanton of Miami to challenge the right of the Ickes conference to negotiate on behalf of the tribe. The status of these men, they said, was that of Creeks and of Seminoles who had married into the Creek "nation."

At packed council meetings in the big swamp, preceding the filing of the protest, indignation had run high—and in the shadows thrown by fitful campfires against the enflaming cypress wilderness of the swamp fastness, there seemed to hover the vengeful spirit of their long-dead great Chief Ocoela. Once, in spite of disdain and defiance, Ocoela had driven his sheath knife through a "scrap of paper" which President Andrew Jackson had dispatched, with an armed force, for him to sign.

And he had played, year in and year out, a stinging, punishing hide-and-seek game, costly in money, morale and men

to the pursuing and beleaguering forces sent to exterminate him. They would ever remember and charge up against the United States the shameful death of Ocoela, in chains in a military dungeon—an act for which their arch-foe, Jackson, and his paleface subjects and descendants, were forever to be held responsible.

Such was the temper of this protesting delegation—an obstacle to early and united action on this century-old "war," it would seem.

But other claims, besides those of the Sioux and the Seminoles, are taking their place, one after another, on court calendars and are receiving thorough airings, with every promise of fair adjudication.

These include land claims of the Wichitas in Texas (whence American troops herded them across the Red River), Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana, \$11,202,339; of the Lower Chehalis, Washington, \$8,250,000; of the Shoshones, for scattered Northwest lands, \$15,070,000; of the Cheyennes of Montana and the Arapahoes of Oklahoma, for dispossession of Minnesota lands, \$15,070,000; of the Creeks for Alabama holdings, \$20,084,500, plus \$150,000,000 interest and an item of \$167,237 for erroneous survey; of the California Indians, for an accounting in connection with lands confiscated during the gold rush of 1848 and the repudiation of eighteen different treaties; of the Chippewas (Pillager band), Minnesota, \$264,000; of the Choctaws, Mississippi, for redemption of scrip, to have been good for cash or land in Oklahoma, which induced them to move.

All of these claims rest upon the alleged legal basis that the United States Government recognized the Indian tribes as independent nations, under the sovereignty of the United States, in earlier treaties and agreements. When that practice was abated by Congress in 1871, endorsement was given to all such treaties made prior to that date—so that they are regarded by the claimants today as instruments and contracts conforming to the principles of equity.

Three billion dollars in Indian claims! Poor Lo? Well—maybe not so poor much longer!

GIFTS FOR WHITE SQUAW
Indian Girls Made This Doll for Mrs. Ickes, Who Added to Her Store of Tribal Lore by Attending the Annual Sun-Dance of the Seminoles.

broke reservation with an ostensible "hunting party," only to go on the war-path and vent his bitterness and that of his tribesmen by wiping out the Custer command, as a protest against intolerable conditions.

But in point of poetic rather than of practical justice, the claim of the Seminoles of Florida—a once rather arrogant tribe, now curiously referred to as "swamp Indians"—probably takes first rank. For the Seminoles thoroughly believe that time and modern developments haven't essentially weakened their original titles. They were robbed of certain lands, and they want those certain lands returned—some 200,000 acres! Included in such a grant, as a nucleus, is to be the Big Cypress swamp of the Everglades. In those jungle depths the Seminoles have immured themselves in sullen insularity since their guerilla warfare of a hundred years ago, against an ever-increasing influx of white settlers, gradually petered out. They've never formally made peace.

Now, deeding to the Seminoles these swamplands in itself would arouse little opposition—the leisure-loving, resort-running Floridian has no special hankering to tackle the job of clearing the jungle and reclaiming the marshes of this sultry cypress citadel. But something else again is the cloud which the claimants seek to cast upon the title to the regions that skirt the swamp—once mostly despised sand dunes, now the sites of Florida's loveliest beach-cities!

Miami and its famed beach, for instance, would revert to the Seminoles under such a realignment of territory—and the "swamp Indian" of Florida forthwith would take his place with the millionaire aborigines of Oklahoma, on whose crowded "waste land" grants (much to the chagrin of envious white neighbors) oil in profuse quantities was discovered.

There was a recent pow-wow between Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes and of Seminole Indians—at their an-



SARTORIAL STUDY—IN RED AND WHITE
Chiefs of Oklahoma Indian Tribes, Many of Whom Have Been Made Rich by Oil Discoveries on Their Lands, Meet United States Officials for a Conference.

Deprived apparently has speeded and sharpened his slow, methodical methods of reasoning. Recent legislation has given him new rights as a litigant.

And now he is going to fight the battle of his ancestors all over again—but not with arrows or bullets. He is going to fight in the white man's way to reclaim a part of the domain that once was his—through the law.

Leaders, spokesmen of a new order of things, have emerged from the rank and file of Uncle Sam's red-skinned hostages. Restitution—in lands or in cash indemnities—is their objective—based on perfectly legal premises, such as would win for any citizen, regardless of "creed or color, or previous condition of servitude," a hearing in a United States court.

And as a result of their efforts an amazing total of \$3,000,000,000 in Indian claims has been filed against the United States government! One-third of this huge amount is sought by the so-called Five Civilized Tribes—the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles—in 55 separate actions brought recently on their behalf. Vari-

ous so-called "wild" tribes—nomad bands that were shunted ruthlessly about the country as the white invader advanced ever further into their once happy hunting grounds—have filed a total of 29 suits, accounting for the other two-thirds.

The largest single cash item in these legally fortified statements of liabilities now plastered upon your Uncle Samuel—quite overwhelming evidence that the worm has turned—is that of the allegedly erstwhile blood-thirsty Sioux, who want \$867,000,000 for their ousting from the Black Hills, referred to as "the richest 100 square miles in the world," during the gold-rush days of 1868. Attorneys for this once proud "nation" readily admit that a "payonnet treaty" was signed by the Indians and that they were paid a pittance for that priceless gold domain; after they had been penned up by Federal cavalry on a barren reservation, where no hunting or fishing was pos-

RED EAGLE SPEAKS
The Chief and His Wife Meet John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at Muskogee, Oklahoma.

sible, it was a matter of "sign or starve," they insist. And a judicial and just viewpoint among the white-skinned arbiters of their red-skinned brethren's fate—strengthened with the passing of the years and the acquisition of a true perspective—sees merit in the argument. And it now looks upon the resultant "insurrection" of Sitting Bull, when he



Located at last, the remnants of the lost Apache tribe have been reported as being all women! Think of it—a community of women—the only one of its kind on this continent

BY BAILEY MILLARD

DO WOMEN RULE

Lost Apache Tribe?



APACHE WOMEN
SILHOUETTED AGAINST
THE SKY



GERONIMO: AMAZONS PROBABLY TRACE PROWESS TO HIM



RESERVATION APACHE WOMEN: ARE THEIR SISTERS STILL SAVAGE?

THAT lost tribe of Apache Indians of whom so many rumors have been circulated in the past ten years has been located at last. Members of it have been found in the mountains of Northern Mexico and, strange to relate, those discovered were all women! There are thought to be a few men hanging about, but they are the cringing subjects of wild Amazons.

The report of the finding of the female Apaches of the lost tribe comes from Dr. Helge Ingstad, a Norwegian ethnologist, who recently related to the officials of the Indian Affairs Office at Washington a fascinating tale of his search for and discovery of the savage band in the forbidding Sierra Madre range in Sonora.

The find was made in a particularly wild region 150 miles south of Douglas, Ariz.

Dr. Ingstad had previously reported the finding of vestigial traces of the existence of a red-haired white man who lived for many years with the lost Apache tribe, a remnant of Geronimo's

forces which roamed the Sonora wilds. This man, the explorer thinks, was the son of a New Mexican territorial judge captured by Geronimo more than fifty years ago.

When it was reported last summer that the Apache women had been seen near the line dividing the States of Sonora and Chihuahua, speculation arose in the Indian Bureau as to how they might be reached and returned to the United States. According to all accounts, this would be no easy task, as the little that was known of the band indicated that its members were savages of the wildest and fiercest kind and that it would be difficult to hold any sort of communication with them.

BUT Dr. Ingstad, doughty son of the old Vikings, undertook the risky job and with a small expedition set out last autumn to beat the bush for the untamed Apache ladies and in the ensuing months traversed many miles of rough country in a painstaking search for them. After a ninety-day hunt during which he found traces of their camp life, he came upon a party unmistakably composed of Apache women.

The worthy doctor was delighted. He had chased what some Mexicans had termed an "Indian myth" to its source, and it had proved to be no myth at all.

The Indian women were clad in skins and had primitive weapons. Not a trace of rouge or lipstick, no permanent waves,

no funny hats. But the learned ethnologist knew that bows and arrows were not to be lightly scorned, especially in the hands of wild girls who knew how to use them.

He approached the camp with extreme caution, instructing his followers not to shoot, as he was out to capture the Amazons and bring them back alive. But the wily women proved hard to catch. They had scented the white hunters from afar and on their approach gathered up their belongings, including a wee papoose, and fled. Fleet of limb and strong of lung were these red-skinned females, who soon were out of sight. Though their trail was pursued by the expedition for miles, they were not seen again.

Due to inclement weather and lack of supplies, the expedition returned to Douglas, Ariz., whence it had set out and, after a brief stay there, returned to Washington to report.

There is little doubt in the minds of experts of the Indian Bureau that the lost tribe so vainly pursued is a fragment of Geronimo's fierce band of marauders who were so long the scourge of the Southwest, and that its members have been in hiding for years in Northern Mexico. Dr. Ingstad says he saw no men in the group he surprised. He concludes from this and from other indications that there are few males in the lost tribe.

"The loss of man power," he says, "obviously has brought women into control of the tribe."

Think of it—a community of women—the only one of the kind on this continent!

The Indian Office is said to be preparing another expedition to root out the Apache remnant and return it to this country, where it will remain on some reservation. How will these wild females get along with the tame Indians they will find there?

NOW as to the antecedents of the lost tribe: When the United States, by the Gadsden purchase, first came to know the Apaches they numbered about 10,000, but in later years they became decimated by war and disease. The whole tribe went on the warpath in 1860, and the following year, because of the withdrawals of our troops from Arizona to fight in the Civil War, they murdered or drove out every white inhabitant of the Territory except a few hundred who took refuge in Tucson.

For years all progress was stopped in Arizona by one of the most bloody Indian wars in history. Every white immigrant family was waylaid and slaughtered. Men and women captives were outraged and then tortured to death by mutilation. About one thousand men, women and children perished.

One atrocity occurred in November, 1871, when a stage coach filled with pas-

CLOSE CALLS

BY GREGORY MASON

sengers on their way to California was riddled by a volley of shots from ambush. The driver and others of the coach were killed and a Miss Sheppard was wounded in the right arm. The girl was stowed under a seat in the coach by a passenger named Kruger, and when the Indians, who had assumed that the slaughter was complete, came trooping up to the stage doors, Kruger and the girl sprang up and presenting pistols, yelled loudly. The Apaches retreated, but returned after the white man and girl had fled up the road to safety. The savages gathered up \$12,000 in cash loot from the persons they had slain.

Then in 1872 Gen. George H. Crook was sent to the Territory with a band of troopers, and for a time he put an end to the depredations of the murderous band. He rounded them up and put them all on the San Carlos reservation. To this the Apaches dissented, as did also Crook and his immediate successor. These wise generals saw the folly of trying to coop the savages up at San Carlos, where there was poor hunting, and this judgment proved correct, as the Indians left the reservation time and again and renewed their outrages. For six years more there was a succession of bloody raids, and then Crook was ordered back to Arizona.

THE brave Crook, known to the Indians as Old Gray Fox, had reason to fear the tricks of the Apaches. Once he was fired at point-blank by a young Indian during a peace conference, but an officer on the general's staff struck up the barrel of the rifle and Crook's life was saved. In the ensuing fight the Indians were badly worsted, the survivors fleeing to the hills.

Victorio, a noted Apache chief, with a band of 400 redskins, broke from the reservation in 1879 and went on the warpath. The savages were chased into New Mexico, where they were attacked by a squadron of troopers which would have been wiped out, as the battle was a bloody one and against heavy odds, but for the timely appearance of another body of troops, with whose assistance they drove the Apaches into Mexico.

Victorio recrossed the border soon afterward and was soundly beaten by Crook's men. But he ran away and con-

I HAVE listened to many arguments as to whether sharks would attack men or not, but this particular argument was going on in the presence of the shark. He was a twenty-footer, sniffing around our schooner as we lay at anchor off the coast of Yucatan.

Some of us gringos feebly maintained that it was dangerous to play around with sharks, but when challenged by the natives in the crew to cite one authentic case of shark bite we could not.

"Every case you hear of where a man was bitten by a shark is a barracuda or something else, never a shark," said our pilot, Don Jose. He looked like a pirate, with his fierce, black, handlebar mustachios.

"Sharks live off carrion and dead things," he went on. "They are cowards. Bah, for a peso I would jump on that big fellow right now!" He pointed at the twenty-footer, loafing directly beneath us with only a foot of water over his back.

"Here's your peso." I pulled out an American half-dollar, good anywhere on this coast.

Joe was wearing only a blue cotton shirt and khaki pants. He pulled off the shirt, poised on the rail a second, then plopped feet first on the shark.

There was a big splash, but we saw the shark shoot off for the shadows behind some coral heads fifty yards away.

Jose came out, boasting and swearing. He denounced all the shark's ancestors from the time of Noah's ark on down. One of his feet was bleeding from contact with the skin of the big fish, which is like sandpaper. But he was very pleased with himself, particularly when I handed over the half-dollar, and then broke out a bottle of beer all around. He pulled the cap off the beer bottle with his teeth and growled:

"I told you they were cowards."

About the time we finished the beer a sailor yelled that the shark was back again. We got up off the gasoline drums and sauntered to the rail. There he was, in the same place, and more insolent than ever. Jose looked at me.

"Sure, another peso," I said.

"And another beer?"

"Sure."

continued his depredations, killing many settlers and burning their homes.

In the summer of 1880 Victorio was besieged by Mexican and American troops after he had been chased into Chihuahua, where he and his warriors were killed by the troops of Gen. Terrazas. When he fled into Mexico Victorio was accompanied by 100 braves and 400 squaws. As most of the male Indians were killed by the Mexicans, it is possible that some of these women or their descendants are among those of the Geronimo folk recently discovered by Dr. Ingstad.

Although the government had more than 2000 troopers in the Apache country in 1882, the Indians kept on with their fighting, not only slaying many of our soldiers but slaughtering prospectors and ranchers.

In one raid in 1883 a chieftain named Chatto captured a large party of woodchoppers and miners and tortured and killed them all. The slaying of the McComas family by Chatto's warriors was one of the most dreadful of southwestern

He did it again. But this time he borrowed a pair of straw sandals from a sailor before he jumped. And this time the shark shot away only about fifty feet.

I gave Jose a Mexican peso, which he took with a grumble. And we drank this beer standing up and watching the shark, although we were diverted for a minute when our hunting party came aboard the opposite side of the schooner from our dinghy. They brought back three wild turkeys and four wild pigs.

In hot weather on an empty stomach beer can hit you hard. Maybe mine hit me. Anyway, when that shark came



back to the same position, right under the rail, I suddenly saw red. I still had my hobnailed bush boots on—for I'd been ashore measuring a Maya temple in the morning—and I aimed to scrape that shark up some.

"A peso from you, Jose, if I kick him?"

"Sure," he replied.

I started for the rail. But one of the native boys who had been in the hunting party beat me to it. Pushing me aside he took one of the dead pigs and threw it right on the shark.

There was a little splash. Then a quick swirl of water and that pig was cut right in two!

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animal into smiling while death.

One could reasonably say that Miles's troopers, after a vigorous campaign, surrounded the Apache band and forced it to surrender after a number of the savages had escaped into Mexico. Many of the main band of Apaches were removed to Florida and afterward a consignment was sent to Oklahoma.

Squaws took an active part in some of the Arizona raids. Like other Indian women, they were adept in torturing white prisoners, submitting women to especially unmerciful cruelty.

Dr. Ingstad doubtless was right in attributing to the women of this race a wild fierceness which makes them a dangerous foe to encounter. If those found by him in Mexico are, as government officials believe, a remnant of Geronimo's band, they doubtless are as fierce as they make them.

"I am convinced," reports Dr. Ingstad, "that the only contacts they have had with so-called civilized man in the last fifty years has been in combat."

Bancroft pays tribute to the virtue of Apache women by saying: "It is a singular fact that of all the Southwestern tribes, the thievish, meat-eating Apache is almost the only one that makes any pretense to female chastity."

WHAT Explorer Ingstad says about combative contacts is substantiated by the reports of hunters and prospectors who have encountered the savage women, these wild creatures either standing their ground and giving battle or fleeing to the hills. If only a single intruder appeared on the scene, he was generally routed or slain. But if a party of armed hunters came in view of the hostile squaws they made tracks for convenient shelter.

The government's plan to capture the animal-like wanderers and bring them back alive looks like a hazardous one, and some folks see no good in it. But if they can be tamed, as have been the male Apaches now in Oklahoma, they may become as docile as their formerly fierce brothers. It was recently reported that the Apaches on the reservation in the Sooner State not only have adopted the white man's ways but have become quite "sissified."

Imagine what an old Arizonan who had fought these formerly wild Indians would say about a "sissified" Apache!



SCIENCE
AND FOOT HEALTH

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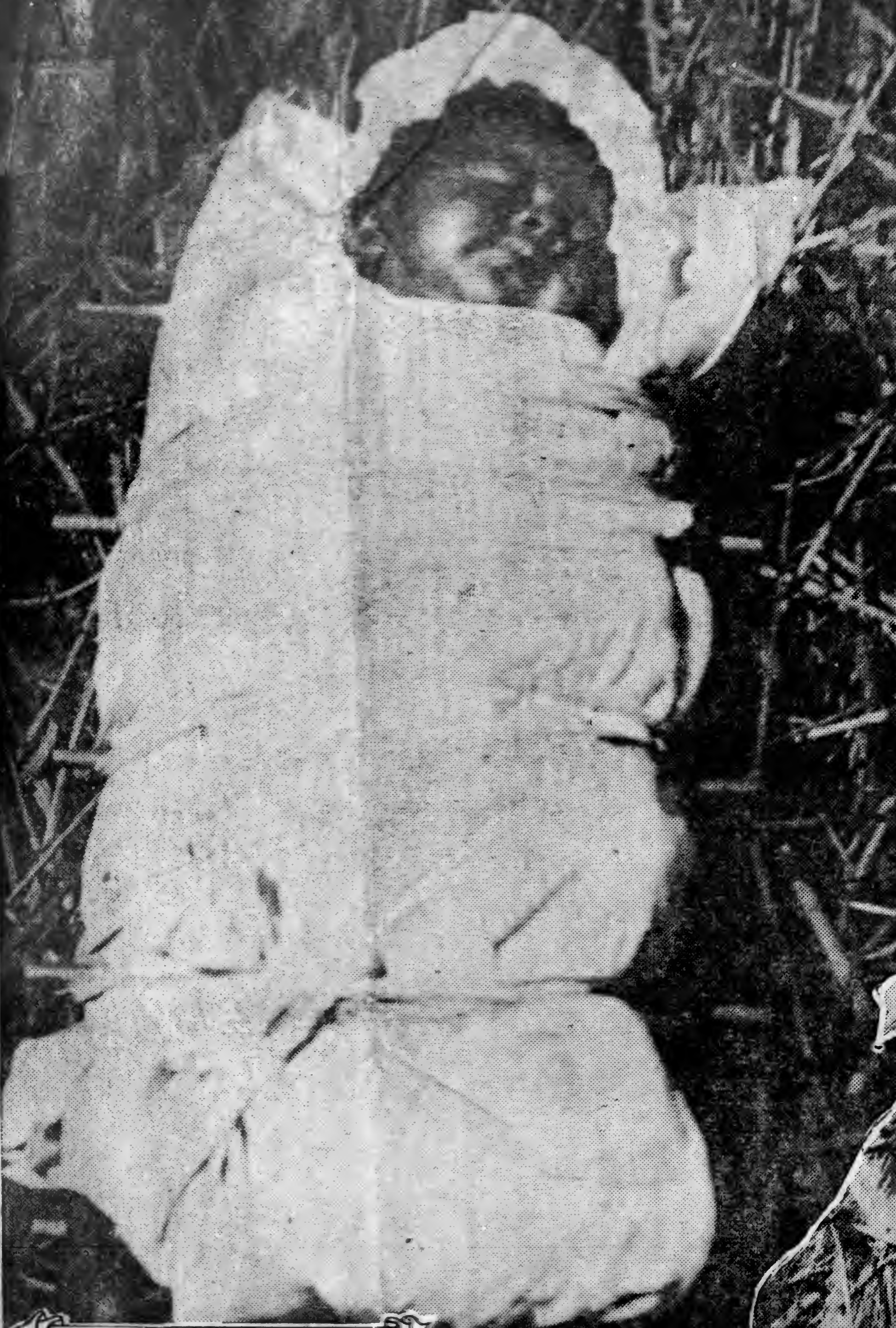
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THE INDIAN REMAINS IN THE PICTURE

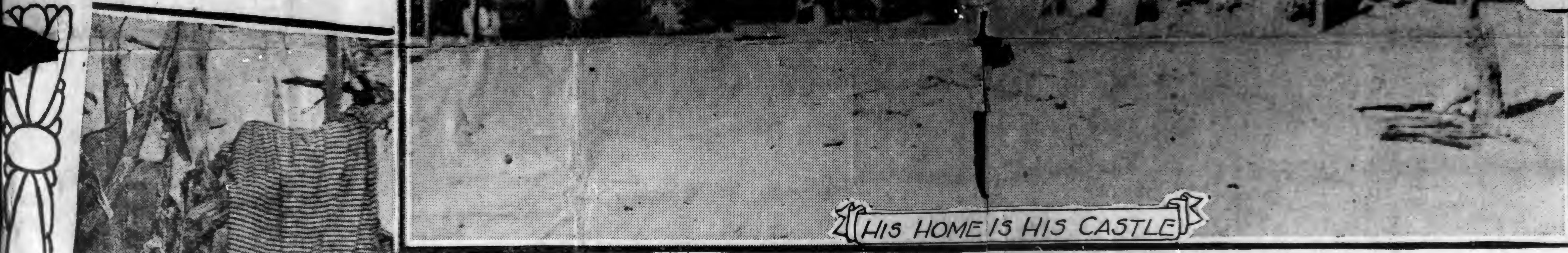
HERE AHEAD OF THE PADRES,
THE INDIAN OF TODAY FARMS ON
RESERVATIONS OF SAN DIEGO'S
BACK COUNTRY.



AN INDIAN "CRADLE"



A "WILD" INDIAN



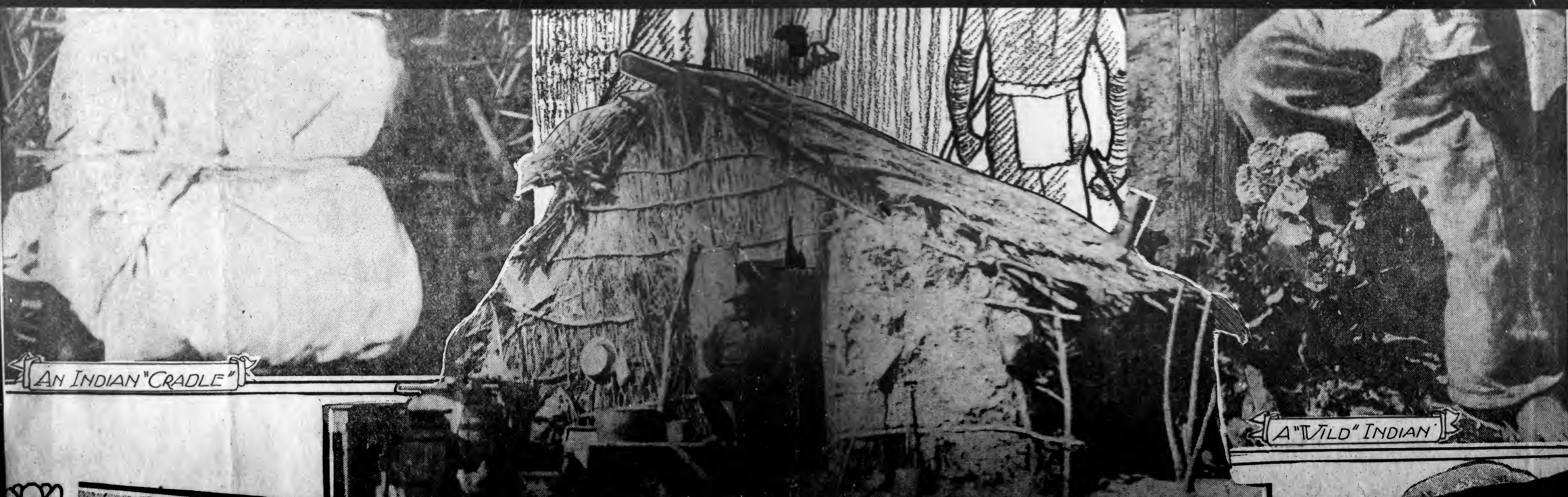
THIS HOME IS HIS CASTLE



Approximately 16,000 Indians live in California, of which 10 percent make their homes in San Diego county, according to recent statistics. This total for the county includes only those Indians who are officially enrolled as such, and does not include those who have left their reservations and inter-married with whites or non-enrolled Indians.

There are 16 reservations in San Diego county, known as Campo, Capitan Grande (El Capitan), Cuipaipe, Inaja (including Cosmit), Laguna, La Jolla (known also as Potrero), Lo Posta, Los Coyotes, Manzanita, Mesa Grande, Pala, Pauma, Rincon, San Pasqual, Santa Ysabel (known as Santa Santa Ysabel), Santa Ysabel 2, or Mesa Grande and Santa Ysabel 3, or Volcan, or Sycuan.

In San Diego county there are five government day schools, at Pala, Rincon, Mesa Grande, (Santa Ysabel No. 2), Volcan, (Santa Ysabel No. 3) and Campo. The attendance ranges from 12 to 15 at each school. There are grade schools, carrying the pupils to the domain, and since that time the reservations have been added to by lands purchased or reserved, until at the present time there are 111,726 acres of land in the 16 reservations. As an incentive to individual effort the government provided for ad-



AN INDIAN "CRADLE"

A "WILD" INDIAN



HIS HOME IS HIS CASTLE



"LINGERIE"



TRUE INDIAN TYPE

COASTAL REGIONS FINE FOR FLOWERING BULBS

The growth of flowering bulbs in the coastal regions of San Diego county, especially in the Encinitas and Carlsbad sections is having an interesting and rapid development. While this industry must be considered in the pioneer stage as yet, it gives promise of becoming a staple and profitable business in favored localities in the county. Bulb farming has the advantage of giving a high acreage return and is therefore adapted to small acreage. Investment per acre of bulbs runs high, the cost of planting an acre of narcissus, for example, being about \$2,000.00. Obviously anyone considering the raising of bulbs should have considerable capital available. Bulbs which have been produced successfully are narcissus, hyacinths, tulips, lilliums, iris, gladiolus, anemones, ranunculus, freesias

FINE CLAY HAND-SHAPED

The Indian olla was hand-shaped of fine clay in the lap of the old Indian woman who heaped bark about them after they were finished and baked them with a steady fire.

FIESTAS OF TRIBES

At the annual fiestas of the Mission Indians one will find representatives from Coachella, Temecula, Pala, Cahulla, Saboda, Inaja, Mesa Grande and other reservations.

FIRST MISSION BELLS

The church at Old Town has the first mission bells to be brought from old Spain to California.

and dahlias. Added impetus has been given to this development by the constantly tightening Federal quarantine on the importation of certain classes of flowering bulbs.

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CONSTRUCTIVE WORK DONE BY GOVERNMENT

Critics to the contrary, the government has been aid is now doing actual constructive work among the Indians. No dependent peoples have shown such progress during the past generation as the American Indians. After the Mexican secularization act, (of about 1830), the Indians scattered from the old missions, a great many going back to the, then, remote and almost inaccessible parts of the country. They lived unmolested for a number of years, but the gold rush days caused a great influx of whites, and, after statehood, a still larger number came. With them came the demand for land. The Indians had been living for years almost without contact with the whites, and had no knowledge of courts, laws, etc. When owners of land under Mexican grants were notified to come into the courts and obtain legal title under the new government the Indians remained in the hills, not knowing the necessity for obtaining title. Consequently, land occupied by them was proclaimed as public domain, and later homesteaded by whites. In an effort to remedy conditions, inspectors were sent by the government to report upon the matter.

This commission recommended that lands occupied by Indians on the public domain be patented to the band, or reserved for the use of the band by executive order: that lands occupied by Indians, but owned by whites be purchased, if possible, and exchanged. This report was approved by President Harrison on Dec. 1891.

Under this act, Jan. 12, 1891, patents were issued to the lands for the public use.

the domain, and since that time the reservations have been added to by lands purchased or reserved, until at the present time there are 111,728 acres of land in the 16 reservations.

As an incentive to individual effort the government provided for allotments of lands, that is, by dividing the reservations among the Indians in individual tracts, giving what is known as a "trust patent." This trust patent provides that the land shall be held in the name of the Indian, but exempt from all taxes, for a period of 25 years, or until the Indian has proven competency, and makes application for what is known as a "fee patent," which gives title in fee simple to the Indian owner—all government restrictions are removed. The allotments have proven a benefit, as can be observed at Pala and Morengo. The Indians, feeling that the land was theirs individually, and not owned by the tribe in common, erected their homes, tilled their fields, and progressed rapidly. Many can now take their places with whites on an equal footing.

FURTHER INCENTIVE HAS GOOD EFFECT

In 1916, as a further incentive to Indians, the government provided for what is known as the reimbursable plan. Under this plan congress appropriated considerable sums of money, running into the millions, which permitted an Indian to receive property, supplies, stock, etc., up to \$600 per head (more with special permission.) The purchases were made by the reservation superintendents at the request of the Indians. When received, the Indians signed agreements to reimburse the government for the various amounts within two, three, four or five years. This reimbursable plan carried no interest payments, only the actual amount extended was to be reimbursed by any Indian. While this plan applied to all the Indians in the United States, the San Diego Indians received their proportion of the amount, and further, they took advantage of the opportunity. At Pala considerable seed and implements were sold to the Indians, at other reservations, stock and fruit trees were sold. The nature of the supplies depended upon the location of the reservation. Some of the reservations have sufficient rainfall, and grow crops without irrigation, others are best adapted to stock raising, while others are irrigated.



SHEIK IN SIGHT



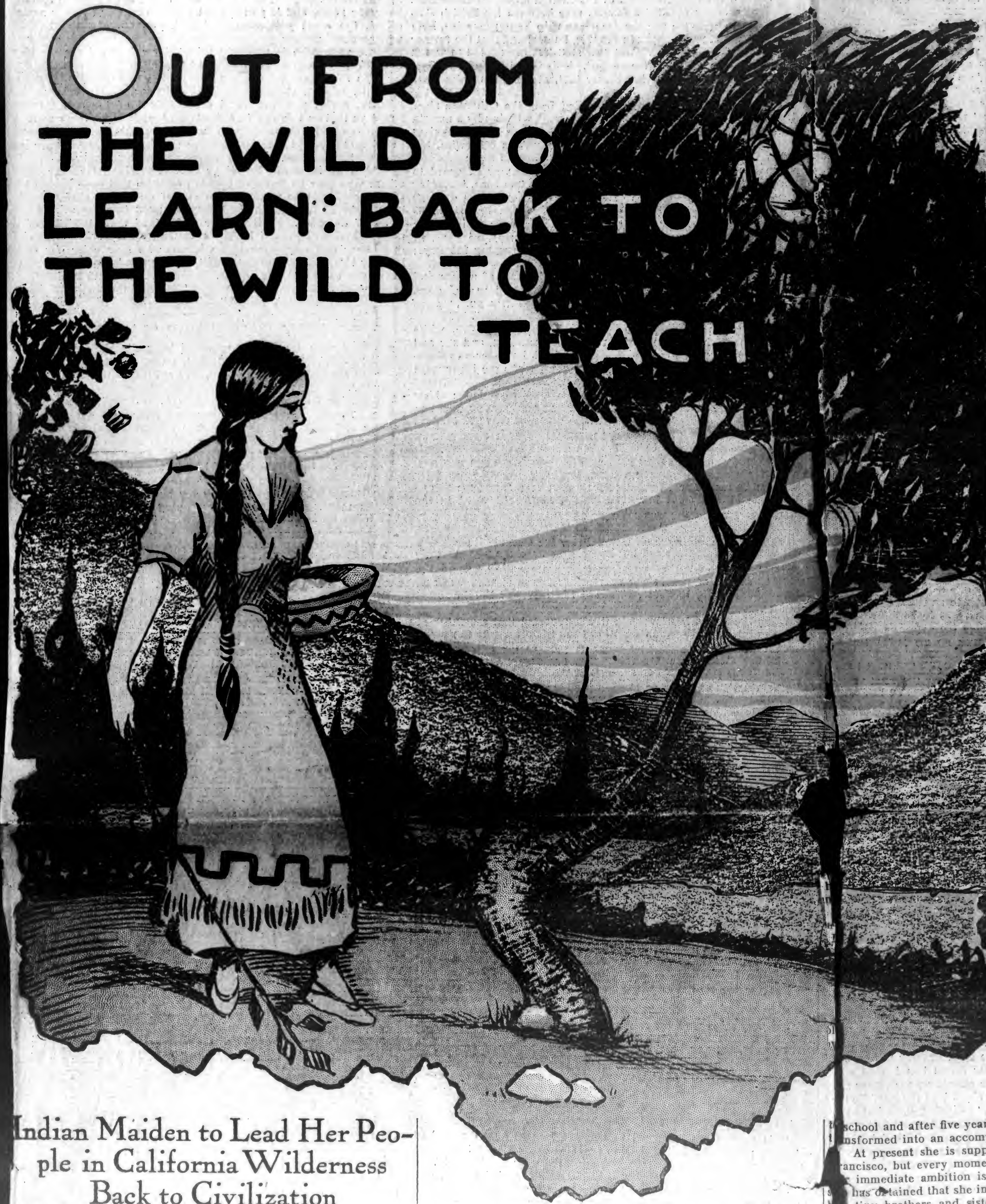
INDIAN BASKET WEAVER

Pomo

1910

Folder 2 Fragile clippings

**OUT FROM
 THE WILD TO
 LEARN: BACK TO
 THE WILD TO
 TEACH**



Miss Alma Herman

Indian Maiden to Lead Her People in California Wilderness Back to Civilization

TO HELP lead my people out of the wilderness of ignorance into the light of modern civilization; to teach them what I have learned so that they, too, will discover that they so far as appearances were concerned, she was just like all the other little Indian children that romp and play after their own mysterious wild fashion in the forests of the north. She was different in this:

school and after five years a miracle was wrought. Alma had been transformed into an accomplished young woman. At present she is supporting herself by domestic work in San Francisco, but every moment of her spare time is devoted to study. Her immediate ambition is to acquire a teacher's certificate. After she has obtained that she intends to go back to Lake county and teach her tiny brothers and sisters of the wilderness. She believes that they will not be timid or shy with her and that they will listen to her eagerly and learn from her more rapidly than if her hair and eyes were not so black.

is claimed the Indians lack the knowledge or the initiative to form school districts for themselves. The Board purposes to co-operate with them and show them what to do and how to get schoolhouses and teachers.
OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME
 The obstacles which the Indian Board says must be overcome are indifference and lack of information of school boards and the general public, race prejudice which shuts out many Indian children from attending school where white children are taught, apathy and hostility which results in failure to supply school privileges for which ample provision is made by law. It is estimated by the Board



Indian Maiden to Lead Her People in California Wilderness Back to Civilization

TO HELP lead my people out of the wilderness of ignorance into the light of modern civilization; to teach them what I have learned so that they, too, will discover that they are American citizens with the right to enjoy all the great privileges which this Government affords; to show them how to live clean, thrifty, happy lives."

This is the self-imposed mission of Alma Herman, an Indian girl; a slender girl with sleek black hair and sparkling eyes, and altogether as winsome and attractive a girl, Indian or white, as ever came down out of aboriginal fastnesses to sojourn in a city by the sea.

Six years ago Miss Alma had never seen so much even as the outside of a book. She was as wild and untaught as a fawn in the depths of Shasta. She was in fact "Little-Girl-Afraid-of-the-Whiteman's-Shadow." She is a member of the Pomo tribe of California Indians and was born near Middletown, Lake county. Six years ago,

so far as appearances were concerned, she was just like all the other little Indian children that romp and play after their own mysterious wild fashion in the forests of the north. She was different in this: She had in her soul a passionate love for music. Her voice was sweet and she thrilled the wild tribal songs like a bird.

MUSIC LEADS THE WAY

It was her love for music that finally carried her to the city by the sea. For near Middletown dwells a kindly woman who also loves music. In this good woman's house is a little organ. The woman often plays and sings. Hearing the music little Alma, forgetting her shyness, crept up to the door to listen and soon was persuaded to make friends with the good woman. In a little while Alma learned to sing some of the white woman's songs. Under the spell of the music the native timidity and wild exclusiveness of little Alma disappeared. Soon, under the good woman's direction, Alma was sent



Miss Alma Herman

to school and after five years a miracle was wrought. Alma had been transformed into an accomplished young woman.

At present she is supporting herself by domestic work in San Francisco, but every moment of her spare time is devoted to study. Her immediate ambition is to acquire a teacher's certificate. After she has obtained that she intends to go back to Lake county and teach her tiny brothers and sisters of the wilderness. She believes that they will not be timid or shy with her and that they will listen to her eagerly and learn from her more rapidly than if her hair and her eyes were not so black.

VOICE ATTRACTS ATTENTION

Not long ago Miss Herman sang at Scottish Rite Hall in this city and charmed her hearers with her beautiful voice. She sang at an entertainment given for the benefit of the Indian Board of Cooperation, which is an association formed for the purpose of doing justice to the California Indian. Rev. F. G. Collett and Rev. (Mrs.) Cyril Bishop Collett are the field secretaries of the organization.

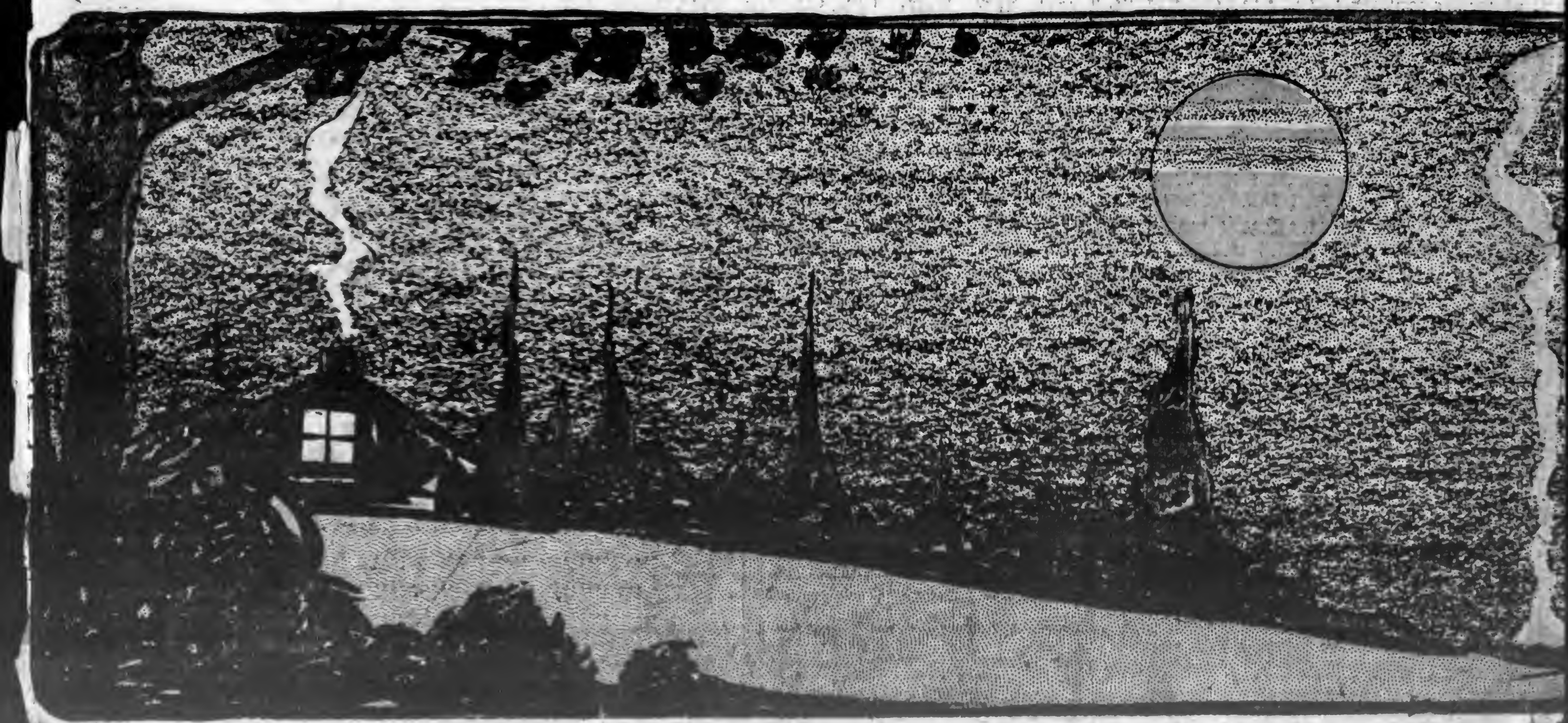
The Indian Board plans to awaken the 20,000 odd Indians within State boundaries to a realization of the opportunity for education and advancement which knocks at the very doors of their tents and tents. Each new school district is entitled to a sum of \$100 to \$1000 annually from county, State and Federal sources. It

is claimed the Indians lack the knockledge or the initiative to form school districts for themselves. The Board purposes to co-operate with them and show them what to do and how to get schoolhouses and teachers.

OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME

The obstacles which the Indian Board says must be overcome are indifference and lack of information of school boards and the general public, race prejudice which shuts out many Indian children from attending school where white children are taught, apathy and hostility which results in failure to supply school privileges for which ample provision is made by law. It is estimated by the Board that there are about 200 localities where Indians are not receiving the opportunities they should have.

Miss Alma Herman is said to be a typical Indian girl. Before the Goddess of Music led her into the circle of golden opportunity she was nothing more or less than a little untaught savage. The celerity with which she cast aside her mantle of wildness and acquired the culture of her modern white sister demonstrates, according to the Indian Board, that the same result can be obtained with thousands of other Indian boys and girls. It is stated that this Indian material now going to waste is very good material, indeed, and should be saved as soon as possible.



BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME TO CALIFORNIA

AN AGED INDIAN TELLS OF ANCIENT TRIBAL LIFE

The following story told by Chief Kahlidano, a Lake county Indian, 100 years old, living near Lakeport, was told to the writer, also an Indian, and by him translated into English. It was written as the aged chief related it, and tells of the days before a white man came to California, of Indian life, laws, tribal customs, hunting, fishing, etc. Much of the information was told the old chief by his father, so the time dates back probably 150 years.

By EDWARD M. POSH.

BEFORE the white people came to our country the Lake county Indians were large in numbers, perhaps totaling 5000 warriors. We were always on the go, hunting and fishing, trap-

ping and gathering food for our families and our whole tribe.

"We lived and built huts all around the lake, and moved very often, but were careful in locating and building huts because each tribe owned certain portions of land, hunting grounds, fishing streams, acorn trees, berry bushes, and each tribe had a guard to watch all of these.

"Our huts were built with tule and long grass, and we also built a sweat-house, which was ten feet in the ground and thirty feet square. It had a big timber inside to support the roof. This timber cutting was very slow work. We cut it with a flint rock and sometimes we burned it off. The roof we covered with dirt and left a small hole at the top to get in and out of. We used this house to dance in and as a place to have sweating contests.

"We wore but very little clothes; a hide of deer was tanned and we used it as clothing and wear it from the waist down to knee; but never used hat or shoes of any kind; for blankets we used rabbit skins; we cut it in strips with flint knives, roll it in strings and weave it together. We never use any pillow.

"The Indians have a meeting in the sweat house and appoint a chief for every fifty Indians (head of families). This chief must have guard to watch his tribe at night and one man is guard for every hut; he was placed by the door with his bow and arrow and spear or club and flint ax; so the chief has guard all awake and ready if other tribes make trouble in the night time.

"All other Indians were ordered by the chief after sundown to close their doors tight and not allowed to go outside of their huts, and the chief was the last man to go to bed and the first one up in the morning. The chief ordered his tribe to go hunting or fishing just as he likes, and he was always the leader in hunting or fishing.

"We liked hunting very much and killed many bears and elk and deer and small game, rabbits, ducks and geese. There were some Indians who follow as a trade that of bear hunter. The big bear was found in the mountains, in the rocky places and the heavy brush. The bear hunter used a spear made of hard seasoned dogwood, and on the point was a sharp flint rock made by chipping the flint with a deer horn; we made arrow points in the same manner. The bear hunter went to hunt the bear for pleasure, as he enjoys fighting the bear, and to show how brave he was. We eat the bear meat, but not very much, and used the bear skin for blanket. There was also great many bear in the valley, but they were small and were easy to kill with bow and arrow. We nearly always killed with one arrow or one thrust with spear, very seldom with two.

TRAPPING DEER.

"We were very fond of deer meat and killed deer a great many ways. With bow and arrow or spear, or with trap or drive them into the lake. To trap deer with bow and arrow we would go into the mountains and find open spot where the deer fed. As a bluff we dug on our hands a big deer skin with horns and bone as the deer or food under a tree the same as the deer feed on acorns in the fall of the year. We crawl on our hands and knees and our head down as if we were looking, we look in hole and when deer come to shoot when the deer come near.

"We also killed deer in a trap. We

small hole. We fish with this basket in muddy creeks only, swim along with basket in one hand and if fish is caught we take it out at the hole on top.

"All this game and fish was taken to the chief, who would divide it equal to the whole tribe. The game and fish were hunted by the men, and the women would prepare the meals; and the women would help to gather the food, such as acorns and seeds, for pinole. They also dug a great many kinds of food under the ground and gathered berries in the mountains and valley.

THEIR COOKING METHODS.

"The acorns were cooked and made into bread or mush. A hole was made in a flat rock set in the ground; the acorns were put in the hole in the rock and then ground very fine by a long rock in the hands of the women (the original mortar and pestle). The material for this mush is very bitter, and we cure this bitter taste by taking the ground acorns to the creek. We dig a shallow hole three feet round in sand and place the material for mush in this hole. Then we pour water on top of it until the bitter taste is cured. When the bitter taste is gone then it is ready to cook. We cooked this mush in a special basket made three feet around and two feet deep. In this basket we placed the material for the mush, with enough water to make it boil. Then we heat rocks red hot and throw in the basket to make the mush boil. Two or three hot rocks would be enough. When it was ready to eat we dipped it up with our fingers.

"We also made bread with acorn meal, only cooked different; we cooked it under the ground. We would dig a large hole, maybe six feet around, and build a big fire in the hole and place hard rocks in the fire. When the rocks were red hot we would place green grass or tule over them and on the grass or tule we placed the material for bread, then we put more grass and tule on top of this and then more bread



THE OLD CHIEF, WHO TOLD THE STORY

yard high long enough to reach from New York to St. Louis.

A Germany company has perfected a cheap process for the manufacture of hydrogen, based upon the interaction between steam and iron borings or turnings, at a red heat.

Propelled in the same way as a sky-rocket, but by powder that burns more slowly, an aerial torpedo to carry life-lines to wrecked vessels has been perfected by a Swedish army officer.

An amphibious automobile, shaped like a boat and driven by a propeller when in the water, has been purchased by the French War Department and assigned to an engineer regiment.

The Department of Agriculture is experimenting with some varieties of corn from China which seem well adapted to the hot and dry conditions of certain portions of the Southwest.

Russian explorers have found in Turkestan the ruins of a subterranean city built by a highly civilized people before the Christian era, entrance to which was effected by caves.

A committee of German aviators has figured that it would cost \$100,000 to build a dirigible balloon big enough to carry thirteen passengers, in addition to its crew, and \$275 a day to operate it.

A Texas woman has patented a chair the back and seat of which are hinged to a board in front, below the seat in such a manner that the whole affair may be converted into an ironing table.

Because of the danger in having fire too close to explosives, the cars on which ammunition is moved about the naval magazines on Iona Island, N. Y., are handled by compressed air locomotives.

A Philadelphia pie bakery has been enabled to turn out 30,000 pies a night by the introduction of new machinery, which fills the lower crust, lays on and trims the upper and feeds them into ovens.

The Italian Parliament will authorize the expenditure of \$1600 a year for the unrolling and deciphering of the nearly 3000 papyri found in Herculaneum and stored in the Naples Library.

A gas light may be seen at a greater distance than an electric light of equal power in a fog, for the reason that the former is red and the latter is white.

The Kief canal, in which since the Kief canal was opened in 1896 has made it necessary for Germany to prepare for an additional expenditure of more than \$5,000,000 to widen and deepen it.

The new power plant by which the Government will light and heat the Capitol and other buildings in that portion of Washington, will send its steam and electricity through 6000 feet of tunnels.

Durability and the absence of places for dirt to lodge are the advantages claimed for a new washboard, made by forming a single piece of sheet metal around a rod which forms sides, top and legs.

A two-wheeled automobile is a recent invention. It is kept upright when stationary by runners, that drop automatically on each side when the steering wheel is released from the driver's grasp.

An aeroplane developed by Japanese army officers is said to maintain a speed of sixty miles an hour for considerable distances, the last that has not been done at the history of aerial navigation.



...and then, when a guest is
watch all of these.

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where the deer fed. As a blind we
bind on our heads a big deer skin with
horns and feed as the deer or feed
under a tree the same as the deer feed
on acorns in the fall of the year. We
crawl on our hands and knees and our
head down as if we were feeding; we
have a bow and arrow ready to shoot
when the deer come very near.

"We also killed deer in a trap. We
would go into the field and gather a
weed and work it into strings, and the
strings we make into a very strong
rope. We take this rope and make big
loop in one end and other end we tie
to a tree. This loop we lay in deer
trail and many small loops inside the
big one made of small strings, which
tangle the deer's legs, and the big
loop tied to tree holds him.

"Sometime we would make nest on
a tree by a water or spring and stay
on the nest all night and watch for
deer. Often we kill as many as six or
more in one night. Then we use the
bow and arrow or spear.

"We also kill a great many deer
by driving them into the lake. This
drive was done by 100 Indians or more,
driving the deer into the lake where
there were Indians in tule boats, and
these Indians in the boats do the kill-
ing. They have as a weapon a club
with a heavy flint rock tied on the
end. There were many, many deer
that went in herds, and we found them
easily from our huts. There were also
a great many elk in the valley; they
went in bands. We killed elk with
bow and arrow or spear—seldom with
a trap.

"We trapped rabbits with a small
net three feet long, three feet wide,
made of twine, with a strong twine
around the edge that would draw. This
net we call a draw net.

"The ducks and geese were in great
numbers and we find them on the
lakes or feeding on the land. We also
used nets to kill ducks; these nets
were about twenty feet long and ten
feet wide; we stretch this net on two
long poles and drive the ducks into
the net; sometimes we get forty, fifty
ducks in drive.

"The geese we kill with sling made
of deer hide; we cut strip two feet
long and wide in center with flint
knife; the wide part in center is to
hold rock and we also roll small, round
mud to throw at ducks or other small
game. This rolled mud would scatter
and sometimes kill four or five ducks
or birds.

"The fish were many too and these
we killed with nets or fish baskets; we
used the net as follows: we balance it
on our heads in tule canoes so we can
paddle and fish with net in the night
time; we catch as many as our tule
boats will carry. We also dam a creek
with willows and rocks and mud and
leave a small space in the center about
two feet wide; in that space we place
the fish basket made for that purpose;
this basket was five feet long and two
feet wide. We also make basket to
fish in muddy water; this basket was
made wide at one end and narrow at
the other. At the narrow end was

small hole. We fish with this basket
in muddy creeks only, swim along with
basket in one hand and if fish is caught
we take it out at the hole on top.
"All this game and fish was taken to
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THEIR COOKING METHODS.

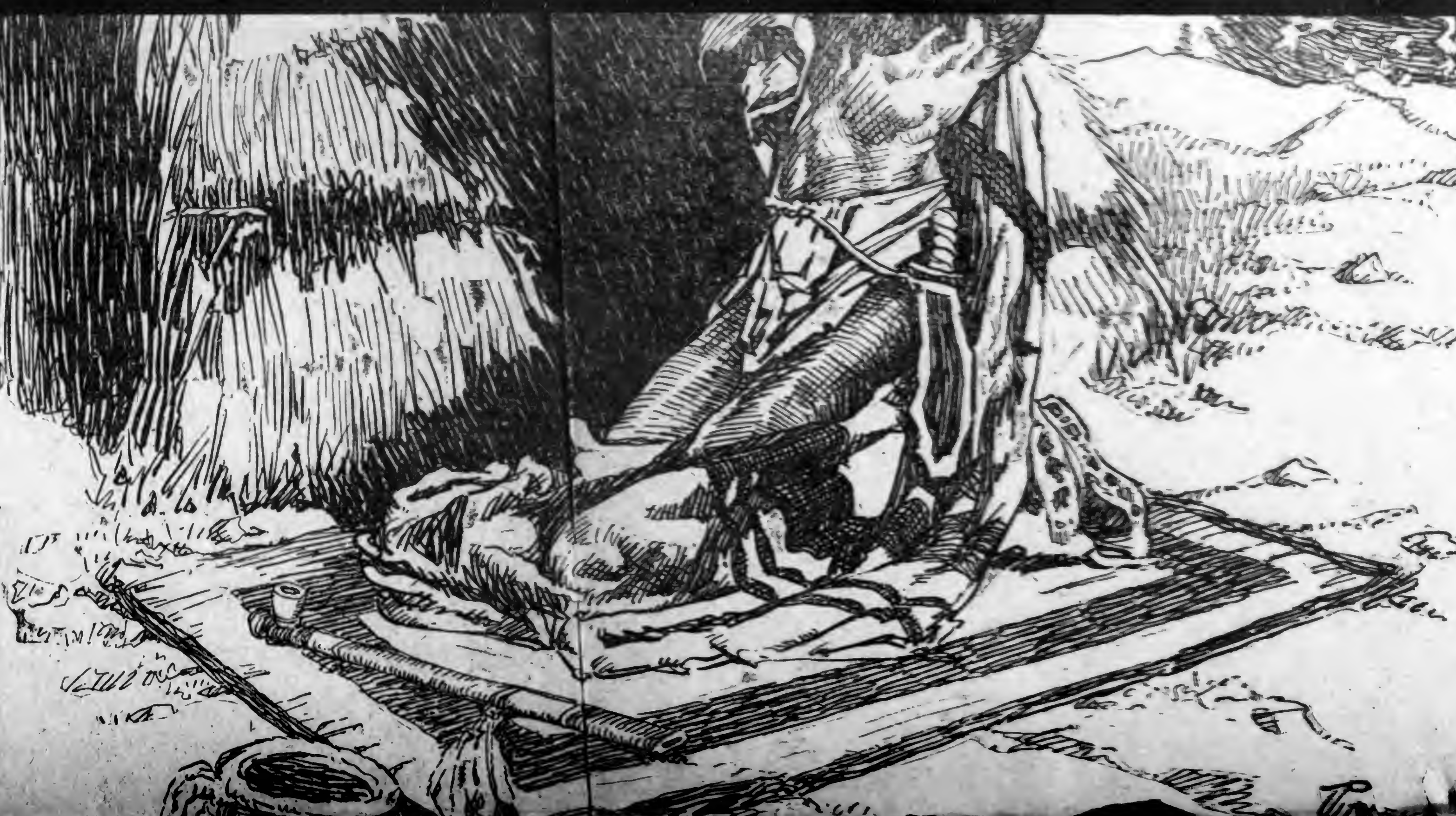
"The acorns were cooked and made
into bread or mush. A hole was made
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acorns were put in the hole in the rock
and then ground very fine by a long
rock in the hands of the women (the
original mortar and pestle). The ma-
terial for this mush is very bitter, and
we cure this bitter taste by taking the
ground acorns to the creek. We
dig a shallow hole three feet round in
sand and place the material for mush
in this hole. Then we pour water on
top of it until the bitter taste is cured.
When the bitter taste is gone then it
is ready to cook. We cooked this mush
in a special basket made three feet
around and two feet deep. In this
basket we placed the material for the
mush, with enough water to make it
boil. Then we heat rocks red hot and
throw in the basket to make the mush
boil. Two or three hot rocks would be
enough. When it was ready to eat we
dipped it up with our fingers.

"We also made bread with acorn
meal, only cooked different; we cooked
it under the ground. We would dig a
large hole, maybe six feet around, and
build a big fire in the hole and place
hard rocks in the fire. When the rocks
were red hot we would place green
grass or tule over them and on the
grass or tule we placed the material
for bread; then we put more grass and
tule on top of this and then more bread
and have sometimes five or six layers
of bread; the bread was about six
inches thick. Sometimes we put fish
in some of the layers. This was done
in the evening, and by morning all
was cooked and ready to eat.

"We also made pinole of the seeds
we gathered in the fields, where there
was a great quantity. This pinole we
made the same as the acorn mush,
only it is cooked before it is pounded
on the rock. We put the seed in a
flat basket; then we place big coals of
fire on top of the seed and shake the
basket by hand until the pinole seed is
cooked. Then we pound it fine and it
is ready to eat with water. There were
a great many kinds of berries in the
mountains and the valley which the
women gather, but these berries were
never cooked. Then there were a
great many kinds of food, which we
dig out of the ground, and we also
eat young tule and tule roots; we also
gathered clover and eat, which was
very plentiful. All this we eat with-
out cooking. This, which I have
named, was all the food we eat. We
have two meals a day, sometimes one.
We cook our meat and fish and small
game on coals, and sometimes bury
meat and fish in hot ashes to cook.

THE MEDICINE MAN.

"In case of sickness we have a medi-
cine man and he may be called by any
of the tribe. He will not keep medi-
cine on hand. When he is called he
will go and gather herbs to boil. This
gathering of herbs for medicine is done
without eating or drinking, which is
strictly forbidden. It was a rule and
belief of the Indians if the medicine
man eat or drank while gathering
herbs for medicine, the herbs will not
cure the sick. The medicine man was
watched by the relatives of the sick
person while gathering or boiling the
medicine. The medicine was boiled in
a basket the same as acorn mush, and
when it was boiled and ready to drink,
the medicine man must take the first
drink before it is given to the sick, and
the medicine man will not charge for
his doctoring, but the sick man can
pay as he likes. In case the sick per-
son died, the medicine man got no pay.
If accident happen, a leg or arm
broken the medicine man was called
and he would cut in the arm or leg
with a sharp white flint rock and he
would place elderwood on the broken
part, then he would sing a cure or
healing song for four days and nights,
then stop for a few days, and if the
case was bad, would sing for two days
and nights more. And there was
never a cripple man, woman or child
in the tribe.
"All our dead we burn. We pile
brush big and put the dead on top and



TULE-HUT, HOME OF A NATIVE

set fire. The near relatives would
mourn for one year or more. They
would cut their hair very short and
put clay-mud around their heads, and
while mourning would never sit up, al-
ways lying down.

"To make fire we had a round stick
two feet long with a flint rock on the
end. A big, flat flint rock we place
on the ground and the stick with
flint rock on end we work with both
hands as if drilling against the big
rock. Maybe we drill for five hours or
more to raise a spark. To catch the
spark we place dry buckeye wood or
tule root on the big rock to take fire
from the spark. This fire we keep up
as long as possible.

"We had many beliefs (which the
writer translates as superstitions), but
we believed that there was something
after death; we believed there was a
Great Spirit and called him our father
and would throw food in the air to
please him. We believed, too, in a bad
place that the white man calls hell or
devil. Some good Indians had a prayer
which they would pray at night time
or whenever they sneezed or when
they light a pipe of tobacco.

"We also believe if wood owl came
to our hut in the night time and made
a certain noise that a death or acci-
dent was going to happen; then we
were very much afraid and would burn
food or tobacco in the night as an
offering. We believed that after any
big fighting or killing there would be
a great thunderstorm.

"We were very fond of tobacco; we
would gather leaves of tobacco in the
field and dry and cure it in the sun,
then smoke it in a pipe made of willow
wood two feet long and a hole bored
in the middle with a flint rock to put
the tobacco in. Women did not smoke,
just the men.

"We Indians of Lake did not know
any other tribes but the Sonoma and
Mendocino Indians. We were on good
terms with the Mendocino Indians, but
we had a good many battles with the
Sonoma Indians. Some time we join
with the Mendocino Indians and go to
Sonoma country and fight. We use as
weapons to fight bows and arrows, and
spears and slings to throw rocks. We
also have bear hides to put on, look
just like real bear and get up close.
And we would hide in brush near water

or spring where tribe got their water,
and shoot the first person that come
man, woman or child. And we wear
under the bear hide a broad belt of
thick wampum and if the warrior was
shot with arrow or hit with spear it
would not go through the belt.

"We also kept track of the years by
the moon, we have twelve moons one
year; but we never know our age. We
count the moon on our fingers and our
fingers have names which we go by
and so we know just which moon we
must gather our acorns and all our
food.

"We never have one leader or chief
for the whole country, but have one
chief for every fifty warriors, and if
chief dies or is killed, his son or near
relative takes his place as chief."

like a boat and driven by a propeller
when in the water, has been purchased
by the French War Department and
assigned to an engineer regiment.

The Department of Agriculture is ex-
perimenting with some varieties of
corn from China which seem well
adapted to the hot and dry conditions
of certain portions of the Southwest.

Russian explorers have found in
Turkistan the ruins of a subterranean
city built by a highly civilized
people before the Christian era, en-
trance to which was effected by caves.

A committee of German aviators has
figured that it would cost \$100,000 to
build a dirigible balloon big enough to
carry thirteen passengers, in addition
to its crew, and \$375 a day to operate it.

A Texas woman has patented a chair
the back and seat of which are hinged
to a board in front, below the seat in
such a manner that the whole affair
may be converted into an ironing table.

Because of the danger in having fire
too close to explosives, the cars on
which ammunition is moved about the
naval magazines on Iona Island, N. Y.,
are handled by compressed air locomotives.

A Philadelphia pie bakery has been
enabled to turn out 30,000 pies a night
by the introduction of new machinery,
which fills the lower crust, lays on and
trims the upper and feeds them into
ovens.

The Italian Parliament will author-
ize the expenditure of \$1600 a year for
the unrolling and deciphering of the
nearly 3000 papyri found in Hercu-
laneum and stored in the Naples Li-
brary.

A gas light may be seen at a greater
distance than an electric light of equal
power in a fog, for the reason that the
former's red rays are not absorbed so
easily as the latter's.

The Kiel canal, in which since
the Kiel canal was opened in 1895 has
made it necessary for Germany to pre-
pare for an additional expenditure of
more than 50,000,000 to widen and
deepen it.

The new power plant by which the
Government will light and heat the
Capitol and other buildings in that por-
tion of Washington, will send its steam
and electricity through 6000 feet of
tunnels.

Durability and the absence of places
for dirt to lodge are the advantages
claimed for a new washboard, made by
forming a single piece of sheet metal
around a rod which forms sides, top
and legs.

A two-wheeled automobile is a re-
cent invention. It is kept upright
when stationary by runners, that drop
automatically on each side when the
steering wheel is released from the
driver's grasp.

An aeroplane developed by Japanese
army officers is said to maintain a
space of sixty-one miles an hour for
considerable distances, the best that
has yet been done in the history of
aerial navigation.

A French army officer has invented
a small aeroplane that can be towed
by a dirigible balloon to carry a search-
light to be thrown upon objects on the
ground without disclosing the dirigible
balloon's whereabouts.

The proclaimed boundaries of the
national forests now include nearly
195,000,000 acres of land, within which,
however, about 16,000,000 acres have
been alienated by Congressional grants
and the patenting of claims.

After three years of experiments two
English opticians have perfected a lens
which, mounted on the top of a sub-
marine periscope tube, enables those
within the vessel to see on all sides
for a distance of eight miles.

A New Jersey manufacturer who runs
a farm for the fun of it has succeeded
in raising larger vegetables and more
of them than his neighbors by mixing
with his fertilizer powdered lava ob-
tained from European volcanoes.

The British Admiralty is trying out
a torpedo which is said to pick up
sounds by microphones, so connected
by delicate mechanism to its rudders
that the torpedo is automatically di-
rected to the source of the sounds.

Sixty chalets, similar to those used
in the Alps, have been sent to Messina
and Reggio by the Swiss Red Cross So-
ciety, which believes such buildings
will withstand earthquake shocks bet-
ter than the usual Italian structures.

A French chemical works claims to
be extracting twenty-seven and a half
gallons of alcohol and forty-two
pounds of acetic acid from each metric
ton of sawdust, and to sell the residue,
after pressing into briquettes, as fuel.

Boston, in the interest of health and
economy, is being provided with odor-
less steel tank garbage wagons, so ar-
ranged that the lids are automatically
lifted when a person steps on the run-
ning board to empty a receptacle into
them.

The Geological Survey has issued a
primer for the use of those who have to
do with explosives, telling in untech-
nical language how and of what explo-
sives are made, pointing out the dan-
gers and showing how these may be re-
duced to a minimum.

A sort of combination sun dial and
compass, the invention of an English-
man, for aviators, consists of a cellu-
loid dial, to be inserted in an overhead
plane, the shadow from the pin in the
center of it indicating the course the
machine is taking.

It has been discovered that a species
of giant cactus, covering thousands of
acres on the west coast of Mexico, and
heretofore considered worthless, makes
better fuel when dried than coal or
wood, while its pith, properly treated,
gives off a superior illuminating gas.

Newest Notes of Science

Many of the pupils of the public
schools of Cuba are learning English
by studying the illustrated catalogues
of American business houses.

German artillerymen have proved
that they can destroy dirigible balloons
firing a great height with their new
guns built for the purpose.

A cent's worth of electricity, at the
average price in this country, will
raise ten tons twelve feet high with a
crane in less than a minute.

More than half the fatalities in the
coal mines in Nottingham district of
England, due to underground accidents,
are caused by falling roofs.

The new Turkish Government has ar-
ranged with a syndicate of American,
British and French capitalists to install
the first telephones in Constantinople.

A new German composition metal,
known as "elektron," the exact ingre-
dients of which are a secret, is said
to be about two-thirds as heavy as
aluminum.

An international exposition of things
pertaining to agriculture, forestry and
kindred industries, will be held at
Omsk, Siberia, all of next September.

A cover for stationary washtubs that
rolls up has been patented by a Mas-
sachusetts man to prevent accidents
due to solid tops falling upon persons'
heads.

The mahogany is the most exclusive
of known trees, single specimens grow-
ing here and there throughout tropical
forests on an average of two to an acre.

A manganese steel bank safe recently
tested by experts in an Eastern city
withstood fifteen charges of nitrogly-
cerin, and then its usefulness had not
been impaired.

The concrete used in building the
Gatun locks for the Panama canal
would make a wall a yard wide and a

**END
OF
OVERSIZE
MATERIALS**

**BEGINNING
OF
COLLECTION ORDER**

Mohawk

1889-93

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
BANC MSS
80/18 c

A MOHAWK LEGEND OF ADAM AND EVE.

AN interesting study might be made of the influence which the teachings of the missionaries of the Christian church have exerted in modifying primitive Indian myths ; interesting also is the effect produced upon the stories of the Bible by the Indian imagination. As a contribution to this study, the following, obtained in November, 1888, from an intelligent Mohawk from the Reservation at Brantford, Ont., may be of some value. The narrator stated that it was current at Caughnawaga.

At first the bodies of Adam and Eve were all smooth and shining, as men's finger-nails are now. But one day Adam was walking about in the garden near the tree on which the fruit was, when he heard something say to him : "Take ! take !" and something, again, saying : "Don't take ! Don't take !" After a while, however, Adam became bold enough and took a fruit and began to eat it. The first bite he took stuck in his throat, and is there to this day. He then gave Eve-a-piece which she ate. Then they both began to suffer change, and all the smoothness and shininess of their bodies began to disappear, and all that was left of it is seen now in our finger-nails and toe-nails. It was the Devil, who had become a snake and climbed up the tree, that tempted Adam. After doing this the Devil returned to the centre of the earth. Even at this day a common form of assertion among the Mohawks is, "As sure as the Devil returned to earth again !" The Indians believed that *Owistos* (? Christ) would kill the Devil-snake by driving a sword through the centre of his head, and pinning him to the earth with his wings outspread. The Indians all hate snakes, and every one (even the women) will kill a snake when he sees it ; when so doing they call out, "*Owistos ! ooayerle ! Owistos ! ooayerle !*" (*Owistos ! I kill ! Owistos ! I kill !*)

The variations from the Biblical narrative are too obvious to need comment.

A. F. Chamberlain.

~~and other discoverers and conquerors, with manuscripts of the early explorers and priests.~~

~~The exposition was visited by many of the Americanists after the meeting at Huelva, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Hamy, Baron de Baye, M. Adam, Charles Read, and others. The orator, Castelar, was a close student of the collections.~~

~~On the whole, the exhibition was not well attended; but that does not detract from the commendation which should be given to the Spanish Government for the enlightened idea and the consummate ability with which this idea was carried out by the Delegate General, Señor Don Juan Navarro Reverter, Rev. Padre Fita, and their colleagues.~~

HISTORIC AND PREHISTORIC MOHAWKS.—The section of country where the Mohawks had their villages is mostly included in the present county of Montgomery. The sites are quite numerous, most of them belonging to the historic period. A few, however, antedate the coming of the whites. One of these, in the town of Minden, was described by Squier in his "Ancient Monuments of the State of New York." It was naturally a place of great strength, and when he saw it there may have been a ditch and an embankment at the south end; but there has been no evidence of this in many years, and, even though it existed, it would not prove, as Squier thinks, the presence of a so-called mound-building people; neither has there ever been found there any white traders' wares, as stated by Squier.

The place is prehistoric, but still Mohawk. The pottery is abundant and distinctive, and I have traced the same styles from the prehistoric sites to those occupied by the tribe when the Jesuit missionaries came here in 1642, and which were destroyed by the French in 1666; then to the villages described by Greenhalgh in 1677, and from there to the three "Castles" occupied by them until they left their native valley and went to Canada at the time of the Revolution.

All the pottery, pipes, bone awls, arrow-heads, and celts are Mohawk, and neither the "Mound Builders" nor any other people have left a trace of their occupation, even though they may have been here. It seems probable, too, from the small number of pre-

historic sites, that the Mohawks had occupied the country for but a short period previous to the coming of the French and Dutch.

The animal bones, etc., which I have forwarded came from the refuse heaps of a prehistoric village similar in all respects to the one in the town of Minden. This place is just outside the bounds of Montgomery county, on a high and commanding hill, near a stream of water. It was naturally a place of great strength and when palisaded must have been impregnable. Formerly the beds of ashes and refuse were of great extent and have yielded to persistent and indefatigable relic-hunters great stores of things illustrating the stone age of these old villagers.

As in the Minden site, the same pottery is present in abundance. I dug up fragments of one hundred different jars in one day, together with similar bone awls, celts, pipes, arrowheads, etc. One of the pipes was shaped like a canoe, and three had trumpet-shaped bowls. There is an entire absence of white traders' wares, and but one or two wampum beads and a short tube of native hammered copper to show any outside intercourse.

In the refuse heaps of the villages of the historic period there is a great mingling of native wares with those of the white traders. The distinctive native pottery, needles, harpoons, necklace bones, and ornaments are plentiful; but the bone implements are of finer make and more elaborate design, and in addition bone combs occur, evidently native but not made before the introduction of iron knives, saws, and files.

With the native objects are mingled iron axes, hoes, gun barrels, padlocks, jewsharps, nails, chisels, copper kettles, Venetian beads in great variety, Jesuit medals, crosses, rings, copper ornaments, small English clay pipes, and many other articles brought in by the traders of Albany and Schenectady.

A careful study of the thousands of relics shows that the Mohawks were not behind any of the Atlantic coast tribes as workers of stone, clay, and bone, and that their artistic sense was as well developed. That they were intellectually superior to most of the associated tribes their commanding position as Elder Brothers in the great Iroquois Confederacy sufficiently suggests.

S. L. FREY.

Moki

1900-20



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AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S

The fundamental feminine impulse as regards the newest coiffures is very much the same, whether it finds expression in an exclusive Fifth Avenue establishment or in a picturesque Moki village among the mesas of the Southwest.

Am. Indian Magazine - August 1920.



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Am. Indian Magazine - August 1920.

Retake of Preceding Frame

The AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE



AUGUST, 1920 : CONTENTS

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART:

We are particularly glad to open the first issue of THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE in its new and enlarged form with a feature article by one of America's most noted writers. Mrs. Rinehart possesses a rare combination of qualities—a keen understanding of human nature, a love of fair play, and the ability to analyze, to lay bare hidden causes and to explain their true relationship to effects.

WALTER HOUGH:

Curator of Ethnology, United States National Museum, Washington, D. C., has spent years among the Hopi, Navajo and Apache Indians of the Southwest. During the past twenty-five years Dr. Hough's excavations of numerous ancient cliff dwellings have brought to light many rare and beautiful examples of bygone art and craftsmanship.

STEWART CULIN:

Curator of Ethnology, Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, is also an author who has found more than purely scientific inspiration on his expeditions among the Indians of the Southwest.

"Tales From the House in the Valley" are told with a vivid touch which appeals strongly to those whose imaginations are stirred by stories of the Old West.

CLARK WISSLER:

Faculty member University of Indiana, Ohio State University and Columbia University.

Since 1905, Curator of Anthropology in the American Museum of Natural History of New York. President of the American Anthropological Association. Chairman of the Division of Anthropology and Psychology, National Research Council.

LEW SARETT:

Noted author of Indian verse, whose recently published volume of poems, "Many, Many Moons," was referred to by the *Boston Transcript* as "far the finest book of Indian poems ever published."

Some of Mr. Sarett's choicest, and hitherto unpublished Indian poems will shortly appear in THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE.

A. H. WARDLE:

Those who have read Miss Wardle's articles in *Harper's* and other high-grade magazines are familiar with her skill in combining accuracy of scientific statement with literary style of unusual quality.

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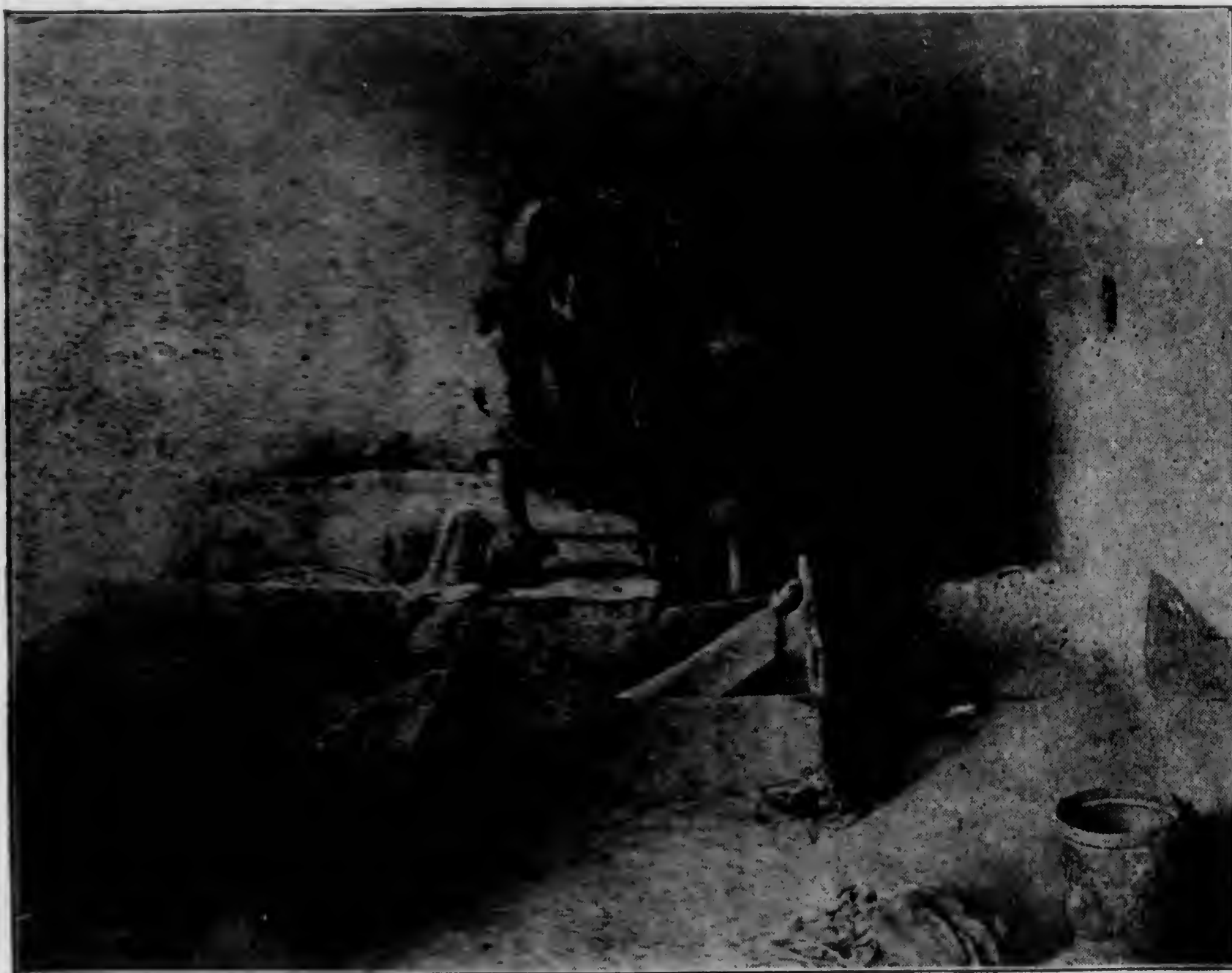
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, the noted Arctic Explorer, has written the feature article for the September issue of THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE.

Mr. Stefansson's article will be profusely illustrated with photographs taken by him on his famous expedition—hundreds of miles north of the Arctic Circle.

THE MOKI BREAD.

BY C. FRANCIS JENKINS.

After an inspection of a modern roller mill, which produces a thousand barrels of flour daily, it is interesting to turn for comparison to the methods of grinding practiced by the Moki Indians. For here in the heart of a country which has made the greatest progress in methods of production, is also to be found the most primitive processes practiced. This, in fact, is true of any of the arts or industries.



A MOKI WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

It cannot, however, be said that these people are lazy, for it is with much hard labor that the ungenerous sands of the Great American Desert, in which they live, can be made to yield even a scant supply of corn, their staple food. In the process of grinding they have taken but the first step in the art; they rub the grain between two stones. Not a single improvement has ever been made in the apparatus employed since centuries ago, when their forefathers, or should I say their foremothers, for the women do the grinding, prepared the first meal.

In the corner on the floor of the principal room in the house is a shallow trough walled in with slabs of stone set on edge. The trough is divided, by transverse pieces, into three compartments. In each of these compartments, or bins, is a flat-topped stone set in the ground on an incline. To grind, girls kneel behind each of these bins, with a basket of shelled corn nearby. This is put on the flat stone and rubbed with a coarse oblong stone. The resulting meal is then handed the next girl for grinding with a similar but less coarse stone. It is then again ground in the third bin and reduced to quite a fine, floury meal. With a brush made of dried grass, bound around with a bit of string or calico, and with which the floor is swept between times, the meal is gath-

ered up and mixed with water in a bowl to a thick batter. This the baker spreads on a long flat stone, under which a fire has been burning for some time. A single handful is baked at a time, spread thinly over the entire surface. When one side is sufficiently baked she takes hold of the corners and peels it off dexterously turning it other side up. When done she lays it on a long bread basket, turning the edges up all round so that the air can get at it. Thus she continues until the basket

is piled high with this blue bread, or "piki," which she pronounces 'peka.' No salt is used in the batter, and the piki has a sweetish taste—very sweet indeed when made of the native maize, which, however, is now little grown, the whiteman's corn having been found more prolific.



THE WATER IS CARRIED A GREAT DISTANCE ON THE BACKS OF THE OLD WOMEN.

The piki is usually blue, partaking of the color of the corn from which it is made; and is eaten dry, or in a sort of soup. When the men go to any considerable distance from home they take piki made into rolls, very much as one would roll up a sheet of wet paper, of which it is about the same thickness.

The baking stones are made by the old

women of the tribe in secrecy and with much ceremony. A stone having been selected, the surface is smoothed and filled with hot pitch, after which it is smoked and rubbed for many days, the whole to the accompaniment of weird chanting. As far as the whites may know, the first rubbing is with a smooth stone; a further rubbing with pieces of wood; and a final finishing with the bare hands. The result is a jet black smooth surface to which the piki does not stick in baking. The stones rarely crack during the process, I am told, and are considered very valuable, being passed down as a heritage from mother to daughter through generations.

EQUINOCTIAL STORMS.

BY PROF. H. A. HAZEN.

The date for the commonly accepted "Line storm" passed on Sept. 21, and it is of interest to determine what support science gives this theory of more than usual stormy weather just at the time the sun crosses the line. The apparent path of the sun is an imaginary line called the "Ecliptic," and twice a year this line crosses the equator or another imaginary line. It must be very evident that when the sun crosses an imaginary line there can be absolutely no effect on the weather due to such an event. We can put it in still another way, that the effect of the sun must be precisely the same, or constant, for any eight or ten consecutive days, hence there can be no more storms on March 21st, or Sept. 21st, than four days before or after.

The question still remains unanswered as to whether there may not be a peculiar undetermined force which can act exactly on these days, independently of the sun, and thus cause the so-called "Equinoctial." This is a matter of legitimate scientific inquiry, though the evidence against the action of such a force is well nigh overwhelming. Investigations in England, and also in this country, have shown no increase in frequency or in severity of storms at these periods, hence we must dismiss these theories as entirely untenable. It may be asked:

"Why is it that such a false theory has gained so strong a following?" Probably in just the same way that the theories in regard to the influence of the moon on the weather have. There are usually about seven storms a month in March and September. This would give one storm in four days, and it will be found that any storm within four days before and after the 21st, answers the theory in the mind of those who believe in an "Equinoctial storm."

Long Flight of a Partridge.

Dr. Francis Seamon tells of the flight of a partridge from the top of bluffs at Sing Sing across the Hudson river, four and one-half miles, but the bird was so tired on alighting that it was easily killed with a stick.

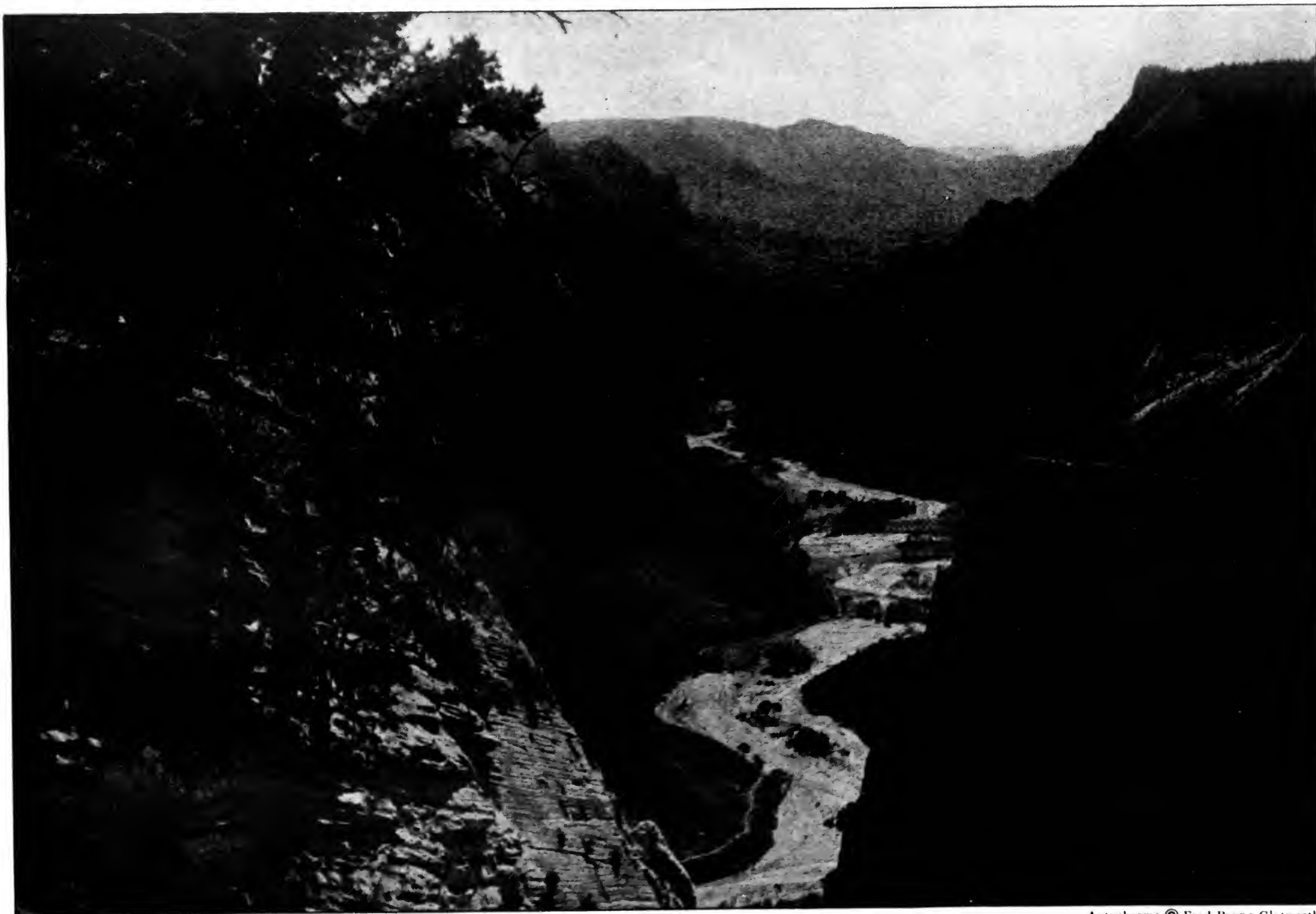
Navajo

1863-37



Autochrome © Fred Payne Clatworthy

THE TOM-TOM OF THE NAVAJO ECHOES THROUGH THE GRAND CANYON
It is not the tocsin of war, however, but one of the picturesque trappings of a people who have been led into the paths of peace. *Nat. Geog. Mag. April 1923*



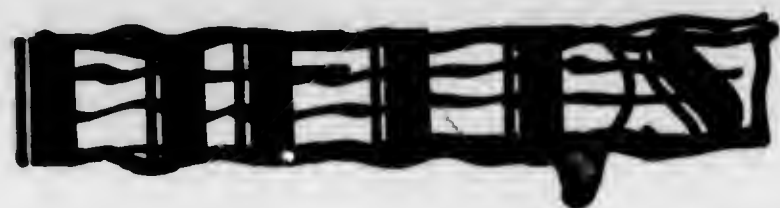
Autochrome © Fred Payne Clatworthy

WHERE NATURE'S COLORS AND SHADOWS COLLABORATE TO FORM A WONDERLAND

Zion, situated in the southwestern corner of Utah, is the youngest of our National Parks. Plans are being made for road development between it and the Bryce Canyon area (see Color Plate X). Zion Canyon, shown here, is one of the superlative beauty spots in a region of impressive grandeur.

Nat. Geog. Mag. - April 1923.

Navaho



ETHNOLOGY

Fast Work Needed to Save Old Navajo Lore

SCIENCE must work fast to get information now stored in Navajo Indian minds.

This warning is sounded by Francis H. Elmore of the State Museum at Santa Fe, who has been querying these Indians on use of various plants.

The Navajo had ideas for using at least 500 plants growing in their Southwestern country. The great outdoors was a shopping center where a Navajo could go for basket materials, for food, drinks, medicines, and dyes.

But that's changed. With government aid, and with ways of earning money from blankets, silverware and sheep brought to Navajo attention, these Indians have taken much of their "trade" away from the old plant stores. Conser-

vatives still prefer some of the foods eaten by their forefathers. But Mr. Elmore explains that a Navajo has learned that he can buy food almost as cheaply as he can gather it, and with half the trouble.

Consequently, a young Navajo is little better at describing ancestral customs than a young New Englander might be at telling you how his great-great grandmother made soap. Some older Indians still have valuable information, but Mr. Elmore warns that "in a few years the Navajo will probably have forgotten how many of the plants were used."

Early Navajo lived chiefly on corn, as these Indians still do, he explains. But whenever war or roving interfered with farming, resourceful Indians could live on seed, roots, stems, and leaves, sustaining themselves even on long journeys. The daring of the traditional first-man-who-ate-an-oyster was matched by more than one Navajo who tasted some scrubby fruit to try its food value.

Study of Navajo ways may yield useful information, Mr. Elmore foresees. The pinon nut, Southwestern Indian fare, has become a commercial article for the white man's market, and other Navajo plants may prove useful.

Science News Letter, January 22, 1938



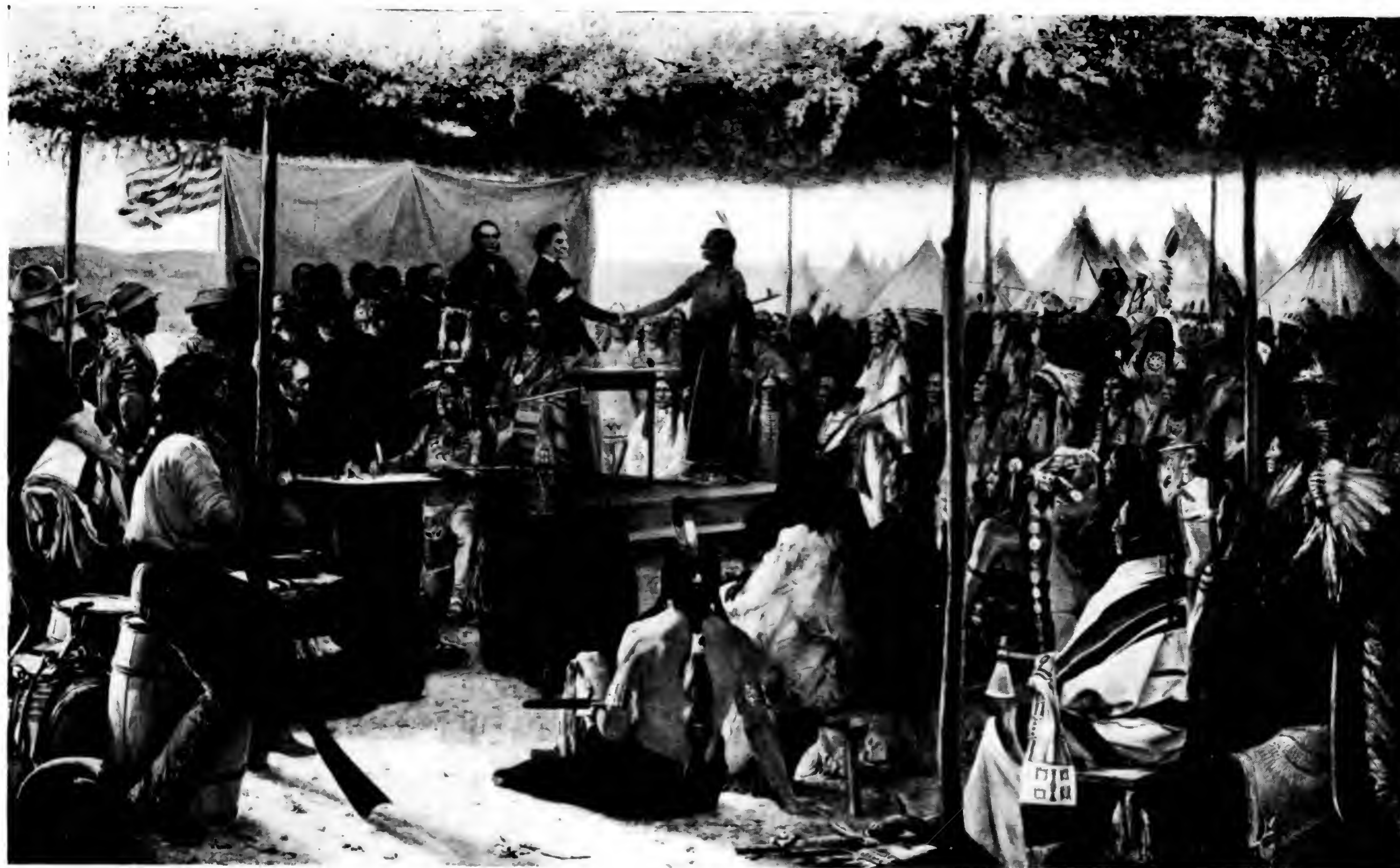
A NAVAJO WEAVER



NAVAJO WEAVER SPINNING YARN

John R. M. M.

(By Courtesy of The Volta Review, Washington, D. C.)



SIGNING OF THE TREATY WITH THE SEE-SEE-TOAN AND WAH-PAY-TOAN BANDS OF SIOUX INDIANS
Made at Traverse des Sioux, Minnesota, July 23, 1851, ceding certain lands in Iowa and Minnesota. (F. D. Millet's painting in the State Capitol, St. Paul.)

THIS is not a muck-raking article. Current hearings before the Senate Investigating Committee are corroborating every statement Miss Connolly makes. In fact, the Indians' plight is even worse than we are picturing it. We hope that our readers will ask their Senators for the printed reports of the Committee hearings and then, through their clubs, insist that justice be assured the Indian, now and hereafter. We can not do less

ALL day we had been rushing by motor through the awful grandeur of the New Mexico desert. Now, at sunset, we were approaching the Navajo Reservation. Overhead, like a glittering bowl, arched the blue sky. Against it in the west hung incredible masses of flaming cloud. The heavens were ablaze.

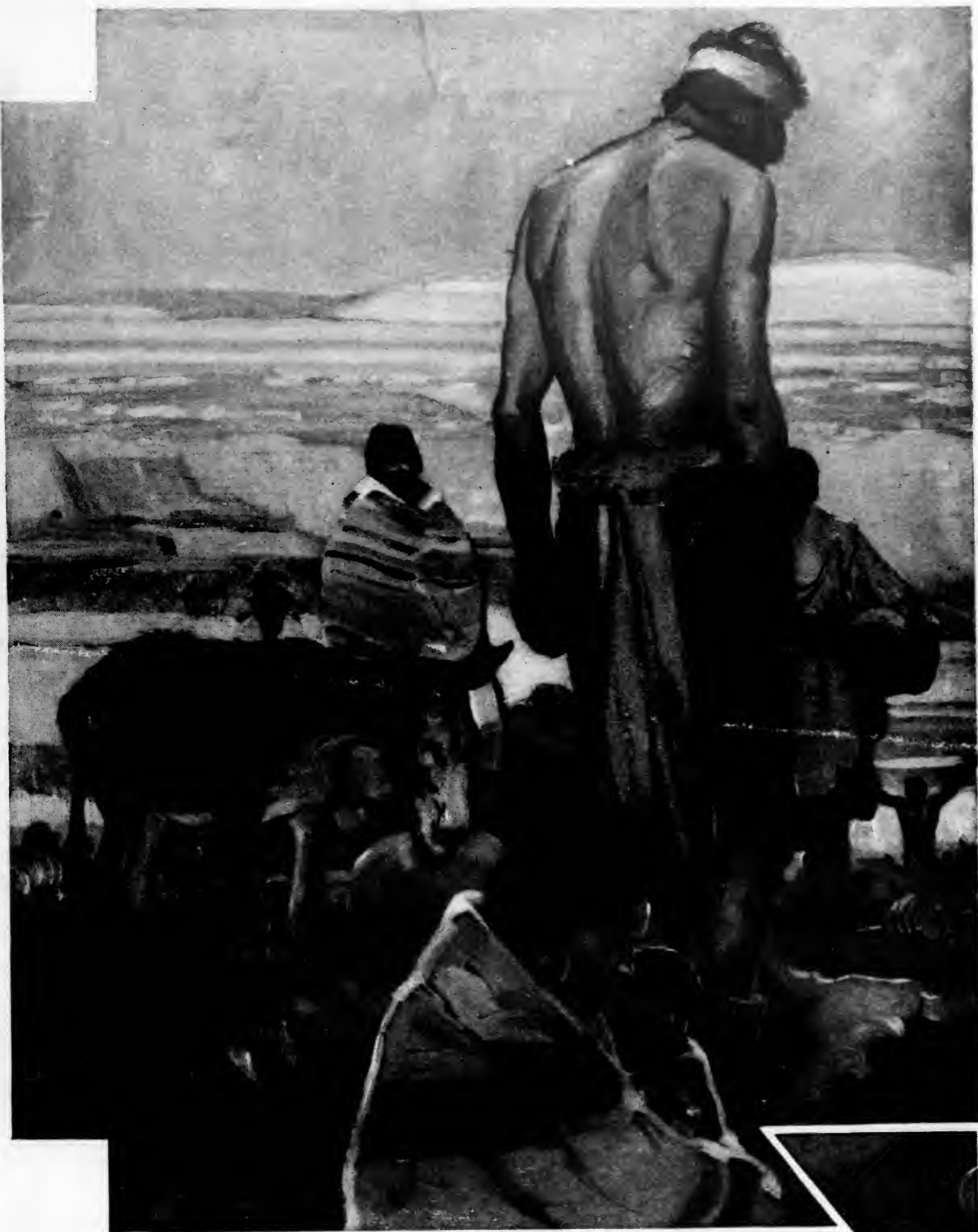
Gradually the sunset faded. The hush of twilight descended. In a world of terrible, still beauty we were the only moving objects. Yet one had no sense of alone-ness. For the desert was peopled with strange shapes. They thronged us: jagged, precipitous buttes tortured into fantastic forms by centuries of wind and sun.

At last we were on the Navajo Reservation. We began to come upon evidences of human life.

Flocks of sheep. And here and there a solitary Navajo hut ("hogan") made of logs and mud, with a fire blazing before it.

Presently the Navajos commenced to pass us on horseback, in twos and threes. Some were shouting and driving their sheep. Others jogged along wearily with bridles clinking.

The men wore shabby, soft-hued blouses, silver belts, long turquoise earrings, and colored bands around their heads. The women were in faded velvet basques of



Through the "management" of their affairs by the Indian and actual want. Water that should be theirs has been all-improvements that do not benefit them. Their welfare seems

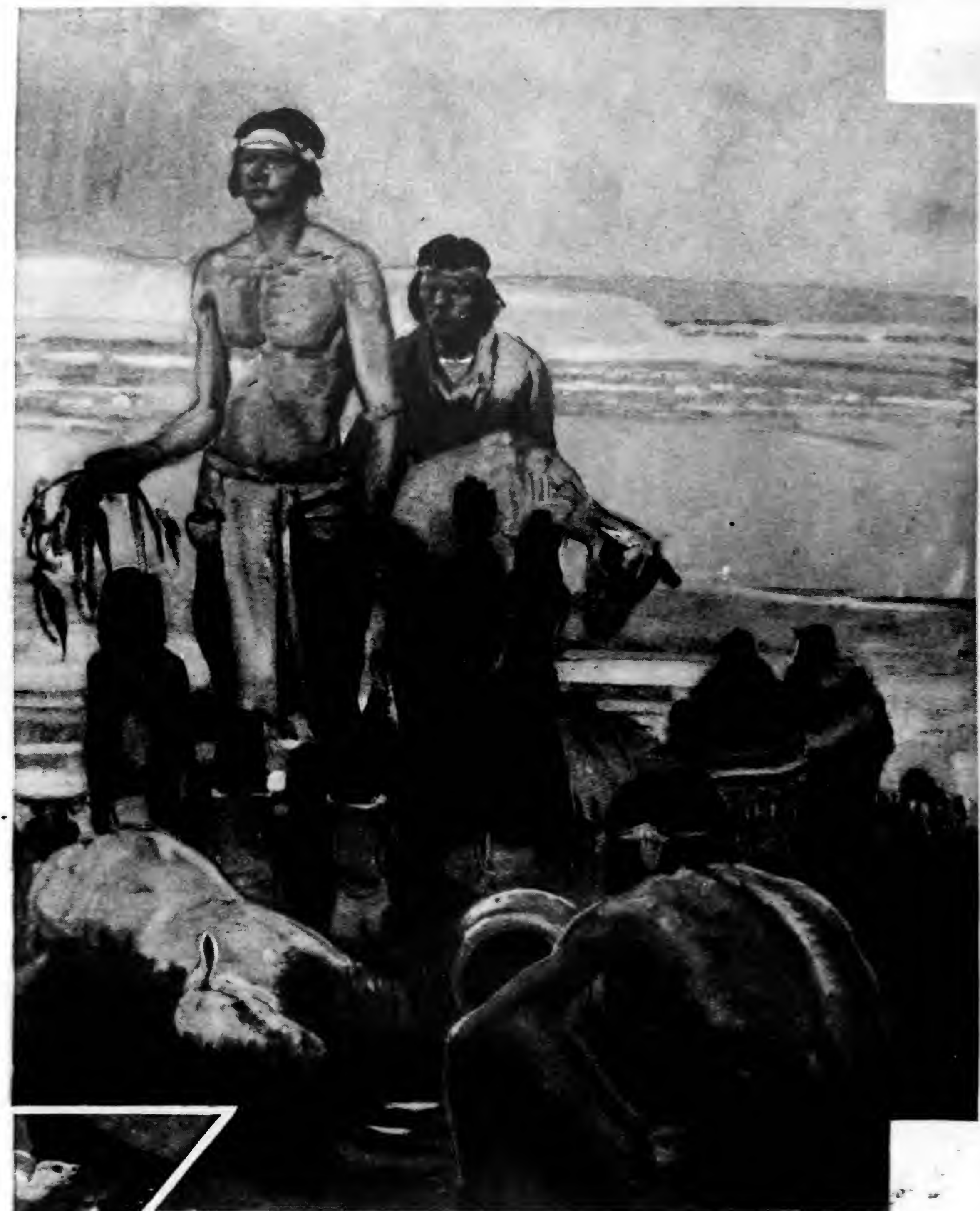
"WE STILL

once-brilliant colors, six-yard cotton skirts of contrasting hues, and many strings of native jewelry. Bizarre as gipsies they were, yet dignified, as only Indians are dignified. And even in the dusk we sensed their dejection and their want. Their manner was that of an oppressed, disheartened people. And in every group were several who were coughing, coughing, coughing. On the desert in late summer!

The night settled more firmly down. Stars sprang out, like the eyes of dead

Indians of the past gazing down bitterly on the sorrows of their descendants. On the white man's eternal, abominable game of robbing his red brother!

For a hundred and fifty years we have been about it—this slow, determined robbing of the American Indian. It is the black blot on our record as a nation. And it is a crime not of the past alone, but of the immediate present! There are still 225,000 restricted Indians in this country. And they are being looted—it is said—on a



By
Vera L.
Connolly

Illustrated
By
Herbert M.
Stoops

of "Ho!" meaning "Yes."
"Maybe," said an old man, "the Government will give us better stock to build up our flocks? Our sheep are not good. We are poor. It is hard to live." (There are some 35,000 Navajos. And their total earnings amount to less than \$100 a year, a person.)
"We have much sickness. We need doctors. But the white people do not care," said a young man bitterly, between coughs.

We assured them that many great-hearted American men—and all women who had heard anything about the Indians' plight—did care! Leaving this hope in their hearts, we pushed on. There was a wrong being done the Navajos, greater even than lack of water or neglect of health. It was this we had come to hear about.

Turning sharply from the main road at last, we drove up the side of a hill, through a grove of stunted trees. We came out suddenly in a little clearing where two

They made discouraged replies. I can still see them sitting there, slouched forward on their ponies, their dark faces, lined with patient endurance, turned toward us eagerly.

"We need more land," said one. "We have not enough range for our sheep."
"But first, we need water-holes," urged another. "Our lambs are dying. We will lose many lambs this year. Water we must have."

All agreed with this. There was a chorus

hogans stood and two Navajo families were sojourning. The Indians were moving about a small fire and in and out of the hogans. On a rude loom, set up out-of-doors, was a half-finished blanket. By the light of the fire an old silversmith sat hammering out silver jewelry from Mexican dollars.

In our party was one who knew these Navajo families well, and we were ceremoniously made welcome. Every man, woman, and child (Continued on page 249)

Get ROBBED"

scale undreamed of in the past. Rumors to this effect had reached us on the Atlantic seaboard. And the Editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING had sent me West, to six different states, to talk to the Indians themselves. That was why I was on the Navajo Reservation that night.

Halting some of the homeward-bound Navajos, we exchanged chat with them there in the early desert starlight, one of our party acting as interpreter. We asked them how they fared.

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"We Still Get Robbed"

(Continued from page 35)

arose and solemnly shook hands with each one of us. Then we settled down to talk.

As we did so, the moon swam up over the hill. And two young men came driving the sheep home, the lambs bleating as they came. These sheep settled down beside us there on the hillside, with many stirrings and nuzzlings. And the two men joined us at the fire. One of them brought a bit of turquoise matrix and a home-made drill from a hogan. Squatting, he began busily to drill. He and his grandfather make silver and turquoise jewelry to sell to the traders miles away.

The old silversmith did most of the talking. He told us—the interpreter said—how the Navajos had been robbed and defrauded by the white man for almost three-quarters of a century. He spoke despairingly, but apparently without a trace of venom.

We Build and They Pay

Suddenly the young man with the drill looked up in deep, quiet anger. He had returned from compulsory government boarding school with a tubercular infection.

"We still get robbed!" he said in broken English. "Government build bridge across Colorado River—Lees Ferry Bridge. You hear about that? Just finish! Bridge for white people! No good for us! Our tribe never say, 'Build.' Government go ahead anyhow. Charge half to us. Hundred thousand dollar! They know we going get some oil royalty. Jus' 'bout that much. We never had any oil money before. We plan to dig wells, buy sheep, make reservation better for Navajos. We very poor right now. That money, she would help. But now, we don't can. We got pay for that bridge!"

At that all the Indians around the campfire began to discuss the bridge in quiet anger, even the women joining in. And I learned that other bridges and highways, to a total of \$900,000, have been charged against the Navajos.

Little that was said came as a surprise to me. I had heard of all this for many months. I had heard particularly of the Lees Ferry Bridge. Friends of the Indians had been denouncing it, in Congress and out, as "infamous," as one more evidence of the mismanagement of Indian property by the Indian Bureau, which for seventy years has been the Indians' "guardian."

As I sat there listening, I recalled how certain Senators and Congressmen had hurled themselves against this bridge project the year before in Washington. One had pronounced it "highway robbery," another "iniquitous," a third "a swindle."

Congressman Frear of Wisconsin, especially, had protested against it, testifying that he had visited Lees Ferry himself; that no Indian lived within 25 miles of the place; and that not one Indian in a thousand would ever use the bridge. It was intended purely for white tourists who visited the Canyon, he had declared. And he had pointed to the poverty of the individual Navajos and their dire needs. Practically 7000 of them were without school facilities, and about one-third were suffering from trachoma. Yet the Interior Department, instead of spending Navajo tribal funds for doctors and schools, had approved \$100,000 for a tourist bridge.

As we said good-night to our Navajo hosts, that evening, and drove down the hillside and out across the moonlit reservation—I thought of that other notorious bridge scandal, the Pima Bridge, built four years before, ostensibly for the Pima Indians, but actually for white tourists traveling between Phoenix and Tucson, and for the business interests of those cities. This handsome stone and concrete structure, almost a quarter of a mile long, reaches across the dry bed of the Gila River, where water seldom flows and the river bed can be forded with autos almost every day in the year.

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March 1929 Good Housekeeping

"We Still Get Robbed"

The Pima Indians did not want this bridge. They did not consent to it. They continue to cross on the old ford they have used for centuries. Their Chief Councilman declares that in the tribal council meetings not one hand was raised in favor of the bridge. Yet it was built—at a cost of a third of a million dollars—and was charged against the tribal funds of the Pimas, who are very poor, living on land so arid that they are barely able to wrest a living from it. After this, when a Pima dies and his estate is settled, his heirs will have to help reimburse the Government for a showy bridge built for the convenience of the whites.

Is it any wonder Charles Lummis, the famous author and student of Indian affairs, exclaimed bitterly to me last summer in Los Angeles, "The Indians must be taken out from under the Interior Department!" (The Indian Bureau is in the Interior Department.)

When we conquered the Indians a century or more ago, we seized their fertile lands and drove them relentlessly back into desert and mountain fastnesses we considered worthless. There we exiled them on "reservations," practically as prisoners of war. And there 225,000 of their descendants remain, still virtually prisoners of war.

During the past seventy years tremendous changes have overtaken American life. A new and larger civilization has been born. The American negroes have been given their full liberty and have enjoyed it for sixty years. Millions of European immigrants have poured into the United States and been assimilated. Our country is known throughout the world as the refuge of the oppressed. Yet all this time our own cruel, oppressive Indian System has remained unchanged. Except that the Indian Bureau has grown to vast proportions and incredible power! Today its acts are immune from court review!

Does Slavery Still Exist?

Nearly a quarter of a million Indians, pent up on their reservations, are still denied any voice in the management of their property or the education of their children; still denied the right to live where and as they please; still denied virtually all privileges guaranteed under the Constitution; still treated like savages and incompetents and subjected to cruelty and injustice probably unequaled in any civilized land.

In defrauding the Indian, we have been fairly shrewd on the whole. And yet there has been a certain grim humor in the situation.

Try as we would to select utterly worthless wastes to banish the Indians to, the joke has frequently turned on us. Good farm lands we did deny them. Yes. The descendants of those whom we exiled to the barren lava beds, for example, are today existing in miserable shelters made of sticks and rags, and are dying of starvation and despair. Even the resourceful Indian could do nothing with lava! And there are many groups, in the various states, as pitifully situated. The majority of the Indians today are desperately poor!

On the whole we accomplished our purpose. Many tribes have been obliterated. Others are threatened with extinction.

In some cases, however, our judgment erred. We drove a number of tribes up into the timbered mountains. Timber! Later it proved worth a fortune! And we did not foresee coal. Nor did it occur to us that deserts might possibly spout oil. Or that the Indians, with their ancient knowledge of irrigation, could make even a wilderness blossom—and show us what valuable water-power we had thrown away.

As it gradually became evident that the Great Spirit had not permitted all his red children to be left destitute, as the value of their timber soared, as their water-power became precious, as oil began to bubble from the sand of their desert wastes, the cupidity of unscrupulous white men became inflamed. And there commenced in this country a ruthless, prolonged raid on the Indian estate, which ap-



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pears to be at its climax today. Forty-one million dollars of reimbursable debts have been saddled on the Indians for roads, bridges, irrigation systems, and other projects of benefit chiefly to whites.

Of this sum the patient Indians have paid already some eleven millions. The remainder hangs over them.

The Indian estate, meantime, has been shrinking steadily. The diminution, in four years, through 1926, was 4 percent a year, totaling \$122,000,000. (This statement takes no account of the estimated oil and mineral values, but covers all tangible, measurable, known property, both tribal and individual—that is, lands, houses, timber, cattle, and money.) It is unnecessary to point out that the dwindling of any estate at 4 percent a year means complete annihilation in twenty-five years. Such has been our record as "guardian" of the Indian people!

In every section of the country the Indian problem today is different from that in every other. There are Indians who are in desperate want, having been denuded by the white race of all they owned. These need our immediate care. There are other tribes who, though heavily robbed, still possess assets. These should be rescued before their residue is gone. There are still others whose potential wealth in oil or water-power is just being guessed at—just attracting the attention of the predatory interests. These Indians should be given the utmost protection our civilization can afford.

The Women's Clubs to the Rescue

One hopeful sign on the horizon is the awakening of the public interest. Especially the growing indignation of American women! It was women—the Federated Women's Clubs—who, in 1921, first launched an attack on the maladministration of Indian affairs. They fought a gorgeous battle. They made history. It was partly due to their unremitting warfare, under the leadership of Mrs. Stella M. Atwood, that the Bursum and Leno bills were defeated. These bills would have deprived the Pueblo Indians of the land necessary to maintain their continued existence and have handed it over without compensation to white settlers. The Indian Bureau sponsored and promoted these bills.

The women helped, too, to defeat the scandalous "Indian Oil Bill" of 1926, which would have destroyed the Indian ownership of 22,000,000 acres of reservation land. This bill, indorsed by the Indian Bureau, would have made a gift of 37½ percent of the Indian oil royalties from this entire area to the states where the reservations are located. The white oil lessors would have escaped without any taxation.

Other public-spirited women are working today through the League of Women Voters. In several states this organization is doing a wonderful job. Leagues have been organized on some reservations; and the Indian women members are being helped to battle for better conditions for their race.

"All the Wisconsin Indians are 'plucked clean,' save the Menominees," is the sad, yet indignant statement of Mrs. O. J. Little of Stone Lake, Wisconsin. (Mrs. Little is Chairman of the Department of Indian Welfare of the Wisconsin League of Women Voters.) "And now the Menominees are making the fight of their lives to keep their valuable timber lands from being denuded," she continued, "and to protect their water-power sites. But in spite of their fight, in spite of the assistance given them by the clubwomen of the state and nation, the Indian system goes right on crushing down opposition and carrying out its own plans.

"The work of that archaic, wasteful system costs the taxpayers of this country more for the mismanagement of the Indians than the expense of the entire Federal judicial system. When we as taxpayers realize just how much that statement means, we shall not be considering how to enlarge the Indian Bureau or to increase its power over the unhappy people



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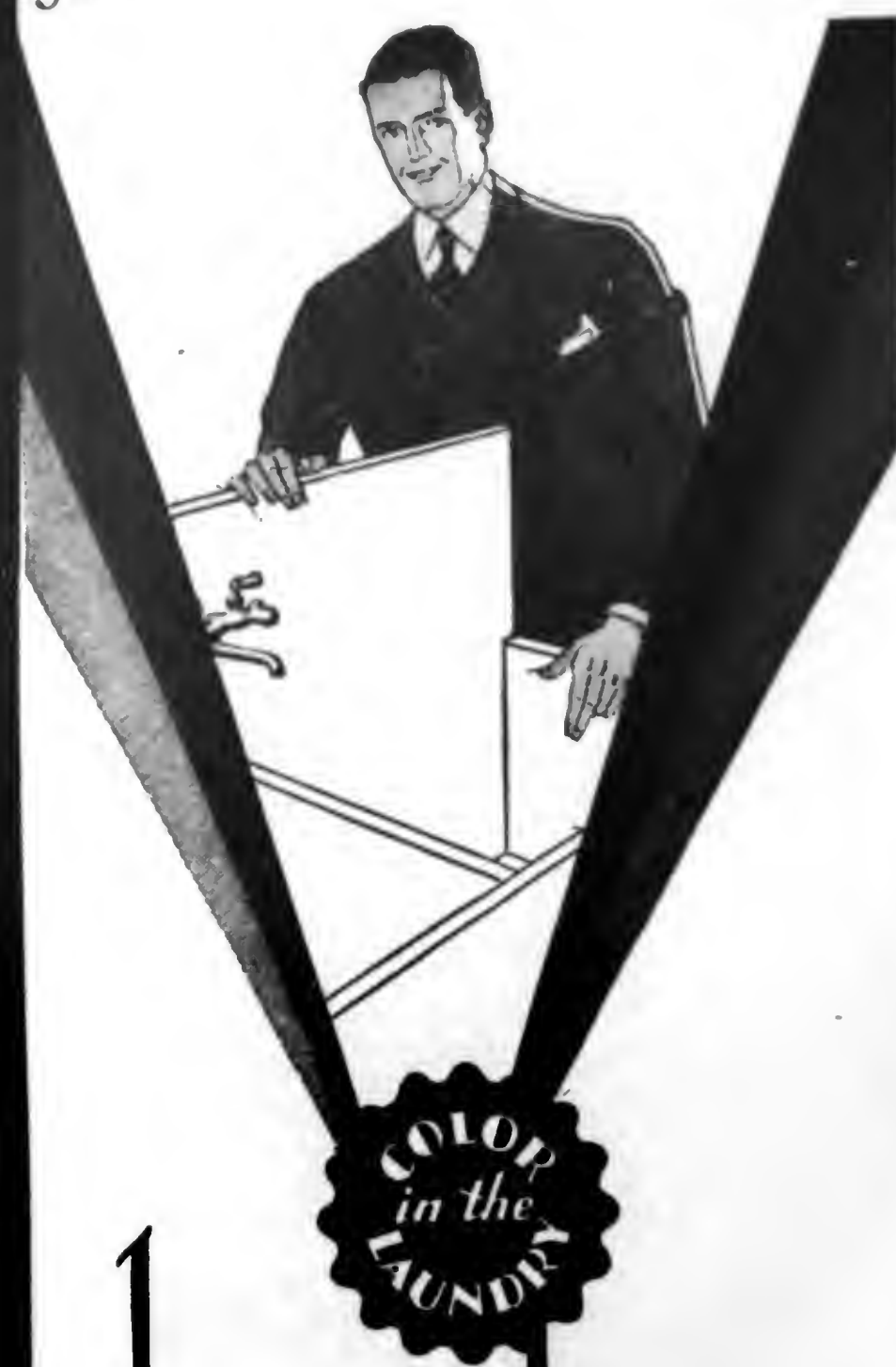
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"We Still Get Robbed"

who have struggled in vain to free themselves from its bondage. We shall be considering how to relegate it to the same place that the Freedmen's Bureau was relegated to when it was abolished!"

All over the United States today greedy, covetous hands are reaching out to clutch at Indian property—at timber, oil, water-power, grazing lands, cattle ranges, irrigation systems, and what not.

The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, as this article goes to press, are facing a desperate crisis. Because of a contract made between the Interior Department and the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District, these six tribes have just been loaded down with a charge of \$825,938. for flood control works needed by the city of Albuquerque and other towns on the Rio Grande, but of no advantage to the Pueblos—the payments to begin immediately upon completion of the project.

This raid is regarded as so outrageous by Louis Marshall, the eminent constitutional lawyer of New York, that he has thrown himself into the fight against it, contributing his services.

"It will become my duty to see that this matter shall not be railroaded through," he has recently written the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, "even if it becomes necessary to seek the protection that the Indians are entitled to . . . through arousing the conscience of the American people."

Government Investigation at Last

Last summer, as a representative of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, the writer of this article visited Indian jurisdictions in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, and Wisconsin. In these states and in California she heard, from the lips of Indians and prominent white men and women, more accounts of maladministration and fraud than several articles the length of this one would contain.

Besides, she obtained information from the unpublished field notes of the Institute for Government Research investigators, and from the hearings of the Senate Investigating Committee, comprised of Senators Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota, W. B. Pine of Oklahoma, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., of Wisconsin, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma; and of Louis R. Glavis, Chief Investigator. This committee has just returned from the West with a mass of startling testimony given on oath regarding the looting of the Indian estate. The report of these hearings, the writer is convinced, will horrify the American public and shock it into action.

From Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, a distinguished Sioux Indian, the writer learned of tragic conditions among the Middle-Western tribes.

On the larger Sioux Reservations in North and South Dakota, she said, over 40,000 head of cattle belonging to individual Indians were rounded up and shipped by officials of the Government without the consent of the Indians. For these cattle the Indians have not been paid.

On the Omaha and Winnebago Reservation in Nebraska, she declared, Indian lands, held in trust by the Government, with restrictions against alienation by the Indian owners, are nevertheless taxed and are rapidly being sold for nonpayment of taxes. The Indians are helpless, as their land is leased through the Government office for less than the taxes. The land is absolutely under the control of the United States Government, but it permits the lands to be sold for taxes.

On the Uintah and Ouray Reservations in Utah—she stated next—the Indians owned a beautiful valley. Five streams had their headwaters within the reservation, so they owned this water. In 1902 Congress allotted some of the land to the Indians, throwing open the balance to settlement by white people at \$1.25 an acre. Automatically the state got control of the water. In 1906 Congress passed an act providing for the construction of an

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elaborate irrigation system at a cost of over a million dollars. When built, this destroyed the Indians' old canal systems, which had adequately met their needs, and THE WHOLE HUGE COST OF THE NEW SYSTEM WAS SADDLED AS A DEBT ON THESE INDIANS AS A TRIBE. Later it became a lien against their individual allotments of land.

Today these Indians have to get permission each time they want water from these ditches, and the maintenance charges are constantly accumulating against their land. The Indians' land will thus be consumed in time, and they will become homeless.

One Instance of Injustice

Mrs. Stella M. Atwood, whom the Indians lovingly call "Mother" in gratitude for all she has done for them through twelve years of consecrated effort, told me, in California last summer, of the following occurrences:

"One day the Navajos wired me to come. Come on the next train! They needed help. Vast tracts of land belonging to them had been leased to a white cattle man without their consent, and the Indians' cattle were to be put off at once. When I got there I found that the captain at Fort Wingate had leased eleven thousand acres of the Navajo grazing land to this white cattleman for a dollar a year! This part of the reservation had been taken over by the War Department during the War. It was still a military reservation, the officer claimed.

"He had had no right to take such a step, in any case, without competitive bids! A court-martial was possible. I kept the wires to Washington hot. The white cattleman had himself made deputy sheriff and was planning to put the Indians' cattle off in twenty-four hours. The Indians' distress was terrible! This land had been the grazing ground of the Navajos for generations. There was no place for them to go. Some of them were old Scouts, on pension from the Government.

"They came streaming down Sunday morning to confer with me; and we were just ready to open council meeting, when an Indian came galloping across the plain, waving a telegram. It was from the War Department. A reprieve! 'Suspend all operations until investigation.' It was the result of my wires, as Chairman of the Indian Welfare Division of the Federated Women's Clubs. The white cattleman swung up on his horse and rode away. He was never heard from again."

On another occasion, in 1924, just after the Indians had been made citizens, Mrs. Atwood was summoned in desperate haste to the Crow Reservation in Montana. The Indians informed her, in their wires, that the county authorities had come in without their approval and arranged to corral all the horses on the reservation, and kill them and skin them, and sell the hides for sixty-five cents apiece to pay the Indians' taxes.

"I happened to know," said Mrs. Atwood, "that neither a trust fund, nor anything bought with trust money, is taxable; and I also knew that the burden of proof would lie with the county. So I wired to the Indians to get an attorney, promising I would come at once.

"When I got to the Crow Reservation I was met by an Indian who was then Republican nominee for sheriff of Big Horn County. With him was Robert Yellowtail—a brilliant, educated Indian who had just been defeated, by a very few votes, in the primaries for Congress. These were highly intelligent men, educated men, able to fill public office. They took me up to their attorney. He said he had not a doubt in the world but that an injunction would be granted. The legal action was pressed, and the Indians' horses were saved.

"The Indians there told me of the awful tyranny and oppression under which they were living. They described how they had tried to get a petition to Washington, asking the removal of the Superintendent. The petition had, of course, to go through his hands. So during a political meeting on the Agency grounds the Indians called the Superintendent out and presented the petition to him in the



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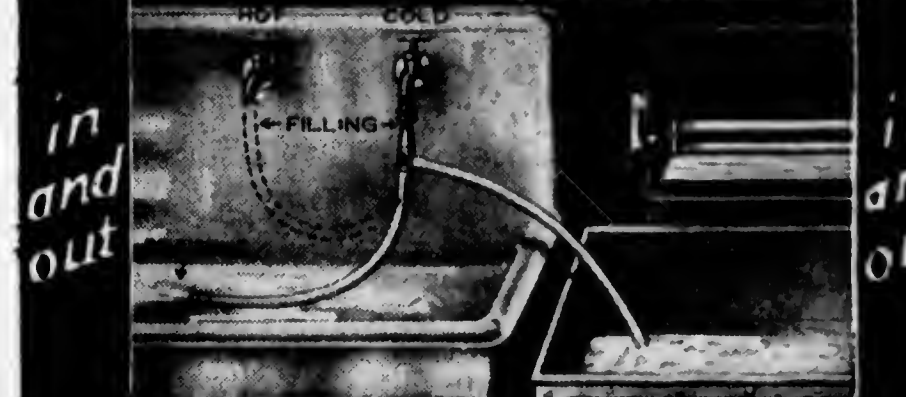
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"We Still Get Robbed"

presence of the whole meeting. He was so enraged that he tore it up, then and there, and trampled it under foot.

"At which the Attorney General of the state arose, in deep indignation, protesting sternly against this outrage.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes," he said, "when I saw the Superintendent of the reservation insult this gathering as he has done this day... As Attorney General, one of the chief law officers of Montana, I have never before witnessed such conduct. It is cases of this kind—utter defiance of the rights of people—which cultivate violence. In tearing up that piece of paper, that petition representing your wishes, he ignores you. The right of petition by dependent people has always been recognized! It was used by our forefathers to present their grievances! The Government teaches the right of petition! He should have taken your petition, as he is your representative, and sent it, without comment, to Washington!"

On the Bad River Reservation at Odanah, Wisconsin, Rev. E. P. Wheeler, a white missionary who grew up on that reservation among the Chippewas, told me briefly how the Indians there had been stripped of their timber.

"The lumber companies, through connivance of the government Indian authorities, got the privilege of cutting this Indian timber as fast as their big plants could cut it, and giving the Indians a dole which did them no good and great harm, crippling their initiative and defeating the purpose of the reservation—the industrial education of the Indian. I have seen this reservation decline from wealth to pitiful poverty. The adult Indians have lost all of their lumber. Their money for it is about gone. Soon they will be left stranded. Next winter some of these Indians here will go hungry."

A Fraud Contemplated

"One of the most outrageous examples of official robbery of the Indian estate," exclaimed John Collier, of the American Indian Defense Association, when the writer interviewed him in the Southwest several months ago, "was shoved across early in 1925! It was an act of Congress, supported by the Bureau, which stripped the Flathead Indians of Montana of a power site worth at least fifty million dollars: a 500,000-horsepower site. The Indian Bureau, I will repeat, SUPPORTED THIS ACT! No royalties were to be granted to the Indians; no compensation was to be made them. Afterward, however, this was changed to read that thirty percent of the royalties were to go to the Indians. The rest was to be utilized to supply water and power to white settlers! Eventually, in 1928, Congress rescinded its confiscatory action, which it had taken under the misleading of the Indian Bureau."

At Yakima, in the state of Washington, the writer of this article heard, from a spirited, flashing-eyed, young white woman, now the wife of a prosperous rancher but formerly lease-clerk at the Yakima Indian Agency, a clear, detailed account of oppression and fraud in the leasing of Indian lands to whites, in large quantities, and at a low figure, certain Indians being compelled to acquiesce even when they wished to farm the land themselves. In one case irrigating water was denied an Indian to force his consent. Other methods were used.

This young woman's frank dismay at the conditions around her was reported to the Indian Bureau. And she showed me a letter of stern rebuke which accused her of putting her superiors in an "embarrassing position." At the same time she was ordered transferred to a reservation in North Dakota. Instead, she resigned from the service. This young woman is Mrs. Dollie F. Woodhouse. As soon as they are printed, obtain the Senate Hearings and read her account in full.

At Yakima, too, I heard a pitiful story of the "civilizing" of one Yakima Indian. This account was given to me by Lucullus V. McWhor-

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ter, lifelong student of the Indian problem. He has written extensively on the Yakimas and, although a white man, enjoys their confidence.

"Louis Mann, a Yakima now deceased," he said, "had a 30-acre field of wheat, a truck patch, and an old orchard to water. The orchard was drying up; some of the trees actually dying. He took me to his lateral head-gate, and I found it as he had represented it to me: under bolts, and padlocked, with a very meager flow of water under an extremely low pressure. Not enough for ten acres of his wheat, let alone his truck patch and orchard. Yet I noticed that Louis had somehow succeeded in maturing a good crop! After dark that night he demonstrated to me how this feat was accomplished.

"Proceeding to the head-gate in question, with a wrench he loosened the bolts, lifted the board permitting the water free ingress from the main canal, and then banked the canal with an extra board, which filled his own lateral to capacity. Next morning, before daylight, I went with him and saw him restore the gates to their former state.

"When I protested, Louis declared to me with great bitterness:

"The Indian Bureau wants me to become as a white man. You see—they are succeeding! My children must not starve. I am supposed to provide for my family. How else am I to do it but turn thief, as I find most white men do in dealing with us Indians? They compel me to steal my own water, and I must do it in darkness, while the white men below me, as you see, are given all the water they want, free from any lock. I am becoming civilized like—!"

"When I called the Reservation Reclamation Engineer's attention to Louis' plight, he said that there was not enough water to furnish him with more. I asked why a lock had been placed on his head-gate, and the white men below him were having free access to the canal. 'We do not have locks enough for all,' was his stupid and heartless reply."

We Must Protect Our Wards

In the state of Oregon, located between a chain of broad lakes on the one hand, and on the other timber-clad peaks that hold Crater Lake, like a deep blue jewel, up to the sky, lies one of the most beautifully situated Indian jurisdictions in the country. This is the Klamath Reservation, harboring some 1200 Klamath Indians.

The Klamaths are one of the richest groups of Indians in the United States today. They have been plundered, but the tribe is still worth some forty millions in property, most of which is timber.

I visited the Klamath Reservation late last summer. And, as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wade Crawford, highly educated, cultivated Klamath Indians, heard, unofficially, accounts of oppression, injustice, and mismanagement of a big estate, which no American could listen to without deep indignation.

Shortly after my brief stay at Klamath Reservation, the Senate Investigating Committee visited that jurisdiction. And all that had been said to me unofficially, and vastly more, was stated under oath by various Klamath Indians during the Senate hearings. A copy of those hearings lies on my desk as I write this.

This Senate investigation, by the way, is an event of tremendous significance to the American Indian. He is following it eagerly, hopefully. Indian council fires are burning all over the United States today. And petitions are rising to the Great Spirit.

But to return to Klamath. Briefly, the conditions are these: First, the Klamaths, who have always been great cattle breeders, can no longer raise cattle. For there is no range! The range has been ruined. In spite of the protest of the entire tribe, the range was LEASED TO WHITE SHEEP MEN FOR THREE YEARS. And it has been "eaten out by sheep, clean up to the fences."

The Klamaths declare that protests, whether to the local Agency or to the Indian Bureau, re-

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"We Still Get Robbed"

garding mismanagement of their property, invariably prove futile. Several years ago a courteous wire was sent by three of them to the Indian Commissioner, protesting against their timber being sold at about three dollars a thousand. (The timber price was then rising, and is now eight dollars.) The reply came to the Superintendent's office. He summoned the Indians and read it aloud as follows:

"You people have no voice in your timber. I will sell the timber to whom I please at any price."

One Injustice After Another

J. S. Ball, a Klamath rancher, told the investigating Senators of many injustices. One was the permitted destruction of much timber by a beetle pest. "This was discovered as far back as 1918, and there has never been any effort to subdue this pest. It has resulted in the loss of 450,920,000 feet in five years," he said.

Several Indians described a vast irrigation project, foisted on the Indians despite their protest, which was supposed to irrigate 6,000 acres of land but is irrigating less than 400. The system is defective; it lacks drainage canals; hence the water stands on the land and turns it alkaline. Another irrigation project, built wholly out of Indian tribal money, serves lands owned entirely by whites. The white people are to repay the Klamath Indians at 85 cents an acre over a period of twenty years. Good business for the whites! But for the Indians it means the lending of the money—\$25,000—without interest for twenty years!

Thomas Lang described, next, how he had repeatedly examined trains of logs being removed from the reservation to the sawmills, and found in every bunch of logs four or five big logs that had not been scaled. Meaning that the Indians would get nothing for that timber. Lang hurried with his information to the Superintendent, urging him to investigate. "Those are reliable companies, and they would not do anything like that," was the evasive reply.

Finally, Wade Crawford, a college-trained man and Chairman of the Business Committee of the Council, stated, on the witness stand, some of the injustices he and his wife had told me of in their home a few months before. He told of the building of an unwanted, unnecessary hospital from tribal funds, against the protest of the tribe. He cited the building of unnecessary roads at Indian expense. He complained of the total lack of any law enforcement on the reservation, although the Klamath Indians are annually paying \$4500 for law enforcement.

At last he pointed to the extravagant, steadily increasing amount taken from their estate every year merely to ADMINISTER THEIR AGENCY. To administer the affairs of a little group of some twelve hundred Indians! He declared it was impossible to obtain, from the local Superintendent or from the Indian Bureau at Washington, two estimates that agreed, showing how the enormous sum appropriated from their tribal funds, for Agency expenses, was used.

"In 1922," said Crawford, "they took \$75,000 of our tribal funds to administer the Agency; in 1923, they took \$75,000; in 1924, \$100,000; in 1925, \$110,000; in 1926, \$149,000; in 1927, \$164,000; for 1928 they took \$164,000; and for 1929 the appropriation was \$185,000. In addition, eight percent of all our timber sales is deducted each year, for timber operations and maintenance of forests. In 1928 this was about eighty thousand dollars. So last year we were charged two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for running our reservation!"

Crawford pleaded against the continued existence of the Indian Bureau. "The Indians realize today the condition their estate is in. They have no voice in the management of their money; and it is being eaten up in overhead expenses that are coming right out of our principal. The Indian Bureau is taking advantage

"We Still Get Robbed"

of its wards. A thing no Government should permit! There are employees in the service of the Bureau who have been there for a lifetime. They intend to perpetuate the Bureau and stay in it. They don't intend to let the Indians have any freedom. They don't want to educate them, or put responsibility on them, or teach them conservation and business methods.

"Our money is being scattered. I think the Congressmen and Senators do not realize that this thing is going on. The Indian Bureau has taken advantage of the situation. Taken advantage of these helpless people, the restricted Indians and their children, who are not able to protect themselves."

His final words were: "I want to thank this Committee. I don't know how to thank them too much, for giving me so much time and consideration here. I will try to repay it in some way, at some time. And I wish to thank you in the name of the tribe."

Gratitude—gratitude from the heart, for even the smallest kindness! For any indication that the all-powerful, absorbed, indifferent white race CARES even a little about the Indians' plight! This is typical of Indian character, as I know. It is the thing that has touched my heart most, in the past months, while hearing Indians' recitals of wrongs. It is the thing that would touch yours.

I have found them the gentlest of people. And they are ardent patriots. They love their flag. Thousands of them volunteered during the World War. After all, this was their country before it was ours. Yet they have seen it stolen from them ruthlessly, inch by inch.

I marvel at their sweetness of spirit.

Indian Patriotism Persists

One moving spectacle I shall never forget. It was a roomful of thin, peaked, half-clad, undernourished little Indian children at a compulsory government boarding school—a school which has recently been severely criticized for its atrocious treatment of the pupils—engaged in a flag drill! I chanced to step in just as they broke into "The Star Spangled Banner," waving their flags as they sang. Such eager warmth, in thin little voices! Such a glow on small, pinched faces! I ran from the place.

Restraint. Patience. Uncomplaining endurance. Meekness. If the "meek shall inherit the earth," surely the Indian people are laying up a great heritage for themselves.

Here is a picture I would leave with you:

One blazing hot day last summer, on the New Mexico desert, I accompanied a grave young Indian to the spot where the Government had dug an artesian well for the tribe. This had been paid for out of a small fund these Indians had just received for lands lost to them in the past through gross government negligence.

The water was acutely, desperately needed. But so was the careful expenditure of every dollar of that precious little hoard. These were very poor Indians.

When we reached the well, the Indian fell silent. And we stood looking down at a large pipe with a tiny trickle of water issuing from it futilely: a dribble so small and useless, as irrigating water for a farming region, that it amounted to a sardonic joke.

I turned to my companion, almost expecting invective. Something harsh, at least! Had he been a white man, he would have cursed.

Instead he stood there in quiet despair, his young shoulders drooping, his face care-lined. "Much promise. Nothing done," he said huskily.

Then, as though he feared he might lose his Indian composure, he turned quickly and led the way back.

THE third of these striking articles by Vera L. Connolly will appear in the April *Good Housekeeping*. Every reader can share in righting the wrong we have done these people now helpless and at our mercy. Let us end their slavery for all time to come!

NAVAJO INDIANS

CHAP. LXII.]

CORRESPONDENCE—UNION AND CONFEDERATE.

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~~much advantage to the service, besides meting out but simple justice to long-deferred creditors, and at no greater cost to the Government. This delay and uncertainty about the payment of the troops at this post is also working a public injury by preventing enlistments in this part of Oregon, in any considerable number, for the new companies ordered to fill this regiment. Good men will not enlist for \$6 or \$7 a month while \$13 is the regular pay, and moreover, being realized by every soldier in any other department than the Pacific. Men who would enlist under these circumstances are, as a general rule, entirely worthless for soldiers or anything else, and would be an incubus upon the service if permitted to join it.~~

I beg to be understood as reporting the condition of things actually existing here, and not as I would have them. Neither would I be understood as casting any censure whatever upon any officer of this department. I am aware that Colonel Ringgold would have taken as favorable action in our case with regard to payment as he has at any other post, had it not been for the unfortunate order of the Secretary of the Treasury that his drafts should be paid in notes, and at a time too when there were no notes on hand. I trust that the commanding general will give us a word of encouragement, if in his power, so that it may be imparted to the men of this command, many of whom are becoming somewhat alarmed as to their pay and as to the currency to be used in payment.

~~I am, colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,~~

~~C. S. DREW,~~

~~Major, First Cavalry Oregon Volunteers.~~

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,

Mesilla, March 5, 1863.

Lieut. Col. DAVID FERGUSON,

First Cavalry California Volunteers, Mesilla:

COLONEL: The reports that reach these headquarters of the mismanagement of affairs at Tucson and the inexperience of the officer in command at Fort Bowie induce me to request you to visit these localities, with a view of promoting the interests of the service. Your duties and powers will necessarily somewhat assimilate to those of an acting inspector-general, but in addition thereto you have hereby full authority to issue all orders and commands in my name that may seem to you needful to the service. At Fort Bowie you will instruct the commanding officer to order back all flags of truce presented by Indians, to do this instantly on their being presented, and then to attack the party sending them; to endeavor to make their women and children prisoners, and to send the captives to Mesilla whenever an opportunity shall offer; to war on the grown male Indians whenever and wherever found, without hesitation or exception. You will scrutinize the discipline of the command, the management of the post, the quartermaster's stores, and subsistence supplies. You will ascertain whether Lieutenant Slocum has been promoted, and if he has you will have him relieved by his successor as soon as the latter comes within your orders, and send Lieutenant Slocum to his proper company, if that is within this district; in the other event, you will report where his company is stationed.

On reaching Tucson you will deliver to Lieut. Col. Theodore A. Coult, Fifth Infantry California Volunteers, the order which places him under

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arrest, and he will come forward under the first escort at your disposal to these headquarters. You will then institute a thorough and searching investigation into the management of the affairs of the Western District of Arizona and Tucson since your relief from that command in September last. The letting of contracts must claim your attention, and whether the regulations in regard to them have been in all respects complied with. The conduct of the quartermaster's department, the hiring of employes, &c., are all commended to your notice. You will report upon the means of transportation at the disposal of the quartermaster, its condition and employment. You will have a return sent to these headquarters of the property on hand in the quartermaster's and subsistence departments, and you will call the attention of the acting staff officer to the regulations for returns prescribed by the chief quartermaster and commissary of this district. You will assign as the successor in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Coult the officer next highest in rank. With the new commander you will revise all the records of the office and all orders emanating from Headquarters Department New Mexico and of the District of Arizona, and require him to comply with all such as have been neglected, the execution of which will still comport with the interests of the service. You will institute a rigid investigation into the personal and official conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Coult during the time that he has been in command at Tucson, and you will report whether, in your opinion, his conduct and management have been such as his obligations as an officer of the Government required or otherwise. You will make full reports on the points therein noted and remain at Tucson until further orders, giving in the meantime every assistance to bodies of U. S. troops moving on Arizona from California and making all such arrangements for their supplies as may suggest themselves to you as essential. You may retain Lieutenant Toole, Fifth Infantry California Volunteers, at Tucson, or make use of his services at any point that you may deem them valuable. The blanks left in paragraphs VI and VII of Special Orders, No. 13, convening two boards of officers at Tucson, you are at liberty to supply with the names of such officers as may to you seem best fitted for those duties.

I am, colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. R. WEST,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,
Mesilla, March 5, 1863.

Capt. VALENTINE DRESHER,

Comdg. Company B, First Infantry California Vols., Mesilla:

CAPTAIN: Advices have been received this morning that the Navajo Indians will probably attempt to pass the Rio Grande from the east by the San Diego Crossing with a large herd of stolen sheep. You will occupy some favorable locality in the vicinity of that crossing and endeavor to recover the sheep, and kill the Indians if they attempt to pass the river. Seclude your command as much as possible; avoid smoke by day and fire by night as much as possible. Keep a picket posted at some prominent point by night and day to watch the approach of the Indians. Keep your teams with you, guarding the animals

~~extent I am expected to render protection to the mail rider and ferries. The distance from Hoopa Valley toward Weaverville requiring an escort is about forty miles.~~

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. G. WHIPPLE,

*Lieut. Col. First Battalion Mountaineers, California Vols.,
Commanding Humboldt Military District.*

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,
Hart's Mill, Tex., September 10, 1863.

Capt. BEN. C. CUTLER,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Santa Fé:

CAPTAIN: I am under obligations to the department commander for his letter of the 3d instant, notifying me of a probable inroad to be made by the Navajoes to this district. Additional precautions shall be taken to meet them. Post commanders in the Indian country shall be cautioned to increased vigilance. Inclosed please find report from Captain Tidball, commanding Fort Bowie, reporting loss of stock. I am making further inquiries into this affair. This district appears to be alive with Indians. A paper published in Chihuahua contains an appeal to the Mexican authorities to protect the people of the frontier, who are being exposed to the outrages now committed by Indians driven from U. S. territory by the active warfare now waged against them by our troops. You will remember that I notified both the Governors of Chihuahua and Sonora of this contingency early in the season. Exertions here shall be increased, as my force is diminished and difficulties accumulate. Whenever the general commanding has additional troops to spare I shall be happy to employ them.

I am, captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. R. WEST,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,
Hart's Mill, Tex., September 11, 1863.

Capt. VALENTINE DRESHER,

First Infantry California Volunteers, Comdg. Fort West:

CAPTAIN: The Navajo Indians are reported as fleeing from the northern portion of the Territory in our direction. You are required to observe increased vigilance particularly against a surprise by night, a method of attack sometimes adopted by these Indians. The exposed position of your stock corrals causes me anxiety. One or two sentinels down there are scarcely enough, but perhaps your small force will not admit of any increase. The Indians are shrewd enough to gain the inside of your corrals and stampede the cattle. See that the inclosure is strong and the entrance securely fastened every night. Be on the alert by day also; see that your guards do not get careless, and increase their number as you are obliged to increase the distance from the post for herding your animals. You will, if possible, send the accompanying letter for Maj. William McCleave to that officer before he leaves your vicinity on his return to the Miembres River.* The object is to save

* See next, post.

Captain Whitlock's company, ordered to relieve you, the necessity of a march to the Miembres and return. If the letter cannot be made to reach Major McCleave, as above indicated, return it without delay to the camp at the Miembres.

I am, captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. R. WEST,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

~~HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,~~
Hart's Mill, Tex., September 11, 1863.

~~Maj. WILLIAM MCCLEAVE,~~

First Cavalry California Volunteers, in the Field:

MAJOR: I send this communication to you by the way of Fort West, in order that if it reaches you in time Captain Whitlock's company can be spared the necessity of marching to the Miembres and back. The captain has been suggested by the general commanding the department for the command of Fort West. To this suggestion I cheerfully acquiesce, knowing his fidelity, zeal, and untiring vigilance. Pray give him the benefit of your good counsel and advice, particularly as to the surroundings of his new command. In assuming it, Captain Whitlock must be careful that all the post records and papers are turned over to him. Assure him of my confidence in his good management. I shall send him a handful of well-mounted cavalry, and desire that he shall report to me as to their forage. Captain Enos, assistant quartermaster, is now on his way to Fort West, with instructions to provide for the comfortable quartering of the troops during the coming cold weather. By the terms of the inclosed order, Captain Drescher's company is to join your command, if practicable, on its return to the Miembres River. Should there be any lack of transportation at Fort West for this purpose, direct Captain Drescher to leave his company property at the post until you can send up wagons from the Miembres. On reaching the Miembres advise me of your arrival and await further orders.

I am, major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. R. WEST,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

[Inclosure.]

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
No. 42. }

~~HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,~~
Hart's Mill, Tex., September 11, 1863.

* * * * *

II. Company F, Fifth Infantry California Volunteers, will take post at Fort West and relieve Company B, First Infantry California Volunteers. This change, if practicable, will be made so as to avoid the necessity of marching the former company to the Miembres River and under the direction of Maj. William McCleave, First Cavalry California Volunteers, commanding in the field, who will unite Company B with his command.

* * * * *

By order of Brig. Gen. Joseph R. West:

~~JOSEPH F. BENNETT,~~
Assistant Adjutant-General.

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESS

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

NOVEMBER 16, 1937.

For the first time one may now purchase a Navajo blanket with a trade-mark of authenticity protected by the United States government.

When Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, approved regulations for the use of certificates of genuineness for Navajo all-wool hand-woven fabrics, he established a method of protecting both the buying public and the Indian craftsmen in the making and marketing of high-grade Navajo products.

Certificates of authenticity will be fastened to rugs and blankets with wire caught in a lead seal. The certificates state the weight and size of the fabric and certify that it is made entirely of locally hand-spun wool, woven by a member of the Navajo Tribe on a traditional Navajo loom. Certificates stating the facts can be obtained by anybody dealing in Indian goods. To protect the certificates from misuse, however, anyone wishing to use them must give \$500 bond and obtain a license from the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, a government organization which seeks protection, better marketing, and higher standards for Indian crafts products.

Navajo rugs and blankets are the first Indian-made products to receive this protection because of the economic importance of the craft, whose sales total hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. Standards for silver were promulgated many months ago, but government stamps of authenticity have not been supplied as yet.

In commenting on the new regulations, John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs and chairman of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, said:

"Protected by this tag, the buyer can be confident that his purchase is a genuine example of this type of rug which is so important a product of the Navajo tribe. The approval of these regulations

constitutes a significant advance in the long campaign toward authentication of Indian handicraft. It is a culmination of many years of study and effort on the part of Indians and their friends, with the active support, in more recent years, of the Federal Government".

The text of the newly approved regulations follows:

The following regulations governing the use of Government trade marks of genuineness and quality for Indian products are promulgated pursuant to sections 2 and 3 of the act of August 27, 1935 (49 Stat., 891; U.S.C. title 25, secs. 305a, 305b).

1. Government certificates of genuineness for Navajo all-wool woven fabrics may be affixed to fabrics meeting the conditions specified in section 3 of these regulations by persons duly authorized to affix such certificates, under license issued by the Indian Arts and Crafts Board.

2. A license may be granted to any person desiring to use the Government certificate of genuineness for Navajo all-wool woven fabrics who shall make application therefor and shall execute a contract acceptable to the Indian Arts and Crafts Board providing for the use of such certificates in conformity with these regulations, which contract shall be accompanied by an indemnity bond acceptable to the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, in the amount of \$500, conditioned upon faithful performance of such contract.

3. No fabric may carry the Government certificate of genuineness for Navajo all-wool woven fabrics unless all of the following conditions are met:

(a) The fabric is made entirely of local wool that is locally hand-spun and is entirely woven on a native Navajo loom;

(b) The fabric is made by a member of the Navajo Tribe working under conditions not resembling a workshop or factory system;

(c) The size and weight of the fabric are indicated in the certificate;

(d) The licensee dates and signs the certificate.

4. Each licensee will be furnished, upon payment of the registration and license fees hereinafter specified, one hand seal press and a supply of blank Government certificates, which shall be used only in accordance with this license, and shall remain at all times the property of the Board.

5. Each licensee shall pay a registration fee of \$2, together with a license fee which shall be determined on the basis of \$1 for each 40 Government certificates ordered by the licensee from the Board.

6. In the event that complaint is made to the Board that any provision of any license or of these regulations has been violated by any licensee, the Board may suspend the license and all authority conferred thereby, in its discretion, for a period of thirty days, by notifying the licensee of such suspension, by mail, by telegraph, or in any other manner.

7. In the event that the Board, after giving a licensee written notice of charges and affording an opportunity to reply to such charges, orally or in writing, is satisfied that any provision of any license or of these regulations has been violated by any licensee, the Board may revoke the license by notifying the licensee of such revocation, by mail, by telegraph, or in any other manner. Upon notice of such revocation all authority conferred by the license so revoked shall forthwith terminate, but the validity of actions taken while the license was in force shall not be affected.

8. Any license may be surrendered by the licensee at any time by surrendering to the Board the Government hand seal press and unused certificates of genuineness entrusted to the licensee, accompanied by a copy of the license marked "surrendered" and signed by the licensee. Such surrender shall take effect as of the time that such property and document have been received by the Board.

9. Each license shall be in effect from the date of execution thereof and until one year thereafter, unless sooner surrendered or canceled in accordance with the foregoing provisions.

10. Certificates shall be fastened to the woven fabric by wire caught in a lead seal disc that shall be impressed and made fast with the hand seal press furnished by the Indian Arts and Crafts Board.

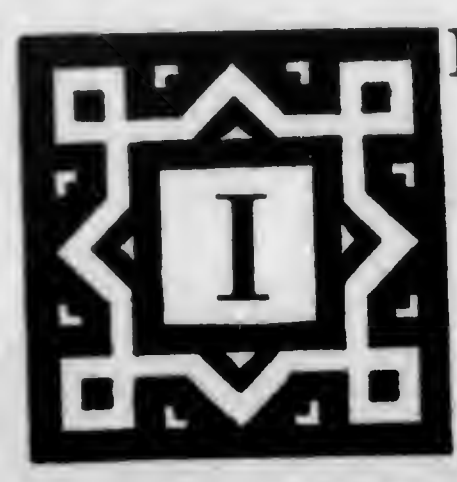
11. When the certificate is first applied, the lower of the two spaces provided for the purpose shall be dated and signed. In the event that the ultimate retailer of any fabric so marked is not the person who originally attached the certificate, that ultimate retailer, if duly licensed under section 2 of these regulations, may date and sign the upper of the two spaces provided for the purpose and may, if he so desires, detach the original date and signature.

12. Certificates may be attached only to products which are in the ownership or possession of the licensee. Certificates will be consecutively numbered and records of the allocation of such certificates will be maintained by the Indian Arts and Crafts Board. Each licensee will be held responsible for the proper use of such certificates and of the Government hand seal press furnished to such licensee.

The Redman - Nov. 1913

Navajo Outbreak Facts:

By Francis E. Leupp in the New York Post.



IN order to put a correct valuation upon the somewhat sensational news of the last few days* from the Navajo Indian country, it is necessary to know the background. Persons who are familiar with the Navajo tribe have been astonished to learn from the dispatches that 1,500 braves had gone on the warpath, and that we were on the eve of another bloody "outbreak" perhaps even reaching the dimensions of a war. The facts, however, seem to be that the situation, while serious, is not desperately alarming. This is indicated by the absence from the official reports of any mention of the departure of the women and children from the San Juan Agency, and the neighboring ranches, as such a movement customarily heralds a recognized crisis in Indian troubles anywhere.

What will probably be found to be the case, when everything is made plain, is that nearer fifteen than fifteen hundred Indians are engaged in the present disturbance, and that the multiplication of the number in the newspaper stories is the fruit of a panicky condition of mind among some of the whites at a really safe distance from the scene.

As nearly as can be ascertained here, the whole business began with the attempt of Superintendent Shelton, of the San Juan Agency in New Mexico, to arrest a Navajo Indian accused of crime. Not finding the alleged culprit at home, he arrested a few members of his family and brought them into the agency as hostages for the fugitive. A little later the superintendent, having gone away on a brief errand, some of the restless members of the band to which the fugitive belonged armed themselves and joined him in an assault upon the place of confinement, from which they released the prisoners, having first proceeded to "line up" and "cover" the agency employees in the most approved Southwestern bandit style.

Proceedings Against Ringleaders.

ON THE superintendent's return an effort was made to recapture the party, and indictments were procured against all the ringleaders in the assault upon the lockup. When the officers of the law tried to serve the warrants, the offenders treated them with

*Written under date of November 20.

contempt and defiance, and the facts were reported to Washington. Mr. Sells, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, sent Major James McLaughlin, the oldest and most experienced of the field inspectors, down to the agency. McLaughlin is a natural negotiator, understands Indians, and can usually bring them to a reasonable view of a situation if anybody can. With him, at the Commissioner's request went Father Webber, a very successful and energetic Catholic missionary, who has lived on the reservation a good many years. By the time the two men reached the spot, however, the recalcitrants had had their number somewhat strengthened, and were in a more ugly state of mind; and nothing that their white friends could say or do moved them in the least. Finally, McLaughlin found himself obliged to confess the failure of the negotiation, and to recommend that troops be sent to the scene, to assist the civil authorities if necessary. The United States Marshal, who had tried in vain to serve the warrants, sent a similar recommendation to the Department of Justice; the matter was discussed in Cabinet meeting, and it was decided to order out a small body of troops, under command of an officer of well-known discretion, to be used only if there were no other alternative.

At this stage everything stands to-day, the latest dispatches from the Superintendent indicating that the Indians are strongly intrenched at a short distance from the agency, in a camp well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and that they are declaring they will die rather than surrender. Meanwhile, their spies and informers are taking advantage of the Government's benevolence, and hanging about the edges of the agency, learning for the benefit of the intrenched party just what is going on there.

Scene of the Trouble.

THE San Juan Agency is situated at Shiprock, on the north shore of the San Juan River, a turbulent stream of a width and depth which vary with the season. It is on the northeast corner of the old Navajo reservation. The Indians in that part are given to agriculture in a small way and to sheep-raising. As a tribe, the Navajos are splendid Indians, bright of mind, athletic, alert, independent, and unspoiled by any Government largess. They have made their own way unaided thus far, and are righteously proud of the fact. They number, roughly, between 25,000 and 30,000 souls, and

retain more of their aboriginal characteristic, including a remarkable art sense, than any other group of Indians in the United States. It took a hard struggle to conquer them and place them on their reservation, but, having once been induced to surrender, they did so with an honorable purpose of keeping the peace thereafter with their conquerors. This purpose they have never violated, though now and then a small band or gang of mischievous fellows have made trouble for a little while, as a corresponding class of white men will in the most congested centers of civilization.

Superintendent Shelton, within whose jurisdiction the scene of the present commotion lies, is a man of much force, very earnest and interested in his work, and an habitual producer of results. The San Juan agency has always been reckoned a difficult one to handle, because on its border are the Black Mountains, a region most difficult to traverse, full of hiding places for outlaws, and inhabited by the least tractable element in the tribe. It was here that the notorious Bi-a-lille and his lieutenant, Polly, held sway a few years ago, ruling over a band of renegade Indians who acknowledge no law but their own desires, and no religion but the magic worked by their big medicine man and chief.

It was not till the two leaders just named had been sent to Fort Huachuca, and given a period of enforced industry at such occupations as running a lawn-mower, raking the gravel paths, and the like, that they realized the necessity of becoming good Indians. After their return to liberty they distinguished themselves by their exemplary lives. Up to that time, for a good many years, they had made a livelihood by swooping down from their mountain fastness, with a small troop of armed followers, and destroying the crop, stealing the women and the sheep, and shedding the blood of the respectable Navajos in the lower lands who were making an honest effort to farm their little holdings. Until he received a practical demonstration of the power of the Government, it had been Bi-a-lille's boast that he could never be captured, as he would shoot some of his invisible darts at any soldiers sent to take him, and make them blind and helpless. His credulous followers believed him until rudely undeceived by his arrest and confinement. He died of drowning about two years after his return to the reservation, having in the meanwhile proved himself capable of good conduct.

No Reason For Quarrel With Agent.

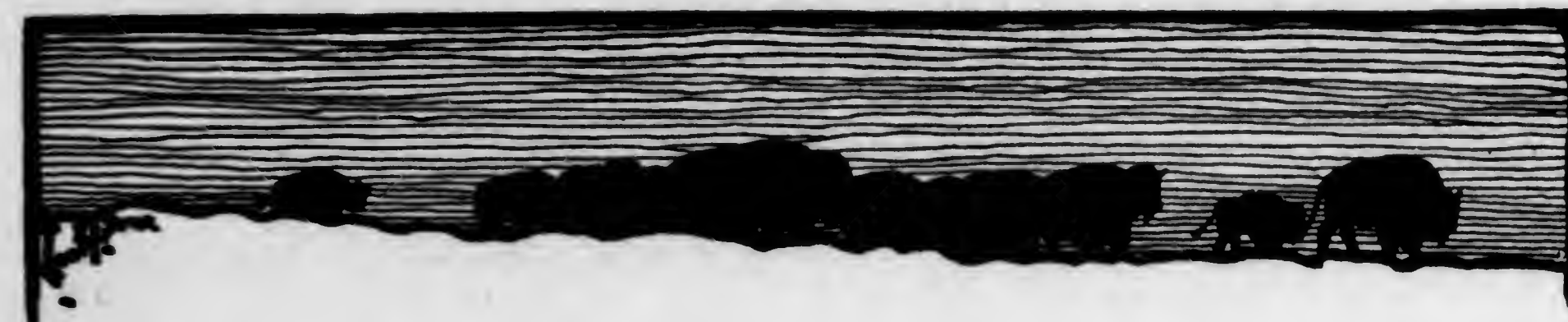
THE worthy Indians have had no quarrel with Shelton. The worthless ones have been busy for years stirring up trouble for him. They have complained of his arbitrary manner in dealing with them, of which it is enough to say that he is not naturally a diplomatist, and, when he has discovered a malingerer or mischief-maker of any sort, he minces no words with him. On the other hand, he carries a very kind heart under his rough-and-ready exterior, and is never lacking in sympathy when any case comes to his attention involving hardship for one who is really trying to do right. He has, moreover, done more than any one who has been in that neighborhood to devise a simple but fairly efficient mode of controlling the waters of the San Juan River for irrigation purposes, using the sort of timber and brush that could be got near at hand, and barbed wire, for his main instruments. High-class engineering it was not, when he had done the best with it; but it had the advantage of offering encouragement to Indians who, at their stage of development, might have been repelled by a proposal to do such work on a magnificent technical plan. What he was aiming to do was to teach these people to make the best use possible of the materials they could always find within reach, instead of sitting down and waiting for a rich and benevolent Government to do their work for them.

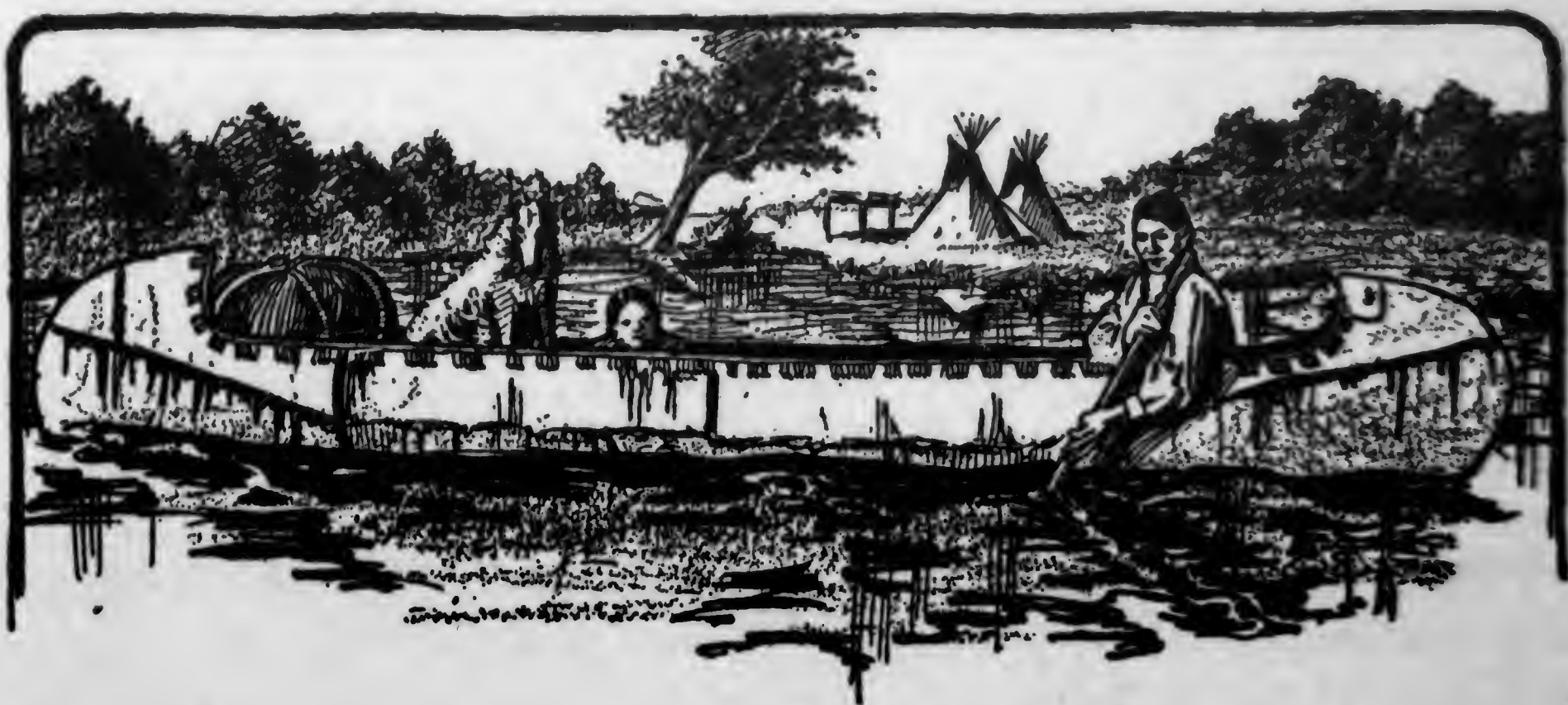
In his management of his agency he carried the same idea into everything. When a small house had to be built, he laid it out on lines which the Indians could understand, and which would enable them to build it. When done, it would be only a step above what they were already familiar with, so that, instead of being stupefied by its grandeur, they could see how simple a matter it would be for them to build something equally comfortable and convenient for their own families. When, on one occasion, an extra barn was needed, he called into requisition a lot of lumber which had been left over from former buildings, and which he had been careful to have the Indian workmen lay away in a safe place. Much of this stuff was odds and ends which the ordinary carpenter throws away or burns when he has finished a house. He showed his red mechanics how, by piecing here and changing a shape there, and making one wide board into two narrow ones, it would be within their

power to put up a first-rate building without consuming very much in roofing and siding besides what they already had on the spot. He is, moreover, a highly trained gardener; and the vegetables he has raised at his school and taught his Indian pupils to raise there and at their homes, have been wonders to look upon, especially for anybody who knew that part of the country when the now blooming and productive area was an apparently hopeless desert.

Gen. Hugh L. Scott, who has been ordered to Shiprock to hold a parley with the rebellious Indians, is not only an old-time Indian fighter, but a strong friend of the red race, and has usually been very successful in treating with them. He does not have to depend on an interpreter, but converses fluently in the sign language, of which he is to-day perhaps the most proficient master. He is well acquainted with this particular group of Navajos, having spent a considerable period in their country soon after the Bi-a-lille incident.

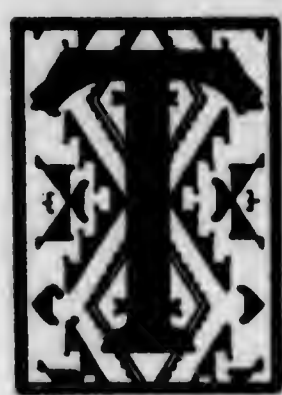
(NOTE.—All but two of the fugitive Navajo Indians surrendered to Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Scott without bloodshed. Gen. Scott, on November 29th, telegraphed Adjutant General Andrews at Washington that the Indians surrendered late the previous day near Farmington, and the troops were searching the mountains for the two fugitives. All the captured will be taken to Santa Fe for trial.)





Indian Progress; Remarkable Advancement Made by Education and Training: *

By Harvey E. Taylor.



THE Carlisle Indian School occupies what was once a U. S. army barracks, where cavalymen were trained to fight Indians. It has an ideal situation just outside the town of Carlisle. It is equipped with good buildings, dormitories, shops for manual training, schoolhouses, gymnasium, hospital, printery, athletic quarters, and administration buildings. Two excellent farms, which are worked by students, and a laundry and bakery, also worked by students, are also part of the school plant. Instead of giving all the students a smattering of this trade and that trade, the school authorities keep a few students at each of the 20 trades until those trades have been mastered. Boys only take the trade courses. So thorough is the training in the trades that Carlisle Indians are capable of building houses, doing all the masonry, carpentry, and plumbing work. The students make all the uniforms for the students, build carriages, make harnesses, do expert cabinet work, and tinsmithing.

In the summer months, many of the Indians learning trades are sent out to shops in Eastern Pennsylvania, where they work for regular wages. They are found in the machine shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, found in shoe factories, in tailoring establishments, in plumbers' concerns, and in print shops. The stu-

* Continued from the October number.



TYPICAL OLD NAVAJO WAR CHIEF

(Photo by Schwemberger)

The Redman-Jan. 1914.



SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE, CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL

~~The facts as interpreted above seem, to me, to leave no doubt regarding the great influence which variation in the mechanical relations of the chorion to the uterine walls has exercised in the evolution of placental types. This, coupled with the influence exerted by the varying fertility of species, the variation in the vascularity of different parts of the uterine walls, and the form of the uterine cavity, has, doubtless, been the all-important factor in the evolution of the various existing types of gestation.—~~
John A. Ryder, June 24, 1887.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Arrow-Release among the Navajos.—Yesterday (28th March, 1887) I was out with my camera upon one of the hills which closely surround the frontier military post of Fort Wingate, New Mexico. On the site referred to are built three Navajo lodges, or "hogans," as they are called,—two of the old original structures of the tribe and one of the more recent dwellings, or plan of building. Having made my intentions known, that I desired a picture of a warrior in the act of shooting his war-bow, there soon gathered about me some eight or ten venerable-looking old Navajo bucks, two or three of whom had their war-bows and arrows with them.

Having just read with great interest Professor Morse's pamphlet on arrow-release, a copy of which he had kindly sent me, it was with no little curiosity that I handed a bow and two or three arrows to an old gray-headed warrior present, and asked him, "Draw,—as if you were about to kill the worst enemy you had in the whole world." A particularly savage expression came over the old fellow's countenance at the suddenness of my request, but he seized the bow and arrows, and immediately drew one of them to its very head. This is the position he stood in at the time: his left foot was slightly in advance of the right, the bow was firmly seized at its middle with the left hand, while it was held somewhat obliquely, the upper moiety inclining towards the right from the vertical line, and, of course, the lower limb having a corresponding inclination towards the left side. The two spare arrows were held with the bow in the left hand, being confined by the fingers against its right outer aspect. With the right hand he seized the proximal end of the arrow in the string, using the thumb and index finger, at a point fully an inch or more above the notch, and consequently including the feathers. The "ring finger" bore against the string below this seizure, and its pressure was reinforced by its being overlapped by the middle digit, the little finger being curled within the palm of the hand.

This corresponded to Professor Morse's "secondary release" as figured on page 8 of the above referred to pamphlet, with the exception that the middle finger should overlap the annularis,

by the decidua, and *v* the vagina. We may suppose Fig. 2, A, to represent a type intermediate between that shown in Fig. 1 and that represented in Fig. 2, at B, which is that characteristic of certain Carnivora,—the Cat, for example. In C, Fig. 2, the hollow chorion has become more elongated,—in fact, fusiform; its bare poles are conical instead of flat, as in B, while the villous portion, *e*, is a broad zone. This type is found in the Dog and in *Phoca*, in which, at certain stages, it is very strongly marked. In all these types placentation occurs exclusively in either the right or left half of the uterus, but in the still more specialized uniparous types, to be next described, we find that portions of both right and left halves of the uterus present more or less mucous surface to the single chorion which they enclose. In spite of this, however, we may still discover traces of the zonary condition in D, Fig. 2, which represents the relations of the chorion to the right and left horns of the uterus in the Mare and Dugong, while, if the villi are aggregated into little tufts mainly on the mesometric side, as shown by the small, oval areas, we would have the condition found in the Cow. In this last type we find three bare areas on the chorion,—viz., at either pole, and another overlying and exactly opposite the *os uteri*, as shown in D, Fig. 2.* In the so-called diffuse type, represented by D, it is clearly seen that the villous zone is a very wide one, and it is also clear that the type D must have been derived from one similar to that shown at C, Fig. 2. In fact, if the chorion and embryo in the left horn of C were slipped down so as to lie partly in the right horn, we would get a condition practically like D. With the still greater specialization of the uterus, as a result of which its cavity is no longer tubular, but pyriform, in the gravid state, as shown at E, Fig. 2, other modifications of the placenta supervene. The globular chorion found in the type E (uterus simplex of Man, Apes, and several Edentates) still tends to develop the placenta at the cardiac or mesometric side. In the case of *Tamandua*, *Cycloturus*, and *Bradypus* there is a more or less well-marked lobulation of the discoidal placenta, which is probably a reminiscence of cotyledons which have suffered approximation, as the type of uterus D passed into that shown at E. In the Primates the simple discoidal placenta of the highest types and the two unequal placental disks of the Old World monkeys are further modifications of a type which must have been primitively zonary or diffuse, as is proved by the placentation of the Lemuridæ, which is similar to that of D, Fig. 2. Such a view is further countenanced by the fact that in its earliest condition the placenta of the Primates is essentially diffuse in its character.

* These bare areas seem to have arisen in consequence of the failure of the surface of the chorion to come into intimate contact with a vascular maternal surface at these points.

and was not of itself used to draw back the string. Returning to our Navajo warrior, I noticed, too, that the arrow at its head was on the *left side* of the bow and simply rested on top of his clinched hand. This man wore, in common with all the others who used the bow, a stiff leather "brace" fastened by buckskin strings about his left wrist, the collar being about two inches deep, and this in several others who stood near and who wore them was ornamented with silver buttons. He drew the arrow back and forth three or four times without changing the position of his fingers or hands, when I suddenly asked him to shoot as if he were going to kill a squirrel running up a tree. He smiled at this and simply drew the bow the *same way*. Upon further questioning him, he told me that the Navajos rarely held their spare arrows in the bow hand, as he now had them, but carried a scabbard (quiver of buckskin) full in front of them, from which they could be removed with great rapidity while firing; this he pre-eminently demonstrated to me from one of the scabbards worn by an Indian there present.

Still, without letting them know what I was after, I handed the bow and arrow to another buck, a man especially noted for his skill in the use of the weapon, and he immediately assumed precisely the same attitude; whereupon the first old fellow laughed and applauded at the same time, saying, "What did you ask him for? All the Navajos shoot the bow and arrow exactly alike." I replied that I dare say they did, and handed it to a third one, and sure enough he assumed the same position. I was determined, however, to let every one of them try it, and as the fourth fellow seized it, I observed that he steadied the arrow against the bow with the index finger of his left hand, which he extended lightly along the continuity of the shaft. Further, his middle finger did not overlap the annularis, but bore against the string lightly above it. Here was a typical "secondary release," and it was followed up by several others present, so I came fully to the conclusion that the true method of arrow-release among the Navajo Indians was the secondary type as classified by Professor Morse.

Next day I went among them again, and they had evidently been talking the matter over, and several new men being present, they were eager to show me the exact methods.

I found that they *on all occasions* where force was required used the secondary release, but where they shot lightly at short range they used the "primary release." Now, these observations were all made with unusual care on my part, as I had no sooner commenced them than I found that they disagreed with the observations of a no less distinguished observer than Colonel James Stevenson, who reports through Professor Morse in his first pamphlet on arrow-release, "that Navajo Indians practise three methods of release,—namely, the primary release already alluded

to, the tertiary release, and a variety of the Mediterranean release" (pp. 10, 11).

At any rate, as I say, all the Navajos which I examined, when not using the primary release employ in connection with the index finger and thumb of the right hand the annularis digit to assist in drawing back the string when charged with an arrow.

These arrows have an elaborately made "notch," are armed with three feathers, and tipped with thin and flat heads of iron, made sharp with a file. The feathers are attached about an inch above the notch, and are placed at an equal distance apart on the cylindrical shaft. Sometimes the plane of one of these feathers will be at right angles to the notch, but again the arrangement may be otherwise, and I am satisfied they have no special rule in putting them on. Deer-sinew is used to wrap them, as it is to confine the iron head at the distal extremity of the shaft.—*R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. Army, Fort Wingate, New Mexico, 29th March, 1887.*

The Great Serpent Mound.—In the archæological world one of the most important bits of news is the purchase of the "Great Serpent Mound," in Adams County, Ohio, by the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology. At the time of the explorations of Squier and Davis (1849) it was covered by a heavy growth of trees, but most of them were prostrated by the great tornado of 1859, since which time the elements have seriously damaged it. Knowing this fact, Professor F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Museum, wrote a letter advocating the preservation of this prehistoric monument, and as a result several ladies of Boston have raised money sufficient to buy the mound and about sixty acres of land about it. It is the intention to convert this into a public park, erecting a fence around the portion containing the mound, so as to keep out horses and cattle. Professor Putnam will revisit the mound in the fall and superintend the improvements. A grove of trees will be left outside the fence, where picnic-parties may assemble. The mound itself is a long earthen embankment on the edge of a bluff a hundred feet high. For the greater portion of its course it coils in a very snake-like fashion, the tail being coiled in a spiral, like a watch-spring. The head of the serpent is represented as wide open, and in front of it is an oval about ninety feet long, and still farther in front of this, extending to the point of the bluff, is an ill-defined portion which some have likened to a jumping frog, while others think it is merely produced by cattle-tracks. "Accurate measurements" of the length of the serpent vary all the way from about seven hundred to fifteen hundred feet, the last two surveys giving totals of twelve hundred and forty and fourteen hundred and fifteen feet; some of the discrepancies being explicable by the difficulty in following the centre of the constantly-curving outline. It is certainly fortunate that this, one of the most wonderful of the In-

The Redman - Oct. 1915.

Home Life of the Navajo Indians:

From the Norristown, Pa., Herald.



TO SEE the Navajo properly, one should travel by stage from Gallup to Shiprock, N. Mex. By taking this route, one can see the Indians living their own natural way, and it is hard to believe that they live practically on the ground day and night unless one sees them in their homes.

Our party, seated in a four-horse rig, rode 25 miles the first afternoon, staying that night at an Indian school named "Tohatchi" (meaning "scratch for water"). Here we found nice comfortable buildings, and the teachers of the Indians treated us to the best they had and we felt quite at home. The next day we covered 45 miles, stopping at a trading post long enough to eat luncheon. That night we put up at another Indian school, named "Toadalena" (meaning "running water"). This place is 7,000 feet above sea level, and the scenery is very pretty. The people here gave us good meals and a nice place in which to sleep. The third and last day we made 50 miles without any stop, but ate our luncheons as we rode along. As we traveled we were fortunate enough to miss the awful sandstorms so common at this season. The sun shone about 12 hours each day, and we were traveling early enough in the spring to miss the heat.

Very Little Clothing.

THE Navajos live in hogans and tepees, built low and small, with no floors and little ventilation. They usually have a rough door or hole in the top. One of these small houses seldom has more than one room, which accomodates a family of almost any size. These Indians sleep on sheepskins, and cover themselves with the blankets they make. Very little clothing is worn by them, and very seldom a hat. Most of the men have kerchiefs around their heads to keep the long hair out of their faces, and the women usually have blankets over their shoulders, and their hair is tied in a knot back of their heads.

The jewelry worn by the Indians consists principally of silver rings and bracelets, made by them, set with turquois, and worn chiefly by the women.

Any one traveling in the desert would never think it so thickly populated, but if an Indian should be shot, there would be several

Appropriations Committees of the Illinois Legislature. When De Soto marched from Florida to Arkansas he saw no buffalo until he crossed the Mississippi. Two hundred years later they were common as far south-east as Florida, and the French in Louisiana were hunting them, too. The Great Plains, to which the buffalo had receded, were rimmed around by the hunting tribes, each one regarding the buffalo as its own. Even the Iroquois, we are told in Harmon's journal, partially left New York and settled in what is now Manitoba.

That was an American war much like the war in Europe now. When the Sioux found the Crow buffalo hunting, they fought. So did everybody else. War kicked them all down the stairs of civilization from a fair order of barbarism into the lower order in which they were found by the whites. Castenada, who was the chronicler with Corodanl, says the Comanches were no better than the wolves hanging on the flanks of the buffalo herds. They followed the herds to and fro, and ate the flesh raw. Wherever the buffalo did not penetrate, the Indians remained as they had been, and so some of them remain today. In Mexico and Peru where they escaped the kindly intentions of the Great Spirit, we found them in a higher state of barbarism and one which, undisturbed, was capable of civilization. They had about reached Salem.

Look out for the warring tribes of Europe!

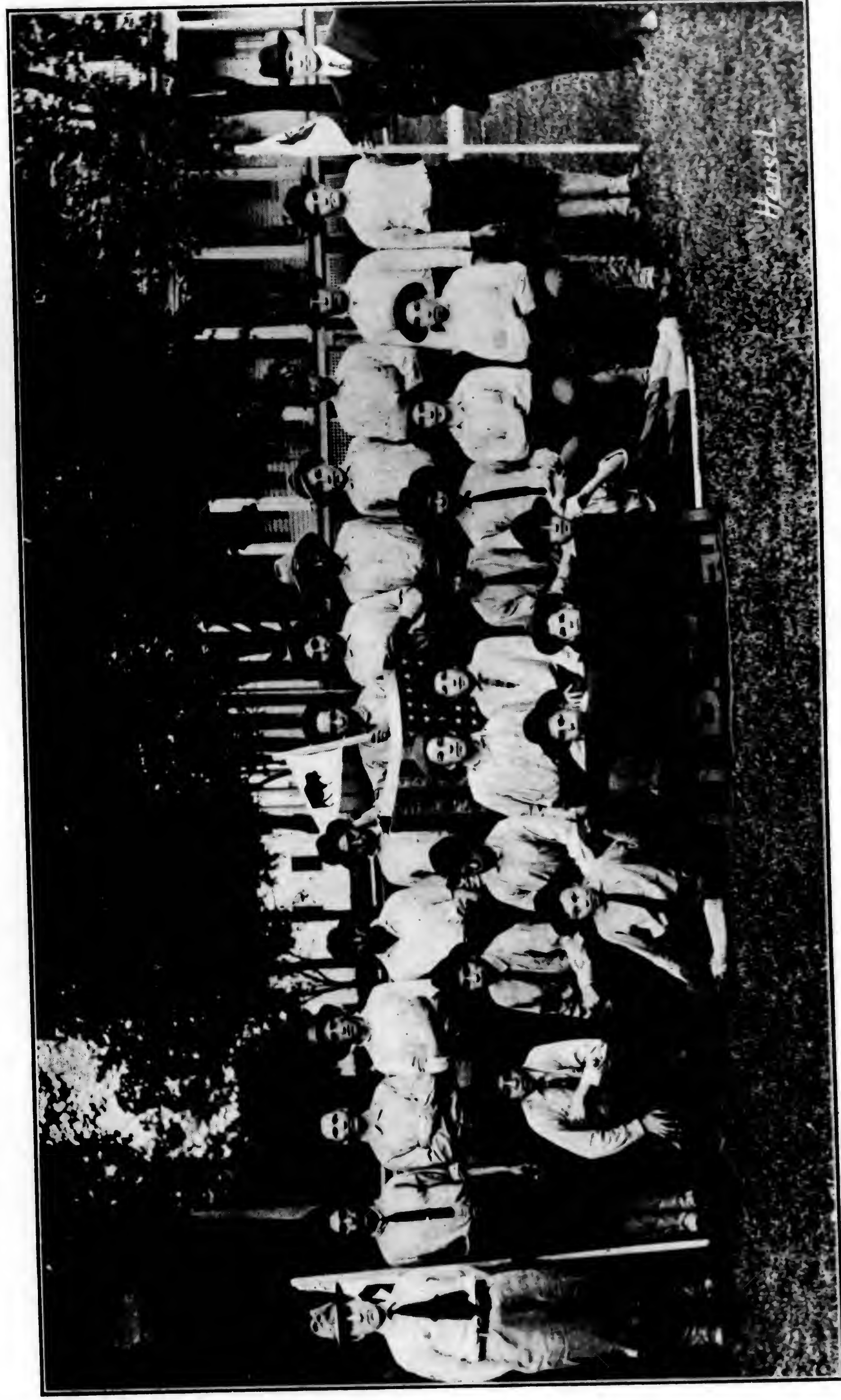


A TYPICAL NAVAJO HOGAN AND FAMILY



A VIEW IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY

(Photo by permission of Schwumberger)



A TROOP OF INDIAN BOY SCOUTS



NAVAJO CHIEFS BLACK HORSE AND TYONI

hundred at the scene of the shooting in less than half a day, as they have reflecting mirrors to use in signaling their distress calls.

The Navajo rugs are noted for their beauty and durability; but one would be surprised to see how some of them are made. They have a frame set up on the outside of their hogans and here they sit in the sun, taking days and sometimes weeks in making a single rug. The average price they receive for their rugs is about \$15 each. The genuine Navajo rug is made from their own sheep's wool.

Dislike Paper Money.

ON AN average of one every twenty-five miles along the roads on the Navajo Indian Reservation white men have stores or trading posts. Here the Indians bring their rugs, wool, and so forth, and trade for the necessities of life. The trader ships to the different parts of the United States the things he buys from the Indians. If in course of business the Navajos get any paper money they have it changed into coin before buying anything, as they do not understand the value of currency.

When a Navajo becomes sick the medicine man or woman of the tribe is sent for to drive away the "evil spirit." For this service the man or the woman is given ten sheep or goats. If the Navajos think one of their people is going to die, he or she is carried a hundred yards or more from the hogan, for the reason that when one dies in a hogan the hogan is burned, as none of the tribe will live in it afterward.

The Indian school at Shiprock, in San Juan County, New Mexico, is one of the best in the service, although it is only ten years old. There are about 160 students in attendance, in ages ranging from six to twenty years. Most of the children are bright, and want to learn, but their capacity for learning does not go far beyond the sixth grade. The Navajo children's singing and reciting would do credit to that heard in most white schools, and they can answer more Bible questions and repeat more Scripture than the average grown white persons. These little Indians are taught to do all kinds of work, such as sewing, tailoring, kitchen and dining room work, carpentering, farming, and, in fact, everything that an American should know. Many of the girls take positions with white families, and prove themselves very capable in doing their work properly. Their success in any line of work is due to the superintendent and the teachers, who take great care in their training.

Uncle Sam has spent several thousand dollars in constructing comfortable buildings and in beautifying the grounds in this part of the Navajo country. These Indians have a fine greenhouse, ice plant, laundry, acetylene light plant, hospital, and every other up-to-date convenience. The school grounds contain about 300 acres and are quite level. The San Juan River runs near by, and supplies ample water for irrigating. This land produces large crops of alfalfa, grains, fruits, melons, and other agricultural products. The school has for its use and study fine cows, horses, sheep, hogs, and, in fact, everything of the best that one could wish for, and naturally the Indians appreciate all that Uncle Sam is doing for them.

Every fall, to encourage the Indians in their work, a big fair is held at Shiprock, and the Navajos take much pride in bringing in for exhibition the best of everything. This is a time of great rejoicing among the natives, and many white people come from far and near to see the wonderful things made by the Indians.

About two years ago this region experienced a cloudburst that caused the rivers to overflow their banks and water covered the entire school grounds. All of the inhabitants and live stock had to move up on higher ground, where they were compelled to remain for several hours before the flood subsided. A new steel bridge over the San Juan River, which cost \$10,000, was washed away; a few cottages that were built of adobe, crumbled down; basements were filled with water; clothes and eatables ruined; and the pretty school grounds were covered with mud about a foot thick. Something like \$50,000 damage was done, and everything was in a very deplorable condition, but in the face of this the Indians went to work, and after a long period of patient toiling everything was put in a condition better than it was before the flood.

Whisky is not allowed on the reservation even backed by a doctor's prescription, because of its demoralizing effect on the Indian.



Out West - Feb. 1902
1902.

THE ANEMONE OF THE ROCKIES.

By MARY A. STOKES.

WHEN the foothill loosens her cloak of snow
And bares her breast to the warm Chinook,
There by her nude brown foot, we know
We shall find if we but look,
Cradled in furs from throat to toe,
A baby anemone sleeping low.

The snowbirds twitter a chansonnette
And the babe peeps out with her soft blue eye.
Thirsting, she seeks the rivulet
'Neath the mother's cloak awry ;
Her velvet lip she creeps to wet
And her face in the snow cloak's fringe is set.

Helena, Mont.

THE AMERICAN CADMUS.

By MARGARET A. LOGAN.



HERE could hardly be more appropriate title than this which has been given the truly great aborigine who is commemorated by science in the name of the hugest trees in the world—for the *Sequoia gigantea*, the incomparable Redwood of California, was christened in honor of the only American Indian that ever invented a written language, the only Indian "Educator" (as we use the word nowadays), Se-quo-yah, the Cherokee.

Se-quo-yah's mother was a Cherokee maiden whom a Dutch peddler, named Gist, wooed and married while trading among her people. Gist was a lazy vagabond, but admired industry in others. He watched this girl as she prepared the venison and birchen dish of hominy in her father's cabin, saw her go out into the field to assist in cultivating the maize, and, on her return, pick up a moccasin that she was embroidering with many colored beads; and he thought, truly, that such a thrifty wife would be cheaply purchased with the best contents of his pack.

The bargain with her father was soon made, and Gist took this Indian bride to his home in eastern Georgia; but, before two years had passed, the roving habit returned, and he left without a word. This was in 1771, and he was never seen or heard from again; but in three months a little son came to cheer the widow's solitude. His mother called him Se-quo-yah,

which means "*He guessed it*," a probable reference to the family name Gist, or Guest; but poetically apt in the light of later events. Among the English he was afterwards known as George Guess.

A Cherokee woman was allowed to hold property in her own right, and Mrs. Gist possessed a little farm of eight acres which she could cultivate herself. The little Se-quo-yah's cradle was made of dried buffalo skins, fastened to a straight board. This, when working in the field, his mother would fasten to her back or hang upon some bush near by; and when engaged in household duties, she stood the cradle with its little occupant in some safe corner of the hut. As the boy grew older he seemed to share his mother's energy, and was soon able to assist her in farm work. Having no one to teach him the manly sports in which other youths were engaged, Se-quo-yah often amused himself with carving upon wood, or bark, and at last became so expert in the use of his knife that he could make many improvements in his mother's milking and cooking utensils.

As her boy showed some of his father's taste for trading, Mrs. Gist allowed him to visit the hunters' camps and exchange guns and hatchets for furs and skins which would furnish them with clothing and winter covering. So passed a peaceful youth. But with manhood came the loss of the mother whom Se-quo-yah tenderly loved, whose influence and guidance had been the great blessing of his life.

In the lonely days that followed, he became the silversmith of his tribe. He had, besides, some fame as a storyteller, and this attracted many visitors to his wigwam; but, feeling the need of more gentle companionship, Se-quo-yah determined to seek a wife. Choice being made, he proceeded to woo the girl in true Indian fashion.

He painted his face, breast and arms in every color of the rainbow, then he greased his black hair and adorned it with Indian "jewels," and finally wrapped himself in the buffalo robe, a symbol of care and protection which was offered to the bride. Thus arrayed, Se-quo-yah stood day after day at the door of her cabin, smiling whenever he obtained a glimpse of his beloved, but never daring to address her. Not until the price which her parents chose to demand for the maiden had been decided upon was she allowed to give a smile in return. This weighty matter being settled, Se-quo-yah that night loaded his horse with buffalo robes and tied it at the door of her hut. The next morning he found that the robes had been taken in, a sure

sign that she accepted his protection, and he could claim her as his wife.

Se-quo-yah is said to have had a very pleasant countenance; his face was Asiatic in contour, with the softness and refinement of an Eastern sage. His wife was very handsome—tall, symmetrical and delicately formed. They lived happily together for some years; then Se-quo-yah grew dreamy and apparently indolent, while she became absorbed in children and household cares. The wife, not understanding his unwonted listlessness, would often reprove her husband for lack of industry; but Se-quo-yah's mind was busy, for he was already brooding over the mystery of "the talking leaf."

This was a paper found upon a white man taken prisoner by the Cherokees. He explained to them that it was a letter from one of his friends, and read it to them; but the Indians declared it must be a message from the Great Spirit. "No," said Se-quo-yah, "the white man knows how to make fast his words upon paper, just as we catch a wild animal and tame it." The subject interested him more and more, so at last he borrowed the English spelling-book from the mission school. But, not knowing a single letter of that language, this could do him no good. Then he said, "I will make an alphabet for my people, that they may have talking leaves of their own." Receiving no encouragement from family or friends, Se-quo-yah might have abandoned the enterprise, but for a severe accident which crippled him for many years.

Unable to engage in active pursuits, he sat alone at the door of his cabin, listening to the songs of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, and the rippling murmur of the water. Then he thought, as every movement, emotion, or passion was represented to the ear by some peculiar sound, why should not every sound be depicted to the eye by some appropriate symbol. So Se-quo-yah made his children bring pieces of bark from the woods and gather herbs from which his wife could extract beautiful dyes; and again resorted to the knife with which he had before become so skilful. He carved and painted upon these pieces of bark symbols of things, or parts of things, which stood for certain sounds of the Cherokee tongue. After much labor, Se-quo-yah discovered that with eighty-two of these signs he could represent every sound of his native language.

Then all the neighboring chiefs were summoned, to whom he explained what he had accomplished; and to prove its practical use, called in his little daughter, Ah-yokeh, the only one of his family who had shown much faith in his self-appointed task. The child was sent from the room, while some of the chiefs re-

peated sentences which Se-quo-yah wrote upon the bark; and when she returned, Ah-yokeh read them off as readily as if she had heard them spoken. The chiefs were at last convinced, and news of the great discovery spread. When it reached Washington, Congress voted a silver medal and five hundred dollars to be bestowed upon the inventor. He afterwards received a literary pension.

Se-quo-yah lived to see four million pages of good literature in his signs. In 1797, John Arch, a Cherokee who had been instructed by the missionaries of Tennessee, visited Se-quo-yah and, after learning all about his work, translated the third chapter of St. John into Sequoyah-syllabic characters. This translation was copied and read by millions, and then other books were prepared in the same way; those who could obtain them read them in preference to the English, the sounds of that language being unknown and unfamiliar.

In 1840, this great Indian traveled towards the Rocky Mountains, hoping to find some trace of a missing branch of his tribe which, according to tradition, had strayed in that direction. Near the banks of the Colorado, he was overcome by age and fatigue, and his companions buried him there among the shifting sands. When his bones were sought, that they might be given honorable burial, not a trace remained. Yet he is not without fitting memorial. In the Council hall of Tahlequah a marble bust of Se-quo-yah was placed, and in the public library of Boston an elegantly bound copy of his Testament may be seen. And we may hope that at least, one grove of the giant Redwoods may be spared, as an evergreen monument to this Cadmus of America.

Pass Christian, Miss.

THE GARDEN.

By EDWARD SALISBURY FIELD.

LARKSPUR and eglantine,
Heartsease and heather,
Hollyhocks, four-o'clocks,
Poppies, mignonette and phlox
Growing wild together.
What a dear, old-fashioned nook,
And how few would heed it.
What a place to take a book—
And never read it!

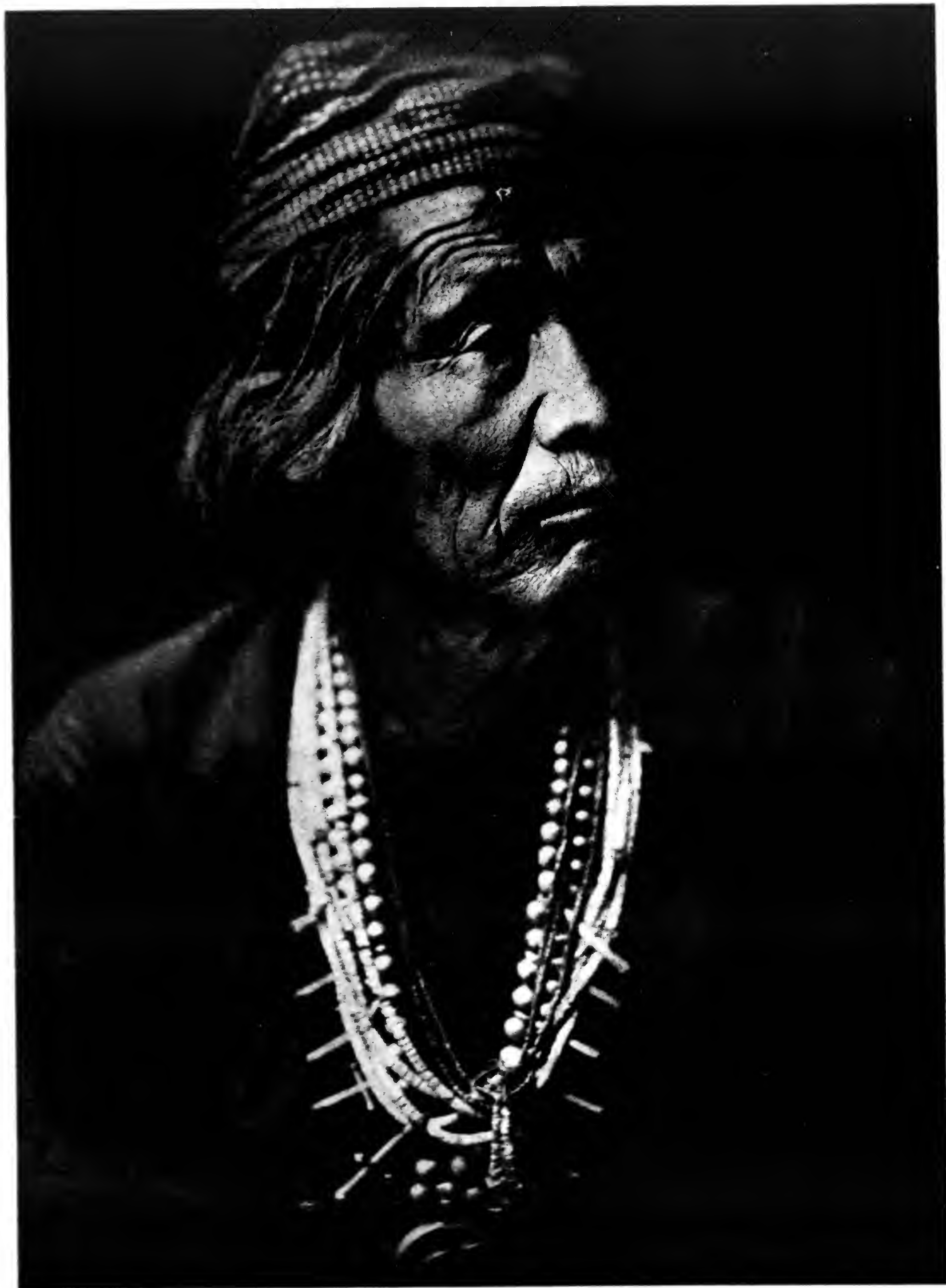


Photo and copyright by Edward S. Curtis .

NESJAJA HATALI: NAVAHO

Nat. Geographic Magazine June 1913



Photo and copyright by Edward S. Curtis

LUZI: PAPAGO



A NAVAJO INDIAN AT WORK WITH A STEAM DRILL.

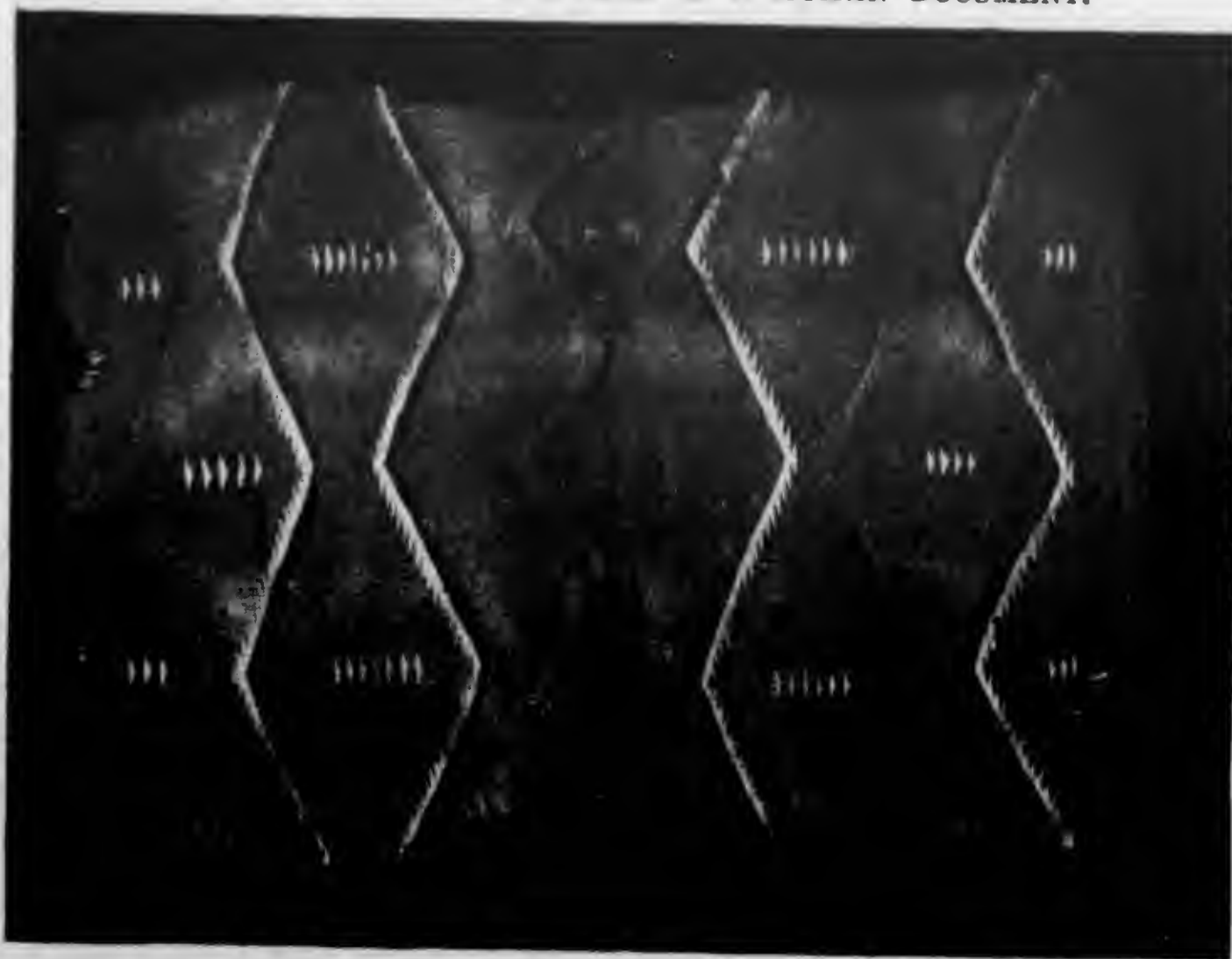
The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has suggested that it will help us to understand the condition of our Indian if we can imagine that, three centuries ago, the Chinese had invaded North America and driven the white settlers back and back, and had finally penned them on reserved tracts and fed them rice for thirty years. "To what condition would the white Americans of to-day have been reduced?" he asks. "In spite of their vigorous ancestry they would surely have lapsed into barbarism and become pauperized. That our red brethren have not been wholly ruined by our treatment of them is the best proof we could ask of the sturdy traits of character inherent in them."

The Indian has not been ruined, but he has deteriorated. His body is not the thing of steel and sinew it once was. His sense of humor has suffered, and his imagination has taken on a somber tint. But good food, hard work, and a sense of self-respect that

comes from owning a home and seeing a family dependent on its head will restore the tribesman's efficiency. Indian workmen who have been employed for some time are placed alongside fresh recruits to the job. The comparison is eloquent—"the men who have done some work are found to be fully twice as valuable as the newcomers." Indians learn to work with unusual quickness; they have grasped the idea that there is to be competition between them and the white men of the West. They know that in the future they must enter the lists, not as tribal groups with an agent at their back, but as individuals with only the government's good-will and Godspeed behind them. It is the government's part first to grant the Indian his full individual rights and then to safeguard his interests and to insist that no unfair advantage be taken of him until he is able to care for his own in every way.



"EACH INDIVIDUAL SPECIMEN IS A HUMAN DOCUMENT."



THE MAKING OF A NAVAJO BLANKET.

BY GEORGE H. PEPPER.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

DELICATE in texture, exquisite in design, wonderful in construction, the textiles of the ancient Peruvians stand alone in the arts of the New World, and are comparable with any of the archaic loom-work of the Orient. But the old Peruvians, though past-masters in the art of weaving, were not alone in their vocation. The old Nahuas, the Mayas, and other tribes of Mexico and Central America, well knew the possibilities of the loom, and from the evidence at hand we are safe in saying that the prehistoric sedentary people of our own Southwest were also textile-makers of no small merit. But of their descendants we cannot say as much, for the modern Pueblo Indians weave only the most simple form of blankets.

While the Pueblo people lived in peace in a land of comparative plenty, their æsthetic arts improved; but when the bands of Apaches and Navajos swept down upon them there came a change, and a decadence began which was increased by the Spanish conquest and afterward by the successive inroads of white adventurers and settlers. The Navajos were hunters who levied tribute upon their agricultural neigh-

bors, and when later the Spaniards appeared and brought new game, these nomads helped themselves most freely, especially to the sheep. The Navajo seemed naturally adapted to the life of a herdsman, and the horse at once became his friend and ally, while the increasing flocks of sheep, at first stolen for food, were cared for by the squaws. Now, when the Navajo saw the wonderful trappings of Coronado's army, he was, no doubt, impressed by the fabrics worn by the soldiers and the blankets in which they slept at night, and began to realize the full import of the work already known to him. At all events, he conceived a desire to weave, and this he did, utilizing native implements and foreign material. The loom-sticks he either borrowed or copied from the Pueblos, and then by ravelling a very hard-twist Spanish cloth, known as "vayeta," he rewove it and made the "Serape Navaho" of the old traders and explorers. It seems quite evident that the Navajos learned their art from the Pueblos, but from the evidence obtainable they did not put their knowledge to any use until after the conquest; then a great many years must have elapsed before the next step was taken,

and the wool from the sheep made to take the place of the high-priced material from which they obtained their woof. Once begun, however, it presented unlimited possibilities, and the quick-witted nomad seemed to grasp the situation. He worked arduously, and though he appropriated the Spaniard's sheep, the only tools that he borrowed from him were the shears and wool-cards. With the old primitive distaff and Pueblo loom he spun links of wool, forming a chain of such exceeding length that, when his country was absorbed by our great Union, it reached the seat of government, and thousands of sheep were added to his flocks through the generosity of his foster fathers. This assistance was well directed, and the result is self-evident, for there are few who have not seen or at least heard of a Navajo blanket.

But how many realize the amount of labor involved in preparing the crude wool as it is taken from the sheep, and converting it into a twine that is thin enough and strong enough for the warp-strands of their work? Who but the initiated, in looking upon their beautiful designs, are impressed with the

fact that they are viewing an evidence of individuality? It is not machine work, where each thread is counted by a complicated mechanism, and where each design is mathematically perfect; the forms and figures are evolved while the work is in progress, and drawn in their entirety upon the kaleidoscopic mirror of the mind alone. If it is new to you, my reader, you would, no doubt, like to see the squaw as she labors faithfully from the initial stages of the work until it is ready to adorn her own hogan or be sold to a neighboring Pueblo or trader. Let us journey, then, westward to a broad ancient waterway in northwestern New Mexico, known as Chaco Cañon, and find there the Navajo at home; not on the reservation set apart for him by the authorities in Washington, but in one of the grazing areas that he has preëmpted for the immediate needs of his hungry flocks.

We have not far to go to see the blanket-makers, for some of the older ones are usually near camp; not begging, but earnestly hoping that they will be invited to partake of what is left after the meal—a cup of coffee at least, which is to them not



"HER WRINKLED, TIME-WORN, ELEMENT-SCARRED FACE BEARS MUTE EVIDENCE TO THE YEARS OF WORK THAT SHE HAS SEEN."



"THE HOGAN, OR HOUSE, GENERALLY CONSISTS OF A FEW TREES DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND TO FORM A SEMI-CIRCLE. THE TOP IS COVERED WITH BRUSH OR A BLANKET, BUT OFTEN . . . AN ARROYO-BENCH . . . FORMS THE BACK PART OF THE HOUSE."

merely a luxury, but as essential as the so-called "staff of life." One of these old veteran weavers is shown in the illustration, and her wrinkled, time-worn, element-scarred face bears mute evidence to the years of work that she has seen. Practically all of the blankets are made by the squaws, both old and young, the few men who do the squaw's work making the exception that proves the rule. The squaw cares for the sheep, which are moved in large flocks from pasture to pasture, and great foresight must be exercised in preparing for the future needs of their charges, both in the way of new pastures and also in regard to a suffi-

cient supply of water. The squaw also shears the sheep, and carries the wool to camp; though the latter part of the work sometimes falls to the lot of a burro or a pony. The summer camp is placed in the most convenient place, and the hogan, or house, generally consists of a few trees driven into the ground to form a semicircle. The top is covered with brush or a blanket, but often, as in the accompanying picture, an arroyo-bench is selected, a part of which forms the back part of the house. In these rough shelters the blanket work is carried on.

In the preparatory stages of the work the first operation is the shearing of the



"WHEN THE WORK OF DYEING IS COMPLETED, THE WOOL IS PULLED APART AND PLACED ON THE WOOL-CARDS.
 . . . WITH THESE CARDS THE WOOL IS PREPARED FOR THE SPINDLES."

sheep. The animal is caught, thrown upon its side and hog-tied; that is, the four legs are crossed and bound securely with a piece of wool-rope, and then, with an occasional bleat of protest, the sheep is relieved of its coat. The great shearing-time is in the spring and fall, but sheep are sometimes sheared during the summer months.

Occasionally the fleece is taken off in one large piece, as shown in the illustration on page 37, and the rough parts and ends are removed and put aside for the coarser saddle-pads, experience having taught them that it is not policy to utilize the second-grade material in the construction of a good blanket. The white wool is not clean, as a rule, and does not stand out as it should when combined with black and other dark colors. The scarcity of water and the absence of sheep-dips are, of course, responsible for this state of affairs; nevertheless we have succeeded in inducing a few of the squaws to wash the wool, both black and white, and the portion that is to be dyed as well as that which is to be utilized in the natural state. When washed the wool is placed on the grease-wood bushes to dry, after which it is ready for the dyeing process.

Most of the Navajo sheep are white, but black ones are not uncommon. This gives the Indian two natural contrasts in color, with numerous shades of black and brown, while the wool of some sheep assumes almost a blue color. Occasionally all of these products are used in their natural state, but the white wool is the only one that is used to any extent without being dyed. The black wool is never a jet black; it has a red tinge, and is seldom used without being treated with "El-gee'-ba-toh," their native black dye, or the now prevalent aniline dye of the trader.

The native dyes of the Navajos are few. The only one they were using in their wool-work when I first saw them, in 1896, was black, and even this was fast being replaced by the dyes from stores. There is a yellow-green dye that is used occasionally; it is made from the flowering tops of the rabbit-weed (*Bigelovia graveolens*). After the flower-stalks have boiled for several hours a native alum is added, the use of the latter being that of a mordant. It gives a variety of shades, and is really a good dye for wool-work. Their native red dye is still used for moccasins and buckskin in general,

but owing to the pale red color, the result when it is applied to wool, it is seldom used for that purpose. The preparation of the black dye requires both time and labor. First the leaves and twigs of the aromatic sumac (*Rhus aromatica*) are boiled for six hours, while the squaw grinds ferruginous ochre and burns it in an open frying-pan. When the ochre has changed to a red powder, piñon-gum is added and stirred constantly until it carbonizes and forms with the ochre a black powder, which is added to the liquid, thereby forming a permanent dye. It is, as Dr. Washington Matthew says, a regular ink, "the tannic acid of the sumac combining with the sesquioxide of iron in the roasted ochre, the whole enriched by the carbon of the calcined gum." This liquid is used in dyeing buckskin, leather, and textiles, as well as the natural wool. Some of the old vayeta blankets have a very dark blue design, but this coloring material was not native, being the indigo that the Spaniards introduced, and which the Navajos have retained throughout the historic period. I have been told that they

had, originally, a blue dye of their own, but I could find no one who knew how it was made. However, though we have only two purely primitive wool-dyes known to the present blanket-makers, the variants of the yellow-green dye afford them a number of different shades, ranging from a canary-yellow to an olive-green.

When the work of dyeing is completed, the wool is pulled apart and placed on the wool-cards. These "cards" are of American manufacture. They are thin rectangular pieces of wood with handles, one side being covered with a strip of leather containing fine wire teeth. With these cards the wool is prepared for the spindles. In the process the fibres are made to lie in the same general direction, so that the finished piece is of uniform thickness, and forms a strip about four inches wide and seven inches in length. This strip is taken by the squaw and wound upon a distaff of primitive form—this first process of spinning being a lengthening and twisting of the wool. The illustration on page 38 shows this. The distaff used by the Navajos is



"OCCASIONALLY THE FLEECE IS TAKEN OFF IN ONE LARGE PIECE, . . . AND THE ROUGH PARTS AND ENDS ARE REMOVED AND PUT ASIDE FOR THE COARSER SADDLE-PADS."



"THE FIBRES ARE MADE TO LIE IN THE SAME GENERAL DIRECTION, SO THAT THE FINISHED PIECE IS OF UNIFORM THICKNESS, AND FORMS A STRIP ABOUT FOUR INCHES WIDE AND SEVEN INCHES IN LENGTH. THIS STRIP IS TAKEN BY THE SQUAW AND WOUND UPON A DISTAFF OF PRIMITIVE FORM—THIS FIRST PROCESS OF SPINNING BEING A LENGTHENING AND TWISTING OF THE WOOL."

practically the same as that used by the ancient Pueblo people, the only difference being in the size and shape of the whorl, the one shown in the accompanying photograph being a flat circular piece, whereas most of the old ones were thicker and much smaller. The position in which the distaff is held and the manner of manipulation vary in different tribes. While the Moquis roll the distaff along the leg, using the flattened fingers and part of the palm, and the Peruvians twirl their thin needle-like pieces into the air and deftly catch them as they return, the Navajos rest the upper part of the implement against the leg, and revolve it with a twirling motion of the thumb and fingers, the lower end resting on the ground. But among all tribes where the primitive form of spinning is retained the work is long and tedious.

The second step in the spinning is the unwinding and twisting of the loose strand, which leaves it in an almost hopeless mass of kinks and snarls, but in the third step these are all straightened out when the skein is returned to the distaff; it has now

become more like a fluffy cord than when it was lying in a heap. Many times must the patient squaw wind and unwind, stretch and twist, ere she may put it aside as the finished woof-strand. Even then the spinning has but begun; another lot must be worked in the same way, and even more carefully than the first, for when the woof-size is reached the work is only half done. At this point great care must be exerted to keep the strand uniform; for it is to be the warp, or framework, on which the blanket is to be built. Harder and tighter she twists it until, after long hours of toil, she produces a strong, kinky, bristling twine whose little filaments will hold the woof-strands in a vise-like grip as the weaving progresses.

After the spinning process two small trees, or poles, are obtained, and to these the blanket-sticks are tied, usually with native wool-rope. These sticks are generally old ones that have been used for years, and the squaws become so attached to them that when a bargain is being made for a loom it is very difficult to persuade a blanket-maker to part with this particular part of

her outfit. After the loom-sticks are adjusted, and the loom is placed in a horizontal position, the sticks are wound with a rather coarse wool-cord, and through each loop is passed a twisted cord, which is to form the ends of the finished blanket. The warp-strand is next strung from pole to pole (as shown on this page) across the rectangular space, the loop at either end passing through a twist of the cord already mentioned, which lies along the inner side of the pole. When enough warp has been strung a twisted wool-cord is stretched near the outer cord at either side, and the loom is then raised to a perpendicular position and set up in the hogan. The uprights are firmly imbedded in the ground, and the loom is then apparently ready for work; but there is one other essential that shows the ingenuity of the Indian, for evidently realizing that the mere matter of tying the lower loom-sticks to the uprights would not insure rigidity, since the work would tend to loosen the knots and the warp-strands would be more or less loose as a result, she proceeded to dig directly under the loom-sticks three holes large enough and deep enough to receive

heavy stones. These holes were placed at either end and under the middle of the lower loom-pole, while to the stones suspended in the holes cords from these ends were fastened, thereby keeping the warp-strands uniformly taut, and leaving the loom ready in every way for the blanket work, as shown on page 40.

The skeleton has now been made, the framework upon which the blanket is to be built.

The squaw must next consider what kind of a blanket is to be made, for upon her decision will depend the arrangement of the healds, which are shown in the lower part of the picture. These healds are made by knotting a cord about a long twig, each loop of which encloses a warp-strand. The heald is made in such a way that it may be readily moved, its work being the separation of the strands. In simple, solid color-work one or more slender twigs are used in connection with the heald, one of which may be seen below and another above it in the plate.

The first and most essential tool to be used is the batten, or Bay-heck-kin-klish', with which the squaw separates the warp-



"AFTER THE SPINNING PROCESS . . . THE WARP-STRAND IS NEXT STRUNG FROM POLE TO POLE . . .
ACROSS THE RECTANGULAR SPACE."

strands for the passage of the shuttle and pounds down the woof-strands when they have been placed in position. Generally it is a piece of scrub-oak, three feet long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick, boat-shaped at the ends, with thin edges. The manner in which this tool is handled,

passed through loosely and pressed into place with a little implement called a "Payttsoy," a combination of a comb and an awl, the awl serving to loosen any part that may prove to be uneven after the irregular distribution of the loosely spun woof. The wool is then patted gently with the batten to equalize the irregularities and prepare an even surface for the next cross-section.

As most of the Navajo blankets are a combination of designs, there is very little use for a shuttle, hence there is no specialized form of this implement. When solid color-work is to be done a twig of greasewood serves the purpose admirably. The wool is wound back and forth as a boy winds kite-cord, and only enough to finish the solid portion in course of construction at the time. As the bulk of the work is in the form of designs, the wool for each figure is made into a little ball, or, should the design be a small one, the wool-strand is allowed to hang from its position, as shown on page 41. The number of these pendent strands depends, of course, upon the number of designs on a given level and the number of colors that are being used in each figure, but occasionally as many as twenty or thirty strands may be seen, and at such times the swiftness with which the numerous pieces are



"THE LOOM READY IN EVERY WAY FOR THE BLANKET WORK."

or rather the energy with which it is used, regulates, to a great degree, the hardness, and therefore the firmness of the blanket. When a hard, fine blanket is to be made, the warp-strands are closely strung, and the woof passed through and pulled taut before it is pounded into place by the repeated blows of the batten. On the other hand, when a saddle-pad or other loosely woven blanket is to be made, the wool is

manipulated is really marvellous. For determining the length of the different figures in the more simple designs, the squaw sometimes ties a cord around the warp-strands that are to be included; the accompanying plate shows this in three places. As each marginal woof-strand is added it is passed through a twist in the side cords before mentioned. I say marginal strand, for very often from five

to a dozen strands will be built up on one side before the other side is worked, so one may readily see that a uniform line is not always maintained. Work of this kind, although causing a very noticeable difference between handwork and mechanical figures, detracts from the æsthetic appearance of the finished product; and, as it seems to be attributable to nothing less than sheer laziness on the part of the squaw, it is being discouraged by those who are interested in the development of the art of the Navajos.

In making a blanket, the squaw always sits, building up the designs as far as she can reach; she then removes the lower loom-pole and forms a roll of the finished part of the blanket. The loom-pole is then fastened to the face of the blanket at a point just below the upper line of the woof. Here a fold is made, and through the double section thus formed the coarse wool-cord is sewed, each stitch of which passes under the cord of the loom-pole. The whole blanket is now lowered, the three stone weights adjusted, and the work is resumed.

In examining the work of the Navajos, heavy ridges are very often noticeable, so that at times it almost seems that two sections have been sewed together, but closer scrutiny shows that the piece is entire. It requires years of constant use to obliterate these peculiar loom-marks. When the blanket is nearly completed very thin and narrow battens, or pounding sticks, are used, and the strands are finally pressed into place with long needles of wood which are used in connection with the little comb. Carefully the last strands are pounded home—no shirking at this stage of the work. One by

one they are woven in and out until at last no space remains, and the labors of the weaver are at an end.

Thus the blanket is rolled and sewed and the loom lowered; step by step it is evolved from the crude wool, until at last it stands before us a thing of beauty, the material as



"THE WOOL IS WOUND BACK AND FORTH AS A BOY WINDS KITE-CORD. . . . AS THE BULK OF THE WORK IS IN THE FORM OF DESIGNS, . . . SHOULD THE DESIGN BE A SMALL ONE, THE WOOL-STRAND IS ALLOWED TO HANG FROM ITS POSITION."

free from padding as the work was at one time free from the influence of civilization. But our prosaic natures fail to realize that each individual specimen is a human document.

In the rush and turmoil of our busy life we do not think of the story that is woven into those ever-changing strands, nor of the



"ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL PIECES OF DESIGN WORK THAT THE NAVAJOS HAVE EVER PRODUCED. . . . THE DESIGNS AND THE GENERAL ENSEMBLE ARE PRICELESS TO THE STUDENT, BUT TO COMPARE THE STORE WOOF WITH THE PRIMITIVE FORM WOULD BE A FARCE."

tales of woe and suffering that those bright and gaudy colors have beheld. But could that lifeless form be given speech, it could tell of days of adverse fortune when the sandstorms held mad revel, and the household goods were piled about it to keep it clean, while its owner sought the friendly shelter of a neighboring rock. Or it might speak of nights when all was dark, when waters dashed in torrents through the roofless hogan, causing squaws to bare their shoulders to the elements while their blankets shielded it from harm. How many instances of suffering might be cited—patient cripples, weak and emaciated men and women, feeble with age and exposure, subsisting on corn and water, watching day by day the progress of the blanket whose completion will mean coffee and a few of the luxuries that we would class as necessities! Then the blanket is finished and the journey to the trading store begins. The squaw knows from

experience what she should receive for her work, and therefore demands a certain amount as her just dues. The trader, hard-hearted and grasping, as a rule, takes from his money-pouch perhaps one-half the blanket's value in silver and throws it upon the counter. The squaw realizes the injustice of the act, but also knows full well that there is but one alternative, and that is to ride perhaps a score of miles to the next store, and that, too, without the slightest prospect of better treatment when she reaches it. Then comes the thought of the anxious ones at home, and she realizes how great will be the disappointment if she returns empty-handed. Long she ponders, then conquering the ever-increasing anger that threatens to gain the mastery over reason, she takes the proffered coin. She is able to buy but half the goods that she had hoped to get, and the trader realizes from one hundred to three hundred per cent. on each article that she buys.

Thus it has been for many years, but I am glad that I am able to say that a new *régime* has begun which promises to give the Navajo not only an honest equivalent for his work, but also a helping hand in each and all of the various ways that tend to elevate and cause a betterment in his physical and financial status.

On page 43 we have a reproduction of one of the purely primitive blankets. It is a small rug made entirely from natural native products. In this form of blanket we have the result of recent training. The wool has been washed and the natural colors have been utilized; these consist of a black and a yellow-brown, forming a design on a white background. It not only does away with the dyes of the white man, but the effect is pleasing to the eye, for the colors are very soft and harmonize perfectly. The blanket under consideration was made for the writer during the summer of 1898, when the work of the Hyde Exploring Expedition among the Navajos, begun in 1896, was bearing fruit. But the reclaiming of the Indian's art proved to be a task that necessitated untiring labor with results hardly sufficient to repay one for the time and money expended. Unforeseen obstacles were constantly encountered. The Indian had been moving in a certain groove for years, and did not appreciate innovations that tended to disrupt the work that had been brought about by the traders.

One of the greatest evils with which we had to cope was the use of white store cord, which was rapidly replacing the native warp. With the machine-made cord for the warp the labor of blanket work was greatly reduced. Blankets could be made more rapidly, and the trader seldom made a difference in the price of the finished article. Then the hideous purples and greens were introduced to swell the great list of alien dyes. Some of the combinations consequent upon this step affected even the apathetic trader, to say nothing of the retailers in the cities. They were obliged to refuse any and all blankets that contained designs in purple. Thus public opinion will tend to crush an evil when it passes beyond the bounds of æsthetic endurance.

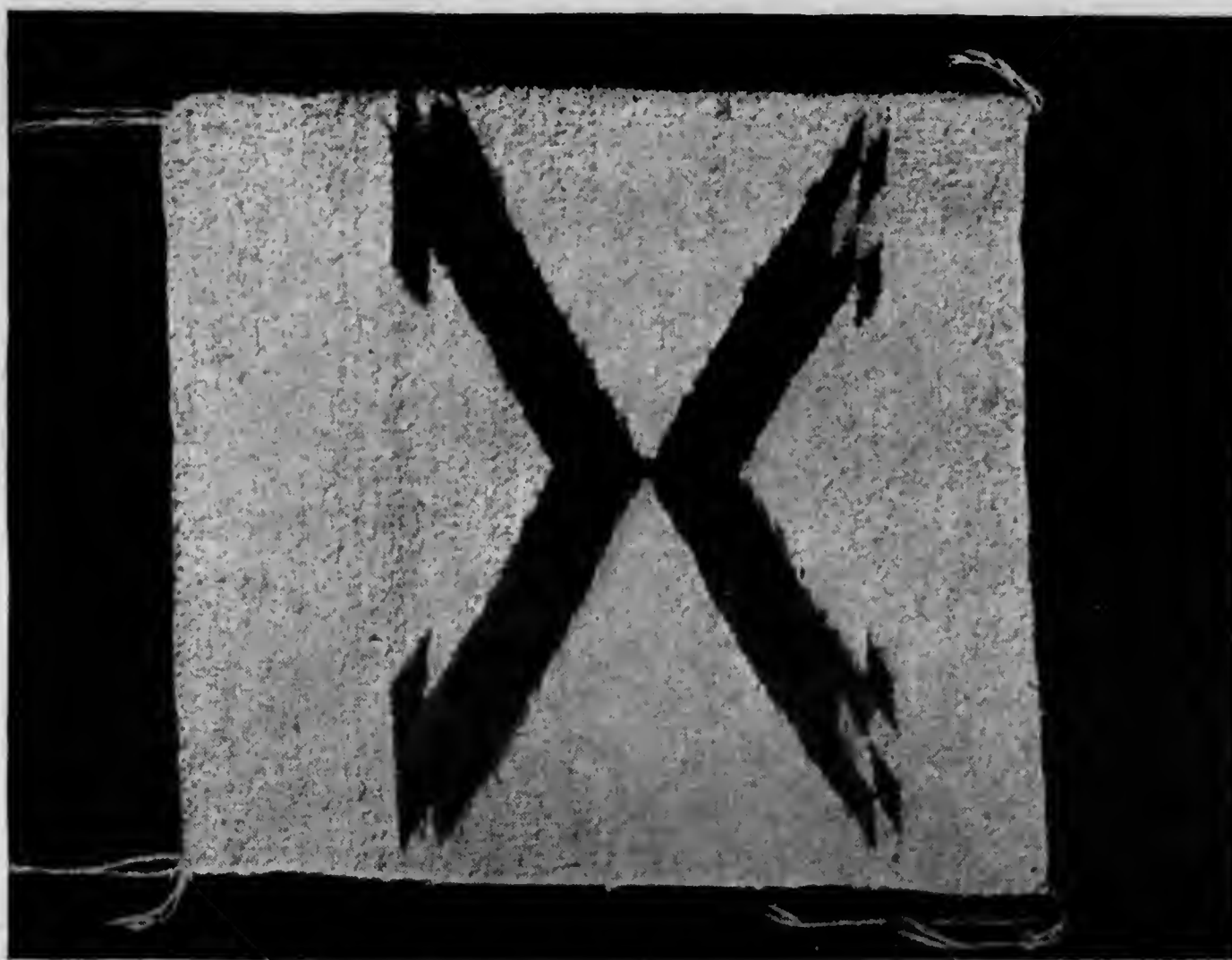
There is another grievance that must be laid at the door of the trader. Not satisfied with his innovations of aniline colors and animals galore, both of which run

at will across the fields of blankets that should not be profaned by such intrusions, he gave the Indians yarn from the factories that have made the city of Germantown famous. At first he gave them warp, as we have seen; then, to make the product still more modernized, he furnished them with a ready-made woof. What an easy time for the Indian—no shearing, no bother at all with the crude wool, no tedious spinning, no dyeing; nothing to do, in fact, but the actual weaving! A saving of labor to the Indian, 'tis true, but oh, how much the beauty and artistic merit of their work has suffered! Where are the variants in color values that give their dye work such a

charm? Where is the rough, uneven surface with its warmth of blended fibres? Where is that inexplorable something that draws us with an irresistible desire to the native work? All have vanished, and we behold in the Germantown blanket a textile not truly Indian, but merely an exhibition of his abilities as a weaver.

The blanket shown on page 42 is one of the most wonderful pieces of design work that the Navajos have ever produced. The ancient cloud terraces with the zigzag lightning and the esoteric designs of the priesthood have a charm and a value that are immeasurable; but how much more inter-

esting it would have been and how much greater the degree of ethnic importance had they but made it from their native wool, to say nothing of the pleasant associations of such a work! The designs and the general ensemble are priceless to the student, but to compare the store woof with the



"IT IS A SMALL RUG MADE ENTIRELY FROM NATURAL NATIVE PRODUCTS. IN THIS FORM OF BLANKET WE HAVE THE RESULT OF RECENT TRAINING. THE WOOL HAS BEEN WASHED AND THE NATURAL COLORS HAVE BEEN UTILIZED; THESE CONSIST OF A BLACK AND A YELLOW-BROWN, FORMING A DESIGN ON A WHITE BACKGROUND."

primitive form would be a farce.

If we care naught for the primitive work, if the desire is to perfect the Indian's textile arts along the lines of modern thought, then the sooner we introduce the proper machinery the better. But God forbid that such a day should ever dawn. May the sun never rise upon the Navajo and behold him in more modernized condition in his blanket work than at the present time. On the contrary, let us hope that the efforts that are now on foot may grow to such proportions that the modern influence may be swept away completely, and primitive ideas and primitive work be once more the dominant factor in his weaving industries.

of censorship. To Professor Kellogg's suggestion that the question should be referred to councils of the churches, Dr. Holbrook answers that the plan was "thoroughly discussed privately and in the press," and so far "exploded," by the paper of the Prudential Committee that it received only nineteen votes from the Board at the Springfield meeting. And he further feels Professor Kellogg's closing plea for toleration and allusion to the hyper-orthodox to be unjust to himself and the rest of the Board, since, he urges, no question of freedom of thought is involved, but merely of permitting this particular freedom of thought to be maintained at the expense of funds administered by those a majority of whom hold the view involved to be "perversive and dangerous"; protests that they do not "forbid" any one to "cast out devils" because he "follows not with them," but only refuse "to endorse and co-operate with" such; and strenuously "claims to be not less disposed to legitimate tolerance of non-essential differences than Professor Kellogg," but does not "feel bound to prove this by endorsing doctrines deemed unscriptural." *Overland Monthly, March 1888.*

A Navajo Tradition.

THE Navajo Indians of Arizona have a tradition to the effect that, while the earth was young and destitute of animal life, the Great Spirit created twelve people, six men and six women, together with many species of animals, and confined them in a cavern of the San Francisco mountain, where they lived as a great happy family for many years. But in course of time a restlessness possessed the prisoners; though they had known nothing of freedom, all felt the oppression of their narrow limits, and vaguely yearned for a greater fulfillment of the dream, or reality, of living. But what could they do? All speculated on the situation to no purpose. Daily they jostled each other, little and big, clumsy and nimble, bipeds and quadrupeds, feathered and furred, winged and wingless, timid and bold. Every successive period of time was but a repetition of the past. None of the many puzzled brains could offer a means of breaking the monotony, till a happy thought struck one of the most insignificant of the living mass. For want of other occupation, a locust bored a hole in the wall, and thereby opened the way for the enthusiasm and progress of the host of its comrades throughout the length and breadth of their underground world. The Great Spirit had so decreed it. They were there only for a time of incubation. At the destined hour, as the eaglet bursts the shell that imprisons it, so the locust's tiny burrow should lead to the escape of all into the open world, where each could follow his inclinations unhampered.

The laboring locust had but a solitary witness. A badger watched with growing amusement the diminutive tunnel-making. His eyes sparkled with interest, as the locust labored energetically. He lay with his head resting between his fore paws in a

most lazy attitude, but his face expressed animation and eagerness not much longer to be restrained. As the tail of the locust disappeared the time for exertion had come. To follow the locust's movements further necessitated like energy. The locust's hole was too small for the badger's access, so he started a tunnel-making of his own. By the time he reached the locust he was in no mood to give up the chase, so he passed on, scratching his way through the solid earth until he broke through the outer crust of the mountain, and in the joy and excitement of the moment, sprang into the ample space before him. The mountain side was steep and he "landed" in the shallow edge of a lake in Montezuma Valley. As he fell, his fore feet struck deep into the black mire, and his progeny even unto today have inherited black fore-paws because of this incident of the world's first peopling.

The Navajoes within the cavern, noting the departure of the badger, began a prospect. Finding the hole large enough for exit they crept out one after the other, and a train of all sizes and species of animals followed in their wake, as from Noah's ark.

As soon as all the prisoners were free, fire and smoke began to issue from the hole that had delivered them. This frightened them far away into the valley, and there they prepared to make themselves comfortable and live as their new advantages permitted. Food was plentiful in vegetable forms, but some varieties needed heat to make them good. At least the Navajoes thought so. But they had no means of kindling a fire. This difficulty was soon overcome by sending a bat, a wolf, and a squirrel after the needed element, fire. Going to the hole in the mountain, the wolf tied some pitchy splinters to his tail, then turned and held it over the little volcano until it began to smoke and ignite. The bat then fanned it into flame with his wings, and the squirrel carried it away to the Navajoes. The people were delighted at getting the one missing essential to a happy life in the open world; and when, long after, a time came when the world's plenty had pampered their wills and fostered their greed and selfishness to the point of preying upon their fellow creatures for food, they still had the honor to vow never to eat wolf or squirrel flesh. Neither would they move camp without a live coal among their possessions. And even today the Navajo's gratitude to the trio is observed as the promise made to the fire-getters of the tradition.

Between the Navajoes and different animals there sprung up a dispute over the Great Spirit's intended use for night and day. All agreed that one should be spent in sleep and one in action, but which should serve the one and which the other? It was settled at last. Those that wished to roam at night should do so and sleep by day, and *vice versa*. The heroic badger was among those who chose the mysteries of the darkness, or the intermediate dawn and dusk, for thought and action, and the bright and sunny

hours as fit to be slept away in his cool underground nest. As the sun sank in the west upon their business meeting, the owl, bat, moth, and many other animals scattered out into the valley borders on their foraging exploits, while many kinds of birds flew to roost in the trees. Other animals lay down to sleep in sheltered parts of the forest, and the Navajoes spread their water-proof blankets, the trophies of the women's industry, and enjoyed their couches under the starry sky in peaceful dreams.

Dagmar Mariager.

Pressed Violets in a Borrowed Classic.

WISE "old heathen" who were living
Twenty centuries ago,
What aromas sweetly modern
From your tedious pages flow!

Breath of violets, strangely mingled
With Demosthenes and Greece;
Arts of war and laws Platonic,
Hiding these shy arts of peace.

Friend, I see you, absent-minded,
Turning these wise pages o'er,
Leaving here for safer keeping,
Those sweet flowers that she wore.

None would search here, you were thinking,
Or would seeing understand,
How she gave them you, half jesting,
With a pressure of the hand.

Friend, I think these old law givers
Far too ponderous for my mind.
Thanks for leaving, absent-minded,
Something I could read, if blind.

I have pondered truly, deeply,
What the wise and ancient say,
But the truest thing I read here
Is a tale of yesterday.

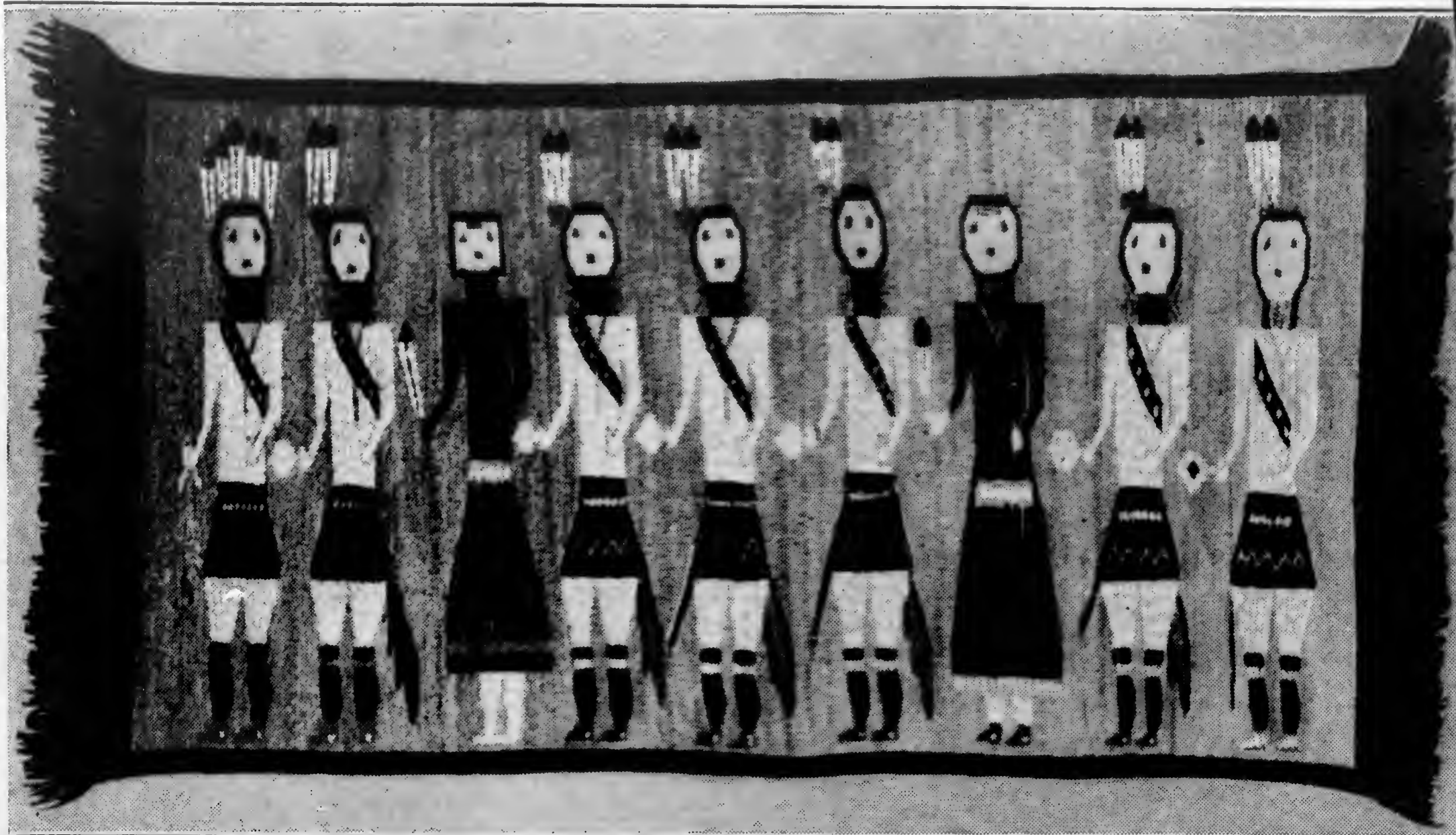
Lillian H. Shuey.

A Ladies' Club.

EDITOR OVERLAND:—The need of a ladies' club is more often felt than expressed by many intelligent women.

This is an age when the world teems with periodicals so diverse in nature and covering such a field of thought, that few private purses can afford a subscription to many of them. On the reading tables of the gentlemen's club they are to be found in great variety, the means of access to them being in many cases the primal motive for membership.

Upon the suggestion, however, to organize such a society, dissenting voices are raised. "A woman's place is at home!" Why the banding together of a number of ladies for mutual benefit should interfere with the home I cannot comprehend. Such an objection seems to imply a lack of trust,—like the compul-



The Pattern of This Navajo Blanket Represents the "Yebitsai Dancers" Shown by the Three Figures in the Center. Other Figures Represent the Tribal Chief, the Medicine Man, and the Daughters of the Rainbow

BLANKET REPRESENTS STRANGE TRIBAL LEGEND

From the Navajo country, embracing the adjoining corners of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, there has recently been smuggled one of the rarest patterns of Indian blankets that has been permitted to fall into the hands of white men. The pattern is known as the "Yebitsai dancers" and involves a tribal tradition about which the Navajos are decidedly uncommunicative. The word "smuggled" is used advisedly, for the blanket was removed with extreme secrecy, inasmuch as knowledge by the Indians of its removal probably would have resulted in unpleasantness, to say the least.

The men who procured the blanket brought with it a legend, which is intensely interesting, although it appears to be far from complete. According to this legend the blanket was woven in great secrecy for a chief of the tribe from a pattern painted in the sand by a tribal medicine man. It is a blanket of good will, good wishes, happiness, and prosperity, and will bring blessings to those in whose keeping it may fall. But should the chieftain for whom it was woven dispose of it, then misery will be his lot and the lot of the tribe, the blessings falling to the new owner.

The legend identifies to some degree all the figures in the pattern but one, the second from the right. The first figure

on the left represents the tribal chief and is identified by the five eagle feathers which adorn his head. Next comes the medicine man bearing the rattle of power and potent charm. The two figures clothed in skirts represent the Daughters of the Rainbow, and are indicative of beauty, joy, and long life. Between them and in their keeping are the Yebitsai dancers, representing three virgins of exceptional grace and beauty. It is their part to propitiate the Great Spirit, bring joy and mirth, and to amuse the Evil Spirit so that his influence may not be felt by the tribe. On the extreme right is the tribal crier, or court jester as it were, upon whom also falls the task of providing merriment and chasing away gloom. The one unidentified figure is to the left of the jester.

Collectors of Indian curios who have inspected the blanket assert that they have never seen another of the same pattern, although it has been understood that one of a similar type was obtained some years ago and sent to the Smithsonian Institution.

Popular Mechanics Magazine publishes the name of maker of any device described. Information is furnished for information.

MUSEUM NOTES

Museum of Northern Arizona



Published Monthly by the Northern Arizona
Society of Science and Art

Flagstaff, Arizona

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December, 1932

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WHY THE NAVAJOS CAME TO ARIZONA

The Navajo Country! How frequently we hear this expression today. We instantly think of the Navajo Reservation in western New Mexico and eastern Arizona—an area larger than the whole state of West Virginia, a region of vast stretches of grassland and cedar-covered hills and mesas, where there is very little water, and where there are many picturesque Navajos on horseback tending flocks of sheep, ever moving hither and yon in search of forage. But it has not always been so!

To the west of the Rio Grande river in New Mexico, high mountains divide the river valley from the open plateau country which extends westward into Arizona. Through the mountains west of the Rio Grande there are three gateways which were important in Navajo history: The river valleys of the Chama, the Jemez, and the Puerco of the East.

In 1626 when the Navajos first appear in written history, Spanish colonists and priests had penetrated the whole of the Rio Grande valley as far north as Taos. At this time the Navajos (Apaches de Nabahu) lived on the upper Chama river in an open grassland region, northwest of the pueblo of Santa Clara and some 70 miles airline northwest of Santa Fe. In 1630, Father Benavides, in a report to Phillip IV of Spain describing the customs of the natives of New Mexico, states that the Navajos practiced agriculture to some ex-

tent and also hunting. He established a mission at Santa Clara pueblo at the mouth of the Chama "adjoining the Navajo country" so that these Indians might be visited and converted to Christianity. Thus it seems that the Navajos were peaceful people, practicing agriculture and hunting, and bothering no one.

During the next fifty years hardly any mention is made of Navajos in Spanish documents, but the years from 1630 to 1680, and the twenty years afterwards were to prove the most important in their whole history, for during that time they acquired horses.

Previous to the coming of the Spanish, the Indians of the Southwest had no domestic animals except the dog and the turkey. The Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande, the Zuni, and the Hopi, lived in masonry houses and raised corn and other foods. Surrounding them at some distance lived nomadic Indians who may have practiced agriculture to some extent, but lived mostly by hunting. Pueblos and nomads alike had only bows and arrows for weapons. It was practically impossible for nomadic peoples on foot to successfully besiege a masonry pueblo, because they could not carry sufficient food and because the Pueblos kept an extra year's supply of corn stored away so that they had plenty of food in case of attack. The Pueblos were not bothered by nomads at this time, and they liv-

ed together in comparative peace.

As we have seen, the Spanish with their missionary zeal made contacts with the Navajos in 1629, and in 1675 Governor Otermin opened communication with the Utes, who then lived in the grasslands of the San Luis valley northwest of Taos. This meant that trade was soon established with these peoples, and before long they had acquired horses and sheep. It was the horses which brought about the greatest change in the lives of the Navajos, and which both directly and indirectly were the cause of their western movement. The Navajos were probably among the first Indians after the Pueblos to acquire horses, and after them the Utes, etc. Horses became more and more widely distributed like the ripples caused by a pebble dropped in a pond, but the ripples returned like a tidal wave which was later to cause the Spanish, Mexican, and American governments a considerable amount of trouble. With horses came undreamed of rapidity of movement, and consequently power. On horseback, it was easy for nomads to raid a Spanish town or Indian pueblo, for they came, and before a counter attack could be prepared, departed like the wind. The nomads could then carry sufficient food, and they could leave their families at a safe distance.

Sheep, too, played an important part in furthering the nomadism of Navajo life, because having acquired food "on the hoof," which could be moved around the country, they no longer needed to depend on crops, which would have held them in one place, or on hunting. Moreover, sheep allowed them to inhabit in fairly large numbers the plateau country where game was sparse and where agriculture was impossible.

Following the use of horses by nomads, the Spanish and Pueblo towns became the magnets which drew in nomads from the surrounding country. Sudden raids were made on settlements for the purpose of obtaining food, horses, or slaves. In 1675, as we have seen, the Utes occupied the upper Rio

Grande plains near the present border of Colorado. About that time, no Navajos were mentioned in connection with the Santa Clara Mission, showing that they were not in the region. From this we judge that the Utes had penetrated down into the Rio Grande valley and had cut off the Navajos' Chama gateway to the settlements. In 1700 the Jicarilla Apaches first appeared, coming in probably from the east, and following down the Rio Grande, and in 1716, the Comanches arrived at Taos. Thus nomadic peoples from the northwest and the east, all having horses, were being irresistibly drawn in by the relatively rich Spanish and Pueblo towns, from which loot could so easily be taken. Each incoming group pushed ahead of it the group which had preceded it.

To return to the Navajos! In 1675 they had apparently lost contact with the Spanish, their lower Chama gateway having been cut off. In 1680 the Pueblos revolted against the Spanish, driving them out of New Mexico. The Navajos and Utes took no part in this revolt, but during the 12 years the Spanish were absent, they preyed upon the disrupted Pueblos.

About this time the Navajos began to spread westward. When DeVargas came to Santa Fe in 1692 to reestablish the Spanish rule, he made a journey to the Hopi country. The Hopis would not receive him, having been advised by the Navajos not to trust him. This marks the first recorded contact of the Hopi and the Navajo. The Navajos still lived on the upper Chama and perhaps in the region of Jemez Pueblo.

From 1700 to 1725 we find that the Navajos had gone southward, and were beginning to raid Spanish and Indian pueblos by way of the Jemez river gateway. The pueblo of Jemez was the buffer and the Navajos made innumerable attacks on it, requiring many Spanish expeditions against them. However, the Utes were hard on their heels, for in 1724 we find that they in turn were attacking Jemez. The Utes were being pushed westward by the Jicarilla Apaches, be-

hind whom were the Comanches.

Twenty years later in 1744, two padres went by way of Jemez into "the Navajo country" where they found the Indians apparently eager to become Christians. In 1746 it was proposed to found four missions for their conversion, but wars between the Navajos and the Utes interfered, showing that the Utes were still close behind. In 1749, two missions, of short duration, were established at Cebolleta and Encinal in the Laguna district instead of "in the far north or Navajo country proper." At this time it seems that the main body of the Navajos lived in the region north of Mt. Taylor. In 1786, the Commander General of the Interior Provinces of New Spain, reported that the Navajo nation had five divisions: San Mateo (northwest of Mt. Taylor), Cebolleta (southeast of Mt. Taylor), Chusca Mountains, Ojo del Oso (Bear Spring, the present Fort Wingate), and Canyon de Chelly.

In 1803 the Navajos were hostile to the Spanish in spite of the efforts of frontier garrisons, for they were then entrenched in the Canyon de Chelly, where they deemed their position impregnable. Expeditions were sent against them, finally reducing them to submission. This is the first mention of this canyon as a stronghold. In 1819 some of the Navajos being hard pressed by the Spanish settled near the Hopi towns, and the Hopis came to Santa Fe to ask aid against them, for these dreaded marauders had long preyed upon them. This is the first record of a Navajo settlement near the Hopi. How long they continued to live in this region we cannot say. In 1858, when Ives visited the Hopis, Navajos were trading and raiding there, but did not appear to live very close.

In 1882, Mexico revolted from Spain and declared her independence. During the years of Mexican rule, 1822-1846, practically no military organization existed in New Mexico. The Navajos who had been fairly peaceful for a long time, having been held in check by Spanish soldiers and bribes, now

that there was no force to stop them became hostile. The period is filled with records of Navajo wars, and treaties which were soon broken. The tidal wave of Navajos rolled back to the Rio Grande through the Chama, Jemez and Puerco valleys, and raids were made on every town from Socorro to Taos.

In 1846, the American army under General Kearney took Santa Fe. In less than two months the first American expedition against the Navajos started out, because Navajos had raided Socorro, and General Kearney in his treaty had promised to protect all the New Mexican settlements from their enemies. The Navajos were then living in the great territory between the San Juan river and the Mt. Taylor region, their principal habitation being in the Chusca Mountains. From 1846 to 1863, the American government in the New Mexican territory was not very strong. Navajo bands were spread all over the country, and continually raided the settlements. Innumerable expeditions were sent out by the government against them, and wars and subsequent treaties were continuous. Each marauding band of Navajos acted as a separate unit, and while one band signed a treaty of peace in good faith, other bands continued to raid. The Navajos were gradually pushed back into their own country, although raids continued.

In 1863 Col. Kit Carson and the New Mexico Volunteers (all regular troops were then engaged in the Civil War) were ordered to the Navajo country, and the plan of removing all Navajos to Bosque Redondo in New Mexico was developed. In 1864, Carson marched to Canyon de Chelly. There were no great fights or victories, for the Navajos were practically starved into submission. They soon saw that the Americans were in earnest and though only a few were captured, many of them surrendered, and 7000 of them were soon taken to Bosque Redondo, where they were held until 1868. An old Navajo, now living at Tuba City, said that when the Carson

campaign began, his family lived near Keams Canyon, and they were the farthest west of the Navajo. Carson did not begin to capture all the Navajos and many fled to the deep canyons in the north, the tributaries of the San Juan and Colorado rivers, and some went westward and made their first contact with the Havasupai of Cataract Canyon. In 1864 they attacked some Mormons at Kanab in southern Utah.

Bosque Redondo (Fort Sumner, on the Pecos river, 150 miles airline southeast of Santa Fe) proving an expensive and unsuitable place to keep a large number of nomadic Navajos, a treaty was made with them in 1870 establishing a reservation on the boundary of New Mexico and Arizona, with Fort Defiance as the agency. It was immediately noted that the reservation was much too small and most of the Navajos did not live on it. The first extension of the reservation came in 1878. The Hopi Reservation providing for both Hopis and Navajos was proclaimed in 1882. In 1884 came the last large expansion, extending the reservation to nearly its present western limit. Since then a number of small areas have been added, until now the very limit of available land has been reached, and the Navajo country has attained its greatest possible extension.

Thus the Navajos, who in the first records are said to have lived on the upper Chama river in New Mexico, acquired great power with their horses. Then, being hard pressed by the Utes, they moved south and west. In the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth centuries they were held in check beyond the line of Spanish settlements, i.e., in northwestern New Mexico, by Spanish garrisons. As soon as the Spanish power came

to an end and the weak Mexican rule began, they swept eastward to the Rio Grande where their depredations continued until the American troops again pushed them westward. Their captivity at Bosque Redondo brought an end to their marauding. Since the Navajo reservation was created with perhaps 10,000 Navajos, their population has increased more than four times (1930-40,862). From a small group they have become the largest Indian tribe occupying the largest reservation in the United States.

—KATHARINE BARTLETT.

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Navajo Indians

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OPERATIONS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

[CHAP. LXII.]

~~WASHINGTON, December 23, 1861.~~

~~(Received 9.10 p. m. 24th.)~~

~~Brig. Gen. G. WRIGHT, U. S. Army:~~

~~Your letter of November 5 received. Retain Colonels Cady and Carleton in your department. Your arrangements are approved.~~

~~L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.~~

~~HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,
San Francisco, December 23, 1861.~~

~~Lieut. Col. A. CADY,
Seventh Regiment Infantry, Comdg. Dist. of Oregon,
Fort Vancouver, Wash. Ter.:~~

~~COLONEL: The general commanding the department directs me to inform you that during the interruption of the overland mail by high water all communications to these headquarters are to be sent by express companies. Colonel Cady will please notify the post commanders in Oregon and Washington Territory accordingly.~~

~~Very respectfully, your obedient servant,~~

~~THOS. F. WRIGHT,
Lieut., Second Cavalry California Volunteers,
Aide-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.~~

~~HDQRS. FIRST CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,
Camp Latham, near Los Angeles, Cal., December 23, 1861.~~

~~All persons who have been arrested or who may be arrested in this State as secessionists or traitors to the country will be kept in confinement at Fort Yuma until final action is had on each case. The garrison of that fort will be at once increased to nine companies—one of artillery, six of infantry, and two of cavalry. Its defenses will be strengthened and some heavy guns mounted, and it will be well supplied with ammunition, provisions, and forage. It is reported that the Navajo Indians obstruct the route from Albuquerque to Los Angeles, now important as the only one on which the daily mail from the States can be carried, that of the north being blocked up with snow, that of the south being in possession of the rebels at its eastern end and on the Rio Grande. These Indians are therefore to be brought to terms. An expedition, consisting of seven companies, will move up the Colorado on Colonel Hoffman's trail. Three of these companies (infantry) will reoccupy Fort Navajo and re-establish the ferry. This force, as heretofore, will draw its supplies from Los Angeles. The other four—three of cavalry and one of infantry—will proceed on to Las Vegas, near the Potosi mines, on the Salt Lake road, and establish a post at the old Mormon fort. This is preliminary to the movement, already ordered, of troops next summer to Fort Crittenden, near Salt Lake. The new post at Las Vegas will be known as Fort Baker.~~

~~JAMES H. CARLETON,
Colonel First California Volunteers, Commanding.~~

~~From War of Rebellion Records
Series 1, Vol. 50, Pt. 1, 1897.~~

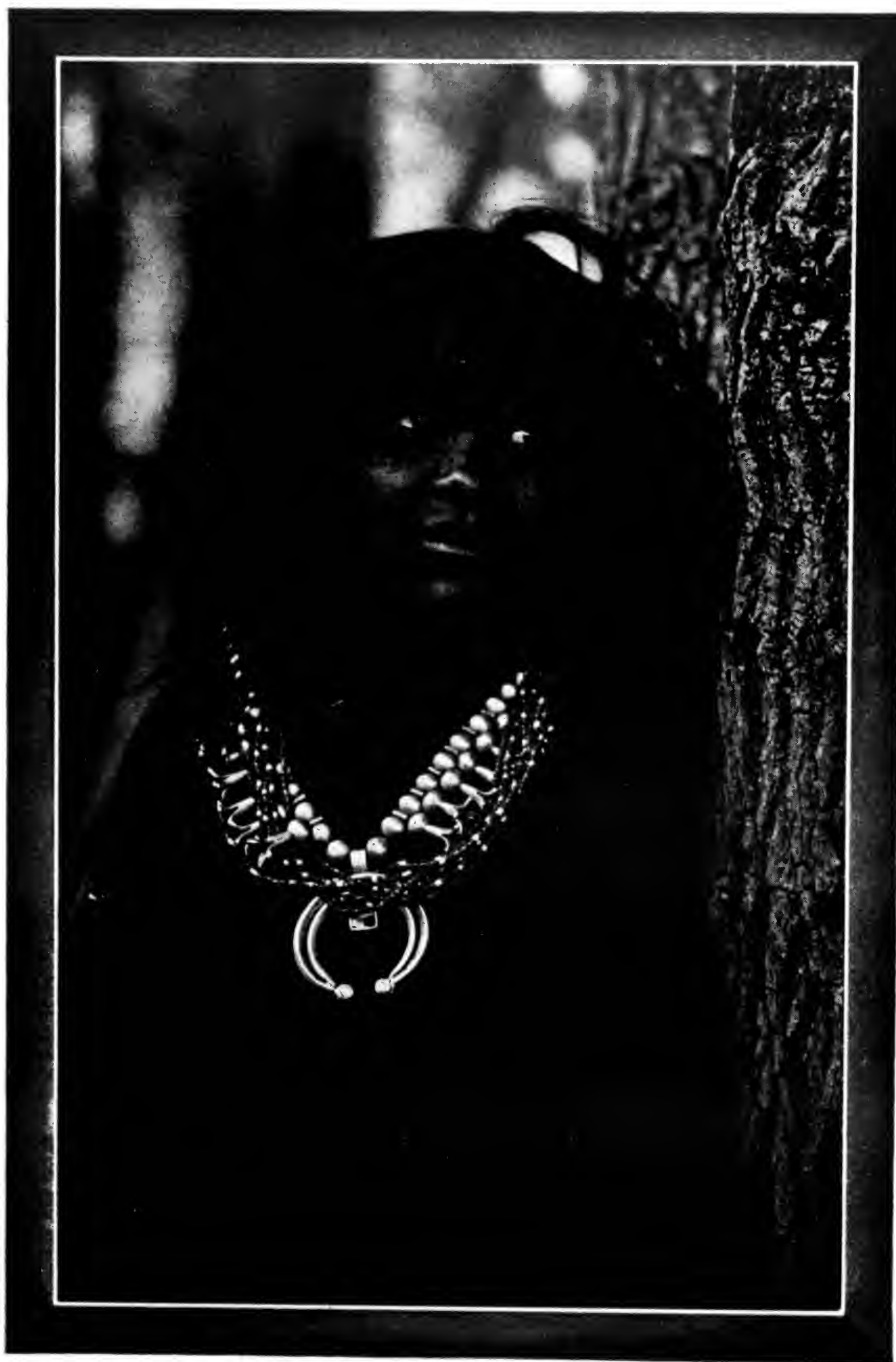


A NAVAJO HEADMAN

Th. T. T. T.

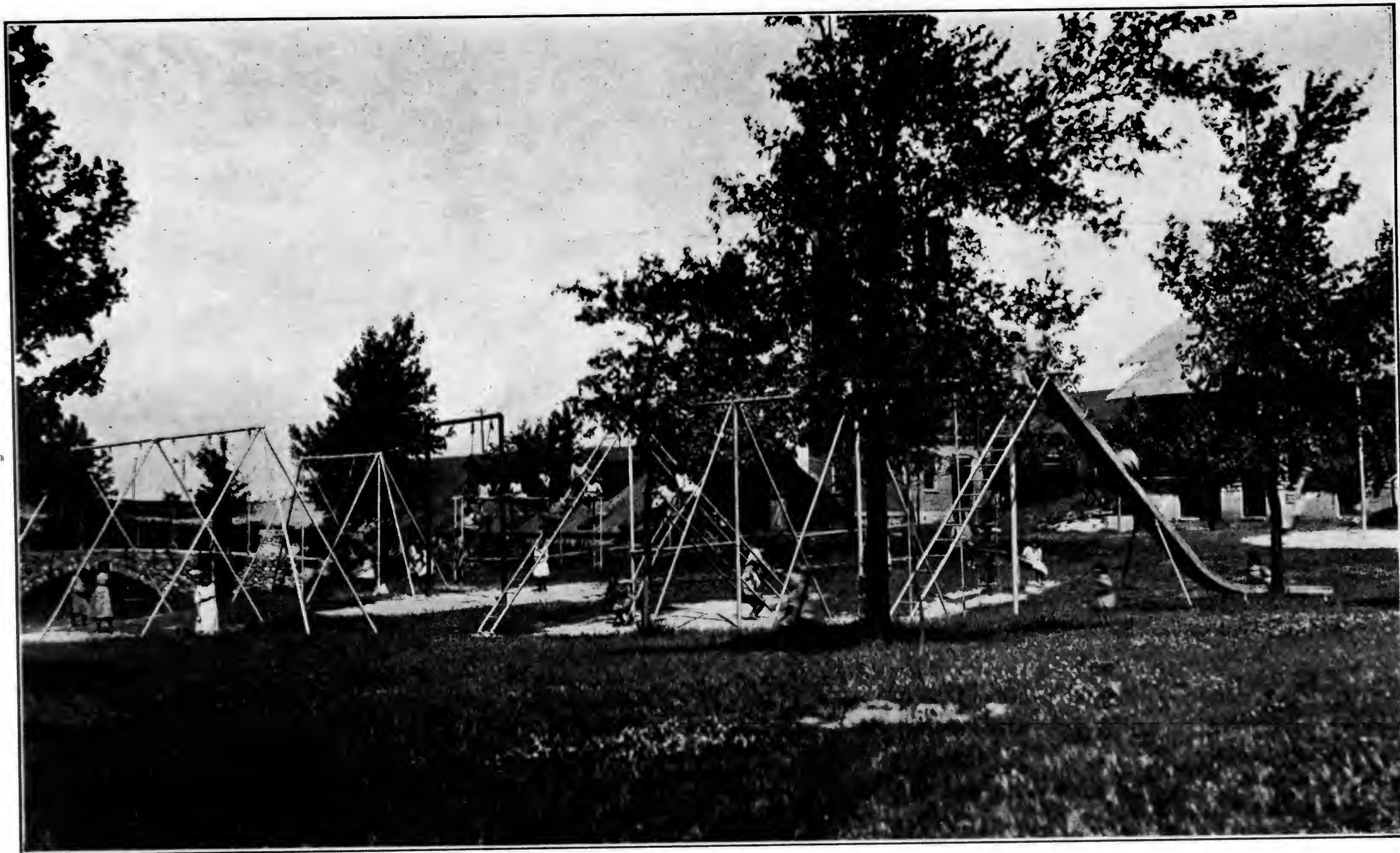


NAVAJO INDIAN WOMAN AND BABY



INDIAN TYPES—NAVAJO GIRL
(Copyright Photo by Schwemberger, Gallup, N. Mex.)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



PLAYGROUND—MT. PLEASANT INDIAN SCHOOL, MICHIGAN

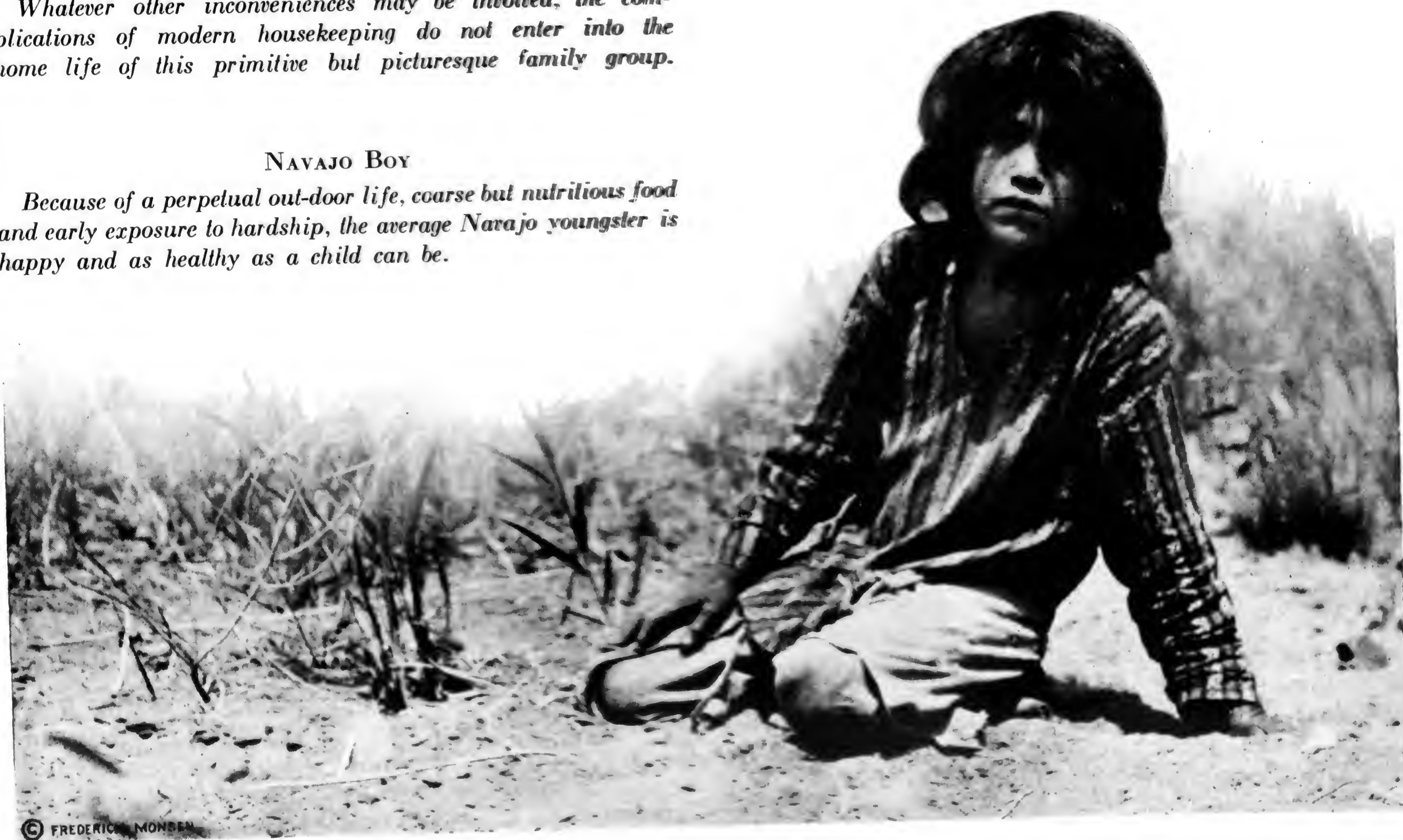


NAVAJO HOGAN, PAINTED DESERT, ARIZONA

Whatever other inconveniences may be involved, the complications of modern housekeeping do not enter into the home life of this primitive but picturesque family group.

NAVAJO BOY

Because of a perpetual out-door life, coarse but nutritious food and early exposure to hardship, the average Navajo youngster is happy and as healthy as a child can be.



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IN RE THE INDIAN

The article of Mary Roberts Rinehart which opens this, the first issue of THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE, gives the reader a broad, unbiased view of a situation which should be understood by every patriotic, liberty-loving man, woman and child in America. As is her custom, Mrs. Rinehart has not minced words. She has stated facts with the straight-from-the-shoulder impartiality which characterizes all her writings.

In speaking of the administration of Indian affairs and the conditions which have existed, and today exist, upon Indian reservations, Mrs. Rinehart brings to public attention a state of affairs which urgently demands the most searching and important investigation.

We read in Government reports of the benevolent methods by which the rights of Reservation Indians are safeguarded. In detail the Commissioner of Indian Affairs—in the yearly report of his Bureau—describes these methods. Backed by impressive statistics, he tells us of modern educational systems, of modern hygienic improvements, of increasing agricultural pursuits. He mentions with paternal pride the Indian young men who went overseas in khaki. He dwells upon the increase of a people which have been repeatedly referred to, by those deemed competent to judge, as a "vanishing race."

But the Commissioner in his report makes no mention of such incidents as are referred to in Mrs. Rinehart's article. He says nothing of the Indian cattle which mysteriously disappeared from the Blackfeet Reservation, and whose branded hides later came to light in Chicago packing houses. He says not a word regarding ugly and persistent rumors of distress and poverty—and lack that amounted to actual starvation of cattle, and near starvation of human beings—during bleak and bitter winters on those barren and blizzard-swept Montana hills where the remnants of a once great and powerful tribe vainly endeavor to accustom themselves to an unnatural and harsh environment.

The report of the Commissioner of the Indian Bureau recounts the earnings of Indian oil lands; but it makes no statement regarding certain reports of land and timber steals perpetrated upon Indians in other sections of the United States.

The Indian situation is full of complexities that cannot be unraveled without a thorough and impartial understanding on the part of the Public. For upon a far wider appreciation than now exists depends the ultimate welfare of the American Indian. THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE takes the field among the higher grade publications, to act as the official organ of the Society of American Indians, with a lofty purpose and clearly established ideals. Without bitterness, without sensationalism and with impartiality it will endeavor to present to serious-thinking, fair-minded American readers, for their consideration, the various aspects of a many-sided problem.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND THE HIGH COST OF AGRICULTURE

America is slowly waking up to the fact that the "orgy of extravagance" which came so near the bursting point was not confined to the selling and purchasing of useless luxuries. There were other extravagances whose baneful results cannot be corrected by the slashing of commodity prices and wholesale credit restrictions. By diverting our man power from the production of vital—though seemingly commonplace—necessities we have been criminally wasteful. In no field of endeavor is there to be found a more typical example of this than in agriculture.

Those who are in close touch with the situation have long realized that a desperate condition was being approached in the under-production of food stuffs. They saw thousands of fertile acres abandoned to rank growth because no men could be obtained to till them. They saw "For Sale" signs perched upon the lane gates of hundreds upon hundreds of farmsteads. They saw an army of hard-muscled, active men leaving the throttles of tractors, the windrows of hay fields, the straw stacks of whirling threshers, for luxury-producing industries and fat pay envelopes which made a hired hand's stipend seem a joke by comparison. They saw, these few fore-knowing individuals, and prophesied what is now common knowledge—a shortage in food stuffs which threatened to become a national disaster.

If we are to believe the opinions of agricultural experts and economists there must be a gigantic increase in agricultural production in which the efforts of every available man will be needed. On the Indian reservations of the United States there are thousands of able-bodied Indian young men who, if given proper opportunity and encouragement, would become important factors in raising the agricultural pursuits of America to a higher and to a more stable level. If we are to believe apparently well-substantiated reports, agricultural developments on our reservations have not been as wisely encouraged nor as thoroughly carried out as they might have been. We are told that the holding of lands by American Indians is not properly safeguarded. We are told of reservations which are located in regions of a notoriously barren character and where, because of its sterility, the soil would require years of skilled manipulation to make it productive. We are told of stolen grazing rights and starving cattle.

The American Indian and his relationship to agricultural pursuits is just one of many problems into which the American public should make an unbiased and thorough inquiry.

Congressional Record

SIXTY-NINTH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION

Vol. 67

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1926

No. 64

SENATE

TUESDAY, March 2, 1926

(Legislative day of Monday, March 1, 1926)

The Senate reassembled at 12 o'clock meridian, on the expiration of the recess.

Mr. CURTIS. Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk called the roll, and the following Senators answered to their names.

Ashurst	Fess	McKinley	Robinson, Ind.
Bingham	Fletcher	McLean	Sackett
Blease	Frazier	McMaster	Sheppard
Bratton	George	McNary	Shortridge
Brookhart	Glass	Mayfield	Smith
Broussard	Goff	Means	Smoot
Bruce	Gooding	Metcalf	Stanfield
Cameron	Greene	Moses	Stephens
Capper	Hale	Neely	Swanson
Caraway	Harrell	Norbeck	Tyson
Copeland	Harris	Norris	Walsh
Couzens	Hefflin	Nye	Warren
Cummins	Howell	Oddie	Watson
Curtis	Johnson	Overman	Weller
Dale	Jones, Wash.	Pepper	Wheeler
Deneen	Kendrick	Phipps	Williams
Dill	Keyes	Pine	Willis
Edwards	King	Pittman	
Ernst	La Follette	Reed, Pa.	
Ferris	McKellar	Robinson, Ark.	

Mr. CURTIS. I wish to announce that the Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. BUTLER], the Senator from Maine [Mr. FERNALD], and the Senator from Minnesota [Mr. SCHALL] are absent because of illness.

I was requested to announce that the Senator from New York [Mr. WADSWORTH] and the Senator from Delaware [Mr. BAYARD] are engaged in the Committee on Appropriations.

Mr. HEFLIN. My colleague, the senior Senator from Alabama [Mr. UNDERWOOD], is absent on account of illness.

Mr. NORRIS. The senior Senator from Idaho [Mr. BORAH] is detained from the Chamber owing to illness.

Mr. LA FOLLETTE. I wish to announce that the Senator from Minnesota [Mr. SHIPSTEAD] is confined to his home by illness.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Seventy-seven Senators having answered to their names, a quorum is present.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate a communication from the Acting Secretary of Commerce, transmitting, pursuant to law, the report of the Commissioner of Patents for the calendar year ended December 31, 1925, which, with the accompanying report, was referred to the Committee on Patents.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Chaffee, one of its clerks, announced that the House had passed without amendment the following bills of the Senate:

S. 1305. An act granting the consent of Congress to the highway commissioner of the town of Elgin, Kane County, Ill., to construct, maintain, and operate a bridge across the Fox River;

S. 2784. An act granting the consent of Congress to the Louisiana highway commission to construct, maintain, and operate a bridge across the Black River at or near Jonesville, La.; and

S. 2785. An act granting the consent of Congress to the Louisiana highway commission to construct, maintain, and operate a bridge across the Ouachita River at or near Harrisonburg, La.

The message also announced that the House had passed the following bills, in which it requested the concurrence of the Senate:

H. R. 120. An act fixing the fees of jurors and witnesses in the United States courts, including the District Court of Hawaii, the District Court of Porto Rico, and the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia;

H. R. 290. An act to amend section 99 of the act to codify, revise, and amend the laws relating to the judiciary, and the amendment to said act approved July 17, 1916 (39 Stat. L., ch. 248);

H. R. 3862. An act to provide for the storage of the waters of the Pecos River;

H. R. 5210. An act extending the provisions of an act for the relief of settlers and entrymen on Baca Float No. 3, in the State of Arizona;

H. R. 5701. An act to designate the times and places of holding terms of the United States District Court for the District of Montana;

H. R. 5710. An act extending the provisions of section 2455 of the United States Revised Statutes to ceded lands of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation;

H. R. 7190. An act granting the consent of Congress to the Grandfield Bridge Co., a corporation, to construct, maintain, and operate a bridge across Red River and the surrounding and adjoining public lands, and for other purposes;

H. R. 7616. An act to amend section 89 of chapter 5 of the Judicial Code of the United States;

H. R. 7966. An act to provide the name by which the board of general appraisers and members thereof shall hereafter be known;

H. R. 8040. An act granting the consent of Congress to the reconstruction, maintenance, and operation of an existing bridge across the Missouri River at or near Fort Benton, Mont.;

H. R. 8190. An act authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Colorado River near Blythe, Calif.;

H. R. 8316. An act granting the consent of Congress to the State highway department of the State of Alabama to construct a bridge across the Coosa River near Wetumpka, Elmore County, Ala.;

H. R. 8390. An act granting the consent of Congress to the highway department of the State of Alabama to construct a bridge across the Tombigbee River near Jackson, on the Jackson-Mobile road between Washington and Clarke Counties, Ala.;

H. R. 8391. An act granting the consent of Congress to the highway department of the State of Alabama to construct a bridge across the Tombigbee River on the Butler-Linden road between the counties of Choctaw and Marengo, Ala.;

H. R. 8462. An act to authorize the county of Loudon, in the State of Tennessee, to construct, operate, and maintain a bridge across the Tennessee River near Loudon, Tenn.;

H. R. 8463. An act granting the consent of Congress to the construction of a bridge across the Red River at or near Moncla, La.;

H. R. 8513. An act to extend the time for the construction of a bridge across the Monongahela River at or near the borough of Wilson, in the county of Allegheny, Pa.;

H. R. 8525. An act granting the consent of Congress to the highway department of the State of Alabama to reconstruct a bridge across Pea River near Geneva on the Geneva-Florida road in Geneva County, Ala.;

from South Carolina will yield to the Senator from Wyoming for that purpose.

Mr. McKELLAR. Mr. President, I have no objection to taking up the conference report, but I would like to ask the Senator from South Carolina if he will not yield to me to make a very short statement for the Record before he yields to the Senator from Wyoming.

Mr. WARREN. I hardly think that the consideration of the conference report will take more than a few minutes. It will not take long to dispose of it. I hope I may be permitted to proceed with it immediately.

Mr. SMITH. With the understanding that it will not lead to any extended debate I am willing to yield. I have the floor, however, and do not care to lose it, but if the consideration of the conference report will bring about no prolonged debate I am very willing to yield in order that the report may be considered.

URGENT DEFICIENCY APPROPRIATIONS

Mr. WARREN. I move that the Senate proceed to the consideration of the conference report on House bill 8722, the deficiency appropriation bill.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate resumed the consideration of the report of the committee of conference on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on certain amendments of the Senate to the bill (H. R. 8722) making appropriations to supply urgent deficiencies in certain appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, and prior fiscal years, to provide urgent supplemental appropriations for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1926, and June 30, 1927, and for other purposes.

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, I gave way yesterday to the Senate on account of its being Calendar Monday, with the understanding that I would desire to make some further remarks on the conference report when it came before the Senate again. The Senate having taken a recess yesterday until to-day, I did not understand that the conference report was to be called up this morning. I therefore beg the indulgence of the Senate for a few minutes. I have sent to my office for some documents that I would like to have placed in the Record. I shall take only a few minutes of the time of the Senate after the documents reach me.

Mr. SMITH. Mr. President, under the circumstances, this matter being more or less of a personal nature, I will yield time for the Senator from Arizona to make his speech.

Mr. CAMERON. As soon as I can get the papers from my office I shall conclude very quickly. I ask the indulgence of the Senate for only a few moments. I have some matters that I want to place in the Record. I shall be brief, as I do not want to detain the Senate unnecessarily.

I may state to the Senate again that I wish it distinctly understood that this is not a personal matter on my part. It has been referred to by some Senators as being a personal matter with me, but I assure the Senate that it is not. It is a matter of principle.

I want further to explain to the Senate with reference to reporting the bill in the last Congress that I did submit the report on the supposition, but with the understanding that the letter which was sent here by the Secretary of the Interior had been written after he had obtained the consent of the Navajo Indians. I want to make that very clear. The Navajo Indians, as I now understand the situation, had never been consulted as to the appropriation for the proposed bridge. Consequently when the law was enacted providing for the construction of the bridge they knew nothing about it. They did not know that \$100,000 for the construction of the Lee Ferry Bridge was to be taken out of their tribal funds. Since then there have been sent here protests from the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, from the Navajos, and also the very strong protest which was read by the junior Senator from New Mexico [Mr. BRATTON] the other day from the chief of the Navajo Tribe.

Half the cost of the construction of the bridge which is to be built under the proposed measure would be paid for out of the money of the Navajo Tribe of Indians. But they have no means to get away from it, not now nor even under any law that may be enacted in the future, because I doubt if the Congress would ever enact a law changing the present law now on the statute books. I believe it is a matter of gross injustice to the Indians. I do not believe the Senate of the United States should impose upon this tribe of Indians the payment of the amount of money carried in the deficiency appropriation bill and compel them over their protest as a tribe of Indians to pay that much out of their tribal funds. I do not believe we should under any circumstances force either the Indians or anyone else to pay anything by law enacted by the Congress where there are so many objections as have been set

forth, and are now set forth, in the Record with reference to this bridge. In justice to myself and in justice to the Indians I can not allow this matter to pass without stating my firm conviction that the Indians should not be compelled under any circumstances to pay for something that is not now and never will be of any benefit to them.

Mr. BRUCE. Mr. President, will the Senator from Arizona yield to me for a moment?

The VICE PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Arizona yield to the Senator from Maryland?

Mr. CAMERON. I yield to the Senator from Maryland.

Mr. BRUCE. I should like to ask the Senator from what funds belonging to these Indians would the Government be reimbursed, if it were reimbursed at all?

Mr. CAMERON. I will say for the benefit of the Senator from Maryland that there is now in the Treasury of the United States \$116,000 to the credit of these Indians.

Mr. BRUCE. But, if I may further interrupt the Senator, I understand that fund is already preempted by prior claims on it; that the Government could not be reimbursed out of that \$116,000.

Mr. BRATTON. Mr. President, will the Senator from Arizona yield to me?

Mr. CAMERON. I yield to the Senator from New Mexico.

Mr. BRATTON. In response to the inquiry made by the Senator from Maryland [Mr. Bruce], I desire to say, Mr. President, that I hold in my hand a lengthy interview published in the Santa Fe New Mexican, under date of February 25, by Gov. H. J. Hagerman. He was formerly Governor of the Territory of New Mexico and is now commissioner to these Indians. I stated on the floor of the Senate the other day that I understood the appropriations already made, reimbursable from the Indian funds and not as yet reimbursed, totaled approximately \$400,000, and that the item now under consideration would increase that sum to a half million dollars. That statement was not correct. According to Mr. Hagerman, the total sum already appropriated against these Indians is \$771,000, which means that is a lien or preemption against any money the Indians will ever get from any source whatever.

Mr. BRUCE. That is exactly what I am trying to get at.

Mr. BRATTON. So before they will have any equity whatever in their own heritage they must pay \$771,000. In this connection, Mr. President, I desire to say that I should like to have the interview with Governor Hagerman inserted in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD at this point.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Without objection, it is so ordered. The interview is as follows:

[From the Santa Fe New Mexican, February 25, 1926]

NAVAJOS WANT "DEBT" TO UNCLE SAM FORGIVEN; REIMBURSABLE TOTAL NOW REACHES OVER \$700,000—GOVERNMENT PROMISED SUPPORT IF THEY WOULD BE GOOD AND THEY HAVE LIVED UP TO BARGAIN, SAY; SENATE SUPPORT TO BUREAU PLAN OF CONSULTING INDIANS AND USING MONEY FOR DIRECT BENEFIT ENCOURAGING

Now that the "reimbursable" Indian appropriation plan has begun to mean something, following development of reservation oil lands and a big income therefrom, the Navajo Indians believe that the time has come to wipe this "reimbursable" indebtedness, totaling about \$771,000, off the books. These highly intelligent and businesslike red men also have a cogent argument. They say the Government promised to assist them on condition they would be good Indians. They point out that the record shows they have kept their end of the bargain.

This is brought out in an interview covering the whole Navajo situation, given the New Mexican on request, by H. J. Hagerman, commissioner to the Navajos. Incidentally Mr. Hagerman points out that the sanitation, health, industrial, and educational needs of the Indians will require all the income their oil lands will yield. He finds encouragement, for the Indian Bureau plans to use the money in this way, in the refusal of the Senate to let it be appropriated in a lump for two bridges the Navajos don't want. Mr. Hagerman's interview follows:

Congress has been in the habit for a good many years of making appropriations "reimbursable" out of Indians' funds when there were no funds. This has apparently been a gesture, at least in some cases; a method of securing appropriations which otherwise could not have been had on the theory or in the hope that the particular tribe of Indians against whom these charges were chalked up would some time, through the sale of coal, timber, oil, or something else of value, be able to liquidate the indebtedness. In the meantime the taxpayers put up the money.

COCHITI, SAN JUAN BRIDGES

Recently, right here near Santa Fe, the bridges at Cochiti and San Juan, across the Rio Grande, were built from such "reimbursable" appropriations. Neither the Cochiti nor the San Juan Indians have any tribal funds, and there is not one chance in five hundred that they

ever will have. These bridges are distinctly useful to the Indians. In the case of Cochiti, the bridge there is mainly used by the Indians of that pueblo, whose lands lie on both sides of the river and who have been hard put to it to cross back and forth, especially at high water. Incidentally, it is useful to non-Indians, and particularly to tourists who want to visit Cochiti.

OTHER BRIDGES

The bridge near the San Juan pueblo is also useful to the Indians, connecting two parts of their pueblo lands, but it is mainly useful to non-Indians. So, too, is the bridge at Isleta useful to Indians, but it is mainly used as a link in the transcontinental tourist highway. The bridge across the San Juan River at Shiprock is charged to Navajo reimbursable funds. So is that at Farmington, 30 miles east of Shiprock. The Shiprock bridge is within the reservation and very useful to the Indians. They couldn't well get on without it. The Shiprock Agency schools are on the north side of the river. Most of the Navajo children could not reach the school without the bridge. The fact that the Shiprock bridge is now on a public highway and used more by non-Indians than Indians does not make it any less essential to the Navajos. The Farmington bridge is off the reservation and, while mainly a white man's bridge, is also useful to the Indians.

BLOOMFIELD BRIDGE

The proposed Bloomfield bridge, still farther east and entirely off the reservation, would be almost wholly a white man's bridge, not an Indian bridge. It would be very useful as a link in the highway from Albuquerque to Durango and more or less convenient to a handful of Indians who live on allotments around Pueblo Bonito. In a small way and in a lesser degree it would be like the Lee Ferry bridge, which has just been turned down by the United States Senate—useful to Indians, but of much more use to non-Indian travelers.

LEE FERRY BRIDGE

The Lee Ferry bridge was decided upon—passed upon as a desirable project—before there was any money in the Navajo tribal funds. If there had been any funds in these funds, it would doubtless have been an issue sooner. With the advent of oil bonuses, leases, rentals, royalties, etc., from the Shiprock lease, the "reimbursable" feature of this proposed appropriation has, according to my good friends the Navajos, turned from a gesture to a blow. The Navajos are taking notice. Naturally they want to know if their tribal fund—now that there is some prospect of its being real instead of a mere name—is to be used to liquidate indebtedness which Congress has been chalking up against them for years without any knowledge or any care, either, on their part.

\$771,000 REIMBURSABLE

There is a lot of money so chalked up against them already. To be exact, \$771,281.09 is the amount of appropriations heretofore made reimbursable against the Navajo Indians. Of this, approximately \$100,000 is for land, \$148,000 for bridges, \$88,000 for roads, \$96,000 for irrigation, and \$341,000 for stock water.

From the present producing wells at Shiprock it would take several years of royalty payments to pay all this out, even if the production could all be shipped, which so far it can not be. If there has not been any oil discovered up there, this appropriation to build a bridge out of reimbursable funds would probably have gone through. But now it is a different story. The bridge is a most desirable one. It would open a marvelous new north and south highway.

NAVAJOS DON'T WANT TO PAY

But the Navajos do not think they ought to pay for it, or even half of it, in cold cash. Neither did the United States Senate think so when it was put up to them last week. In fact, as I understand it, it would not have had to be paid for even if the bill had passed until all the rest of the \$771,281.09 had been paid up. For if these reimbursable items are actually to be reimbursed, they would have to be paid serially unless the reimbursable feature of these appropriations is repealed.

WANTS DEBT FORGIVEN

And that is, of course, just what the Navajos would like to see done. They would like to see Congress forgive them these debts which they never contracted but which were contracted for them. They are in a little different position from France and Germany, who want their debts to us forgiven. The French and Germans knew they were contracting them, however dire their necessity. The Navajos say, on the other hand, "We did not know." The Government responds, "No; you did not know; but we did, and we chalked them up against you, because we had to get this money for your benefit and could not get it any other way than by chalking it up against you. It has been spent for your benefit; and if you received a lot of money for oil, you ought to pay it back. Moreover, we, the Government, have spent over \$10,000,000 more for you which we never expect to get back."

"So you have," says the Navajo, "but you promised to do that for us when you made a treaty with us in 1863 and we went back on the reservation and agreed to be good Indians, and we have been good."

They have said that to me over and over again, in almost so many words.

So there you are.

A WAY OUT

I believe there is a perfectly reasonable way out of it—a perfectly practical way. I think the Government will find the way and that the Indians will see it. In fact, both parties—both the Government and the Indians—have already gone a long way toward adjusting the matter. At the last council in Gallup last July the commissioner sent a letter to the Indians saying specifically that the Government would use these funds along the lines that the Indians wanted them to be used, and the Indians indicated in a preliminary way how they wanted them to be used. They did not want them divided up on a per capita basis—doled out, so much per Indian. They were very reasonable about that—astonishingly reasonable. They said they wanted them used for better stock, more water, more land in spots where they needed it. They wanted to use it for bettering their tribal conditions.

SENSIBLE INDIANS

They are, in fact, a sane, sound, reasonable, and conservative bunch, these Navajos. They want the money used legitimately and wisely to meet their industrial, sanitary, economic conditions, to improve the race. In fact, they want to use the money much along the line that the Government has been using a great deal of the money which the taxpayers have been putting up for them: the \$10,000,000 already spent. They wanted the reservation divided upon a population basis for the distribution of the money and for use of it. And this actually has been done, and some of the money already has been distributed amongst the various superintendencies. None of it has, as far as I know, been used for reimbursement. The Indians want to be consulted, and they are going to be consulted. They have been consulted and they want the Congress to back the department in its plans about using the money. They want Congress to back their own plans about using this money; and apparently the Senate—judging from last week's debate—is perfectly willing to back us all up in these plans.

ANOTHER COUNCIL

We are going to have another council pretty soon to discuss the matter further; to discuss this and anything else the Indians want to discuss; and to find out what they want to do about the oil leases already granted on the reservation, and about the granting of other leases, and about a number of other things.

NO KNOWN RICHES

There has been a lot of wild talk—a lot of bunk, in my opinion—about the Navajos getting enormously rich from oil; about their being spoiled like some other Indians have been spoiled. Take an extreme case; suppose every Indian on the reservation got a thousand dollars from the oil funds. That would scarcely spoil them. But suppose each one got a thousand dollars. That would mean about \$35,000,000; and that would take, at \$2.20 a barrel and a one-eighth royalty, no less than 127,000,000 barrels of oil; or a production of 20,000 barrels per day for 17 years. If you should top off \$10,000,000 for possible bonuses, it would take 90,000,000 barrels of oil, or the same production for over 12 years.

MONEY WILL DO GOOD

There is not one chance in a thousand of their getting enough oil money to hurt them, but there is a fine chance of their being enough—if everyone will get together to develop the reservation's potential oil resources and to adjust these matters about the use of the money—to greatly benefit the Navajos along sanitary, health, industrial, economic, and educational lines. That is what, as I take it, everybody concerned wants: the Secretary, the commissioner, Congress, the Navajo councilmen, and the Indians themselves. Incidentally, I believe the development up there is going to be a great thing for New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, and Utah. Thanks largely to Commissioner Burke and our own Senator JONES, the controversy over royalties on the non-treaty area of the reservation promises to be settled at this session of Congress, and that will greatly expedite further development.

NOT VANISHING RACE

The Navajos know pretty well what they want and are not unreasonable. They are steadily advancing. They are becoming alive to their responsibilities without getting a bit heady about it. They are numerous—steadily increasing—and are cohesive. There is in no way a problem of a "vanishing race." Personally they are appealing and interesting in the extreme, and on the whole have much better manners than the white man. They are cleaner than one would think possible with the little available water. They have "Turkish baths" of their own primitive sort all over the reservation. Most of them live in hogans in winter and in summer in the open. Hogans are not very sanitary, but much more so than cooped-up tenements on the East Side in New York.

AN EMOTIONAL PEOPLE

In spite of the general opinion as to their stolidity they are deeply emotional people. They accept Christianity after a fashion but practice their own religion. They see more in our Christianity than we do

in their "paganism," and are generally more tolerant of us than we of them. They find a great satisfaction in their ceremonies and have a deep faith in their God. Their traditions as to cosmic creation are somewhat similar to our own, the scenario being more limited.

LEAD, NOT DRIVE

They want education but hate to be dragged into school or church. It is much easier to lead them than to drive them, and they would prefer more of the white man's tools and less of his humanities and scholastic curricula. They are home loving and devoted to their children and their clan, but realize now that expansion must ultimately mean amalgamation or extinction. They are industrious, reserved, and have a well-developed sense of humor. They like money but have no longing for riches.

TRACHOMA, TUBERCULOSIS

Their greatest menace is trachoma and tuberculosis. Secretary Work and the Indian Office have recently done a lot toward coping with trachoma, but Congress will have to do much more through tribal funds or otherwise to meet the situation. The Indians themselves are fully alive to that. Cleanliness and sanitation in and out of the schools, good water, good food, good example is what the Navajos need and will cordially respond to.

SHEEP MAIN INDUSTRY

Sheep is their main industry within the reservation, but depleting ranges are menacing that. Government guidance as to better breeds, better marketing, better range control, and the dipping for scabies has greatly increased efficiency. In this the Indians themselves have cordially cooperated. It is fine the way the superintendents, the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry, the State authorities, and the Indians themselves have gotten together with the Indian Office in this respect. We hear a lot of crabbing about bureaucracy and red tape, but there is nothing more inspiring than the effectiveness of this coordinated campaign to increase the quality and value of Navajo sheep and wool. The same sort of coordination is rapidly being evolved in other lines. The iconoclasts would do well to study this particular accomplishment before further damning of Washington and the Indian Office.

The Navajos are sure to occupy much of public attention in the near future, and it is in the hope that the public will get its sights properly adjusted that I venture to contribute these remarks at this particular time.

Mr. BRUCE. Now, I should like to know, to use the language of the Senator himself, of what this "heritage" consists?

Mr. BRATTON. It consists of their interest in the Navajo Reservation lying in Arizona and New Mexico.

Mr. BRUCE. Is it likely to have any cash value soon, out of which the reimbursement could be made?

Mr. BRATTON. The statement has been made that those Indians will soon get a vast fortune as the result of the development of oil on this reservation. There is some development of oil on the reservation, and it is hoped that it will increase, but, according to Governor Hagerman, who has spent a great deal of his time on the reservation and who has a more intimate knowledge concerning the facts and conditions there than any other man, indulging every reasonable hope and expectation for the widest development on that reservation, it will take these Indians years and years to pay what has already been levied against them.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. President, may I inquire of the Senator from New Mexico what is the amount of the liability of these Indians as stated by Governor Hagerman?

Mr. BRATTON. The sum of \$771,000 is already assessed against the Indians.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Does that include the \$106,000 now under consideration?

Mr. BRATTON. The interview is not clear upon that. I am unable to state whether the \$106,000 is included or is not included.

Mr. WILLIAMS. The income of the Navajos is now about \$10,000 a month, is it not?

Mr. BRATTON. I am unable to say definitely. I will say, however, in response to the inquiry of the Senator from Missouri, that Governor Hagerman has stated that, indulging the fairest hopes, it will take these Indians years and years to pay the \$771,000 which is already assessed against them.

Mr. WILLIAMS. It would take them 77 months, would it not, if their income were \$10,000 a month, to pay that indebtedness?

Mr. BRATTON. Yes; undoubtedly.

Mr. DILL. Mr. President, the Senator from New Mexico has made some investigation as to the amount for which the funds of these Indians are liable. I wonder if the Senator has any knowledge of how many million dollars have been appropriated out of the Treasury of the United States reimbursable

from Indian funds that have never been reimbursed? I refer to all Indians and not merely to this particular tribe.

Mr. BRATTON. I understand that the sum referred to by the Senator from Washington runs into very large figures. The reason for that is that prior to the time the Navajo Indians and other Indians had any reasonable expectation of being able to repay the debt the Indians had no concern in the matter and manifested no attitude one way or the other.

Mr. PITTMAN. Mr. President—

The VICE PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Arizona yield to the Senator from Nevada?

Mr. CAMERON. I yield.

Mr. PITTMAN. There are \$140,000 charged against this reservation, reimbursable from the Indian funds to the Government for the building of roads in the Navajo Reservation on the New Mexico side of the line?

Mr. BRATTON. Yes.

Mr. PITTMAN. Were those roads of benefit to the Indians or not?

Mr. BRATTON. Yes; to some extent they were.

Mr. PITTMAN. Was the building of those roads justified?

Mr. BRATTON. Yes; partially but not wholly so.

Mr. PITTMAN. What does the Senator mean by "partially"?

Mr. BRATTON. I mean to the extent that the Indians use them but not to the extent that the whites use them.

Mr. PITTMAN. Does the Senator approve or disapprove of the building of those roads?

Mr. BRATTON. I approve of the building of those roads.

Mr. PITTMAN. Now, let me call attention to the fact that the indebtedness to which the Senator has referred, which must be reimbursed, was almost as large at the time you added the \$140,000 as it now is.

Mr. BRATTON. If the Senator will allow me, I did not add it, but others may have done so.

Mr. PITTMAN. Let me call attention to another thing. There are less than one-third of the Indians on the Navajo Reservation living in New Mexico. They have had the Gallup-Mesa-Verde road built north from their territory connecting up at Mesa Verde from Gallup at a reimbursable cost of \$140,000. One hundred or so miles west of it in the State of Arizona in a territory that is separated by tremendous mountain ranges that are almost impassable live two-thirds of the Navajo Indians. They are seeking exactly the same kind of a road, running from Flagstaff north through their territory, crossing the Colorado River at the northern boundary of their reservation and going on to the Utah line, to connect with a road built by Utah to the Zion National Park and connecting also with the Arrowhead Trail. The Indians in New Mexico, who have already obtained their road, who are enjoying it, and who never fought and never protested against it, now constitute themselves a council to protest against the building of this roadway 100 miles to the west, in a section where two-thirds of these Indians live. The Senator from New Mexico, who approves the taxing of these Indians \$140,000 for that purpose, is now heard to say that the building of a road for the benefit of two-thirds of these Indians at an expenditure of \$100,000 of their funds is an outrage. Of course, we recognize that the patriotism of the Senator from New Mexico would impel him to help his State by providing a north and south highway across the Colorado River. Undoubtedly that is true, but it is rather difficult to see why he should object to the same development 100 miles or more west for the benefit of two-thirds of these Indians and of the whole State of Arizona, and the whole country, in fact, when those highways shall be connected. There is no serious contention here that Indians in the territory where two-thirds of them live are protesting.

Mr. BRATTON. Mr. President, what disposition does the Senator make of the action of their tribal council when they registered a protest that was sent in here by Governor Hagerman, who is commissioner for the entire tribe?

Mr. PITTMAN. Yes; they are protesting now, mind you, against paying \$100,000, reimbursable, but when the bill authorizing the construction of the bridge was presented, at a time when they were seeking the permission of the Congress of the United States to build the bridge across the Colorado River—and they could never have built it without the consent of the Congress of the United States; the State of Arizona would never build a road at an expense of a million dollars north to that bridge or to that river unless that bill passed—there was no protest raised. When they had to appeal to Congress for permission to build a bridge across the Colorado River; when the building of a road straight through their territory, giving a north-and-south outlet to these Indians was at stake; when they knew there would be no road unless there was a bridge,

and when they knew that, under the policy of the Government well and long established, the Treasury of the United States would not advance money to anyone for the building of roads or bridges unless to a certain extent the money so appropriated was reimbursable, they bowed to the will of Congress and they were willing to have incorporated in that bridge bill the condition that \$100,000 of the amount should be reimbursable.

That was a year ago. Now when Congress is attempting to supply the money, not under any new conditions but under the general policy of the existing law for which they stood and did not fight, they come in at the last moment in the consideration of a bill of this kind and say, "No; we do not want to pay the amount." Why do they say that? They say that because they have been stimulated by politicians, on the one hand, and by greedy commissioners who desire the favor of those Indians on the other hand. Do not Senators know that politicians and Indian agents have told those Indians that they can get this bridge and the million-dollar road without reimbursing the Government?

Mr. BRATTON. No; I do not know that at all.

Mr. PITTMAN. Well, the indications are to that effect, when we see bills offered on the floor to relieve them of the payment of the hundred thousand dollars. Why would not the Indians think that they could get the improvements without paying their part of the cost when bills are introduced on this floor to relieve them of paying \$100,000? Those Indians are deceived. There is not a man who has spent any time in this body or in the House of Representatives but knows that the Government of the United States, as administered by the Congress, will not even appropriate \$20,000 for the benefit of an Indian reservation, unless that Indian reservation agrees at the same time out of its profits to return that \$20,000.

There is now pending in the House of Representatives a bill providing an appropriation of \$20,000 for the benefit of a little Indian reservation, a poor reservation. In that instance it was tried, by reason of the poverty of the Indians, to have the Government appropriate the money without being reimbursed, but it was stated:

If we set the precedent of having the Government of the United States appropriate out of its Treasury even \$20,000 and not have the condition that it shall be reimbursed out of the profits of the reservation, we have got to carry that policy clear on through as to every Indian reservation.

Mr. WHEELER. Mr. President, let me ask the Senator a question.

Mr. PITTMAN. Certainly.

Mr. WHEELER. The Senator speaks of these Indians being impoverished. Who is it that has impoverished them? Nobody else in the world but the white men of the United States who have robbed the Indians of their land. There is not any question about it at all. We have driven them from one spot to another and made treaties with them, and now we are trying to take the last drop of blood they have.

Mr. PITTMAN. Mr. President, there are some Indians that have been mistreated in the past. No one denies that. I know of no Indians that are being mistreated now, and I know that for the last 15 or 20 years the Indian Office has been exceedingly solicitous for the welfare of the Indians of this country. I know that they have had reclamation projects built in my State at a cost of two or three hundred thousand dollars for a band of 400 Indians, men, women, and children. It is reimbursable. When I first came to the Senate 13 years ago I fought that reimbursable feature. I stated then that it was the duty of this Government to put that land in condition so that these Indians could work it. They said "No." The Indian Office said "No." The Indian Office said: "We do not want to make mendicants of these Indians. We want to give them opportunity, but we want them to pay and work out the money that the Government gives to them"; and they have made reimbursable every dollar that they put in that reclamation project. They have made reimbursable every dollar they have placed in every reclamation project on every Indian reservation in the United States. They have made reimbursable the building of these roads in New Mexico and the building of this bridge across the Colorado River to the extent of \$140,000.

Now, what is the situation? This is the situation: Every practical legislator here knows that we can not change that policy. We know that for 10 or 15 years every attempt to change that policy has met with almost unanimous defeat. It is a shame. It is an outrage for politicians and Indian agents to try to convince these poor Indians that the policy of this Government is going to be changed, that this bridge is going to be built entirely out of the money of the United

States, and that they will not be called on to reimburse a cent of it. If a fight is made against this appropriation on the theory that the Indians are going to get this bridge without reimbursement, they will never get a bridge across the Colorado River, and they will never have a \$1,000,000 road built by the State of Arizona from the south to the north part of that great reservation. That is what they are up against.

It is said that this bridge is no benefit to these people. Can you conceive for one moment that a State highway or a Federal highway extending from the south of a great mountainous reservation clear to the north of it, across the river at the north boundary to the north line of the State of Arizona, through the southern part of Utah, connecting with another great transcontinental highway and with the Zion National Park, will be of no benefit to these Indians?

If there were 30,000 white settlers in that reservation instead of 30,000 Indians, do you not know that they would be taxed to have that road built from the south end of that reservation to the north end of it? Do you not know that if in that immense reservation the white settlers were taxed only \$100,000 for that purpose, they would be delighted? Do you not know that if they were white settlers their lands would be taxed for the building of that million-dollar road? Do you not know that you can not tax the lands of these Indians; and do you not know that the reason why this reimbursable policy has been adopted is because that land, which occupies nearly a fifth of the State of Arizona, is not subject to State taxation?

Mr. OVERMAN. Mr. President, what is the financial condition of the Navajo Indians, prospective as well as present?

Mr. PITTMAN. As has been stated, their income is about \$10,000 a month at the present time. As the reports here show, and has been admitted, great oil structures have been discovered in that great reservation. They have actually bored wells and struck oil in that reservation. It has been stopped. Why? Because it was believed that under the leasing law of the United States the Department of the Interior had the right to grant permits there. It has now been held by the Department of the Interior that they have no right under the general leasing act to let permits there. Prospecting has been stopped. There is a bill now pending which provides that the Indian Office may grant permits for prospecting, and that all of the royalties coming from the leasing of those wells shall go into the fund of the Indians of this great reservation.

When we see all of the great oil companies seeking permits in that great reservation, with their applications pending before the Indian Office and the Department of the Interior, it does not take much imagination to know what is coming to that reservation. What they need more than anything else on earth at the present time is a road through that mountainous country. It cost about \$200,000 to take one rig and set it up in there. Why? Because there were no roads through that reservation over which they could haul these great derricks and things of that kind. The building of a road north and south through that reservation is more essential to the prosperity of the Indians there than anything else that could possibly be done. There is no question about that.

We have here the report of Mr. Eakin, the commissioner of the Grand Canyon National Park, whose statement was quoted in the report of the Senator from Arizona in support of this very reimbursable bill, who outlined the tremendous benefit that this road and this bridge will be to these Indians. There is no question about it. The only question is right here: Shall we, for the purpose of deceiving these Indians, kill this thing or shall we recognize the policy of this Government as it has been for 15 or 20 years, as it is now, as the law that was passed a year ago provides that it shall be, and make this expenditure reimbursable to the extent of about \$100,000? That is the question.

I tell you that if you have your way in this matter, if you convince this body that you can get this bridge by changing the whole policy of this Government and doing away with the reimbursable feature as to this \$100,000, you are going to defeat the building of this bridge, and you are going to do an incalculable damage to the Indians in that reservation.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. President—

Mr. CAMERON. I yield to the Senator from Missouri.

Mr. WILLIAMS. I understand that the reimbursable feature of these bills means that the money which is expended by the Government shall be reimbursed to the Government out of any funds in the hands of the Indians as they may accrue from time to time.

Mr. PITTMAN. That is the theory of it. For instance, I will say to the Senator, let us take a reclamation project as an example. There is a reclamation project on the Pyramid

Indian Reservation in the State of Nevada. It was completed several years ago. I do not think a dime has ever been reimbursed to the Government yet; and the Government realizes that it takes those chances. It is not a question of being so much interested in when you pay, but it is the policy that the Indians should realize that they are being treated as white people; they are being treated as citizens are treated. The Government will lend them the money, lend it to them without interest, lend it to them for an indefinite period, until the improvement of their conditions allows them to reimburse the Government.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. President, I understand, in the second place, after the reimbursable feature has been stated, that there have been some seven hundred and odd thousand dollars expended by the Government to be reimbursed out of Indian funds as and when they accrue. This reimbursable feature, it seems from the statement of the Senator from Nevada, has been a policy of the Government for some years. The policy of the Government in that behalf made no particular difference so long as the Indians had no funds out of which these advancements by the Government might be reimbursed. It was a matter of indifference to the Indians how much money was charged to their account if they had no account. They did not care, of course, how much money was charged to them by bills if there was no money coming to them nor any prospect of any money coming to them. The question of who are and who are not the friends of the Indians—these Navajo Indians in particular—is not at issue here. The seven hundred and odd thousand dollars which has been expended for this purpose has insured, of course, to the benefit of the States, and it has been an indirect method by which the Government has expended public funds for the benefit of the States in which these improvements were made and this money was expended. I have no objection to that.

Mr. PITTMAN. Mr. President, may I ask the Senator a question?

Mr. WILLIAMS. If the Government has great bodies of land in these States, and if that were the purpose of the bill, I should have no objection to it. I can see no reason why the Government should not honestly expend Government funds for defraying its share of the expenses necessarily incurred in the assistance of projects of development in those States, including the State of Nevada and any other State where the Government has public lands which are to be affected beneficially by such legislation. But when it is said that this fund is being affected now or that any attitude is being taken by a politician, let us see just what that means.

I doubt if there has ever been a greater friend of the Indians than Governor Hagerman. I doubt if there has ever been a man of greater character or more singleness of purpose appointed as commissioner to a body of Indians in the United States than the one who is now commissioner to the Navajos. I doubt if there has ever been a council held with the Indians like the council which took place at Gallup on the 7th of July, 1925. I doubt if there has been any such effort made to bring about a feeling of self-determination on the part of the Indians as that meeting held in Gallup. I doubt very seriously whether Mr. Meritt, who appeared before the Appropriations Committee of the House on this bill, had any knowledge of the transactions which took place, because his testimony does not reflect any knowledge on his part.

Here are projects for two bridges. One of these projects is 16 miles from the nearest point to the reservation of the Navajos. That is a physical fact. The reimbursable features were all right when there was nothing to reimburse; but if this has been the policy of the Government, I say it is high time to call a stop on such a policy and be honest, because it occurs to me, if the Senator pleases, that this is nothing more nor less than the diversion of trust funds; and if that has been the policy of the Government, it is high time that such a policy should cease.

Mr. PITTMAN. Mr. President—

The VICE PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Arizona yield to the Senator from Nevada?

Mr. CAMERON. I do.

Mr. PITTMAN. The argument the Senator is making is not new here in the Senate at all. It has been made before. I have made it time and time again.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. President, it does not follow that it is any the less good and sound.

Mr. PITTMAN. There is argument, however, on the other side of it. This reservation takes up, as I say, a large portion of the State of Arizona.

Mr. WILLIAMS. I appreciate that.

Mr. PITTMAN. If this were unreserved public land, it would be the duty of the United States Government out of its own Treasury to build its part of the road across that land in conjunction with the State building its part. I recognize that, but this happens to be an Indian reservation.

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, may I interrupt the Senator?

Mr. PITTMAN. Just a second until I get through. This happens to be an Indian reservation. The Government has argued that this land has value. If this land were in private ownership, it would pay its proportion of the taxes for building roads and bridges.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Not if it were 16 miles away.

Mr. PITTMAN. But it is not in private ownership. One end of the bridge is resting on the Indian reservation. The land is held in trust by the Federal Government. As the Secretary of the Interior stated, the Indians are wards of the Government, and while it is the duty of this land to bear its proportion of the cost of the general improvements of the States wherein it lies, that can not be accomplished through taxation. There is only one way in which this land can be made to bear its just proportion of the expenses of building roads and bridges, and that is by taking a part of the earnings of that land and applying a just proportion toward the expenses of maintaining roads in the States that are directly beneficial to the Indians. That is the situation.

Sixty miles of road are being built across that reservation, which will cost \$500,000. Yet the Indians are not asked to pay a cent of that. Their land does not contribute a cent to it. They are asked to contribute, in the course of time, \$100,000 back to the United States Government. Whether the Senator is right or wrong, whether the Government should never charge the Indians anything for improvements on their reservations, the fact remains that men here who are as friendly to the Indians as Governor Hagerman, who have shown their friendship through long years, realize that if they are to get any improvements in an Indian reservation it has to be done in accordance with the policy of the Department of the Interior, who are the guardians of these Indians.

Mr. WILLIAMS. This is the time to change that policy, which is what we are attempting.

Mr. PITTMAN. I do not care how good a friend of the Indians Governor Hagerman is—

Mr. WILLIAMS. I do.

Mr. PITTMAN. He is not the only one. I want to say to the Senator that CARL HAYDEN, who has represented the State of Arizona in the lower House for about 16 years, has been a defender of those Indians ever since he has been here. He has spoken for them on the floor of that body time and time again.

It will not do to base the argument upon the ground that one is a friend of the Indians and another is not. Those who attempt to defeat this bill are in reality the enemies of these Indians, whether they know it or not.

Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. President, my statement was made as the result of the assertion of the Senator that those opposing this bill were politicians, working against the interests of the Indians. The commissioner of the Navajos is not in any sense a politician, and my interest in this matter grows wholly out of letters and telegrams I have received from him, and is the result of my study of this particular matter.

If I am correctly informed, there is the sum of \$116,000 now belonging to the Navajo Indians, and it is proposed that \$106,000 of that be taken. As the bill now reads, it provides that this shall be reimbursable out of funds which are accruing to the Indians. But the \$116,000 already stands charged to the \$760,000 heretofore appropriated to the Indians, and I speak on behalf of men who I know are giving their lives, their time, and their interest, in sincerity and in good faith, and without pay, on behalf of these Indians. I know that the representations they have made to me are correct and true. This is a diversion of trust funds; there can not be any justification for it, and I think the bill ought to fail.

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, the Navajos have already been loaded with a reimbursable debt of \$771,281. Now they are to be loaded with an additional debt of \$106,000, to be spent for the construction of bridges, \$100,000 for a tourist bridge. The mortgage is already five times their tribal fund.

The Government annual per capita expenditure of the Navajos for the period from 1920 to 1924, inclusive, was \$28.50. For Indians as a whole the per capita expenditure is \$54, if tribal fund expenditures be included; \$42 if taxed appropriations alone be considered. Those figures are based on statistics,

Forty per cent of the Government's expenditures on Navajos in these years went to the Bureau of Indian Affairs for salaries. For medical supplies only 19 per cent was expended. Yet the official Board of Indian Commissioners reported in 1924 as follows:

The survey of seven of the Navajo boarding schools disclosed that 46.64 per cent of the children were trachomatous.

Trachoma is curable, but, untreated, it leads to blindness. In 1922 Gen. Hugh Scott reported officially that—

Six thousand eight hundred children in the Navajo country are growing up in savage ignorance for lack of school facilities. This has long been known to the department.

Think of it, nearly 7,000 Indians of the Navajo Tribe have no school facilities, no places to send their children to school, no school-teachers, no preparations for them. Yet the Congress of the United States will insist at this time, although the Indians have an indebtedness amounting to \$771,281, on imposing on them \$106,000 additional, to come out of their funds, at a time when there is no fund left. It is to be charged up to them, forever to keep them in debt, when their children, who should be in school, who should be treated for trachoma, and who should be looked after otherwise, are neglected like the wolves of the prairie.

I want to say, in answer to the Senator from Nevada [Mr. PITTMAN], that he has brought politics into this matter. When I started into this fight—and I am now in the same position I was at the beginning—I said there was no politics in this as far as I was concerned. There is not now and there never will be. As I said, I stand here as the representative of the good people who sent me here, and I intend to do the best I can while I am here.

The able Senator from Nevada also spoke about this road traversing 180 miles of the country between Flagstaff, we will say, and Lee Ferry. Part of that land is on the Indian reservation, I admit, but that is known as No Man's Land, or the Painted Desert. On miles of that land no stock of any kind could feed, because there is nothing there for them to feed upon. It is a desert. It is a waste. It is known, and has been written up by the great writers of this country; pictures of it have been exhibited, showing that it is a barren waste, a desert. The county of Coconino could not afford to build a road to Lee Ferry, or their part of the road, which would cost probably two or three million dollars.

I want to impress upon the Senate of the United States that this bridge would not in any substantial way be beneficial to the Navajo Indians. They do not use their proportional part of that section of the country; that is, on the northwest edge of the Navajo Reservation. No Indians live there; they could not live there if they wanted to. In the first place, there is no water on that part of the reservation for stock, or feed for animals. There is no place where the Indians could go and make a livelihood. Consequently there are no Indians there.

I would now like to have read from the desk a short item in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, found at page 4185 in the proceedings of February 24.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Clerk will read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Mr. BRATTON. Mr. President, I desire to read into the RECORD part of a letter written to me by the Office of Indian Affairs, signed by Commissioner Burke, which contains an excerpt from the proceedings had at the tribal council of these Indians on July 7 of last year. Mr. Hagerman, the director of Indian affairs in New Mexico, was presiding.

“Mr. HAGERMAN. All right; that is settled. Now, what do they want to talk about?”

“J. C. MORGAN (Walker translating). They would like to recommend to the Government that the money they spend . . . that when Congress appropriates they would like to have Congress appropriate for the benefit of the tribe. They do not want it for the benefit of some other people. They want it for the benefit of the Navajo Tribe.”

“Mr. HAGERMAN. Well, that goes without saying.”

“Mr. MORGAN (Walker interpreting). What we mean is that when Congress appropriates money, like they did down here for the bridge at Lee Ferry, they do not want that Congress appropriate this money for the bridges. . . .”

“CHIEF DODGE—”

Who is the chief among them.

“CHIEF DODGE (interpolating and finishing Walker's sentence for him). They object to the use of the tribal funds for such purpose as the bridge at the ferry across the Colorado.”

Mr. CAMERON. I also would like to have read a part of the proceedings of February 25, found at page 4269 of the RECORD.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Clerk will read.
The Chief Clerk read as follows:

“NAVAJO RESERVATION,
“Shiprock, N. Mex., February 11, 1926.”

“DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned, the councilmen of the San Juan Navajo Reservation, do hereby in behalf of the our Navajo people, and their representatives and with their consent enter this protest against the recent passing of a bill which provides the appropriation of \$100,000 of our tribal funds for constructing a bridge across the upper Grand Canyon at Lee Ferry, Ariz.

“Our reasons are as follows:

“First. We want right and justice done concerning our tribal money. We protest against construction of the proposed bridge at Lee Ferry, Ariz., with our oil money, because the bridge will be absolutely of no benefit to our Indians and again because they do no trading to the north of their reservation. The Navajos who live on the western reservation with agency at Tuba City go south to trade their wool, sheep, and cattle. This has been their custom for many years.

“Second. We believe the use of our tribal oil money derived from the royalties should be for much-needed improvement on our reservation. We are thirsty for water, and, in fact, right now our cattle and sheep are dying for lack of water and feed. Would you rather feel obliged to look after the comfort and benefit of the people who have money to throw at the birds than to look out for the comfort of the desert people who are suffering for lack of many things? Please remember that water is precious in this country, and therefore we would like to see our oil money used for developing water on the reservation, so that our people may have water for themselves and their stock. This is no more than right and justice.”

I digress and discontinue reading further from the letter for a moment to say that if this letter speaks the truth, it depicts the real conditions existing on the reservation, if these Indians are suffering from lack of water, if their herdsmen are suffering from lack of it, if their sheep are dying from lack of it, if their cattle are suffering and dying, if they speak the truth when they say this bridge is of no use to the Indians and will not be used by them, but will be used by the whites, I want to know what the Congress of the United States has to say in justification of its proposed action in compelling these Indians to use \$100,000 of their money to pay for bridges for the whites, bridges which the Indians do not want, which they do not need, and which they will not use. Why should the Congress compel their herdsmen and their herds to continue to suffer from lack of water for their livestock and at the same time force them to pay for bridges to be used by the whites?

Mr. President, this great Commonwealth has survived long, it has prospered greatly, it has stood high in the sisterhood of nations, and it has gained its prestige by following the lines of equity, justice, and fair dealing. It is a sad day when the richest country in the world shall compel a helpless and defenseless people to pay for something for the use of other citizens of this great country which they themselves do not want and will not use.

The letter continues:

“Third. The Indian Department at Washington wants our Indians to make improvements on their homes so as to battle against all sorts of sickness among them; but how can this be done without the necessary things? The mountains in our country are covered with some timber, but we can not get lumber from them if we can not use our oil money for it. Lumber is very necessary in building better homes, and, of course, better homes mean better health for our people, old and young. We must get out of the old hogan life for health's sake. The Indian Department has been urging our Navajos to do this; but how can it be possible if our money is used for bridges for the benefit of the tourists?”

I digress again, Mr. President, to commend the attitude taken in this letter toward the Indian Bureau. I know that the Bureau of Indian Affairs has urged these Indians to improve their condition by providing themselves with better homes. Large sums of money are being spent annually for the treatment of Indians and to minimize disease among them. This money is needed for such purposes. It is needed to get the raw timber out of the mountains and convert it into lumber and into homes in order that their scale of living may be heightened and disease may be minimized in their midst; but that can not be done so long as the Congress of the United States compels them to pay half a million dollars for things they do not need, which they do not want, and which will not be conducive to a higher plane of living among them.

The letter continues:

“Fourth. We need our tribal oil money for the improvement of our stock. As it is at present time we have some very inferior grades of sheep, cattle, and horses on our ranges, of which the white stockmen make a big howl about from time to time. We do not blame them for that, because it is true; but how can we help it unless we can use our oil money to improve our stock? We have been self-supporting by

these industries for a number of years, and we hope and expect to continue to do so.

"Fifth. We need many other improvements besides all those mentioned among our people—better-paid medical doctors, who will do some good to our suffering people. There are thousands of our poor Navajos who are ailing with all kinds of sickness that are not being cared for at this time. Our tribal funds will come in mighty handy for this purpose.

"We have tried to the best of our knowledge and belief to write to you our protest against the use of our oil money for bridges that will be of no benefit to our Indians. But we have stated to you only some of the things that are so necessary in order to meet the needs and demands of our people. Hope you will consider the matter in behalf of the Navajo Indians.

"Very respectfully yours."

The communication is signed by five men as the "duly elected councilmen for the San Juan Navajo."

Mr. PITTMAN. Mr. President—
The VICE PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Arizona yield to the Senator from Nevada?

Mr. CAMERON. I yield for a question.
Mr. PITTMAN. Were those San Juan Indians who filed the protest here?

Mr. CAMERON. They are Navajo Indians. They live in the San Juan Valley; but I will come to that feature of the discussion a little later.

Mr. PITTMAN. The San Juan Indians are in New Mexico, are they not?

Mr. CAMERON. Some of them are in New Mexico, Colorado, and some in Arizona.

Mr. PITTMAN. Their agency is in New Mexico, is it not?

Mr. CAMERON. Their agency is in Arizona, at Fort Defiance.

Mr. PITTMAN. They got roads built through their territory from north to south, and they are reimbursing to the extent of \$140,000.

Mr. CAMERON. There may be a road in there. That is the only means of ingress and egress there is to the oil stratas to which the Senator from Nevada has referred. Now, I hope the Senator from Nevada will let me proceed.

The oil structures so ably referred to by the Senator from Nevada are more than 100 miles distant from the proposed bridge at Lee Ferry. There is not now and there never will be built a road from Lee Ferry to the oil fields. In the first place in order to make a connection they would have to come back from Lee Ferry to a place called Tuba City on the proposed road that he has spoken of. That is something like 90 to 100 miles. Then when they got to the town of Tuba City they would be at least 100 miles from the oil field. There is no road there now other than the desert, and there would be no reason for ever building a road across the desert to the oil fields. The bridge at Lee Ferry would not have any connection whatsoever with the oil field in the northeast part of Arizona or the Navajo Reservation and the northwestern reservation of the Navajos in New Mexico. They enter that country by way of Ship Rock or Farmington down through Utah. The country is so broken and so rough that it would be impossible to go across there from Lee Ferry. There is no chance to get in there unless they should go up the Colorado River to the San Juan River by boat, and that is utterly impracticable.

There is no use for the Senator from Nevada or any other Senator to talk about that section being benefited or the country at all being benefited or even the Navajo Indians being benefited by the construction of this bridge, for it is utterly impossible. I want the Senate of the United States to understand that proposition clearly. The contour of the country and the roughness of the country makes it utterly impossible. The only benefits flowing from this construction go to the tourist public or citizens of other sections and not to the Indians of the reservation.

So far as deceiving the Indians is concerned, I can not conceive how any Senator would make such an assertion or remark. There is no one here that I know of who would wish to deceive the Indians. Why should they? What benefit could be derived from deceiving the Indians? The Indians in Arizona do not vote, and I refer to that because the Senator from Nevada has brought politics into the discussion. They have never voted, and it is doubtful if they ever will vote. Under our State laws very few of them can qualify even if the Government of the United States has enacted a law making them citizens of the United States.

If the Senator wants to do some real good, why not build a bridge across the Colorado River into his State? There would be the place in Mojave County where the tourists and other people can get the benefit of it, because there is a road already

built to the Colorado River line down at Topock on the Colorado River. At Searchlight, one of the great mining camps of his State of Nevada, there has been a ferry for years, and if the Senator wanted to benefit the people whom he is representing, why not urge that we build a bridge across the river at Searchlight? Then the tourists and others could go in there, strike the State highway, go up the Colorado River, and go out to Gallup, N. Mex., and then get across to the oil field on which the Senator from Nevada has laid so much stress.

I mention this to show the inconsistency of the Senator's argument in saying the Lee Ferry bridge would benefit his people in getting in and out to these supposed oil fields. It is absurd. We hope to have oil fields in Arizona and New Mexico. We hope to have a lot of them, but at the present time unfortunately we have only some very small producing wells. It is not considered an oil field at the present time. However, we have many favorable conditions and many sturdy westerners are there holding on praying and hoping, even fighting the bureaucrats to hold on. Why mislead anyone by talking about oil fields? Why talk about the extension of the leasing laws? It is all in the air; it is all in the future. There are no oil fields developed at the present time, I am sorry to say, and there never will be unless the Government bureaus help the prospector instead of handicapping as seems to be the present way of handling oil permits and permittees. God knows, I for one in the United States Senate would extend the time forever on leasing laws in order to give them time to develop the oil fields. If they can improve them or if they can find oil, whether in Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, Nevada, California, or any other State in the West, I think we ought to help them all we can, but, Mr. President, but little encouragement or intelligent assistance comes from the supervising bureaus to these worthy prospectors under our present methods.

So, Mr. President, returning to the matter in issue, let us not get in the habit of charging to the Indians \$100,000 or any other sum when they are protesting, and vigorously protesting, through their tribal officers, through their chiefs and through the agencies which represent them, and asserting that this bridge is not in anywise of benefit to them. If Congress has made a mistake in the past, let us not make another one now. Let us rectify our past mistakes if we can. Let us not impose upon these poor tribes of Indians who have to-day nearly 7,000 children without school facilities, without schoolhouses, and I venture to say a great many of them without clothes.

Great stress has been laid on the fact that I reported the bill which provided for the construction of this bridge. Yes, I did; and I want you all to know that I did. Why did I make the report? I took the report that came from Congressman Snyder's committee when he was chairman of the committee of the House.

Our committee accepted that report, and it came perfunctorily through me from the committee without examination to the floor of the Senate, and the bill was passed like thousands of others are passed. Without any urging, without any discussion whatever, it went through under unanimous consent. Why try to impose upon me the intimation that I did something I am now trying to back out of? I have never backed out in my life, and I never will. I will stick to what I say the way I said it regardless of what the consequences may be. The insinuations that have been made are wrong. I hardly think any Senator really means to insinuate; but if he does, I think it is wrong, and I resent it as far as I can.

In a brief way, I will tell Senators. This road is known as the Old Mormon Trail. That was the first road which was laid out by the pioneers and which was followed by the Mormons who came down from Utah into Arizona. They followed the Little Colorado River and went down to Snowflake, Concho, St. Johns, Springerville, Woodruff, Taylor, Alpine, and a number of other places. As long ago as 42 years I live! on the Colorado River. The only people who were in that region at that time were the travelers and the Mormons coming from Salt Lake down to these little settlements in the south and going back to the north in Utah.

God knows if I could gridiron the State with roads I would do so; but why talk about an impossibility at this time? If this bridge could be built, I should like to see that done. There is no one more in favor of building necessary bridges than am I; there is no man who has ever been more in favor of the development of the West than I have been, am now, and always shall be so long as I live. Mr. President, I call attention to the fact that the Legislature of Arizona, at its last session, refused to appropriate the \$100,000 which it must appropriate in order to meet the \$100,000 appropriated by Con-

gress. Arizona will do its part in any worthy construction. And my contention is that the Federal Government should do likewise. By that I mean we should have and do need this bridge, but the Government should bear its own part instead of charging it to these unfortunate Indians. If the Legislature of Arizona should not vote to appropriate the other \$100,000 I am willing to help get the appropriation, but I never want to see one dollar of it charged to any Indian tribe unless they shall come here and ask us to do so. I think when the Indians shall make the request, and circumstances warrant, it will be time enough for us to charge such expenditures to their tribal funds.

Mr. KING. Mr. President, will the Senator from Arizona permit an interruption?

Mr. CAMERON. I certainly will.

Mr. KING. I am interested in the last observation made by the Senator, to the effect that the amount which is to be charged to this tribal fund is only 50 per cent of the sum requisite for the construction of the bridge, the residue to be appropriated by the State of Arizona. As I understand the Senator, that appropriation has not been made by the Legislature of Arizona?

Mr. CAMERON. No.

Mr. KING. Is there any guaranty that Arizona will in the immediate future make the appropriation?

Mr. CAMERON. There is no such guaranty.

Mr. KING. And is the appropriation by Congress contingent upon the appropriation by Arizona? Or is it a flat appropriation, under which the Indian Bureau, or the bureau which is charged with the expenditure of the money, may proceed to build half the bridge and leave the other half up in the air until Arizona shall act?

Mr. CAMERON. That is the position, exactly, I will say to the Senator from Utah.

Mr. KING. Then why should Congress appropriate until the State of Arizona shall have taken action?

Mr. CAMERON. I can not see any reason why Congress should act as this amendment proposes, but instead should appropriate the amount out of general funds of the Government. There is no reason on earth why we should appropriate at all and charge it up to the Navajo Indians.

Mr. KING. Well, assume—

Mr. CAMERON. There is no assuming about it on my part. I am here protesting that it would be an injustice to the Indians, and that they should never pay one dollar of this money in any way, shape, or manner.

Mr. KING. If the Senator will again pardon me, I desire to say that I am in agreement with him; I am opposed to charging this amount to the tribal funds of the Navajo Indians; but assume that it were a valid charge against those funds, is it not rather premature for the Federal Government to act now until the State of Arizona, which is primarily interested, has signified its purpose to duplicate the appropriation?

Mr. CAMERON. The State of Arizona will not have a meeting of its legislature until a year from this spring.

Mr. KING. Then, if the pending conference report should be agreed to, the appropriation should be made by Congress, and it were expended, we would have to await the action of the State of Arizona; and if the State of Arizona should then refuse, the money appropriated by Congress would be wasted, unless Congress should make further appropriations for the completion of the bridge?

Mr. CAMERON. That is correct.

Mr. KING. I think the Senator's fight is a very courageous and valorous one; I am in sympathy with him; but I am afraid the parliamentary situation is rather hostile to the Senator and to myself.

Mr. CAMERON. I appreciate the Senator's statement. He ably stated the situation. It is just the plain but unfortunate fact that this unjust amendment may be allowed to stand because of the unfortunate parliamentary situation wherein many of my friends will vote for the bill with this iniquitous clause fearing the loss of the bill otherwise. I favor all other features and regret to make necessary this delay, but right and justice should prevail.

Mr. WARREN. Mr. President, both of the Senators will realize the absurdity of suggesting the building of one part of the bridge across the river and the other half being hung up in the air. That would be like some of the arguments we hear when Senators conjure up bogies.

Mr. KING. Unfortunately, that is sometimes the situation of the Federal Government. The Federal Government does just such stupid things, and the Senator from Wyoming, the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, knows it.

Mr. WARREN. I know that nothing of the kind has ever occurred, and I know that the Senator from Utah does not know of anything of the kind having occurred.

Mr. KING. I have not time to go into the situation now, but if I had I could give many illustrations of the accuracy of my statement.

Mr. CURTIS. Mr. President, I shall ask to have inserted in the Record at the conclusion of the statement I am about to make a copy of the act of February 26, 1925, which provided for the building of the bridge across the Colorado River at Lee Ferry, Ariz. The money proposed to be appropriated by conference report could not be used, as has been suggested, to build one-half of the bridge, for the act authorizing the construction of the bridge provides that the money shall not be used until the State of Arizona shall have appropriated one-half of the cost of building the bridge.

Mr. KING. That is, the appropriation does not become available until the State of Arizona also shall have appropriated its share?

Mr. CURTIS. This item in the deficiency bill came to the Senate from the other body, which has refused to recede from its disagreement to the Senate amendment. If the Senator from Arizona [Mr. CAMERON] will permit me just a moment, I desire to say that I was a member of the conference committee; and I am as strongly against using the Indians' money, except where it can be shown to be for the actual benefit of the Indians, as is any Member of the Senate, as I have demonstrated every time I have had an opportunity to vote on such a question.

I thought I had a plan whereby we could satisfactorily dispose of this subject and that plan was submitted to the conference. To my surprise, however, there was brought forward the act of last year, of which, at the time, I knew nothing, and it was found that the suggestion submitted by me would have the effect, if adopted, of amending or changing an act of Congress in a conference report, which, of course, we could not do.

Then, in order to protect the Indians and to afford them plenty of time, I suggested that the word "hereafter" be inserted so that money hereafter received by the Indians could be applied to this use, knowing that the Congress could hold its hand upon the money and in the meantime could go upon record as to whether or not it wanted to repeal the act of last year. That is what influenced the action of the conferees. If we adopt the provision as embodied in the conference report none of the money now to the credit of the Indians will be used, and Congress will have ample opportunity to control the money which may hereafter be placed to their credit.

So far as I am personally concerned, I would vote for any proposition that would limit the reimbursement from the funds of the Indians to the actual benefit derived by them from the building of the bridge, and if no benefit were derived by them, I would vote to repeal the act of last year.

I ask unanimous consent that the act of Congress of February 26, 1925, to which I have referred, may be printed in the Record at this point.

There being no objection, the act was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

[Public—No. 482—Sixty-eighth Congress]

An act (H. R. 4114) authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Colorado River near Lee Ferry, Ariz.

Be it enacted, etc., That there is hereby authorized to be appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, not to exceed the sum of \$100,000, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, for the construction of a bridge and approaches thereto across the Colorado River at a site about 6 miles below Lee Ferry, Ariz., to be available until expended, and to be reimbursable to the United States from any funds now or hereafter placed in the Treasury to the credit of the Indians of the Navajo Indian Reservation, to remain a charge and lien upon the funds of such Indians until paid: *Provided*, That no part of the appropriations herein authorized shall be expended until the Secretary of the Interior shall have obtained from the proper authorities of the State of Arizona satisfactory guaranties of the payment by said State of one-half of the cost of said bridge, and that the proper authorities of said State assume full responsibility for and will at all times maintain and repair said bridge and approaches thereto.

Approved, February 26, 1925.

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, I appreciate the remarks of the senior Senator from Kansas. I know where he stands, and I know how he feels; but what I am trying to do, and what the Senate should do, is to undo a wrong which has been done. I think certainly there must be some way to accomplish that purpose.

I realize how easy it is to talk about enacting a law repealing the act now on the statute books or that part of it which

charges half of the appropriation up to the tribal funds of the Indians. That is all very well; but charges have been made against the funds of various Indians many a time without the consent of the Indians, and I say it is about time that the Congress of the United States should take some action in regard to the bureaucratic branches of the Government which not only tell the Indians what they shall do, but tell the Congress of the United States what they shall do. We have before us now an instance of that kind, and in my feeble way I have taken this occasion to bring out the facts and circumstances.

There has been great stress laid on the results which may follow from delaying this matter, and it has been intimated that I am holding up money that is due to disabled veterans. There is no man who has worked harder than I have since I have been in the United States Senate to help the disabled war veterans. I have tried in every way to aid them and shall continue to do so, but I do not believe that such insinuations apply in this case. This is a matter where the Congress of the United States has seen fit to provide an appropriation for a bridge across the Colorado River at Lee Ferry, of which appropriation \$100,000 is to be charged up against the tribal funds of the Navajo Indians without any request on their part and without even their knowing anything in the world about it. The Indian Bureau comes in here and recommends to Congress a provision which will take the food out of the mouths of the children of the Indians in order to erect a bridge which the Indians will not use, which they do not want, and which they never will want. I must say to the Senate that it is wrong. Whether I win this fight or not, I am standing here in as sincere an effort as any man ever made on the floor of the Senate for a good cause and for a good people. If we do not win now, we will win some of these days, and the wrong which has been done will be rectified. If I can assist in that direction, I will do my part as long as I am here; and when I am gone, I hope that those who follow me will take up the fight until the wrong which has been done to the Indians not only in Arizona but in the entire United States shall have been corrected.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is upon agreeing on the conference report.

Mr. WARREN. Mr. President, I wish to say merely a word or two. It will be remembered that two days ago I said I would drop the matter until I could make some kind of a survey regarding this particular appropriation. I have made that survey, and I am satisfied that we will do right to vote "yea" on the motion which I propose to insist upon making in a few moments.

Of course, Indians are like white men; they may change their minds some time. We have examples before us continually of men changing their minds. But to get out of the position in which we now find ourselves there is only one thing to do, and that is to vote "yea," now, upon the adoption of this conference report.

Mr. ASHURST. Mr. President, we are confronted with a practical, simple question. I am not pretending to prophesy, but mark my words, Mr. President, mark how accurately I horoscope the situation when I say that either we must adopt the conference report or the deficiency bill will fail.

The delay in adopting the report on this deficiency bill is costing the Government \$250,000 a day. It is vehemently contended that we have neglected the Navajo Indians. Mr. President, such is not in accordance with the facts. Arizona, in her territorial days and since she has been a State, has had particular regard for the rights of the Indians. No other State in the Union can point to so many memorials of friendship for and so many acts of beneficence toward Indians as can Arizona. Arizona has done her duty toward civilizing and supporting her Indian population.

So far as the particular tribe under discussion is concerned, the United States kept every treaty we made with that tribe. Since I have been in the United States Senate, which is now 14 years, I have assisted in securing for this tribe of Indians appropriations from the Federal Treasury as gratuities sums aggregating \$11,054,148 to promote their support and civilization, to provide tanks, and to dig waterholes and otherwise to develop water for their stock, to build irrigation projects, to care for health and education—not reimbursable items but gratuities.

Following the precedent set by the Senators from New Mexico, who secured reimbursable appropriations for roads across the Navajo Indian Reservation aggregating some \$140,000, the House of Representatives included in this deficiency bill an item of \$100,000 to pay one-half the cost of a bridge across the Colorado River near Lee Ferry. The junior Senator from Missouri [Mr. WILLIAMS], serenely detached from all informa-

tion on the subject, nevertheless spoke. He found that detachment from information was in nowise an impediment, and he told the Senate that this bridge would be 16 miles from the reservation, whereas one of the two termini of this proposed bridge is on the Indian reservation.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the conference report.

Mr. CAMERON. I ask for the yeas and nays.

The VICE PRESIDENT. On that question the yeas and nays have been requested and ordered. The Secretary will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. FLETCHER (when his name was called). I have a general pair with the Senator from Delaware [Mr. DU PONT]. I understand that if present, he would vote as I expect to vote. I vote "yea."

Mr. HARRELD (when his name was called). I have a general pair with the senior Senator from North Carolina [Mr. SIMMONS]. In his absence, I transfer that pair to the junior Senator from Minnesota [Mr. SCHALL], and will vote. I vote "yea."

Mr. LA FOLLETTE (when Mr. SHIPSTEAD's name was called). I desire to announce that the senior Senator from Minnesota [Mr. SHIPSTEAD] is confined to his home on account of illness.

Mr. FLETCHER (when Mr. TRAMMELL's name was called). I desire to announce that my colleague [Mr. TRAMMELL] is unavoidably absent. I ask that this announcement may stand for the day.

Mr. HEFLIN (when Mr. UNDERWOOD's name was called). My colleague [Mr. UNDERWOOD] is absent on account of illness. If present, he would vote "yea."

The roll call was concluded.

Mr. OVERMAN. I desire to announce that my colleague [Mr. SIMMONS] is unavoidably absent. If present, he would vote "yea."

Mr. JONES of Washington. I desire to announce the absence of the Senator from Minnesota [Mr. SCHALL] on account of illness.

I desire also to announce the necessary absence of the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. LENROOT]. If present, he would vote "nay." He is paired on this question with the Senator from Vermont [Mr. GREENE].

I also desire to announce the following general pairs:

The Senator from New Jersey [Mr. EDGE] with the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. HARRISON];

The Senator from Maine [Mr. FERNALD] with the Senator from New Mexico [Mr. JONES];

The Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. GILLET] with the Senator from Alabama [Mr. UNDERWOOD]; and

The Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. BUTLER] with the Senator from Louisiana [Mr. RANDELL].

The result was announced—yeas 43, nays 29, as follows:

YEAS—43

Ashurst	Ernst	Keyes	Robinson, Ark.
Bayard	Fess	McKinley	Sackett
Bingham	Fletcher	Mayfield	Shortridge
Broussard	George	Means	Smith
Bruce	Glass	Metcalf	Smoot
Caraway	Goff	Moses	Swanson
Copeland	Hale	Neely	Wadsworth
Cummins	Harreld	Overman	Walsh
Curtis	Harris	Pepper	Warren
Deneen	Hefflin	Phipps	Willis
Edwards	Jones, Wash.	Pittman	

NAYS—29

Blease	Frazier	McNary	Stanfield
Bratton	Gooding	Norbeck	Watson
Brookhart	Johnson	Nye	Weller
Cameron	Kendrick	Oddie	Wheeler
Capper	King	Pine	Williams
Dale	La Follette	Reed, Pa.	
Dill	McKellar	Robinson, Ind.	
Ferris	McMaster	Sheppard	

NOT VOTING—24

Borah	Gerry	Lenroot	Shipstead
Butler	Gillett	McLean	Simmons
Couzens	Greene	Norris	Stephens
du Pont	Harrison	Randsell	Trammell
Edge	Howell	Reed, Mo.	Tyson
Fernald	Jones, N. Mex.	Schall	Underwood

So the report was agreed to.

MUSCLE SHOALS

Mr. HEFLIN. Mr. President, a little while ago the Muscle Shoals concurrent resolution was laid aside by motion. I now move that the Senate resume the consideration of the concurrent resolution.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on the motion of the Senator from Alabama.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate resumed the consideration of the concurrent resolution (H. Con. Res. 4).

THE ENTA—IN THE LAND OF THE NAVAJOS

By JAMES RUSSELL

Photographs—Courtesy Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley Expedition

FAR aside from modern civilization, in the little known territory in northeastern Arizona, lies a land glorious in its coloring and rugged cliffs. This land, which is now the Navajo Indian Reservation, is enriched by the grotesque creations of Monument Valley, the blended hues of the Painted Desert, the sheer walled canyons cut deep into red and yellow sandstone, and the blue shale of the Tsegi region. Here, too, are found rugged escarpments, wooded plateaus and arid valleys.

Small wonder that the various tribes of Indians from pre-historic times have settled in this paradise.

The last and present settlers who bask in this garden which nature has so lavishly smiled upon are the Navajos. Nestled there with their flocks of sheep and fields of corn they live their quaint simple lives, unheeding the swirl of civilization that lies to the north, south, east and west.

Although the whole existence of the Navajo seems queer to the white man, his religion particularly arouses curiosity. At the outset the Navajo religion, like most forms of belief, has one supreme spirit, Utsay Hostin. All other spirits are considered saints or lesser deities. Instead of having one form of worship they have various rituals, each dealing with the particular distress the people are in at the time. They believe that both good and evil spirits play a part in their well-being, and besides receiving help from good spirits, evil spirits may enter in. These naturally need to be driven out. Thus are found ceremonies which ask for help and

ceremonies to drive out evil spirits. In some chants both are accomplished at the same time.

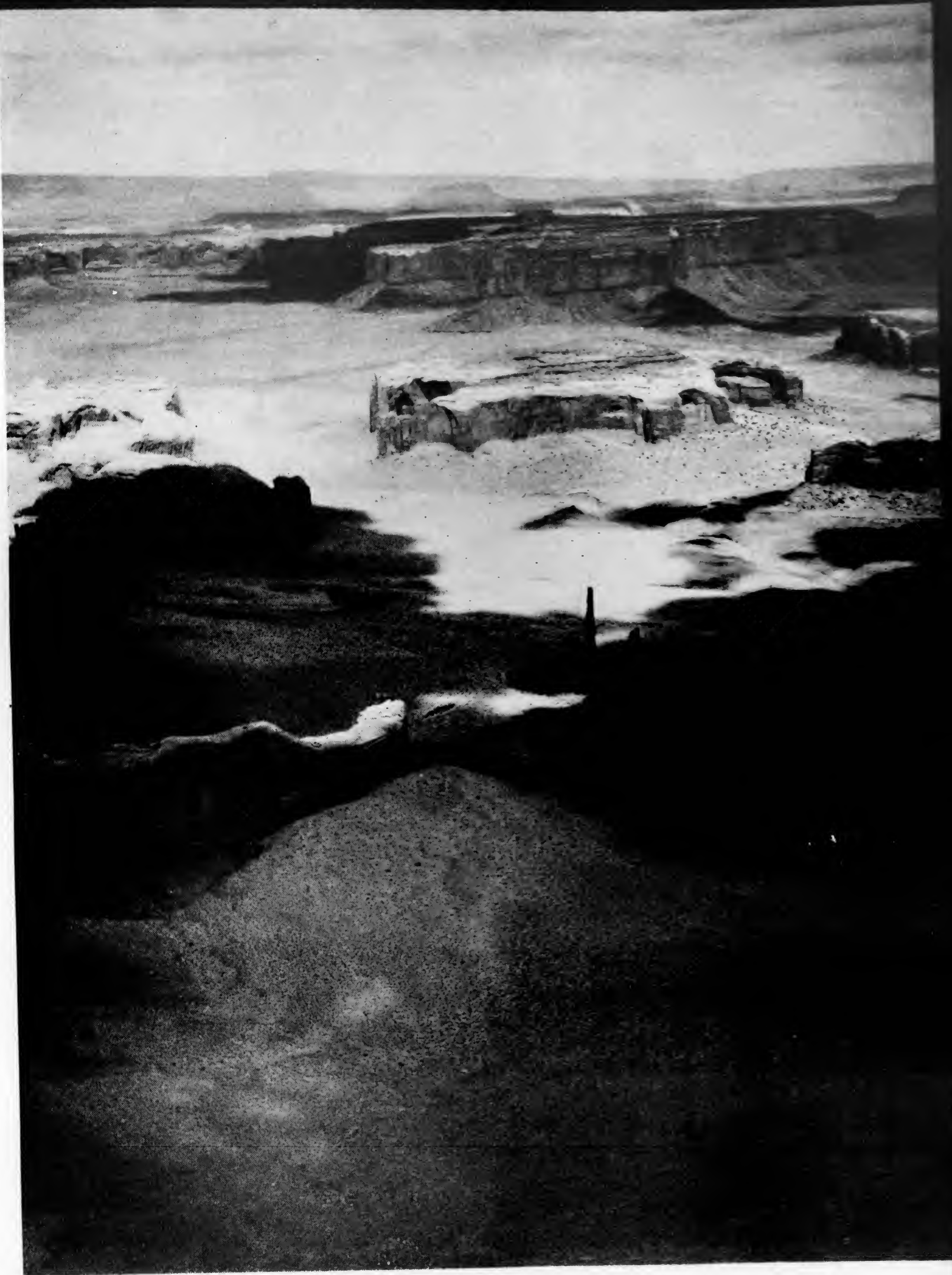
These services are called chants, sings and ceremonies, and may be grouped into three general divisions. First come the *De gin ki*, a chant that calls to beneficent spirits to help the people in their trouble, and also to drive out evil spirits. This chant may be held at any time of the year. Second is a group of chants used only in praying to beneficent spirits. Three of these are:—the night chant, or *Yea-be-chi*, the mountain or fire dance called *Zilth Kid gie*, and the peace chant called *Hoz hon gie*. These take place in the late fall and winter.

The last division, and the one with which we are most concerned in this article, consists of the devil-chasing chants. There are two of these chants, and either may be held at any time of the year. The *Ho chon gsi* is a nine-day ceremony with many intricate and interesting rituals, and the *Enta* is also called the squaw dance or war dance. It is a three-day ceremony.

The *Enta* is one of the most interesting ceremonies of the Navajos. Originally it was used to call the warriors from the various clans together to protect the tribe from intrusion or to prepare for a raid upon an enemy. As the need for violent combat subsided, the ceremony gradually evolved into a chant for protesting against evil spirits which molested the people, and for driving out evil spirits and healing the sick. Finally the pure element of a social function entered in.



■
A Study in Types—Navajo Indians gathering for an Enta—one of their most interesting ceremonies—watch horse-racing of their tribesmen.
■



THE MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY OF THE LAND OF THE NAVAJO -- PRECIPITOUS CANYON WALLS, THE VIVID SHADES OF SANDSTONE AND SHALE ENRICHED BY THE HUES OF THE PAINTED DESERT. THIS AIR-VIEW OVER MONUMENT VALLEY SHOWS THE SPECTACULAR TOTEM POLE, AN EROSION REMNANT TOWERING ALMOST FIVE HUNDRED FEET INTO THE SKY.



In their picturesque dress, a group of Navajo women watch the Mud Dance, a sacred healing ritual for the sick.

In the dance as it is held today, the importance of the above factors are reversed. The need for raids is nil, and healing and social affairs are of greater importance. It is used to develop and maintain good will and friendliness among these 42,000 scattered people of the desert. This is one ceremony in which the young people have an opportunity to meet persons of the opposite sex from other clans. It is the one ceremony in which the young people of opposite sexes are permitted to become so intimate as to dance together, and hence it is the beginning of many courtships.

The preparation for this dance requires a great deal of work and money, as the services of the medicine men come high, and many sheep and cattle and much flour and coffee are needed to feed the guests. Moreover, expensive gifts are dispensed. A single dance will sometimes impoverish a family.

When a man feels he is in a position to finance an *Enta*, or when his relatives because of sickness are in dire need of the ceremony, he calls together his closest friends, and with their cooperation the ground work for the ceremony is laid. If he is financially able to have the dance and has no sickness in his family, he borrows a patient for the affair, because, healing being a part of the ceremony, a patient is necessary. Word is sent out for miles around by the "grapevine" system, which works by passing the information by word of mouth from person to person, hogan to hogan, and clan to clan. It is said information may be carried among the Indians for two or three hundred miles in this

manner in one or two days.

With the date set, accommodations must now be made for entertaining the guests. A *Cha'o*, which is a large shade and shelter, is constructed of juniper and pinon boughs out on the mesa to the south or west of the host's hogan. This is for cooking and shelter, and must be very large as many hundreds of guests will soon arrive from far and near, on horse back, in wagons, and on foot, and they must be cared for. With preparations completed, and the date at hand, the stage is set for the first of the three-day ceremony. The mesa is literally overrun with horses, wagons, goats, livestock, dogs, children, and austere grownups. Strange as it seems there is no confusion, no boisterous holiday clamor, no loud talking. These slow-living, peace-loving children of the plateaus do not need to shout their thoughts from the house tops.

With a mere twinkle of the eyes they express affirmation, happiness and friendliness. Dis-satisfaction or displeasure is expressed by utterly ignoring the issue, turning the attention away and with immovable expression gazing at some distant object. A steady gaze signifies the gazer is still debating whether to be interested or not.

Everything is quiet. Everyone seems calm in a state of supreme self-satisfaction and content. Here one witnesses two lean, gaunt, sun-tanned men who have not seen each other for possibly three years or more. They approach each other slowly, almost unconcernedly, pause and extend their



The Chicken Pull is a feature of the *Enta*, and this is a critical moment for the Navajo horseman as he reaches for the prize.

hands. A slightly prolonged hand clasp follows, with a quick steady glance into each other's eyes, and the greeting is over. No word has been spoken and each saunters on to greet other friends. The women are much more elaborate in their greetings. They favor their friends with a friendly, shy, childlike smile, and maybe with a softly spoken monosyllable.

The hair dresses of the men and women are somewhat similar. The hair is combed straight back and held in a loose knot by a string at the nape of the neck.

Ear ornaments are essential for the men. Generally, turquoises hang from pierced ear lobes. Of course turquoise studded silver jewelry in many intricate designs and shapes is quite the vogue. A large quantity of this jewelry is desirable, and often quantity is preferable to quality. Naturally beads play a most important part in Navajo dress, principally in the form of necklaces. They are made of bone, turquoise, coral and silver. Often silver coins are used as buttons.

Prior to the last conflict with the whites, the Navajos wore primitive clothes. The men wore loin cloths and the women a short apron. Buckskin was used when protection was needed. Blankets were made of feathers, cotton and wool. Skins were used for beds.

At present the Navajo women seem partial to long-sleeved, high-necked velveteen waists, each endeavoring to outdo the others in color brilliance. Their skirts are usually made of ten or more yards of vari-colored materials.

In 1863, following the last Navajo uprising, 7,000 prisoners were rounded up by Kit Carson and concentrated at Bosque Rendondo, near Fort Sumner, in New Mexico. When it became necessary to renew their clothes, the women copied the costumes of the officers' wives. To this day, in spite of constant contact with the ever-changing fashions of the whites, they have clung to the full skirt and velveteen bodice of seventy years ago.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, with the first contact with the Spaniards, the Navajo men adopted the trouser fashion. Generally the pants were made of calico, slit at the ankle on the outside, and usually were lined with a contrasting colored cloth. They were similar to the modern conception of toreador trousers. The blouses worn by the men were similar to those of the women.

In the last few years, however, the men have accepted the white man's styles. They vie for honors in the dimensions of their hats, the rule being "the bigger the better." Frequently a man's financial status may be determined by the size of his hat. This is not altogether a whim, as a man's bed consists of his hat and one blanket. The blanket is drawn close around his legs and body, and his hat placed over his head and shoulders. Thus, to a great degree, the amount of protection he has against the elements is determined by the size of his hat. As to the matter of shirts, the men throw discretion to the four winds and select shirts of the most daring and flaming shades of green, yellow, blue and red. Many are decorated with

To the mud bath →



Bedaubed with sacred mud, the Mud Dancers get under way.



Suddenly, with a yelp, the whole pack launches itself upon a luckless horseman.



wild designs of figures, birds and flowers. However, their trousers are of the most serviceable kind of materials.

Feet are usually shod in white-soled, red-topped buckskin moccasins, with a few exceptions of the high-heeled cowboy boots which are the vogue in certain regions. Occasionally one sees a pair of out-moded, high-topped laced shoes on a squaw who displays them with much pride.

The preparation and consumption of the evening meal at the *Cha'o* creates a striking picture. Many of the families gather about their own wagons, forming little individual groups whose fires dot the flat mesa. Others make the big shelter or *Cha'o* their headquarters. Overhead the canopy of darkness, pierced with bright stars, seems to hover closely over these people clustered around their glowing campfires. The men stand about, arms crossed, silent as statues, on the outer rims of the campfires' light, patiently waiting. The women are seated cross-legged close by the fire, cooking in deep fat or baking on the glowing coals piece after piece

The first official act of the ceremony is the preparation of the wand which is made of a juniper stick about two and a half feet in length. On to this are fastened turkey and western horned owl feathers, long hanks of multi-colored yarn, spruce boughs, a bag of war paint, which is made of grease and charcoal, stems of a plant called *chil dil gessie*, which has a yellow blossom and is used for medicine, and a bag of pollen collected from corn and larkspur.

After the medicine man has blessed the wand, it is carried by one of the older men of the tribe, accompanied by a cortege of riders, post-haste to the hogan of a friend, one day's ride away. As the wand passes by the camps or hogans on its journey all the men who see it leap into their saddles and follow in its wake. When the cortege arrives each member paints his face with war paint. Then they eat and sing until the squaw dance begins, which lasts all night. There are no instruments of any kind except a single pottery water-filled drum, used for beating time.



Farewell to the Land of the Navajo.

of squaw bread, which forms the major part of the Navajo meal. While one piece of bread is baking over the coals, the busy cooker forms another from the dough which she has at her side. She shapes the pancake-like cake by slapping it on both sides and adroitly flipping it from hand to hand. The baked cakes are placed in a neat pile.

This goes on for a long time. The woman attends to her task slowly and efficiently, heedless of the smoke and heat from the open fire, glancing often at the little papoose bound snugly in its cradle close behind her. Garbed in her best array, she is contentment personified. Eventually the eating of the meal of broiled meat, bread and coffee begins. Slowly and silently the meal progresses with only an occasional glance or softly spoken word. There are no dishes, and fingers serve as forks.

Then drowsiness descends, and one by one the group seeks sheep skins or blankets and, folding themselves in close by the failing fire, soon fall fast asleep. Finally the flickering flames smolder into ashes, and darkness brings to a close another day for this simple-living family. When at home during the long twilight period, the older men spend hours after the evening meal telling legends and fairy tales.

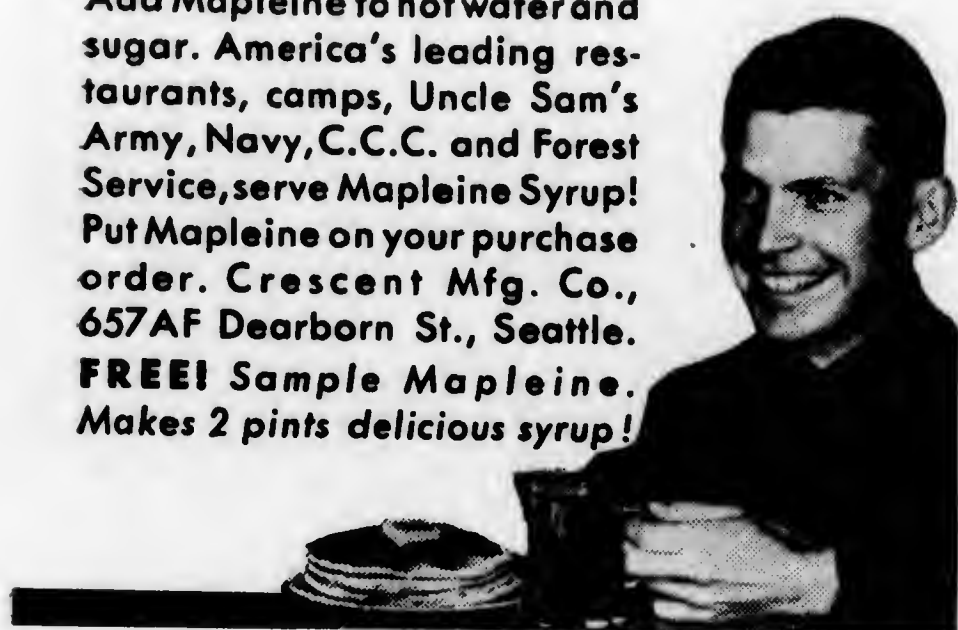
When the squaws arrive the men become alert and ready to dash into the surrounding darkness for safety, because it is the custom that the girl may choose her partner, and when chosen he is obliged to dance until the squaw is willing to release him. His freedom may be gained only by paying whatever she thinks her favoritism is worth. If an agreement cannot be reached the squaw's mother is generally handy to help solve the problem. The main dance consists of the squaw's dragging a timid victim into the firelight, and by firmly grasping some part of his apparel to prevent an escape, she dances around and around him. The man merely acts as a leaning post, and revolves around and around.

For a variation, the couples form a large circle and trot around and around the dancing space. If the girl likes her dancing partner she may keep him dancing all night, asking no ransom. However, the girls are generally very mercenary and as soon as they are able to collect, they release their partner and race to capture another victim.

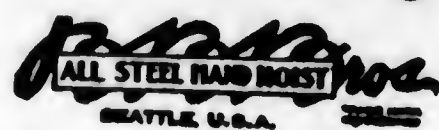
The music is continuous. The singers, huddled together, sway with the rhythm of their tunes. Meanwhile, far back across the plains at the hogan (Continuing on page 388)

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THE ENTA

(Continued from page 362)

of the host, the entertainment, which is provided for the period during which the wand is on its way, consists of horse races, foot races, chicken pulls, mixed saddle races, and other events.

In the chicken pull, the mounted riders line up single file and, one at a time, ride by a half buried sack of sand, leaning from their saddles and attempting to grasp the top of the sack and pull it from the ground. When some rider is successful in securing the sack he is supposed to carry it around a half mile track and return with it to the judge of the finish. The rider who brings the sack to the judge is considered the winner. This is a difficult task. For after the sack has been pulled from the ground all contestants give hot pursuit and race around the track in a continual battle to gain and hold possession of the trophy. The sack changes hands frequently, and wild dashes and mad scrambles always result. This race causes much excitement and seems to be the favorite of the Navajos.

The mixed saddle race is also very interesting. Each contestant is obliged to throw his saddle and blanket in a pile one hundred yards from the finish of a half mile race. The saddles and blankets are then thoroughly mixed. The riders start out bareback, race up to the pile of saddles, extricate their own, saddle their horses and race across the finish line. The jumble of horses, riders, saddles and blankets is great fun for everyone.

On the morning after the squaw dance, the wand is given to the unmarried daughter of the host—or to some young unmarried girl of the tribe in case the host has no daughter—and accompanied by the cortege, she carries it back to within four or five miles of the hogan of the host. Here camp is made for the night and preparations made for the closing scene of this spectacular drama being played by these picturesque characters on a natural stage.

After dancing all night, the girl, at dawn of the third day, carrying the wand and supported by the cortege, races across the desert and swoops down upon the hogan of the host, attacking in Indian fashion. They ride around and around in a wide circle shooting, yelling, and gesticulating. The assembled friends at the host's hogan, taken by surprise, scurry hither and yon, gathering at places of protection and returning to the fire prepared for a desperate stand against the invaders. This sham battle can be heard for miles.

Soon, however, the battle ends, with the invaders the victor. They ride around the hogan of the patient three times, shooting and yelling. This procedure is to conquer the evil spirit which inhabits the patient. To make peace, the host is required to throw out gifts and expensive presents to the visitors. When peace is declared, the cortege assembles about the hogan of the host and sings for half an hour. The exact procedure at this particular part of the ceremony is sacred and white men are not permitted to see it.

During the morning of the third day the medicine men transfer the evil spirit from the patient to a human scalp. This scalp must come from an enemy. Generally, they are taken from the burials of the Hopi Indians or white people.

The scalp containing the evil spirit is carried by the young boys, blackened with war paint, to a spot two hundred yards east of the hogan, and shot by an old war-

rior, preferably with a bow and arrow. The war paint makes the boys immune to the spirit. In this manner the evil spirit is slain and can cause no more trouble.

As the slayers of the spirit return, the women go out to meet them with their hair down and bowed heads, in mourning for their men who have been killed in battle.

In the evening, before the guests depart, the last and largest squaw dance is held, and at dawn the party breaks up and the guests set out on their journeys back to their own hogans.

Sometimes on the afternoon of the third day the Navajos hold their mud dance ceremony. This dance was rarely used during the first quarter of the present century, but has been revived during the last ten or fifteen years. It is very serious and seldom are whites allowed to be present. However, the dance is very amusing to the white man and full of what seem to be clowning maneuvers. The reason for the antics of the dance is not clearly known. Probably the Navajos are carrying along a custom they themselves do not thoroughly understand.

However, the cast of the dance consists of twelve to eighteen young male dancers, one medicine man, who directs the dance, and one head man who assists the dancers. He is an old man with face blackened with war paint and with a pottery, water-filled drum. He carries the rhythm of the chant by beating on his drum.

The mud dance is a ceremony for healing the sick and afflicted, and protecting others from ill fortune. Also, it originally was used to initiate young men into the rank of warriors; but now is merely to usher them into positions of honor.

A large hole is dug a few feet south of the hogan. Into this wallow are poured several barrels of water. The medicine man and dancers, accompanied by the old drummer, gather in the hogan. The dancers, stripped to breech clouts, moccasins and head-bands, smear themselves with sacred mud, and for several minutes chant their preliminary songs as they circle about the medicine man and drummer. Soon, one by one, the mud-bedaubed dancers crawl out of the smoke hole and somersault down the slanting sides of the hogan, all the while joking, clowning, and being funny in general. As they emerge they form a group in front of the hogan where they prance and jeer at their companions. The medicine man and the drummer walk out through the regular entrance and are immediately surrounded by the nearly nude crew of mud-plastered youths.

A preliminary chant and dance follow, after which the patient is led to the center of the circle. The medicine man steps forward and applies a yellow medicine (which is pollen from corn and larkspur) to the patient's chin, lips and tongue. Then he spits juice from chewed up juniper needles on his face. The dancers close in, spitting juice on the patient. All the time sacred songs are chanted and the weird tum-tum of the water-filled pottery drum goes on. At this point the patient is hoisted above the heads of the dancers and, held at arm's length, is rolled over and over. After a minute or so of this manipulation he is lowered and retired.

Others may benefit from this ceremony by paying the medicine man. Squaws bring their babies to be treated, to be relieved of evil spirits and assured of a happy, pros-

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EXPLORING THE NAVAJO COUNTRY

Introducing the Land of the Enta

BY ANSEL FRANKLIN HALL

General Director, Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley Expedition

How many of us have at one time or another sighed with regret because the advance of modern civilization has robbed us of the challenge that faced our pioneering grandfathers? We are led to believe that the frontier has vanished, that the wilderness has been entirely subdued, that the days of the hard riding plainsman are ended. But the frontier is *not entirely gone!* It has retreated, but it still exists. And it still entices those restless souls who feel the irresistible urge to seek out what lies "the other side of the mountain."

At the far north of the Navajo Indian Reservation, in northern Arizona and southern Utah, are thousands of square miles of canyons, mesas, and desert—country that has never been accurately mapped and about which little is known. It was to explore, map, and make scientific studies in this colorful and picturesque region that the Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley Expedition was organized four years ago. The personnel was drawn chiefly from the universities and colleges throughout the country. Instructors, students, research technicians, and men whose chief asset was "practical experience" worked side by side, pioneering into the unknown.

The field work was carefully planned. The fifteen members of the staff were to carefully coordinate the work of their field parties so that we would soon have a map and reports on the geology, the paleontology, the archaeology, the ethnology, and the various biological features of the region. But it was not long before the audacity of attempting such a program in one season became apparent. Pushing to the edge of the country by automobile, then penetrating to its interior by pack train and afoot, we would have been utterly bewildered but for the fact that careful planning had provided an important means of orientation—a scouting 'plane for general reconnaissance and aerial photography. First, however, we were forced to make our own landing field, for the nearest airport was 175 miles away; so all hands fell to, pulling up sagebrush and levelling off a sizable bit of desert.

The plane finally arrived. One of the first things we discovered when we looked down upon this country was that we had on our hands the problem of mapping and studying an area of more than 3,000 square miles rather than but a few hundred square miles. Obviously the field program must extend over a period of years if the final reports were to be accurate and thorough. The first season was therefore devoted to orientation—to reconnaissance important in itself but leading the way to more detailed investigations of future years.

There were many exciting adventures that first summer—as there have been every summer since, for that matter. The physical feat of taking twenty-seven pack animals over Skeleton Mesa, across the Rainbow Plateau, and through a trailless country; discovery and excavation of the remains of a dinosaur; reporting of the location of cliff dwellings and other sites where prehistoric peoples once

lived; collecting of new species of insects and possibly also of mammals; making of a base map, details of which would be filled in by other engineers in future seasons; planning investigations for the next year, and the next, so that we could all work together as a team on a program that would ultimately yield most complete reports on this new country.

Three subsequent, eventful, field seasons have brought to light a mass of new and important knowledge. But they have also brought the realization that our task has scarcely begun. We have but scratched the surface, so to speak, and we know that several more years will be required to penetrate and study the land that lies beyond our present horizons. What lies "the other side of the mountain" nobody knows—and that is what makes exploration such a fascinating game.

The most unique feature of the Rainbow Bridge-Monument Valley Expedition is that it has functioned for four years as a purely cooperative enterprise. When most other expeditions were storing their tents for the period of the depression, it was decided that pioneering in the northern Navajo country could not wait for a subsidy. The call was issued for volunteers, each of whom would share in the work, the field expenses, and the benefits. The results have been gratifying; each summer the Expedition has functioned on this partnership basis under the general supervision of an advisory board; it will continue to do so, we hope, during the additional years while the explorations and field studies are being continued in the northern Navajo country.

When the Expedition's second field season was proposed, the California State Superintendent of Education announced that any instructor in the State who participated in such field work might receive official credit toward advanced credentials—credit equivalent to that which might be obtained from graduate work at a university summer school. James Russell, of Fresno, California, was one of several instructors who took advantage of the opportunity to thus advance academic rating by practical pioneering in new fields of knowledge. His final report summarizes the geology of the region and describes his experience while working with the archaeologists excavating a burial cave of the Basket Maker People. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the chapter telling of the Navajos and their sacred dances. AMERICAN FORESTS presents this narrative to give its readers a bit of the thrill of modern exploration. Checked for accuracy by those who know, it is, nevertheless, but a fragment of the knowledge that will come out of the northern Navajo country as a result of the Expedition's field studies during the coming decade.

The Editor of AMERICAN FORESTS will be glad to furnish further details regarding the Expedition to men who might wish to inquire regarding the possibility of participating in the explorations of 1937 or in the field work of future seasons.

Foresters to Meet in Portland, Oregon

The annual meeting of the Society of American Foresters will be held in Portland, Oregon, on December 14, 15 and 16. President H. H. Chapman has appointed Thornton T. Munger, director of the Pacific Northwest Forest Experiment Station, at Portland, chairman of the Program Committee.

Other members include T. D. Woodbury, assistant regional forester, United States Forest Service, at San Francisco; C. A. Lyford, of the Puget Sound Section of the Society, and Melvin Bradner, in charge of Forest Products, United States Forest Service, Missoula, Montana.



NAVAJO INDIANS OF THE DESERT

A Navajo family returning to their home on the Arizona desert. These Indians are energetic and industrious and manage to eke out a living from this barren country which would challenge the resources of white men. They thrive without aid from the government beyond a provision for schools

THE HUMORISTS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

THE NAVAJO INDIANS OF ARIZONA AND THEIR SENSE OF HUMOR—HOW THEY LIVE AND WHAT THEY DO—NIGHT IN THE AMERICAN DESERT

WALTER J. NORTON

HOW many people think of an Indian as a humorist? All the knowledge that we have acquired through books and tradition touching upon the life and characteristics of our red-skinned aborigines has led us to believe that the North American Indian is a being practically devoid of human sentiment. After an extended trip among the Navajo Indians of northeastern Arizona, I have come to the conclusion that this idea is based more on fiction than fact, and that their calm aspect of stoicism is purely superficial. When one succeeds in scratching beneath the surface, they are found to be just as human as any of us.

It was mainly my desire to witness the annual Hopi Snake Dance that brought about my trip through the Navajo country. One is bound to come in contact with Navajo life while traveling towards the Hopi villages, because the Navajo Reservation surrounds the Hopi district on three sides and, besides, these desert nomads stray far away from their own boundaries, and can be found almost anywhere in northeastern Arizona north of the Santa Fe road.

Winslow, Ariz., was the starting point for the interior. I decided that a trip on horseback would bring me in closer touch with conditions en route than any other way of travel-

ing, so I walked across country to a trading post on the Little Colorado River, ten miles north of Winslow, where there was a herd of Indian ponies for sale.

That evening two Navajo horsemen rounded up the horses that had been grazing along the river and drove them into the corral. There were about seventy-five lively ponies of all ages and sizes. I pointed out to a mounted Navajo several ponies of which I wished to get a closer view. He unloosed his lariat and started driving the herd around the corral. The ponies were in a bunch circling around at a good clip and kicking up such a cloud of dust that it was seemingly impossible to distinguish anything, yet every time the redman's lariat swung it unerringly settled around the neck of the right horse. The Indians

had a great deal of fun watching me try out the horses bare-back. I hadn't ridden a horse for about two years and my actions, in their estimation, were anything but graceful. I finally picked out a chestnut mare of small size and doubtful age, which for my purpose proved to be as good as any thoroughbred could have been.

About ten o'clock the following morning the journey was begun. The trail led through the cotton-



A GAME OF FAN TAN

The Navajo is a great card player and something of a gambler also. The stakes are usually silver ornaments of their own manufacture



Photographs by courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

An Indian woman of Arizona spinning the yarn used in making their blankets

A silversmith plying the trade taught the Navajos by the Spaniards

Giving a lesson in basket weaving with awl and needle to a small Indian maid

A Navajo blanket weaver pushing down the threads of her woof with the batten

woods along the river about a mile, to a point where it was easiest to ford. The river here was shallow and divided into several streams by sandbars. The current was swift and carried with it such a quantity of alluvium that the river appeared more like moving sand than water. The soft bottom of the river bed made fording somewhat difficult, and on the farthest bank the soft soil deposit was so deep and yielding that my horse sank to its belly and I was obliged to dismount to enable it to scramble up the steep bank.

The view from the upper bank of the river was one of wonderful contrast; ahead, stretching almost from the water's edge, was a barren waste of red sand and dry sagebrush; behind was a landscape of green trees and luxuriant vegetation. The magic touch of moisture had transformed the desert.

The pony started out with a nice swinging lope across the seemingly endless waste. The heat of the August sun was intense, and but for the lack of humidity it would have been unbearable. Tiny lizards—chameleons—darted from under foot like streaks of lightning and then stood panting with open mouths, in the bright sunlight. They seemed to be the only signs of life around. Even the prairie-dog could not find sufficient inducements to inhabit this section. Once when my pony was galloping along at a good clip, she gave a sudden jump to the side of the road, which nearly unseated me, as it caught me unawares. A clump of sagebrush was growing in the center of the road and it most likely contained a "rattler." At any rate, I didn't go back to investigate. I

have been told that these Indian ponies can smell a "rattler." This is open to argument, but I do know that by some sort of instinct mine could always tell when one was around.

The trail led on through the dry bed of Corn Creek and then up over a level rocky stretch entirely devoid of vegetation. Two deserted Navajo hogans stood on the rocky edge of the dry river bed. The Navajo winter dwelling is called a hogan and is made of boughs formed in tepee shape and then plastered with mud. It did not seem possible that any form of life could exist amid such surroundings, as the ground

and the nearby hills were a sparkling white—due probably to salt or soda deposits—and the bright rays of the sun beating down cast a reflection which made the surroundings dance and blur before the eyes. Here the trail vanished entirely on the rocky ground and only a diligent search uncovered a faint path leading over the hills, which proved to be the right one.

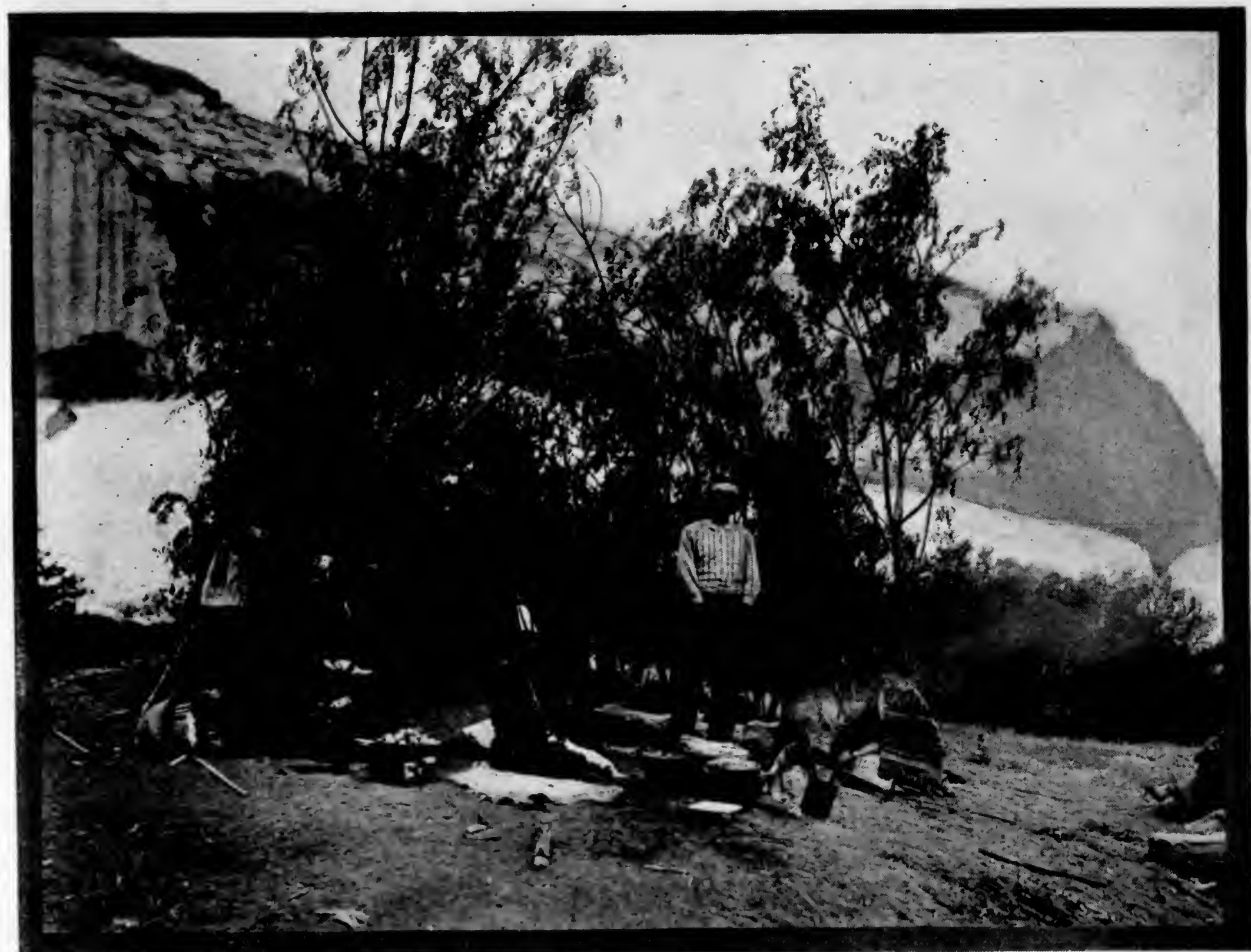
Toward the middle of the afternoon I trailed through a valley near the second river ridge and saw two Navajo herding their flocks. They were the first human beings I had seen all day. Surely theirs is a solitary life!

This was truly "the Painted Desert." Nature never lent a more delicate tint to such a desolate region. Color after color had been spread

and blended together to such a delicate tone that the mystic grandeur of it all seemed to cast a spell. Off in the distance to the right stood some mesas, their chalky white cliffs streaked with lines of rainbow hues reflected in the sunlight and gradually shaded into the old-rose color of the sand. Fully one hundred miles to the southwest the faint blue peaks of the San Francisco Mountains still towered above all and dominated the desert. At their feet the deep green line, marking the course of the Little Colorado River, could be traced into the distance to a point where it turned off towards that mightiest wonder of all, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Heat waves shimmered over the endless waste that stretched out to the northwest and then gradually faded away at the horizon into the bluish haze cast by the

turquoise sky. Directly ahead, barring the way to the north, lay Moqui Buttes, the five great sentinels which guard the approach to Hopiland. These dark, indigo-colored, extinct volcanoes, rising out of the desert seemed to bear a sinister aspect. The dull slate color of the withered sagebrush added a sort of mottled effect to the whole tone, and the beautiful red mesas in the heart of the desert, their delicate rose colorings illuminated by the sinking sun, added the final touch of splendor to this wonderful setting.

Far below in the valley were the Navajo herdsmen still patiently



A NAVAJO HOUSEHOLD AT DINNER

These Indians live in the Cañon de Chelly and raise corn and peaches for a livelihood, a much easier mode of existence than that of their desert kinsmen

watching their mixed herds of sheep and goats. They fitted perfectly into this lonely atmosphere. Their presence seemed only to intensify the solitude.

Reflections over, the journey was resumed. Late in the afternoon I noticed a water hole near the foot of Moqui Buttes, and nearby stood two tents, one of which was a white wall tent that I supposed was the temporary home of some prospector or surveyor. I thought this would be a good place to spend the night, and started toward it. It proved to be a Navajo sheep camp. The dogs roused the inmates from their siesta as I rode up, and a big six-foot Navajo opened the flap of the tent. He looked me over in his keen, expressionless manner and waited for me to greet him.

"Ha la hotsa!" I said in Navajo.

He answered and stepped forward to help me unsaddle my pony. My knowledge of his language was limited, and a knowledge of Spanish is not of much use among the Navajo people, but I managed to let him know that I was bound for the Snake Dance. He took it for granted that I was going to stay there for the night.

He hobbled my pony and turned her out to graze, while I sat down and watched the squaw busying herself around the camp and attending to the children. I spoke the Navajo word for water and the squaw pointed to an enameled pail. The water was got from the pond nearby, and had a reddish brown color, owing to the red mud or sand in it which seemed never to settle. It contained much alkali and also several flies. But anything wet tastes good when one is thirsty enough. A few minutes after, the squaw gave the youngest baby—a dirty-faced, sickly papoose hardly able to walk—a drink out of the same pail. The baby took only a sip and, water being too precious in that country to waste, the mother threw what was left back into the pail.

From a white man's viewpoint, the instinctive resourcefulness of these desert people is marvelous. While I sat watching in silence, the man went out and gathered some dry sagebrush for a fire and in the meanwhile the squaw was mixing baking powder dough. She used ordinary white flour, but after mixing it with the muddy water it had the appearance of rye bread. A small fire was started and the coffee pot placed on the ground on the leeward side of the fire. The squaw threw a few pieces of sheep tallow into a small iron pot, and when the grease was melted she patted the bread with her hands into tortilla (pancake) shape and put it into the grease to fry, like doughnuts. When the embers were burned almost to ashes, she threw out the grease and made the remainder of the dough into biscuits and placed them in the pot to bake. A little later hot ashes were put on top of the iron cover of the pot and the biscuits browned nicely. They tasted good enough to enable one to overlook the sand in them. There are three staple articles of food that a Navajo requires and not

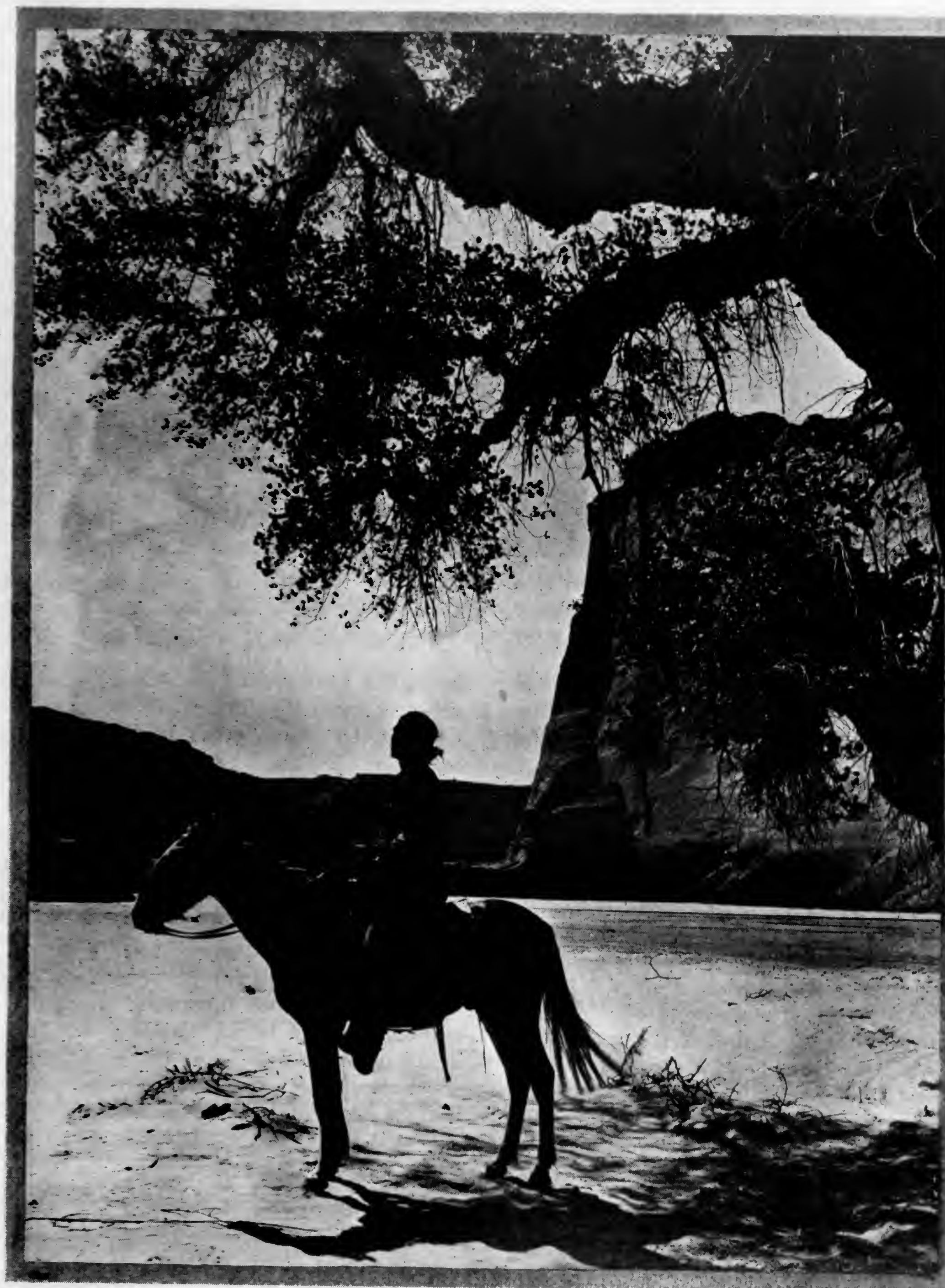
much more. They are flour, coffee and baking powder. With these articles on hand his larder is well stocked; his sheep and goats will furnish the meat.

The Navajo uttered a few guttural words and pointed to my pony. She was getting off into a place where the grazing was scarce and should be driven in another direction where it was better feeding. I gathered up the rope and started after her, but when she saw me getting close, she hobbled away with her front feet tied and managed to keep just beyond reach. She could move faster on three feet than most horses do on four. The rope that she was hobbled with was not tied securely and one knot was opening. This excited me to action. I coiled

the rope and ran towards her, but before I could reach her she got one foot loose and made a dash past me. I swung the rope, but it landed on her neck and nose and she was just foxy enough to shake it off her head. When it dawned on me that there was nothing but her own sweet will to prevent her from going back to where she came from, I became slightly disturbed. The thought of walking back the forty odd miles that had been traveled that day, or else continuing the journey on foot, was anything but pleasant, to say nothing of the uncertainty of ever seeing the pony again. I instantly recalled the trader's cheerful statement when I started out, which was that if the pony got away from me and started for home, that she would stay somewhere in the Indian country, as that was where she came from.

The Indians were evidently enjoying the situation more than I, judging from the sounds of laughter that emanated from the camp—and let me add that Navajo women are prize gigglers. I tried cautiously to circle around and head the pony towards camp, but it wouldn't work. Rather than stir her up too much, I decided to go back to camp and wait for a horseman to come along, as all the camp horses had been turned out to graze.

The Navajo kept a straight face as I came back, but I could see that his eyes shone with merriment and at different intervals the squaw would emit a silly schoolgirl giggle which caused me to smile and forget my troubles. A Navajo girl who had just brought the sheep in rode up to the camp. I was sitting on the ground near a wagon and could see only her head above the wagon box and the feet of her mount between the spokes. Her cheeks and forehead were painted a greasy red—the unmarried girls do this. At once I asked the Navajo if this girl could get my horse. He turned around to look at her in a casual manner and uttered a few guttural words. His wife and the girl exchanged glances, then they looked at me and started to giggle. I soon saw what caused the giggling. The girl was mounted on a burro. I had not noticed this because the wagon had hidden the animal's body. The idea of sending a person mounted on a burro after a frisky horse was enough to make anybody laugh, let



A NAVAJO HORSEMAN

In the Cañon of the Dead, the home of the ancient cliff dwellers. Every Navajo must perforce know how to ride; and he does it with the dramatic grace that has made him a favorite subject for the canvas of American artists

alone a Navajo. My hopes of capturing my steed grew fainter. I was beginning to get uneasy about my horse, when about sunset we noticed a Navajo riding towards us with the familiar smooth swing that distinguishes these American Bedouins. I breathed easier after that. When he reached the water hole he dismounted and unsaddled his horse to enable it to drink more easily, after which he rode into camp and dismounted with an air of unconcern, as though he belonged there and had been absent only ten minutes. I addressed him in Navajo.

"Ha la hotsa!" I said.

A wise grin broke over his face and he replied, "Hello!" My spirits gave a sudden bound. Here was a person with whom I could carry on an ordinary conversation. He was over six feet tall, a tough, wiry man—in fact, a perfect specimen of his kind. He wore no hat, simply a red bandanna handkerchief tied around his forehead. Turquoise earrings tied with twine were strung through large holes in his earlobes. He wore the customary silver belt with large medallions made of hammered Mexican dollars. There was a wise, sophisticated look in his eyes.

"Can you get my horse?" I asked.

"Sure!" he replied

abruptly, apparently dismissing the subject as of no consequence. He then sat down and proceeded to question me as to my general affairs and intentions, besides having me show him all my personal belongings and trinkets, over which he displayed a childlike interest.

It grew quite dark before he finally decided to go after my pony. He started out in a circuitous way so as to get beyond her, and it was only a very short time when the pony came sauntering into camp ahead of him and stopped of her own accord. The other Navajo spoke a few soft words to the pony, then simply walked up to her and put his arm around her neck. I was completely subdued. This time I did the hobbling myself and made sure that the knots were tight.

That night in the desert was one of enchantment. The sheep were herded close to the tent and a fire built. The blistering heat of the day was followed by an evening temperature so cool that it was pleasant to huddle close to the fire. I was sitting there meditating and watching the play of the flames, when the tent flap opened and the Navajo emerged with an armful of skins and blankets which were to serve as my bed. First he placed on the sand two sheepskins with the wool on, then

doubled a quilt over them. These formed my mattress, and a good one, too, for a tired man. A soft blanket and a cotton quilt completed a comfortable bed. A coat and sweater rolled up served as a pillow.

The sky was cloudless and appeared to be a veritable mass of stars. The clear, distinct outlines of the Milky Way swept the sky. Later on, the rising moon cast its silvery light over the desert, and, reflecting on Moqui Buttes, made them appear more spectral than ever. The mourn-

ful bleating of the sheep throughout the night more than ever intensified the great silence that had descended over all. It was like a place apart from the rest of the world. It was hard to realize that even then millions were sweltering in overcrowded cities. Several times the dogs bounded up barking furiously and rushed off into the darkness; then later, from off in the distance, would come a mocking yelp. The coyotes were evidently trying to steal a march on the sheep. Once in the early dawn I noticed a small cloud of dust raised by one that was frightened away by the dogs.

The Indians rose shortly after daybreak. The man gathered up his rope and lassoed a large black sheep. He tied the animal's feet together and

the squaw calmly held the struggling sheep's head over a pan while the husband slashed its throat. I attempted to take a snapshot of the proceedings, but when the Navajo saw me getting a focus, he said very decidedly, "To ta!" which means "No." Inside of forty minutes the sheep was skinned, drawn and quartered, and part of it given to the other Indians at the nearby camp.

Broiled mutton à la Navajo, roasted over ashes that appeared dead, made an excellent breakfast. The muddy water used in making the coffee gave it the appearance of having cream in it.

I saw my pony standing close to the other Navajo camp and walked over there. There were about a dozen Indians sitting under a tent that was like a tepee cut in half; it would shelter from the sun and wind from only one direction. The men, women and children all slept together amid a lot of blankets, sheepskins and quilts. The horseman who had rescued my pony the night before was speaking as I came up, and he must have mentioned all the details of my conduct, for the other Indians had an amused look in their eyes. I talked to them a bit, then

(Continued on page 43)



RESTING AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

A family gathered about their hogan on the desert. The hogan, or Navajo house, is a conical structure of poles set on end and covered with earth.



DRIVING SHEEP TO A TRADING POST

Some of the Indians possess immense flocks and are worth a considerable amount of money. The Navajos are remarkable in being the only tribe of American Indians who have increased in numbers since the advent of the white man.

THE HUMORISTS OF THE PAINTED DESERT

(Continued from page 32)

walked over to my pony, unhobbled her and jumped on her bare back to ride her to the other camp. I instantly regretted the act, as I was very saddlesore from my long ride the day before, and when the pony commenced to canter I winced in such an awkward manner that a shout of laughter rose from the Indians. I knew the only way was to be a good sport, so I smiled and waved back at them.

When I got ready to leave, the Navajo helped me saddle the pony and get my equipment in shape. I gave him sixty cents in silver, which pleased him immensely, as it was about twice as much as he expected to receive, according to current rates. These desert Navajo are not as sophisticated as those who hang around the railroad stations looking for simple tourists. Their food costs them little or nothing, and they never consider the lodging at all, as they figure that a person is entitled to sleep wherever and whenever he pleases. Their sincere, matter-of-fact hospitality impressed me greatly, and the sober, kindly manner in which both the man and his wife bade me good-bye made me sure of a welcome should I happen that way again. When a white man eats and sleeps at a Navajo home he cements a friendship that is sincere and lasting.

The trail led around the foot of Moqui Buttes and then over the desert in a northeasterly direction towards Hopiland, a distance of about thirty miles. The heat of the sun was very great, but not in the least oppressive. My face looked like a piece of leather and my lips were painfully cracked. Once I came upon a Navajo girl tending a flock of sheep. Not a sign of a habitation was in sight. I passed so close to her that the flock divided to let me through, yet the girl hung her head in a bashful, silent manner and wouldn't look at me. I wondered how many of our modern city maids could be induced to accept a job of this sort.

These people are scattered all over the reservation and it is rare that more than two families are found living close together. It seems to the traveler that there are only a few of them left; but let the word go out that there is to be held at a certain place a "chicken pull" or a "Yea bi chi" dance, and they will flock in by the hundreds from all directions.

The Navajo is an intelligent, upstanding specimen of manhood. He upholds his dignity on all occasions and has a code of honor and hospitality towards his brethren that could well be emulated by his white countrymen. It would be good for the average white man—good mentally and physically—to spend a few weeks or months with these people, visiting from hogan to hogan. He would always be kindly welcomed and expected to remain as long as he chose, and I vouch that he would not go home with any great feeling of race superiority after he has seen this redman force a living from a hard and barren world.



BLIND MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTER
From the original by Munkacsy, in New York Public Library



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The TRICKSTER

A Navajo Creation Myth

By Elizabeth Willis DeHuff

(Drawing by Mah-pi-wi, Indian Artist)

IT took many mornings and evenings for Nasuit to tell me the Navajo creation myth, which truly ranged from the sublime to the ridiculous. There were descriptions of "mirage figures", "glittering moss", "reflected sun-red", "sun ray and sunlight glittering in color", "sky-blue and evening twilight", "folding dawn", "folding twilight", and much more beautiful imagery, and then there were the truly absurd antics of the giant Coyote, variously called the "Roamer", the "Scolder", and the "Youth Folded in Dawn". Sometimes the detailed imagery continued for so long a time without interruption that my mind felt confused, and often I wanted to laugh at the Coyote; but to Nasuit one part was as sacred and important as another, so that neither the one could be shortened or slurred nor the other laughed at. Often with effort I listened, trying to attend or to smother my amusement.

In the second of the four worlds upward, through which the first living things climbed, First Man—a superhuman, not a real man—placed a piece of white shell, the size of a woman's comb, in the East, a piece of turquoise in the South, abalone in the West, and jet in the North. Rays from the shells in the east and west would slowly rise causing daylight. When they met above it was midday; then they would recede and other rays from the turquoise and jet would come up causing the darkness of night. One of Coyote's first tricks was to sneak over to East and West and "tie down" these light rays, leaving the animals, insects, and supermen in darkness. That was, no doubt, the first eclipse. There Coyote kept them tied until First-Man and First-Woman made a proper sacrifice to him.

In each world, Coyote was up to some devilment, until

Nasuit Reveals the Indian Story of the Devilment Caused by Don Coyote on Whom the Navajos Blame the Milky Way and the Grand Canyon.

finally in this last world, he caused the Grand Canyon and the Flood that almost destroyed the world and everything on it.

One of the early supermen was Fire-boy, who used his magic for the good of mankind. Noticing that when the moon was not shining at night there was not enough light upon the earth, Fire-boy gathered up a buckskin bag of mica dust and stepped up into the clouds. There he made stars and placed them in symbolic designs. Before he had finished his task, however, Coyote found out about it. Softly he sneaked along over the clouds behind Fire-boy, and when the giant boy was not looking he snatched up the mica dust and blew it across the skies. We call the result the "milky way." Then Coyote turned to run away; but he stumped his toe and fell to the earth, cracking it open. The Grand Canyon is that crack.

Now the Indians, according to their traditions, migrated for a long time before coming to the lands in which they now live; and these super-creatures who lived before them had also roamed a long distance. During the travels of these former people, they came to a wide river. While rafts were being made under the direction of First Man for crossing, the insect and animal people, who were the only ones created at that time except the few giant

men, camped beside the stream. Here they built houses of dark moss, blue moss, yellow moss, and white moss. They then dug ditches and farmed.

Big Trotter (the Wolf) planted white corn to the east; Mountain Lion used yellow corn to the westward; Blue Fox planted blue corn on the south side; and Badger dug holes for black corn on the north.

Hermaphrodite, the first one in existence, had charge



DON COYOTE--THE SLY TRICKSTER

approximately fourteen miles and 140 feet of water at its deepest point. It is fed with mountain snow and spring water from the north by Merino Creek, the south by Cieneguilla Creek, and from the west by Six-Mile Creek, as well as many nearby springs. Situated at an altitude of 8,200 feet, the water is always cold enough to be ideal for trout. The temperature of the water on this particular June day was 54.

For a fishing spot so readily accessible, we found Eagle Nest Lake to be unexcelled as a place where the fisherman can get constant and productive action. The lake is on U. S. Highway No. 64, thirty-one miles north and east of Taos, and sixty-six miles southwest of Raton. It is reached by an excellent all-year road, one of the main traffic arteries of the state. Probably no more beautiful setting has been provided any body of water in the great southwest, whether artificial or natural. Nestling in the valley created by the Sangre de Cristo range, it is in the midst of a country where not only has Nature remained in a fairly primitive state, but where, because of the ruggedness, big game animals, such as deer, have found refuge from all except a few hunters. As we were cruising about the lake that June afternoon and again the next morning we caught glimpses of at least a dozen deer watching us intently from lofty positions high up on the slopes.

The second day developed into a contest between the wardens and the editors. The Kansas and New Mexico guardians of the game laws were pitted against the owner of the gallon thermos jug and the writer. Kansas scored first when Editor Jones hooked into a Steelhead that gave him a battle for eight minutes. The Kansas scribe who had announced himself to be a devotee of stream fishing and not "particularly hot" about lake fishing, had been low man in the previous day's score. Just how low we deem it inadvisable to state, but low enough so that he had not become converted at all to the trolling sport. This first battle on the second day, however, began to make a convert of him and when he had scored three counts before



"I TOLD YOU SO," SAYS DEPUTY WARDEN BACA (LEFT) TO THE KANSAS WARDEN

break the lines and then began a battle that was worthwhile. Time after time the two fish which had been hooked almost simultaneously broke water, shaking themselves from head to tail in a mad effort to be free from the tantalizing lure that was dangling from them.

It was a rare testimonial to the gameness of trout. After a half dozen efforts each of them was successful in loosening himself from the hook. One big Rainbow shook himself so viciously that the spinner was seen to fly at least twenty feet.



WHY THE THERMOS BOTTLE FAILED--AND THE WASHTUB WAS A SUCCESS--THE LIMIT FOR FOUR

anyone else had registered, he had developed into an enthusiast.

The contest progressed rapidly, however, when the Kansas warden landed two in quick succession, a Rainbow and a Steelhead, and the New Mexico game guardian hooked into a three-and-a-half pounder that he proclaimed to be a cross between a Rainbow and a Steelhead. His opinion was verified by Pilot Reed who asserted that there were many of the hybrid trout in Eagle Nest Lake and they had been designated as "Silver-sides".

The writer who had not scored up to that time was inclined to blame his luck on environment and changed to another boat. His real reason was not explained, however, and he offered the alibi that he could obtain better photographs from another boat.

With the score a tie, the Kansas editor was the next to make a successful landing. Each of the game wardens had lost a fighter, and incidentally, a set-up of spinners. In each case the trout at the end of an especially vicious lunge managed to

With the editors "one up" the writer scored with a two-pound Rainbow, his first catch after changing boats. Intent on obtaining a few photographs, he asked his pilot to go to the opposite end of the lake, a point about three miles from where the remainder of the party was fishing. After the picture cruise was completed, we turned back toward the other boat at a point approximately two miles from it.

The spinners were again set to work and the next catch was a three-pound Rainbow (Continued on page 44)

of the grinding and cooking. He taught the maidens to grind, and as they ground upon the colored stone *metates*, Blue-fox, Yellow-fox, Badger, and Weasel beat upon basket drums as they sang a song of rhythm for the grinding. During this ceremony, the maidens would frequently take pinches of the corn meal and sprinkle it upon the heads of the singers, who would forthwith return the compliment in like manner. (This was, no doubt, the introduction of flirting into the world!)

Since this was the first time that the early people had really labored, they found need of a sweathouse. When it was built, Owl made for its doorway the usual four blankets: the first was a white one of dawn; the second was yellow, made of evening twilight; the third, the blue of sky-blue; and the fourth black of darkness. When the men would come home from the fields, they would cleanse themselves in the sweat-house and then play games, which the women also learned to play. They played the hoop and pole game, three kinds of dice games and the bounding stick game.

Most of the time the men were busy in the fields, so that their time for play was limited; but the women began to neglect their housework and everything for these games. Particularly neglectful was the wife of Blue-fox, and when he mildly complained she flew into a rage with him. Day after day this happened, until poor Blue-fox could stand it no longer. (This you see is a man-made myth!) So Blue-fox called a council of all the men and they decided that, since the crops had been gathered, they would move across the river and leave all of the women behind. This news was received with taunts and rejoicing by the women.

Dividing the corn and other seeds equally, the men and boys took their share and crossed the river upon a raft. Hermaphrodite went with the men and continued to look after the culinary department. For months after the move had been made, whenever a boy baby was born to one of the women, she would go to the river's edge and call to the men to come and get it; and Hermaphrodite gathered milk from the stem of the milk-weed and cared for these infants successfully.

The first year, the men worked industriously and filled their granaries. Then they cleared more ground for extended crops. But, as before, the women spent most of their time singing, dancing, and playing games, so that the weeds choked their corn and they had poor crops.

The second year was a repetition of the first, with increased harvest and greater acreage cleared for the men and poorer harvests for the game-loving women. At the end of the fourth year, the men had more food than they could consume for years, and the poor women had nothing. They were starving. They grew as thin as skeletons, ate all the wild things they could find, and began to lie down one by one and die.

Seeing this distress from across the river, the men's hearts were filled with forgiveness and compassion, and they called across the river offering to take back their wives and feed them. The women accepted this offer immediately with rejoicing. They danced and sang for the first time in many moons. And so the raft was once more put into use to row the women and girls across the river.

Coyote enjoyed the trip back and forth across the water, and so every time the raft left shore, he sneaked upon it.

Upon the last crossing, two little girls fell overboard and descended down into the house of the Water Spirit. Coyote watched them from above, and in doing so, he saw a beautiful baby down there, the child of the Water Spirit, which he determined some day to steal.

This was the first and last time that men and women ever tried to live apart, for it was found that women could not take care of themselves; they needed the men.

"Was that coyote like the coyotes of today?" I asked Nasuit, as he wiped his moist brow against his shirt sleeve.

"No, he was bigger. All those animals was big when the world was young. But that coyote he is the great grandfather of all those coyotes we have now."

"It's a wonderful story, Nasuit!" I murmured, "but I'm sorry the women were so lazy."

Nasuit made no reply.



GIANT COYOTE STOLE THE BUCKSKIN BAG OF MICA DUST FROM FIRE-BOY AND BLEW IT ACROSS THE HEAVENS, CAUSING WHAT WE CALL THE "MILKY WAY". THEN HE STUMPED HIS TOE AND FELL TO THE EARTH, CRACKING IT OPEN.

The Fire-Dance of the Navahoes.

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, OF PASADENA, CAL.

The author has spent nearly twenty years in the study of Indian manners and customs, and is now preparing an important work on the Havasupai Indians for the United States Government. In the present paper he describes his experiences at the Fire-Dance of the Navahoes, which few white men have ever seen. The article is illustrated with Mr. James's own photos., and with sketches specially made by experts of the United States Bureau of Ethnology.



AMERICANS are only just waking up to a consciousness of the wonders of their own country. Twenty years ago the Grand Canyon of the Colorado was

almost unknown. Ten years ago the Snake-Dance, which I described in a recent number of *THE WIDE WORLD*, had been seen by but few white men. The cliff dwellings of that region were the subject of wild and exaggerated stories, and the life of the Indians themselves was simply a sealed book.

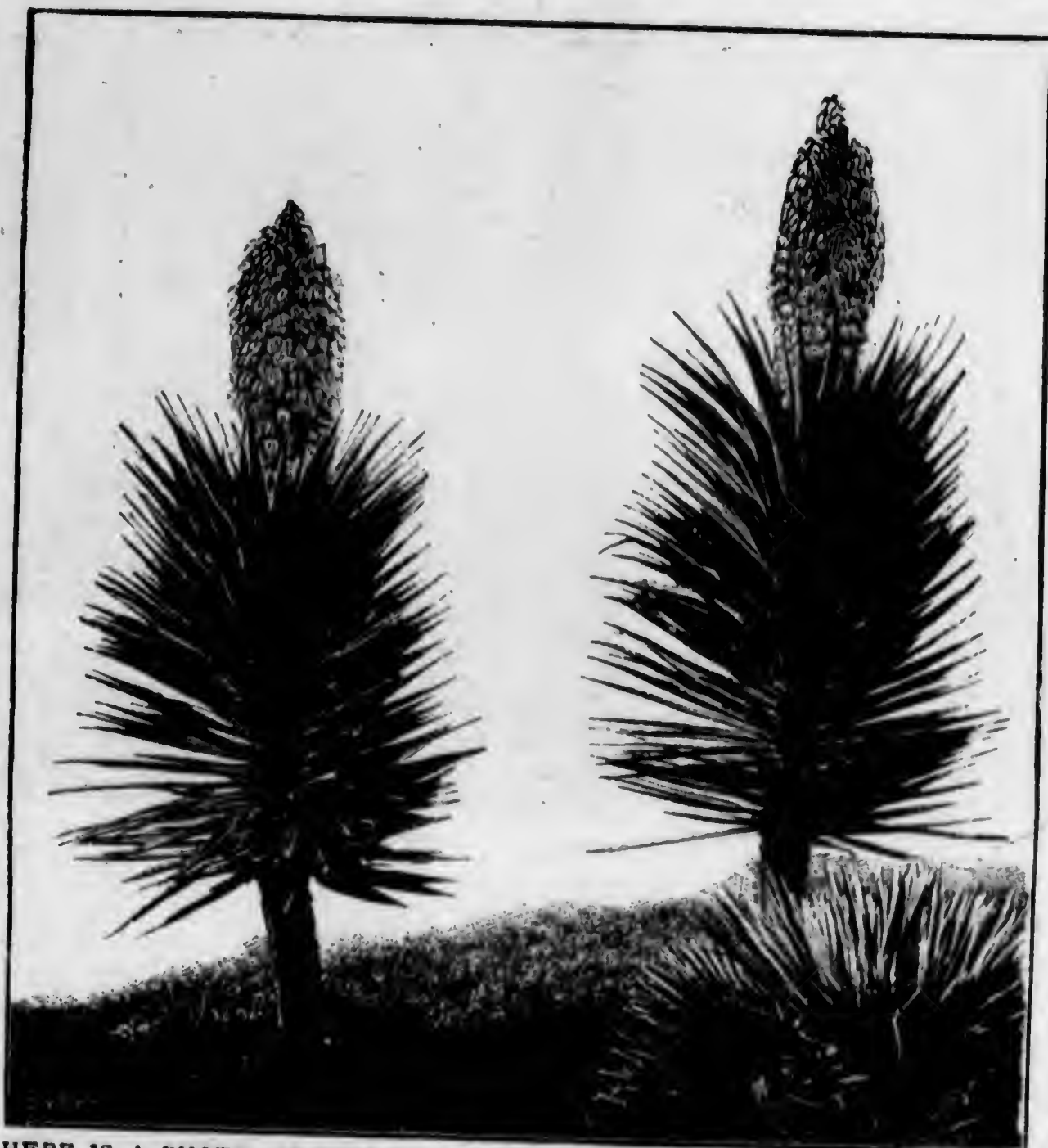
For nearly twenty years I have been studying Indian life in Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and California; and many are the almost incredible things I have seen and heard during that period. After the Snake-Dance of the Mokis, perhaps there is nothing in my experience so wonderful as the exhibitions of magic given by the Navahoe *shamans* and the concluding ceremony in their great medicine dance, known by some as the *Hosh-Kon*, and by the Navahoes themselves as *Dsil-yid-ji-cha-thal*. It receives its name from the fact that in the magic ceremonies the *hosh-kon*, a species of yucca, is made to grow in the presence of the spectators. This plant is shown in our second photo., and plays a large part in the daily life of the Navahoe Indian.

As in the Snake-Dance, the ceremonies consist of nine days' secret rites in the *logan*, or lodge of the priest, medicine-man, or *shaman*; and the ninth day at sunset witnesses the beginning of the magic performances, which last nearly all night, until, just at the darkest hour before dawn, the "Dance of Hell"—a veritable dance of fiends with fire—takes place. I know that my



THE AUTHOR, MR. GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, WHO IS AN AUTHORITY ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WESTERN INDIANS.

[Photo.]



HERE IS A PHOTO. OF THE HOSH-KON PLANT, WHICH PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE DAILY LIFE OF THE NAVAHOE INDIANS. DURING THE DANCE IT IS MADE TO GROW IN THE PRESENCE OF THE SPECTATORS.

From a Photo. by Mr. G. Wharton James.

stronger hold on our Indian subjects. There is no branch of the Government machinery that enjoys more confidence of the native than the Post Office. Born in an ancient conservatism and bred in an atmosphere of distrust, the native of India is too apt to suspect unworthy motives in Government Acts. And, truly, there is much excuse for him. Our Civil administration, the most perfect of its kind for India, is inseparable from that red-coated vulture, the large-handed *chuprasie*, and that hungry fox, the rapacious native lawyer of the low type; while the iron hand of a corrupt police weighs heavily on the native and colours his ideas of justice in the criminal courts.

But the Post Office, the unostentatious *Dak Khana*, is the seat of honesty, where there is no room for suspicion. In busy Calcutta, or in the remotest village, the humblest native receives attention, and is dealt with in a simple, straightforward way. The little piece of paper

he receives in lieu of his money is to him the *Lad Sahib's* scrip, which will be duly honoured, no matter what happens—for, lo! it is the great White Queen who is his creditor! Perhaps the money is handed in at a small post-office on the confines of China, where Ram Bux, a venturesome Hindu, has gone in search of the better wages Burma pays, and he is now sending something home to the purda-screened, timid wife, whom he is anxious it should reach at once. He knows what "telegraph" means, and pays for a telegraphic money order. He takes the *Lad Sahib's* scrip and goes his way, and before he has earned another day's pay the Indian Post Office has flashed across a whole continent the mystic words that bring joy

to more than one in that distant famine-stricken village which Ram Bux loves as his home. The accompanying snapshot shows a native signing a money-order receipt with his thumb impression, which constitutes a perfectly legal signature.



A NATIVE SIGNING A MONEY-ORDER RECEIPT WITH HIS THUMB IMPRESSION.
From a Photo.

narrative will seem outrageously wild and untrue, or at least exaggerated; but I can assure my readers that it occurs exactly as I have set it down. The reports of the few eminent scientists who have witnessed the ceremony confirm in every particular the result of my own observations.

Few white men have ever seen the dance. In the first place, the Navahoe is a scornful, proud, and haughty individual, who deems himself, not only the equal, but vastly the superior of any white man on earth. Knowing that the U.S. Government has set apart a certain reservation which belongs exclusively to him, he treats with scant courtesy the pale face who invades his private precincts without permission. Many a white man has paid for his temerity with his life as a result of treating the haughty Navahoe in the same way as a brave belonging to a less self-respecting tribe. Hence men nowadays are a little shy of intruding themselves upon the secret ceremonies of this proud and warlike race.

The Navahoe, too, hates to be the butt of any man's ridicule; and too often the white man lets him see that he considers his observances so much foolishness and silly superstition. This may be very true, but it is at least impolitic to say so in the presence of people who firmly believe that they, and they alone, worship in the right manner.

Now, as I rarely go anywhere without permission, and as I feel that the Navahoe can only worship in accordance with his lights, I make it a point never to laugh or sneer at these Indians. They learned this long ago, and I therefore number among my warmest friends some of the leading *shamans* of the tribe, one of whom is shown in my next photo. Consequently when, in 1898, I was invited to be present at the great medicine dance given by a noted Navahoe, who professed to be nigh unto death's

door, I did not require a second invitation, out hastily took myself and my camera over the weary and desolate wastes and the wildly-carved rock-region to the north-west of the Navahoe reservation.

The first nine days were spent in weird ceremonies within the medicine *logon*, but these, however interesting to me, would take too long to describe and would only weary the reader. The interior of the *logon*, showing the invalid himself, covered with a blanket, is seen in the photograph on the next page.

I was pretty nearly wearied out when the last day arrived; and as I knew that we should be up all night I took an extra nap, and thus prepared myself for the crowning ceremony. During the day a number of old tree-trunks of the pinyon, cedar, juniper, and buckbrush were dragged to the chosen spot and there stood on end, thus making an immense pile no less than 250ft. in diameter, and composed of the most inflammable materials. A portion of this huge stack is shown in the sketch on the next page. Now, as all the ceremonies take place in the open air, and after sunset, no photograph of them is possible, and I have, therefore, reproduced sketches from the pictures made by the



THE CHIEF SHAMAN, OR PRIEST. HE WAS MASTER OF CEREMONIES DURING THE DANCE.
From a Photo. by Mr. G. Wharton James.

distinguished experts sent to report on these performances for the United States Bureau of Ethnology. Their accuracy and truthfulness may therefore be accepted without hesitation.

Messengers—young Indians, such as are shown in our next photo.—had been sent out by the head *shaman* during the week to the most noted magicians and medicine-men of the tribe, and a large number of them were assembled when the evening rites began. Some were detailed to perform one ceremony and some another; but each had his allotted task.

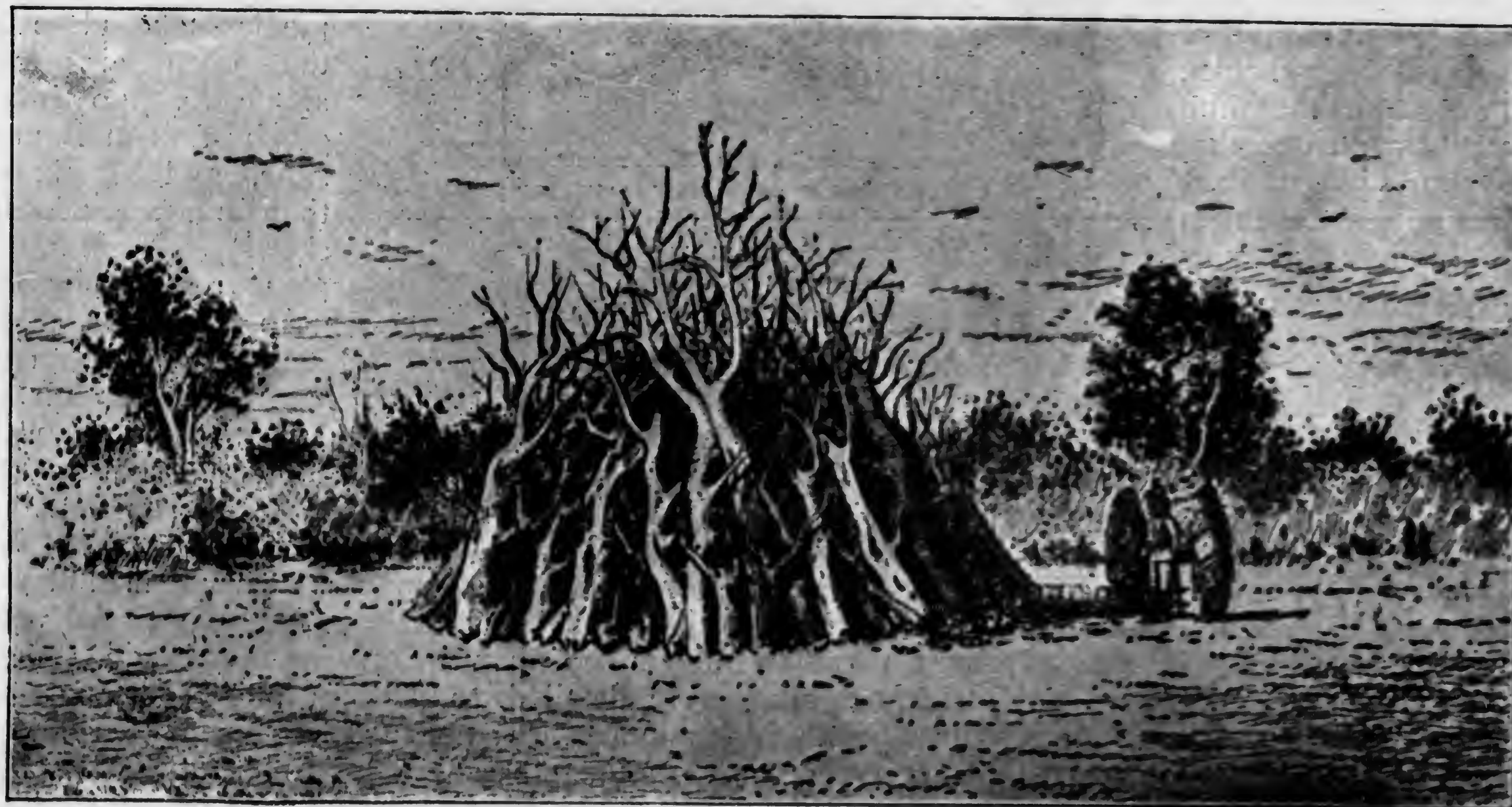
As the sun sank slowly into the west his last rays illumined the rocks of a certain peak. The chief *shaman* forthwith took his place and began



THE SICK MAN LYING IN THE MEDICINE "LOGAN." IT WAS ON HIS ACCOUNT THAT THE DANCE WAS CELEBRATED.
From a Photo. by Mr. G. Wharton James.

to chant a song. Immediately, as though summoned from the realms of darkness by their chief, a number of silent figures came forward and began to build the "circle of

blackness," a rude circular fence or corral, which was to surround the central fire. For an hour the *shaman* sang, the men working without a single stop, so that by the end of



A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE GREAT STACK OF WOOD FOR THE FURNACE.
From a Sketch by the U.S. Bureau of Ethnology.



TWO YOUNG ASSISTANTS OF THE HEAD PRIEST.
From a Photo. by Mr. G. Wharton James.

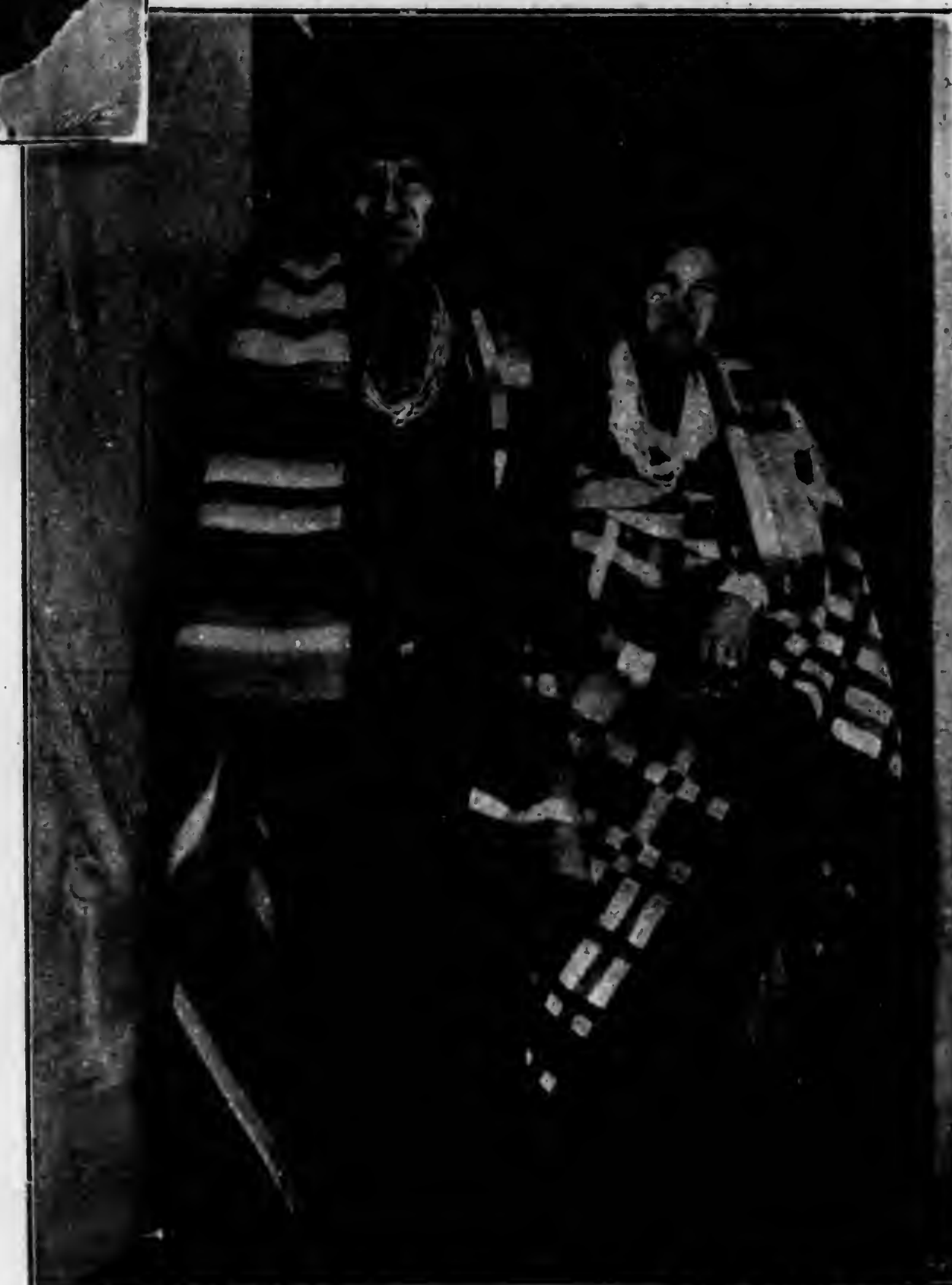
that time the corral was complete and ready for the ceremonies.

The inside of the circle was now sacred. No one must peep through or look over the fence. To the east, however, a space, about 10ft. or 12ft. wide, was left open—the sole entrance and exit. Directly the corral was finished the throng of spectators, among whom were the brother and sister of the sick man—I reproduce their portraits herewith—began to enter the circle. Fires were lit at intervals inside, but as near to the outer fence as possible, and the scene became one of great animation and excitement. Chatter and gossip went on continuously, and old and young moved to and fro without let or hindrance.

About eight o'clock fifteen or twenty singers and drummers entered the circle. Seating themselves by one of the small fires they began a wild chant, accompanied by the dull, monotonous beating of the drums, and this they kept up almost without cessation until the close of the dance next morning. The

moment the song began the central stack was fired. In a moment, as it seemed, the whole of the surrounding country was lit up with a great burst of flame, lighting up the dusky bodies of the savages, and accentuating the blackness of the night.

Suddenly a whistle is heard, and there dart into the circle of light a dozen or more perfectly white figures, yelling like lost souls, and carrying in their hands dainty little wands tipped with the down of the eagle. They were perfectly nude, and their bodies were smeared over with some white substance which gave them the appearance of marble. How strange it all seemed! Moving with silent footsteps, each man at every few steps assumed a pose. Now he marched like a conqueror, now threatening a foe above him, now striking one on the ground. Another minced like a country maiden showing off in some rustic dance; while still another bowed gracefully as though to some imaginary being in front of him. Twice they circled round the fire



THE BROTHER AND SISTER OF THE SICK MAN, WHO WERE AMONG THE FIRST TO ENTER THE SACRED CIRCLE.
From a Photo. by Mr. G. Wharton James.



"THOSE WHITE FIGURES DASHED HEADLONG TOWARDS THE FIRE, SEEKING TO LIGHT THEIR DOWN-TIPPED WANDS AT THE FLAMING, ROARING MASS."
From a Sketch by the U.S. Bureau of Ethnology.

in this way, as we see them in the illustration, and then, suddenly, all their efforts were bent in another direction. The fire was now blazing at its height, and the fury was appalling; it was like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace at its seventh power. To look at it with unshaded eyes I found impossible, and yet those white figures dashed headlong towards it, holding their down-tipped wands in their outstretched hands and seeking to set light to the fluffy substance from the immense flaming, roaring mass. Again and again they essayed to reach the fire, and again and again the fearful heat drove them back. Some tried to reach it by walking backwards, others crawled along on their stomachs like writhing snakes. One man turned a running somersault, turning another ere he reached the fire, but the fierceness of the flames drove him back. But finally the most determined of the band accomplished his object. Running towards the huge



"THREW HIS HEAD BACK, AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY THRUST THE ARROW DOWN HIS THROAT."
From a Sketch by the U.S. Bureau of Ethnology.

blazing pyramid, he flung himself violently on his back with his head towards the fire. A moment later he was on his feet, yelling triumphantly—he had kindled the down on his wand. The others now redoubled their efforts, and one by one they were successful. In the meantime the magic began to work. The down was completely burnt from the first man's wand, but as we watched he blew upon the burnt feathers and rubbed them backward and forward with his hands. Then he raised the wand to the heavens, pointed it to the fire, and with another yell called our attention to the astonishing fact that the down had appeared on his wand again as perfect as ever. One by one the other men restored their down, each leaving the circle when he had done so. It took the last man a long time to accomplish this puzzling feat, and when at last he triumphed and left the circle of fire we gave him a hearty round of applause—prosaic, perhaps, but sincere.

THE FIRE-DANCE OF THE NAVAHOES.

After this we rested for an hour. Then there came forth the "carriers and swallows of the great plumed arrows." At first there were but two performers, but later on ten came on the scene. Clothed in moccasins, blue stockings, and a kilt belted with large silver discs of their own manufacture, and with bunches of feathers tied on each arm and on the top of their heads, they presented a striking spectacle seen by the dancing light of the great fire.

Advancing towards the patient (who was now seated within the dark circle), each man held up his arrow at a point just below the feathering, at the same time giving vent to a piercing yell. Then, to our amazement, each threw his head back and slowly but surely thrust the arrow down his throat, as shown in the preceding sketch. Still with the arrows stuck down their gullets, the two savages danced a sidelong kind of dance, now backwards and now forwards, in front of the invalid. Then, apparently quite unharmed by their startling performance, they withdrew the arrows from their throats and began some mystic "healing" motion with them, touching the feet, body, hands, and head of the sick man.

This dance concluded, there followed three others, which, although interesting, do not demand special notice.

It was quite late—or rather in the early hours of morning, to be precise—when the beautiful sun-show took place. This consisted of a dance, in which representations of the sun and moon were brought forth to figure in a curious ceremony.

For this the magicians came on the scene again. There were twelve performers, all nearly naked, and each carried a wooden arc, covered all over with eagle plumes. A chorus and a man with a rattle accompanied them, as, not once, but several times, they made the circuit of the replenished central fire. Then, in response to cries of "Thohey! Thohey!" ("Stand! Stand!") they faced towards the west and executed a pretty little dance. This finished,

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they knelt down, six in a row, facing one another, and, in some curious manner, each dancer suspended his arc of eagle plumes over the head of his *vis-à-vis*. The effect was beautiful in the extreme, the white, halo-like head-dress giving these dusky savage faces an ethereal and even beautiful aspect.

When all were thus decorated the man with the rattle addressed them, bidding them beware of losing their sun-like halo. Then, while he rattled, they chanted a song, moving and swaying their bodies meanwhile in perfect unison—and yet with circumspection, lest they should disturb the equilibrium of their feathery head-gear.

After these had vanished into the darkness there came another and different band of necromancers, eighteen or twenty in number. One had a large basket full of amole leaves, while two others carried a roughly-hewn plank some fourteen feet long. Still another carried a blanket, and the rear of the procession was brought up by a dignified person carrying a basket containing a representation of the sun. This was a small round mirror, the edges covered with eagle down, and from it radiated a large number of strikingly beautiful plumes of scarlet and deep blue. Having circled round the fire, the magicians faced towards the west, standing in a small circle so as to shut out the view of all spectators.

Suddenly the circle opened, and we saw, to our amazement, that the blanket was spread out on the ground, while standing upright upon it, without anything to hold it, was the plank before mentioned. In obedience to the command of the chief *shaman*, the sun, in the basket at the bottom of the plank, slowly climbed out and up the plank until nearly at the top, when with equal deliberation it returned. Three times this peculiar performance was repeated, and then, the circle being closed once more, the paraphernalia was removed, leaving us without any means of finding out how the cunning trick was performed.



THIS PHOTO SHOWS A TYPICAL NAVAHO INDIAN WHO TOOK PART IN THE FIRE-DANCE.
From a Photo. by Mr. G. Wharton James.

Now came the *hosh-kon* part of the proceedings. There were more circling and dancing, nearly thirty people taking part this time, and all clothed as on ordinary occasions. One man carried a plant and root of the *hosh-kon*, known to white people as the soapweed, and which is shown in our second photo. The rest of the dancers carried small pinyon boughs, which they used as wands.

After circling round the fire three times they halted facing towards the west, then made a close circle, and after singing the mystic word "Thohey!" again and again, opened the circle to show what they had accomplished. All we saw was the yucca planted in the sand. Three times more the mystic circle was formed, and as it opened it revealed the yucca in various stages of growth. The second time it had shot forth the tall, lance-like stem; the third time our hearty applause welcomed the astounding revelation of the stem crowned with its exquisite mass of white, wax-like flowers, which glistened in the fire-light, making it look what the old Spanish fathers always called it—"The Candlestick of Our Lord." The fourth time we saw the plant the flowers had disappeared, but the full crop of ripe fruit was there.

How the *hosh-kon* is made to grow out of

festival—the fantastic Fire-Dance. Wild horn-blowings were first heard, and then a singular noise, or trumpeting, which the Navahoes are very expert in making—an imitation of the cry of the sandhill crane. It seemed as though a flock of them must be moving through the intense blackness overhead. Someone advanced and replenished the fire, and just as its wild blazes rushed upwards anew ten nude white figures darted into the circle. The leader had four small bundles in his hand, and each dancer had a larger bundle of the same material. I afterwards saw that it was the shredded bark of the Arizona cedar. Circling round the fire, gesticulating and yelling, and holding their bunches of bark towards the fire, the dancers presently halted facing towards the east. Then the leader lit one of the small tapers of bark, gave forth a wild yell, and threw the lighted material over the corral fence. This process he repeated south, west, and north, but before throwing the north brand he lit the bark in each of his followers' hands. And then for the space of half an hour a scene was enacted the like of which I believe the eye of modern man has never before beheld. Racing madly one after another round the fire, they spat upon one



"UTTERLY REGARDLESS OF THE FLAMES, EACH MAN DASHED MADLY AHEAD, APPARENTLY WORKING HIMSELF UP TO A HIGHER STATE OF FRENZY." [U.S. Bureau of Ethnology.
From a Sketch by the]

season in this extraordinary way I am unable to say, and I have never met anyone who was able to give an intelligent explanation of it.

One more dance followed, and then came the culminating ceremony of the long nine-day

another, this being supposed to afford them some mystic protection. As they ran their torches sent out long streamers of fire, which beat upon the arms and bodies of those behind. Utterly regardless of the flames,

A "Reservation," if you will note is the honor of the United States pledge to Indians to let them live on a little bit of the land (say 1000th part) they once owned entire. And of course the Reservation is the Tail End, the part no one cared for. If this nation shall come to understand what this "opening" means, it will wither the plan and its projectors as grass before a fire.

Chas. F. Lummis



NOTHING FROM NOTHING.

By Chas. F. Lummis.

Oh, say, have you seen Iggie Donnelly's cipher,
Wherein he has figured our idol to zero,
And pictured—the iconoclastical knifer!—
Our Bard as a bummer; the hog as the hero.

(For certes the hog is the author of bacon?)
He deems Wayward Will no great Shakes of a poet
And—proof that the world has so long been mistaken—
Says: "Billy was Bacon—his bristles all show it!"

I. D. Argues out, to I. D.'s satisfaction,
That we as a playwright a "ham" have regarded;
And figures it down to the vulgarest fraction
That what we have lauded should only be larded.

Souse into our temple he jumps with his hat on;
"Bill's style's of the stye, and his pen isn't his'n,
The ribs of the plays have too much classic fat on
For aught but a Bacon-rind thus to imprison."

Ig's choice of his meat is in no wise Jew-dish-us;
It's Billy, not Bacon, that all of us cry for,
Unmoved by his logic so vacantly vicious—
Its premise a naught, its conclusion a cipher.

The pork in his cipher's too much for our shilling—
His nothing from nothing 'tis fit that he call so—
To swear off, with Moses, we're more than half-willing,
Thinking Bacon a boar—and Ignacius also!

But let's be sane—even about "Central Square." That nice little city block of brick walks and a few trees is about 600x300 feet. That is 180,000 square feet. Anyone who knew his business could build a library on less than one-twelfth (of even one-tenth) of that, which would serve this city forever. Instead of "taking away" even one-tenth of the park, it would add two-tenths to it *as a park*—by roof-gardens, balconies, and all the modern devices. The citizens of the city would possess the park, instead of the drifters. Ten thousand men, women and children would "use" it daily, instead of 500 time-killers. As a matter of notorious fact, "Central Square" is today abandoned to inutility. All this chatter about a "breathing-space" is worse than criminal—it's silly. The only way to make this parklet of real use is to fetch the People to it. And they will not come unless the Library is there. They never did; they never will.

If there's Common Sense on the market, let's go get some! Let's not longer leave our "one ewe lamb" of a "breathing-place" unused; nor our library unhoused; nor try to house it on Mt. Ararat.

If every one will use the library before meddling as to its size; if everybody who does use it will climb Normal Hill once a day for three days; and if every one who holds "Central Square" to be "sacred" will set their little foot on a square of sidewalk and notice how much of the square is left—probably we will make no mistakes.

AN OUTING FOR STUDENTS.

The Educational Extension Department of the Southwest Society will have its expeditions to the summer session of the School of American Archaeology in New Mexico in August. Lectures and learning in Santa Fé, August 1-14; camp and lectures in the matchless canyon of the Rito August 15-30, in the prehistoric home of the Pueblos. Among the lecturers will be some of the foremost scientists in America. The outing is the most interesting ever connected with study. Circulars and information can be had of Chas. F. Lummis, Los Angeles, of the executive committees of the Southwest Society and the school.

After the session, the Southwest Society will conduct an exploration in the prehistoric ruins of Amoxiumqua.

BY THE WAY.

Princesses come high—and we don't have to have 'em. McGroarty's "Mission Play" is five times as strong now that it has come back to McGroarty. It needs a Spanish teacher still; but it thrives better without Nobilities.

Speaking of Missions, the beautiful "asistencia" or side-Mission of Pala is to be repaired \$1200 worth. The Landmarks Club—which bought this Mission and spent \$3500 to safeguard it—has started with \$100 for the new and needed repairs. There is plenty of room for anyone else who wishes to contribute to this American cause.

The protest of the Sequoya League and other friends of justice against the movement to "cut out" sixteen Indian agents in Oklahoma and leave the Indians at the mercy of their neighbors, has won. The Congress of the United States has retained the agents and appropriated for their salaries.

A proposition to "Open" the Navajo Reservation in New Mexico and Arizona is outrage plus infamy. The Navajoes are the last unspoiled First Americans we have, and the biggest tribe. Their reservation is big in acres, but small in potency. It is a big, handsome desert, with a few weak water-holes. It is good for the Navajos—it is no good for anyone else.

Three hundred "American" families could not live on it, without driving out 20,000 Navajos—who were Americans a few thousand years sooner. In all our "Century of Dishonor" as to the Indians, nothing would be blacker than to "open" the Navajo Reservation.

Navaho

NAVAJO INDIANS.

Mr. OWEN presented the following

DECISION RENDERED BY THE ARIZONA SUPREME COURT IN THE PROCEEDINGS INSTITUTED BY THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION FOR A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS IN THE CASE OF CERTAIN INDIANS IMPRISONED WITHOUT TRIAL, WITH ACCOMPANYING PAPERS.

JUNE 29, 1909.—Ordered to be printed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 28, 1909.

To the Senate of the United States:

On behalf of the Indian Rights Association I inclose, as a memorial, the decree of the supreme court of Arizona, with accompanying papers, in the matter of the petition by By-a-lil-le and other Navajo Indians for a writ of habeas corpus. These Indians have been imprisoned for one year and eight months and subjected to hard labor, upon approval of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, without a charge having been filed against them in any court of law, without benefit of counsel or proceeding by due course of law.

The decision in this case marks an epoch, guaranteeing to the red man those rights secured to our forefathers by Magna Charta.

Very respectfully,

S. M. BROSIUS,
Agent Indian Rights Association.

INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION,
709 PROVIDENT BUILDING,
Philadelphia, April 15, 1909.

IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT TRIAL.

For the information of our members and the general public we give below a decision recently rendered by the Arizona supreme court in the habeas corpus proceedings instituted by this association on behalf of certain Navajos who were imprisoned, as we contend, without warrant of law, by the arbitrary action of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. We also append a reply by Doctor Grammer to the article in "The Outlook" of January 30, 1909, by Hon. F. E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, defending his "Law or no Law" method of dealing with the Indians, as enunciated by him at the Lake Mohonk conference in October, 1908.

This matter was taken up by the association because it was believed to be one of fundamental importance in dealing with Indians. We contend that the Indian is a person within the meaning of the Constitution and can not be deprived of his liberty "without due process of law." The court of first instance, in Arizona, denied the application for a writ of habeas corpus. The association appealed the case to the territorial supreme court, where a unanimous opinion was rendered reversing the lower court. The department has announced its intention of appealing from this decision, and the case may yet be argued in the United States Supreme Court. Under the circumstances, while the matter may not be regarded as finally settled, it is deemed proper to acquaint our members with the case as far as it has been developed.

It is worthy of note that criticism upon the commissioner's action, which he treated as a proof of bias and captious opposition on the part of the critics, has been sustained as rightful by a weighty judiciary. It is worthy of mention that the criticism upon the commissioner's action, which has been justified by such an important judiciary, was stigmatized at the Mohonk conference by the commissioner himself as so clearly biased that he had to asperse the motive of those who made it. It is not too much to say that the commissioner's attitude of pronounced hostility to any suggestion or criticism is one of the great difficulties in the way of this association.

It should be noted that after the habeas corpus proceedings were begun, six of the Indians were released by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. By-a-lil-le and Polly are still held in confinement in default of \$5,000 bail.

In the Supreme Court of the Territory of Arizona, No. 273.

In the matter of the application of Bi-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus.—Opinion.

Appeal from the district court of the second judicial district; Hon. Fletcher M. Doan, Judge.

Mr. O. Gibson, for petitioners; Mr. J. L. B. Alexander, United States attorney, for the respondent.

Opinion by Nave, J.: A group of Navajo Indians, under the leadership of Bi-a-lil-le, threatened serious trouble upon the Navajo Reservation. Upon the representations of the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of War sent two troops of cavalry into the vicinity of the reservation to serve as a repressing influence upon the Indians. After a conference with the Indian agent, the officer in command of the troops determined it to be wise to arrest Bi-a-lil-le and certain of his companions. Accordingly, he made a night march to Bi-a-lil-le's camp and captured him and his immediate followers about daybreak the next morning. While this arrest was being made, the troops were fired upon by other Indians in the vicinity. The fire was returned. The casualties were two Indians killed and one wounded, except that a horse of one of the soldiers was killed. Upon the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior, without a trial or hearing of any sort, Bi-a-lil-le and seven of his companions were transported to Fort Huachuca, Ariz.,

"where," to quote the Secretary of the Interior, "they are to be confined for an indefinite period at hard labor. They can be released whenever it may be deemed wise to do so, each case to be considered on its own merits. The time for the release of these prisoners has been left to the judgment of the War Department."

These Indians, setting up in detail the facts of which the foregoing statement is a brief abstract, and averring that their detention is unlawful, petitioned the district court of the second judicial district for a writ of habeas corpus directed to the commanding officer at Fort Huachuca to the end that they be discharged. The writ was denied and from its denial petitioners have prosecuted this appeal. The contention of petitioners is that they are deprived of liberty without due process of law, in contravention of article 5 of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

The detention of these Indians is supported by the respondent upon three contentions. One of these contentions is that it is authorized by the provisions of section 2149, Revised Statutes of the United States, which reads as follows:

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs is authorized and required, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, to remove from any tribal reservation any person being therein without authority of law, or whose presence within the limits of the reservation may, in the judgment of the commissioner, be detrimental to the peace and welfare of the Indians; and may employ for the purpose such force as may be necessary to enable the agent to effect the removal of such person.

The inadequacy of this contention is self-evident. Authority to remove troublesome persons from a reservation does not imply authority to detain them in confinement after such removal; hence the detention of these Indians is not maintainable by reason of the provisions of this section or of any of its implications.

The second contention is that the facts disclose the petitioners to be prisoners of war, and hence lawfully to be held in military custody. We do not infer from the facts that a state of war existed at the time of the apprehension of the petitioners, nor does it appear that it was or is the view of the Secretary of the Interior or of the Secretary of War that a state of war existed then or exists now between the Indians and the United States. It affirmatively appears that, though in the custody of the War Department, these Indians are maintained at the expense of the Interior Department and are to be confined at hard labor for an indefinite period as a punishment to them and an object lesson to the rest of their tribe, in the language of the Secretary of the Interior, because they "have defied the Government and its authorities; they have impeded the progress of the other Indians in their efforts to improve and better their condition; they armed themselves, * * * threatened to kill any person or persons who molested them, and fired first upon United States troops in the discharge of their duty." Confinement at hard labor is a characteristic of the punishment of criminals and not, under the code of modern civilized warfare, an incident of the detention of prisoners of war. We do not assume that we have jurisdiction to interfere with the treatment accorded them were they in fact prisoners of war; but we point to the fact of their confinement at hard labor as inconsistent with a theory that they are regarded by the executive departments as prisoners of war. The consideration and freedom from unnecessary restraint which, within our judicial knowledge,

marked the detention of Spanish prisoners during our recent war and has marked the detention as prisoners of war of Geronimo and his band of Apaches, warrant, as fully as our patriotic pride also demands, that we attribute to the executive departments the most enlightened chivalry in their attitude toward prisoners of war. It is manifest that petitioners are not prisoners of war.

As a third contention, it is urged with great earnestness that the Indians are but wards of the Government, and therefore are subject to administrative correction of their conduct as are other wards to the correction of their guardians; that the disposition which has been made of these Indians is pursuant to a long-followed policy of the Departments of the Interior and of War; and that it is highly salutary in safeguarding the relations of the Indians to the Government and to their white neighbors and, indeed, among themselves. However salutary in its results and desirable such a method of dealing with recalcitrant Indians may be and however long such a system may have prevailed, it can not be sanctioned unless there is authority for it in the acts of Congress. Indians are not wards of the executive officers, but wards of the United States, acting through executive officers, it is true, but expressing its fostering will by legislation. We may pass as unnecessary to determine the question whether Congress may constitutionally vest in executive officers such summary authority as is here sought to be exercised. Our attention has not been directed to legislation expressly authorizing such summary methods. Comprehensive authority is conferred upon the President by sections 463 and 465, Revised Statutes of the United States, to control the conduct of Indian affairs by his regulations, but we do not find a general rule or regulation promulgated by or under the authority of the President applicable in this case.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in *Bad Elk v. United States* (177 U. S., 529), has held that an executive officer in the Indian Service has no authority to direct arrests in the absence of law, rule, or regulation authorizing such direction, and that the conduct of an Indian is not to be held misbehavior in the absence of a law, rule, or regulation so defining it. Among the necessary implications of that decision is that, there being no law, rule, or regulation defining what conduct of Indians shall be deemed reprehensible and subject them to correction, it does not rest in executive discretion to administer corrective punishment. We deem this conclusion inevitable, and determinative of this case irrespective of the question whether such summary discipline might be sustained if pursuant to a rule or regulation.

The position of these particular petitioners, members of the Navajo tribe, is fortified by one of the stipulations of the treaty between the United States and the Navajos, which is as follows:

If bad men among the Indians shall commit a wrong or depredation upon the person or property of anyone, white, black, or Indian, subject to the authority of the United States and at peace therewith, the Navajo tribe agree that they will, on proof made to their agent, and on notice by him, deliver up the wrongdoer to the United States, to be tried and punished according to its laws. (Art. 1, treaty of June 1, 1868; 15 Stat. L., 667.)

This stipulation amounts to a covenant that bad Indians shall not be punished by the United States except pursuant to laws defining their offense and prescribing the punishments therefor.

While Congress by its legislation may disregard treaties, the executive branch of the Government may not do so.

The district court was in error in denying the writ of habeas corpus.

The proceedings in the court below were solely upon the petition. The United States attorney appeared on behalf of the United States and argued against the granting of the writ without filing a demurrer or other formal pleading. The trial judge rendered an opinion in writing which appears as part of the record, in which we find it has been suggested by the court and agreed to by counsel, that, in effect, "the ruling may be as though the writ had been granted and the applicants were here in person before the court. * * * If the writ should be granted by the court, the granting of the writ would be equivalent to the release of the applicants for the writ, and the writ will not be denied unless the court is satisfied from the hearing that the applicants would be remanded to the custody of those now having them in charge." The petition contains at full length what purport to be all of the proceedings of the Departments of the Interior and of War, resulting in the detention of petitioners. In view of that fact, we construe the expression of the trial court as disclosing the stipulation that, if the facts upon the petition disclose that petitioners are entitled to be discharged, the judgment of the court should be to discharge them. Therefore, it will be adjudged that the judgment of the trial court be reversed and that the petitioners be discharged, with leave to the respondent, however, to present within fifteen days, reasons, if any there be, why, instead of discharging the petitioners, we should remand the cause with direction to the trial court to grant the writ.

FREDERICK S. NAVE,
Associate Justice.

We concur:

EDWARD KENT, *Chief Justice.*

RICHARD E. SLOAN, *Associate Justice.*

JOHN H. CAMPBELL, *Associate Justice.*

SUPREME COURT,
Territory of Arizona } ss.

I, F. A. Tritle, jr., clerk of the supreme court of the Territory of Arizona, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of the opinion rendered by said supreme court on the 20th day of March, A. D. 1909, in the matter of the application of By-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court this 25th day of March, A. D. 1909, at Phoenix, Ariz.

[SEAL.]

F. A. TRITLE, Jr.,
Clerk Supreme Court of Arizona.

In the supreme court of the Territory of Arizona, No. 273.

In the matter of the application of By-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus.

At this day respondent gave notice of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and moved the court that applicants be held on bail until the determination of the appeal by the Supreme Court of the United States under rule 34 of said Supreme Court, and it was ordered by the court that the notice of appeal be noted and that applicants be each enlarged in the sum of \$5,000, and it was

Further ordered that respondent may have leave to withdraw its notice of appeal upon application to the Chief Justice therefor.

SUPREME COURT, }
Territory of Arizona, } ss.

I, F. A. Tritle, jr., clerk of the supreme court of the Territory of Arizona, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of the order made and entered by said supreme court on the 20th day of March, A. D. 1909, in the matter of the application of By-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus, admitting applicants to bail.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court this 25th day of March, A. D. 1909, at Phoenix, Ariz.

[SEAL.]

F. A. TRITLE, Jr.,
Clerk Supreme Court of Arizona.

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, March 15, 1909.]

QUESTION OF "LAW OR NO LAW" IN TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

REPLY OF THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION TO COMMISSIONER LEUPP'S SURPRISING ASSERTION.

To the editor of the Republican:

The question raised by Commissioner Leupp in his article on "Law or no law in Indian administration," in *The Outlook* of January 30, is of fundamental importance. The Indian Rights Association has undertaken to test the validity of his conclusion as to the relation of an executive agent to the law by an appeal to the courts; but it is eminently desirable that the public, who read the commissioner's vehement explanation, should know the issues involved. They are much larger than the question whether the commissioner was misrepresented by those who quoted his own words, "law or no law," as the keynote of his remarks about the Navajo Indians. But we must not fall into the custom which, according to Freeman, spoils so much historical writing, and content ourselves with allusions instead of telling a plain tale. The commissioner began his explanatory statement with the Mohonk conference, but the controversy can not be understood without going further back and beginning at the beginning.

In October, 1907, William T. Shelton, superintendent of the Eastern Navajo Reservation, Shiprock, N. Mex., requested that cavalry be sent into his reservation to arrest a troublesome Navajo

named By-a-lil-le, that he might be confined long enough to show that the time for bad men was past; or, if this were not thought expedient, that the troops might be stationed in the vicinity of By-a-lil-le's camp long enough to give the Indian police courage. The more drastic of the two methods was chosen. The cavalry surrounded the Indians' hogans at daylight, and arrested By-a-lil-le and his men. There was some shooting by the soldiers and on the part of some Indians in the vicinity, though not by the prisoners, and two Indians were killed by shots in the back. A search of all the hogans only brought to light three old rifles, one Colt revolver and several knives. Such a lack of warlike equipment suggests that the milder remedy of camping in the vicinity by the troops would probably have been sufficient to overawe the Indians and reduce their spirits to the necessary subordination. Still, it is easier to discern the right course in the light of experience, and there is here no controversy over the killing of these Indians and the arrest of the band. They had been made to feel most unmistakably the power of the Government, and it might have seemed that they had been sufficiently schooled. If it was not thought wise to allow them to remain on the reservation, the superintendent had the undoubted authority to remove them, or if he was unwilling to set them at liberty in new scenes, he might have brought them into court. Western courts are not generally weakly indulgent to the red man. Neither of these lines of action, however, was taken. Without the decree of any court, martial or civil, By-a-lil-le and seven other Indians were incarcerated, with the approval of the commissioner, in a military prison in Arizona, at hard labor for an indeterminate period.

At the conference at Lake Mohonk, last October, Mr. Leupp tells us that he was intensely indignant when he heard that a resolution was to be offered that would test the sense of the conference upon such imprisonment without trial. The commissioner is obliged to admit that in his vehement anticipatory defense he said that he would take such measures if he thought the public safety required it, "law or no law." This language does not appear in the report, and the commissioner withdraws it as too crude and unqualified. Still, he claims that his character for clemency and fairness is so well known that it should have protected him from misconstruction. So, if he is obliged to confess that he spake unadvisedly with his lips, he also feels it necessary to charge his critics with "dishonesty" and "malice." After learning the facts and reading this explanation, most people will probably agree that the blunt and pointed expression that he withdraws describes his attitude very fairly. After all, the point of language is of minor importance. The main points are Mr. Leupp's attitude toward those who differ from him and his theory of the relation of the law to the public welfare.

The commissioner asserts with pride that his policy of treating Indian offenders in a state of barbarism by dealing out justice according to his own personal views has justified itself by its success, on the principle that "the proof of the pudding is the eating." No one, however, can read his passionate article, with its charges upon his critics of "malice," "dishonesty," "paltering," "vituperation," and "angry clamor" without realizing that his theory has made our commissioner a very lofty personage, who is inclined to regard any difference of opinion about the legality of his acts as a proof of moral

obliquity. So far is he from inviting scrutiny and welcoming an interchange of opinion that the very idea of the expression of criticism filled him with indignation, as he confesses in his case. Yet, if the Indian Commissioner has the right to put Indians in prison without trial, simply upon his own judgment that a prison is the best place for them, such a tremendous power ought to be carefully watched, and such a conference as Mohonk might well interest itself in the wisdom with which such extraordinary authority was exercised.

Indian agents, through whom he must gain his information, are but fallible men, and it was no less a person than Lincoln who said that no man could safely be trusted with absolute power over another. Indian agents are not a class of men who, according to the opinion of them expressed by President Roosevelt, in a recent message, can wisely be allowed to feel themselves exempt from criticism. Even if the criticism should prove mistaken, the discussion could hardly fail to do good. It was, however, resented deeply by Mr. Leupp, and is characterized in scathing terms. His known kindness and clemency, he holds, should have prevented anyone from regarding the imprisonment of Indians for sixteen months, without trial, as an act of oppression. This is certainly a great claim.

There are, however, many who believe that the law of the land is a better defense of our rights than the kindly temper of our officials. Indeed, it is the deepest source of our controversy with the commissioner that on his statement at Mohonk, and in his treatment of these Indians, he shows an inadequate sense of the value of law as a means of securing the public weal. He ignores the courts. His theory is that the public safety is to take precedence of the public safeguards. This mistake lay at the bottom of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. To quote Lord Morley:

Couthon laid the theoretic basis [of the infamous law of 22d Prairial] in a fallacy that must always be full of seduction to shallow persons in authority: "He who would subordinate the public safety to the inventions of juris-consults, and to the formulas of the courts is either an imbecile or a scoundrel." As if the public safety could mean anything but the safety of the public! "All becomes legitimate and even virtuous," Helvetius had written, "on behalf of the public safety," but Rousseau was wiser in his marginal note, "The public safety is nothing unless the individual enjoys security."

Have we not an example of Couthon's fallacy in the commissioner's article, in "The Outlook," when he writes: "The mere technical definition of the rights of any person under the law is always subordinate to the question of the social order?" What better way is there of teaching an Indian the greatness of the law than by showing that it can save as well as punish? How can the social order be better preserved than in the exaltation of the law? By-a-lil-le and Polly, with their companions in prison for sixteen months, knotting on a cord the days of their imprisonment at the discretion of a distant commissioner, will hardly agree that the right to liberty or a fair trial comes under the head of a "mere technical definition."

In spite of the warnings of the commissioner of possible evils in consequence of the liberation of these men, the Indian Rights Association applied for a writ of habeas corpus. The court of first instance denied the application, but the denial was anticipated. Nevertheless, something has been accomplished, since six of the prisoners have since been released. An appeal has been taken in behalf of the other two, and the friends of order and liberty will not rest until, if

necessary, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided whether or not Indians are persons within the meaning of the article of the Constitution that declares that no person (except certain classes in which Indians are not included) shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Of one thing we may be absolutely certain, and that is that the greatest tribunal in the world, as Bryce has taught us to call it, will give no countenance to the doctrine, so fruitful of tyranny and injustice, that the law can be safely ignored, if in the judgment of an official its restraints stand in the way of the public welfare.

CARL E. GRAMMER,
President of the Indian Rights Association.
PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1909.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,
Washington, June 22, 1909.

SIR: In accordance with your oral request to be informed of the action of the department in the matter of the prosecution of the appeal in the Supreme Court in the case of By-a-lil-le and others, petitioners for a writ of habeas corpus, I beg to say that after careful consideration of the matter the Government has decided not to prosecute the appeal. Instructions have to-day been given to the United States attorney for Arizona, by wire, to ask leave of the chief justice of the supreme court of Arizona, in accordance with an order of that court, to withdraw notice of the appeal; also instructing him to have the petitioners discharged from custody at once, and stating that this department has requested the Secretary of the Interior to arrange, by wire, to have the petitioners restored to their homes in the Navajo Reservation at government expense.

Respectfully,

LLOYD W. BOWERS,
Acting Attorney-General.

S. M. BROSIUS, Esq.,
Agent Indian Rights Association,
McGill Building, Washington, D. C.

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NAVAJO INDIANS.

Mr. OWEN presented the following

DECISION RENDERED BY THE ARIZONA SUPREME COURT IN THE PROCEEDINGS INSTITUTED BY THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION FOR A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS IN THE CASE OF CERTAIN INDIANS IMPRISONED WITHOUT TRIAL, WITH ACCOMPANYING PAPERS.

JUNE 29, 1909.—Ordered to be printed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 28, 1909.*

To the Senate of the United States:

On behalf of the Indian Rights Association I inclose, as a memorial, the decree of the supreme court of Arizona, with accompanying papers, in the matter of the petition by By-a-lil-le and other Navajo Indians for a writ of habeas corpus. These Indians have been imprisoned for one year and eight months and subjected to hard labor, upon approval of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, without a charge having been filed against them in any court of law, without benefit of counsel or proceeding by due course of law.

The decision in this case marks an epoch, guaranteeing to the red man those rights secured to our forefathers by Magna Charta.

Very respectfully,

S. M. BROSIUS,
Agent Indian Rights Association.

INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION,
709 PROVIDENT BUILDING,
Philadelphia, April 15, 1909.

IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT TRIAL.

For the information of our members and the general public we give below a decision recently rendered by the Arizona supreme court in the habeas corpus proceedings instituted by this association on behalf of certain Navajos who were imprisoned, as we contend, without warrant of law, by the arbitrary action of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. We also append a reply by Doctor Grammer to the article in "The Outlook" of January 30, 1909, by Hon. F. E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, defending his "Law or no Law" method of dealing with the Indians, as enunciated by him at the Lake Mohonk conference in October, 1908.

This matter was taken up by the association because it was believed to be one of fundamental importance in dealing with Indians. We contend that the Indian is a person within the meaning of the Constitution and can not be deprived of his liberty "without due process of law." The court of first instance, in Arizona, denied the application for a writ of habeas corpus. The association appealed the case to the territorial supreme court, where a unanimous opinion was rendered reversing the lower court. The department has announced its intention of appealing from this decision, and the case may yet be argued in the United States Supreme Court. Under the circumstances, while the matter may not be regarded as finally settled, it is deemed proper to acquaint our members with the case as far as it has been developed.

It is worthy of note that criticism upon the commissioner's action, which he treated as a proof of bias and captious opposition on the part of the critics, has been sustained as rightful by a weighty judiciary. It is worthy of mention that the criticism upon the commissioner's action, which has been justified by such an important judiciary, was stigmatized at the Mohonk conference by the commissioner himself as so clearly biased that he had to asperse the motive of those who made it. It is not too much to say that the commissioner's attitude of pronounced hostility to any suggestion or criticism is one of the great difficulties in the way of this association.

It should be noted that after the habeas corpus proceedings were begun, six of the Indians were released by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. By-a-lil-le and Polly are still held in confinement in default of \$5,000 bail.

In the Supreme Court of the Territory of Arizona, No. 273.

In the matter of the application of Bi-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus.—Opinion.

Appeal from the district court of the second judicial district; Hon. Fletcher M. Doan, Judge.

Mr. O. Gibson, for petitioners; Mr. J. L. B. Alexander, United States attorney, for the respondent.

Opinion by Nave, J.: A group of Navajo Indians, under the leadership of Bi-a-lil-le, threatened serious trouble upon the Navajo Reservation. Upon the representations of the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of War sent two troops of cavalry into the vicinity of the reservation to serve as a repressing influence upon the Indians. After a conference with the Indian agent, the officer in command of the troops determined it to be wise to arrest Bi-a-lil-le and certain of his companions. Accordingly, he made a night march to Bi-a-lil-le's camp and captured him and his immediate followers about daybreak the next morning. While this arrest was being made, the troops were fired upon by other Indians in the vicinity. The fire was returned. The casualties were two Indians killed and one wounded, except that a horse of one of the soldiers was killed. Upon the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior, without a trial or hearing of any sort, Bi-a-lil-le and seven of his companions were transported to Fort Huachuca, Ariz.,

"where," to quote the Secretary of the Interior, "they are to be confined for an indefinite period at hard labor. They can be released whenever it may be deemed wise to do so, each case to be considered on its own merits. The time for the release of these prisoners has been left to the judgment of the War Department."

These Indians, setting up in detail the facts of which the foregoing statement is a brief abstract, and averring that their detention is unlawful, petitioned the district court of the second judicial district for a writ of habeas corpus directed to the commanding officer at Fort Huachuca to the end that they be discharged. The writ was denied and from its denial petitioners have prosecuted this appeal. The contention of petitioners is that they are deprived of liberty without due process of law, in contravention of article 5 of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

The detention of these Indians is supported by the respondent upon three contentions. One of these contentions is that it is authorized by the provisions of section 2149, Revised Statutes of the United States, which reads as follows:

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs is authorized and required, with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, to remove from any tribal reservation any person being therein without authority of law, or whose presence within the limits of the reservation may, in the judgment of the commissioner, be detrimental to the peace and welfare of the Indians; and may employ for the purpose such force as may be necessary to enable the agent to effect the removal of such person.

The inadequacy of this contention is self-evident. Authority to remove troublesome persons from a reservation does not imply authority to detain them in confinement after such removal; hence the detention of these Indians is not maintainable by reason of the provisions of this section or of any of its implications.

The second contention is that the facts disclose the petitioners to be prisoners of war, and hence lawfully to be held in military custody. We do not infer from the facts that a state of war existed at the time of the apprehension of the petitioners, nor does it appear that it was or is the view of the Secretary of the Interior or of the Secretary of War that a state of war existed then or exists now between the Indians and the United States. It affirmatively appears that, though in the custody of the War Department, these Indians are maintained at the expense of the Interior Department and are to be confined at hard labor for an indefinite period as a punishment to them and an object lesson to the rest of their tribe, in the language of the Secretary of the Interior, because they "have defied the Government and its authorities; they have impeded the progress of the other Indians in their efforts to improve and better their condition; they armed themselves, * * * threatened to kill any person or persons who molested them, and fired first upon United States troops in the discharge of their duty." Confinement at hard labor is a characteristic of the punishment of criminals and not, under the code of modern civilized warfare, an incident of the detention of prisoners of war. We do not assume that we have jurisdiction to interfere with the treatment accorded them were they in fact prisoners of war; but we point to the fact of their confinement at hard labor as inconsistent with a theory that they are regarded by the executive departments as prisoners of war. The consideration and freedom from unnecessary restraint which, within our judicial knowledge,

marked the detention of Spanish prisoners during our recent war and has marked the detention as prisoners of war of Geronimo and his band of Apaches, warrant, as fully as our patriotic pride also demands, that we attribute to the executive departments the most enlightened chivalry in their attitude toward prisoners of war. It is manifest that petitioners are not prisoners of war.

As a third contention, it is urged with great earnestness that the Indians are but wards of the Government, and therefore are subject to administrative correction of their conduct as are other wards to the correction of their guardians; that the disposition which has been made of these Indians is pursuant to a long-followed policy of the Departments of the Interior and of War; and that it is highly salutary in safeguarding the relations of the Indians to the Government and to their white neighbors and, indeed, among themselves. However salutary in its results and desirable such a method of dealing with recalcitrant Indians may be and however long such a system may have prevailed, it can not be sanctioned unless there is authority for it in the acts of Congress. Indians are not wards of the executive officers, but wards of the United States, acting through executive officers, it is true, but expressing its fostering will by legislation. We may pass as unnecessary to determine the question whether Congress may constitutionally vest in executive officers such summary authority as is here sought to be exercised. Our attention has not been directed to legislation expressly authorizing such summary methods. Comprehensive authority is conferred upon the President by sections 463 and 465, Revised Statutes of the United States, to control the conduct of Indian affairs by his regulations, but we do not find a general rule or regulation promulgated by or under the authority of the President applicable in this case.

The Supreme Court of the United States, in *Bad Elk v. United States* (177 U. S., 529), has held that an executive officer in the Indian Service has no authority to direct arrests in the absence of law, rule, or regulation authorizing such direction, and that the conduct of an Indian is not to be held misbehavior in the absence of a law, rule, or regulation so defining it. Among the necessary implications of that decision is that, there being no law, rule, or regulation defining what conduct of Indians shall be deemed reprehensible and subject them to correction, it does not rest in executive discretion to administer corrective punishment. We deem this conclusion inevitable, and determinative of this case irrespective of the question whether such summary discipline might be sustained if pursuant to a rule or regulation.

The position of these particular petitioners, members of the Navajo tribe, is fortified by one of the stipulations of the treaty between the United States and the Navajos, which is as follows:

If bad men among the Indians shall commit a wrong or depredation upon the person or property of anyone, white, black, or Indian, subject to the authority of the United States and at peace therewith, the Navajo tribe agree that they will, on proof made to their agent, and on notice by him, deliver up the wrongdoer to the United States, to be tried and punished according to its laws. (Art. 1, treaty of June 1, 1868; 15 Stat. L., 667.)

This stipulation amounts to a covenant that bad Indians shall not be punished by the United States except pursuant to laws defining their offense and prescribing the punishments therefor.

While Congress by its legislation may disregard treaties, the executive branch of the Government may not do so.

The district court was in error in denying the writ of habeas corpus.

The proceedings in the court below were solely upon the petition. The United States attorney appeared on behalf of the United States and argued against the granting of the writ without filing a demurrer or other formal pleading. The trial judge rendered an opinion in writing which appears as part of the record, in which we find it has been suggested by the court and agreed to by counsel, that, in effect, "the ruling may be as though the writ had been granted and the applicants were here in person before the court. * * * If the writ should be granted by the court, the granting of the writ would be equivalent to the release of the applicants for the writ, and the writ will not be denied unless the court is satisfied from the hearing that the applicants would be remanded to the custody of those now having them in charge." The petition contains at full length what purport to be all of the proceedings of the Departments of the Interior and of War, resulting in the detention of petitioners. In view of that fact, we construe the expression of the trial court as disclosing the stipulation that, if the facts upon the petition disclose that petitioners are entitled to be discharged, the judgment of the court should be to discharge them. Therefore, it will be adjudged that the judgment of the trial court be reversed and that the petitioners be discharged, with leave to the respondent, however, to present within fifteen days, reasons, if any there be, why, instead of discharging the petitioners, we should remand the cause with direction to the trial court to grant the writ.

FREDERICK S. NAVE,
Associate Justice.

We concur:

EDWARD KENT, *Chief Justice.*
RICHARD E. SLOAN, *Associate Justice.*
JOHN H. CAMPBELL, *Associate Justice.*

SUPREME COURT,
Territory of Arizona } ss.

I, F. A. Tritle, jr., clerk of the supreme court of the Territory of Arizona, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of the opinion rendered by said supreme court on the 20th day of March, A. D. 1909, in the matter of the application of By-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court this 25th day of March, A. D. 1909, at Phoenix, Ariz.

[SEAL.]

F. A. TRITLE, Jr.,
Clerk Supreme Court of Arizona.

In the supreme court of the Territory of Arizona, No. 273.

In the matter of the application of By-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus.

At this day respondent gave notice of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and moved the court that applicants be held on bail until the determination of the appeal by the Supreme Court of the United States under rule 34 of said Supreme Court, and it was ordered by the court that the notice of appeal be noted and that applicants be each enlarged in the sum of \$5,000, and it was

Further ordered that respondent may have leave to withdraw its notice of appeal upon application to the Chief Justice therefor.

SUPREME COURT, }
Territory of Arizona, } ss.

I, F. A. Tritle, jr., clerk of the supreme court of the Territory of Arizona, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of the order made and entered by said supreme court on the 20th day of March, A. D. 1909, in the matter of the application of By-a-lil-le and seven others for a writ of habeas corpus, admitting applicants to bail.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court this 25th day of March, A. D. 1909, at Phoenix, Ariz.

[SEAL.]

F. A. TRITLE, Jr.,
Clerk Supreme Court of Arizona.

[From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, March 15, 1909.]

QUESTION OF "LAW OR NO LAW" IN TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

REPLY OF THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION TO COMMISSIONER LEUPP'S SURPRISING ASSERTION.

To the editor of the Republican:

The question raised by Commissioner Leupp in his article on "Law or no law in Indian administration," in *The Outlook* of January 30, is of fundamental importance. The Indian Rights Association has undertaken to test the validity of his conclusion as to the relation of an executive agent to the law by an appeal to the courts; but it is eminently desirable that the public, who read the commissioner's vehement explanation, should know the issues involved. They are much larger than the question whether the commissioner was misrepresented by those who quoted his own words, "law or no law," as the keynote of his remarks about the Navajo Indians. But we must not fall into the custom which, according to Freeman, spoils so much historical writing, and content ourselves with allusions instead of telling a plain tale. The commissioner began his explanatory statement with the Mohonk conference, but the controversy can not be understood without going further back and beginning at the beginning.

In October, 1907, William T. Shelton, superintendent of the Eastern Navajo Reservation, Shiprock, N. Mex., requested that cavalry be sent into his reservation to arrest a troublesome Navajo

named By-a-lil-le, that he might be confined long enough to show that the time for bad men was past; or, if this were not thought expedient, that the troops might be stationed in the vicinity of By-a-lil-le's camp long enough to give the Indian police courage. The more drastic of the two methods was chosen. The cavalry surrounded the Indians' hogans at daylight, and arrested By-a-lil-le and his men. There was some shooting by the soldiers and on the part of some Indians in the vicinity, though not by the prisoners, and two Indians were killed by shots in the back. A search of all the hogans only brought to light three old rifles, one Colt revolver and several knives. Such a lack of warlike equipment suggests that the milder remedy of camping in the vicinity by the troops would probably have been sufficient to overawe the Indians and reduce their spirits to the necessary subordination. Still, it is easier to discern the right course in the light of experience, and there is here no controversy over the killing of these Indians and the arrest of the band. They had been made to feel most unmistakably the power of the Government, and it might have seemed that they had been sufficiently schooled. If it was not thought wise to allow them to remain on the reservation, the superintendent had the undoubted authority to remove them, or if he was unwilling to set them at liberty in new scenes, he might have brought them into court. Western courts are not generally weakly indulgent to the red man. Neither of these lines of action, however, was taken. Without the decree of any court, martial or civil, By-a-lil-le and seven other Indians were incarcerated, with the approval of the commissioner, in a military prison in Arizona, at hard labor for an indeterminate period.

At the conference at Lake Mohonk, last October, Mr. Leupp tells us that he was intensely indignant when he heard that a resolution was to be offered that would test the sense of the conference upon such imprisonment without trial. The commissioner is obliged to admit that in his vehement anticipatory defense he said that he would take such measures if he thought the public safety required it, "law or no law." This language does not appear in the report, and the commissioner withdraws it as too crude and unqualified. Still, he claims that his character for clemency and fairness is so well known that it should have protected him from misconstruction. So, if he is obliged to confess that he spake unadvisedly with his lips, he also feels it necessary to charge his critics with "dishonesty" and "malice." After learning the facts and reading this explanation, most people will probably agree that the blunt and pointed expression that he withdraws describes his attitude very fairly. After all, the point of language is of minor importance. The main points are Mr. Leupp's attitude toward those who differ from him and his theory of the relation of the law to the public welfare.

The commissioner asserts with pride that his policy of treating Indian offenders in a state of barbarism by dealing out justice according to his own personal views has justified itself by its success, on the principle that "the proof of the pudding is the eating." No one, however, can read his passionate article, with its charges upon his critics of "malice," "dishonesty," "paltering," "vituperation," and "angry clamor" without realizing that his theory has made our commissioner a very lofty personage, who is inclined to regard any difference of opinion about the legality of his acts as a proof of moral

obliquity. So far is he from inviting scrutiny and welcoming an interchange of opinion that the very idea of the expression of criticism filled him with indignation, as he confesses in his case. Yet, if the Indian Commissioner has the right to put Indians in prison without trial, simply upon his own judgment that a prison is the best place for them, such a tremendous power ought to be carefully watched, and such a conference as Mohonk might well interest itself in the wisdom with which such extraordinary authority was exercised.

Indian agents, through whom he must gain his information, are but fallible men, and it was no less a person than Lincoln who said that no man could safely be trusted with absolute power over another. Indian agents are not a class of men who, according to the opinion of them expressed by President Roosevelt, in a recent message, can wisely be allowed to feel themselves exempt from criticism. Even if the criticism should prove mistaken, the discussion could hardly fail to do good. It was, however, resented deeply by Mr. Leupp, and is characterized in scathing terms. His known kindness and clemency, he holds, should have prevented anyone from regarding the imprisonment of Indians for sixteen months, without trial, as an act of oppression. This is certainly a great claim.

There are, however, many who believe that the law of the land is a better defense of our rights than the kindly temper of our officials. Indeed, it is the deepest source of our controversy with the commissioner that on his statement at Mohonk, and in his treatment of these Indians, he shows an inadequate sense of the value of law as a means of securing the public weal. He ignores the courts. His theory is that the public safety is to take precedence of the public safeguards. This mistake lay at the bottom of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. To quote Lord Morley:

Couthon laid the theoretic basis [of the infamous law of 22d Prairial] in a fallacy that must always be full of seduction to shallow persons in authority: "He who would subordinate the public safety to the inventions of juris-consults, and to the formulas of the courts is either an imbecile or a scoundrel." As if the public safety could mean anything but the safety of the public! "All becomes legitimate and even virtuous," Helvetius had written, "on behalf of the public safety," but Rousseau was wiser in his marginal note, "The public safety is nothing unless the individual enjoys security."

Have we not an example of Couthon's fallacy in the commissioner's article, in "The Outlook," when he writes: "The mere technical definition of the rights of any person under the law is always subordinate to the question of the social order?" What better way is there of teaching an Indian the greatness of the law than by showing that it can save as well as punish? How can the social order be better preserved than in the exaltation of the law? By-a-lil-le and Polly, with their companions in prison for sixteen months, knotting on a cord the days of their imprisonment at the discretion of a distant commissioner, will hardly agree that the right to liberty or a fair trial comes under the head of a "mere technical definition."

In spite of the warnings of the commissioner of possible evils in consequence of the liberation of these men, the Indian Rights Association applied for a writ of habeas corpus. The court of first instance denied the application, but the denial was anticipated. Nevertheless, something has been accomplished, since six of the prisoners have since been released. An appeal has been taken in behalf of the other two, and the friends of order and liberty will not rest until, if

necessary, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided whether or not Indians are persons within the meaning of the article of the Constitution that declares that no person (except certain classes in which Indians are not included) shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Of one thing we may be absolutely certain, and that is that the greatest tribunal in the world, as Bryce has taught us to call it, will give no countenance to the doctrine, so fruitful of tyranny and injustice, that the law can be safely ignored, if in the judgment of an official its restraints stand in the way of the public welfare.

CARL E. GRAMMER,
President of the Indian Rights Association.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1909.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,
Washington, June 22, 1909.

SIR: In accordance with your oral request to be informed of the action of the department in the matter of the prosecution of the appeal in the Supreme Court in the case of By-a-lil-le and others, petitioners for a writ of habeas corpus, I beg to say that after careful consideration of the matter the Government has decided not to prosecute the appeal. Instructions have to-day been given to the United States attorney for Arizona, by wire, to ask leave of the chief justice of the supreme court of Arizona, in accordance with an order of that court, to withdraw notice of the appeal; also instructing him to have the petitioners discharged from custody at once, and stating that this department has requested the Secretary of the Interior to arrange, by wire, to have the petitioners restored to their homes in the Navajo Reservation at government expense.

Respectfully,

LLOYD W. BOWERS,
Acting Attorney-General.

S. M. BROSIUS, Esq.,
*Agent Indian Rights Association,
McGill Building, Washington, D. C.*

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~~the remains of a large church, built of adobe. A series of widely scattered house clusters, occurring about 2½ miles west of Ojo Caliente, was also examined, but the earth had drifted over the fallen walls and so covered them over that the arrangement of rooms could scarcely be traced at all.~~

~~The modern village of Ojo Caliente was also surveyed and diagrams and photographs made.~~

~~Towards the end of September camp was moved to the vicinity of Zuñi. Here we examined four other villages of the Cibola group and the old villages on the mesa of Ta-ai-ya-lo-ne. Camp was then moved to Nutria, a farming pueblo of Zuñi. From this camp Nutria was surveyed and photographed, and also the village of Pescado; the latter is occupied only during the farming season. Both of these modern farming pueblos appear to be built on the ruins of more ancient villages, the remains of which were especially noticeable in the case of Pescado, where the very carefully executed masonry, characteristic of the ancient methods of construction, could be seen outcropping at many points.~~

~~Mr. Cosmos Mindeleff was ordered to report at the Moki towns, Arizona, for field duty, and left Washington July 6. He was placed in charge of the surveying work necessary in the Stone Village region, and his work is included in the general report of that division.~~

~~He assisted in collecting from the present inhabitants of the region legendary information bearing upon the ruins and in observing the snake-dance of the Moki Indians, a description of which was prepared for publication.~~

~~Following the return of the main party to Washington some preliminary exploration was carried on by Mr. E. W. Nelson, who made an examination of the headwaters of the South Fork of Salt River, but did not find any ruins. Thence the Blue Ridge was crossed and the valley of the Blue Fork of the San Francisco River visited. Here ruins were plentiful, increasing in number towards the south. Farther south three sets of cliff ruins were also located.~~

General field studies.—Dr. Washington Matthews, assistant surgeon U. S. Army, was stationed in the Navajo country as post surgeon of Fort Wingate, N. Mex., from 1880 to 1884, during which time he devoted himself to studying the language, customs, &c., of this tribe as much as his official duties would permit.

In the autumn of 1884 he was given an opportunity, under the auspices of the Bureau of Ethnology, to return to the Navajo country and devote himself for a considerable time entirely to the anthropologic study of the people.

He first visited the Navajoes who dwell in the neighborhood of the San Mateo Mountains, the Tsotsildine, or people of the Great Peak, a local division or subtribe, living much farther to the east and having longer and more intimate associations with Mexicans and Americans than the main body of the nation. While at this place he ascended

the peak of San Mateo, or Mount Taylor—a mountain held sacred by the Navajos—to observe the various places on the mountain mentioned in the Navajo myths.

Leaving San Mateo he proceeded to Fort Wingate, and, learning that one of the most important of the Navajo rites was about to be celebrated at a place called Nihotlize (Hard Earth), north of Fort Wingate, on the Navajo Reservation, he repaired thither without delay. The ceremony was that of *Dsilyidje qatal*, or "chant upon the mountains." It is called *Ilñasjingo qatal*, or "chant in the dark circle of branches," from the great corral of evergreens, in which the public rites of the last night are performed. It is known to the white men who live among these Indians as the Hoshkaun dance, from one of the public dances of the last night in which the Indian jugglers pretend to grow and develop the hackan or *Yucca baccata*. This last night's performance is varied and interesting, and all persons, including whites and Indians of other tribes, are permitted to witness it; but previously, for several days, in the medicine lodge, mystic rites are celebrated, to the most of which only the initiated are admitted. Dr. Matthews remained in the Indian camp at Nihotlize ten days, during which time the shamans admitted him into their medicine lodge and allowed him to observe their rites and practices.

His most interesting discovery on this occasion was of their system of mythic dry-paintings, by which they represent with dry pigments, on the sanded floor of the medicine lodge, various legends or traditions. These pictures are from 10 to 12 feet in diameter, and are drawn with scrupulous care after long-established patterns, which are retained only in the memories of the initiated. The drawing of some of the more elaborate pictures occupies the time of about a dozen men for eight or more hours. Half an hour after the work is completed it is, with song and ceremonial, entirely obliterated, and even the sand which formed the ground work of the picture is removed from the lodge and thrown away. Only one picture is painted in a day. Dr. Matthews made accurate colored copies of these pictures, which will be represented by chromo-lithographic plates to illustrate a detailed report prepared by him for publication by the Bureau.

When the ceremony at Nihotlizi was over he proceeded to a locality in Arizona called by the whites "The Haystacks," from the peculiar appearance of the rock formations there. At the Haystacks another great ceremony, probably the second in importance of the Navajo rites, was to take place. Here he again encamped with the Indians, and remained until the work of the shamans was done. The ceremonial observances witnessed on this occasion are, collectively, called by the Navajos *Kledje quatal*, or "chant of the night." They are called by the whites the "Yay bichy dance," from the name of the principal masked character *Yéibitcai* or *Gebitcai*, the grand uncle of the gods. Like the

Hoshkaun dance, it has several days of secret rites with elaborate symbolic sand pictures, and one night of public dances, less varied and interesting than those of the Hoshkaun. Dr. Matthews was permitted to witness the whole performance and to take as many notes and sketches as were necessary.

From the Haystacks Dr. Matthews went to the Indian agency at Fort Defiance, Ariz., where he secured the services of one of the oldest, and most learned (in their own peculiar lore) of the Navajo priests, and from him he obtained full explanations of all these rites, and of the symbolism of the pictures and masked characters, with a complete recital of the long and elaborate myths on which the ceremonies depend, and the text and translations of the very numerous songs which form the ritual of the ceremonies.

During the summer and fall of 1885, Dr. H. C. Yarrow, acting assistant surgeon U. S. Army, visited interesting points in Arizona and Utah. In the vicinity of Springerville, Apache County, Arizona, in company with Mr. E. W. Nelson, he visited a number of ancient pueblos and discovered that the people formerly occupying the towns had followed the custom of burying their dead just outside the walls of their habitations, marking the places of sepulcher with circles of stones. The graves were 4 or 5 feet in depth, and with the dead had been deposited various household utensils. Mr. Nelson, who had made a careful search for these cemeteries, informed him of the whereabouts of hundreds of them. Unfortunately for anthropometric science, most of the bones are too much decayed to be of practical value. The places of burial selected at these pueblos are similar to the burial places discovered in 1874 near the large ruined pueblo of Abiquiu, in the valley of the Chama, New Mexico. He also visited the Moki pueblos in Arizona, and obtained from one of the principal men a clear and succinct account of their burial customs. While there he witnessed the famous snake-dance, which occurs every two years, and is supposed to have the effect of producing rain. From his knowledge of the reptilian fauna of the country he was able to identify the species of serpents used in the dance, and from personal examination satisfied himself that the fangs had not been extracted from the poisonous varieties. He thinks, however, that the reptiles during the four days that they are kept in the estufas are somewhat tamed by handling, and possibly are made to eject the greater part of the venom contained in the sacs at the roots of the teeth, by being teased and forced to strike at different objects held near them. He does not think that a vegetable decoction in which they are washed has a stupefying effect, as has been supposed by some. He also obtained from a Moki high priest a full account of the attendant ceremonies of the dance. Through the hospitality of Mr. Thomas V. Keam, of Keam's Cañon, Arizona, and Mr. A. M. Stephen, he was able to procure from a noted Navajo wise man, an exact account of the

burial customs of his people, as well as valuable information regarding their medical practices, especially such as relate to obstetrics.

From Arizona Dr. Yarrow proceeded to Utah, and made an examination of an old rock cemetery near Farmington, finding it similar to the one he discovered in 1872 near the town of Fillmore. The bodies had been carried far up the side of the mountain; cavities had been prepared in a rock slide, and the bodies placed therein. Branches of cottonwood were then laid over and large bowlders piled on top. In several of these graves the skeletons were in fair preservation, and were removed, as well as the articles found with them.

Through the kindness of Mr. William Young, of Grantsville, a skeleton of a Gosi-Ute, in excellent preservation, was obtained, which has been presented to the Army Medical Museum. It may be stated that the examination of the rock cemetery at Farmington showed that the inhabitants of the eastern slope of the Wahsatch Range, in Great Salt Lake Valley, followed that mode of sepulture from this, the most northern point visited, to below Parowan, a distance of at least 200 miles to the southward, and it seems that these people occupied the valley long subsequent to those living near the water courses who constructed the small mounds on top of which were the rude adobe dwellings, and in some instances used these huts for burial purposes.

In the spring of 1886 Mr. James C. Pilling made a trip to Europe in the interest of his work on the Bibliography of the Languages of the North American Indians, and spent many days in the library of the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and several extensive private libraries in England and France. The results of this trip are highly satisfactory and valuable.

Mr. Jeremiah Curtin continued to collect vocabularies and myths in California. The whole number of myths obtained in California and Oregon was over three hundred. The number of vocabularies was eight, being the Yana, Atsugëi (Hat Creek), Wasco, Mflé-hlama (Warm Spring), Pai Ute, Shasta, Maidu, and Wintu. Texts were also obtained in Yana, Wasco, Warm Spring, and Shasta.

II. OFFICE WORK.

Prof. Cyrus Thomas was engaged during the year, except the few weeks he was in the field, in the preparation of his general report, a paper on the Maya Codices, and a special paper on the Burial Mounds of the Northern Sections of the United States. The latter will appear in the Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau.

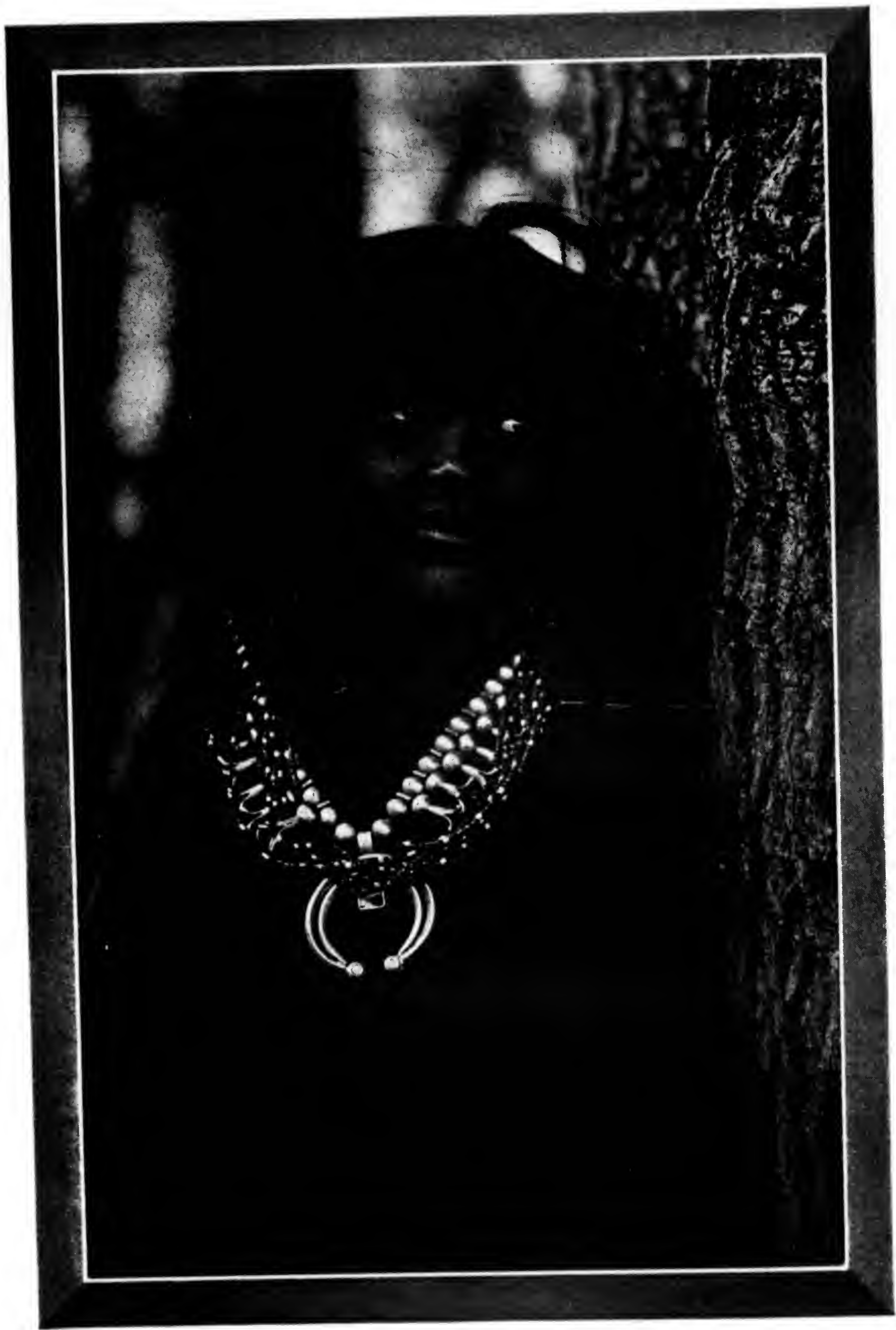
Mrs. V. L. Thomas, in addition to her duties as clerk, has been employed in preparing a catalogue of the ancient works in that part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. This catalogue, now nearly complete, is intended to give the localities and character of all



EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NAVAJOS

Wringing the Water from the Hide in Preparation of Making it into Buckskin. Finished Product
is now an Exhibit at the United States National Museum (View No. 5)

Tim Redman - Jan. 1914.



INDIAN TYPES—NAVAJO GIRL
(Copyright by Schwemberger, Gallup, N. M.)

do its share toward bearing the burden of their training. The nation, the state, and the locality each has its function.

The nation, either directly or through the states, must subsidize and stimulate the struggling community, holding it meanwhile to the highest standards; the state, up to the limit of its power, must do the same; while the locality must be lookt to to preserve the principles of variety and individuality against the encroachments of too great centralization. Just now, however, it is the nation that must take the initiative and lead the way—if for no other reason than because, at a moment when immediate action is half the battle, legal and constitutional restrictions tie the hands of many of the states and threaten a delay that will be fatal.

But suppose the nation cannot be made to see its duty. Then there is only one other way, the second of the two methods already mentioned: the teachers, by concerted action and the application of the principle of collective bargaining, must compel the nation to wake up.

But surely this will not be necessary. The war is training the national imagination to see things on a new scale. It is no longer a day when we say: "This ought to be done. We will do it, provided we can get the money." It is a day rather when we say of whatever is vital to the public welfare: "Let this be done." And then we get the money.

It is a day of big things. It is pre-eminent a day when those who are serving the state must be granted the right of way. The teachers of the country are not only serving the state now; they have been serving it all their lives. They are the captains of the army of understanding: not alone of that technical understanding upon which military victory depends, but of that larger human understanding upon which depends the whole hope and future of the world. If we

spend billions to save the world, can we not spend millions to make the world worth saving? If we pour forth our treasure without stint to those who shape our steel and iron, can we not grant at least a living wage to those who are molding our life itself? The nation must come to the rescue of its school. For a nation without education is a coast without a lighthouse.—*Page of July report of Committee on Teachers Salaries.—N. E. A. Bulletin.*

Brief History of the Navajo

The Navajo, when Arizona was taken over, were the most populous of the Indian tribes, says Tom Farrish in *The Coconino Sun*. They occupied what is now Northwestern New Mexico, and Northeastern Arizona. For years they had kept up a constant warfare with the Mexican, the Zuni and the Hopi, they were strong, further advanced in civilization and the arts of civilization than any of the Apache tribes. They were pastoral, owning at the time of the American conquest, many thousand head of sheep, cows, and horses. They tilled the soil to some extent, their chief crop being corn. It was estimated that at this time they had 5000 acres under cultivation. They irrigated a little, but secured crops by deep planting, the corn being planted about eighteen inches under the surface, and earing out soon after it came above the ground. In addition to the corn they raised wheat, peas, beans, melons, pumpkins and potatoes, and had numerous peach and apricot orchards. They had, therefore, a great variety of food, and that more dainty, than other tribes who depended entirely upon game for their food. They would not eat pork, nor allow hogs in their country. Neither would they eat bear meat, only killing bears in self defense.

They also dressed much more comfortable than the other Indians. The men

wore a double apron coat, like a shortened poncho, opened at the sides and fastened about the waist by a belt. It was of woolen cloth and frequently much ornamented. They wore buckskin breeches, close fitting, adorned along the outer seams with brass or silver buttons, which extended to the knees. They also wore woolen stockings and mocassins, and often leggings, reaching to the knees. The finishing touch to this costume was a blanket thrown over the shoulders as a mantle would be worn, and a turban or leather cap surmounted by a plume that gave it the appearance of a helmet. They formerly carried a lance and a shield, which, with their costume, gave them the appearance, at a distance, of Grecian or Roman warriors.

The women wore a sleeveless bodice which was loose at the top but which fitted neatly at the waist, a skirt reaching below the knees, and mocassins in summer. In winter they added leggings and a blanket. The bodice and skirt were usually of bright colors, the skirt sometimes being edged with a border of black or fringe. Of late years the costumes of these Indians have become more or less nondescript, but many still retain their ancient fashions. They manufactured all of their clothing, including the blankets, which have been the wonder and admiration of civilized people for many years. They are very thick and closely woven, and are almost waterproof. The weaving, which is done by the women, is very tedious, two months being consumed in making a common blanket and sometimes a half a year for a fine one. These blankets are worth from fifteen to one hundred dollars, varying with the quality of wool used and the amount of work put upon them.

They have discontinued the making of cotton cloth. They make some pottery and have among them many cunning workmen in silver, who have made re-

markable advances in their art of late years since they have added modern tools to their kits. These people are quick to learn and learn any kind of work in an incredible short time.

House Cleaning

Make people see that you think well of your home by keeping it and its surroundings neat and clean looking. If it is dirty and disorderly anybody can see that you do not have much pride about where you live and that you think most anything is good enough for you.

If you have not had a good house cleaning this spring, it is high time that you have one. Move out the furniture and give the house a firstclass sweeping and scrubbing. Sweep down the ceilings and the walls. Wash the woodwork inside the house. Wash the windows, not only inside, but give them a treat and wash the outside also.

While this is being done get rid of a lot of old trash that has been thrown aside in the corners of the house. Take it out in the yard and burn it. While you are about it, rake up the yard and burn the paper, sticks and rags that have been laying about. Haul off the old bottles and tin cans. Possibly when you look around then you will be pleased enough to whitewash the fences and buildings—if you have not already painted them.

Do not forget the fly swatter. Swat the fly but especially swat and eliminate the breeding places of the fly. If you have made a good and thorough job of cleaning up the house and the yard, most of the places where flies breed will have been destroyed. Just keep the fly swatter handy anyhow and kill every fly that comes around and just as soon as he comes around. They carry disease around on their feet and leave it on the food you eat and on everything else that they touch.—*Ex.*



WITH A KODAK IN THE LAND OF THE NAVAJO

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FREDERICK I. MONSEN •

PUBLISHED BY THE
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AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.
THE KODAK CITY

“Monsen of the Desert”

An Introduction

THE mountain has come to Mahomet. Cliff and table-land and canyon, the primitive people, the coloring, the very atmosphere of the Painted Desert, the strange traditions of a strange land have been brought from far off Arizona to the people of the East. An artist and a humanitarian by nature, a skilled photographer and a keen observer by training, an easy talker because absolutely in sympathy with his subject, Mr. Monsen entertains and holds his audiences as few lecturers have been able to do. His pictures, made with the fullest appreciation of art and with a thorough knowledge of the technique of photography, would be excellent in black and white—glowing with the colors of the painted desert applied by a master

hand, they throw upon the screen an effect so full of the charm of reality as to enthrall the beholder.

And photographically there's a lesson in Mr. Monsen's work, a lesson so interesting, so instructive that we have asked him to tell, for the benefit of all Kodakers, the photographic story of his work among the people of the plains. In his pictures is the grace of naturalness, a freedom from studied poses, the charm of simplicity. And in the technical part of his work Mr. Monsen follows the same simple methods that have wrought his success in portraying the life of the primitive people of the desert. His outfit is just that of the merest amateur—a Kodak, a Kodak Film Tank and—but let him tell the story.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.



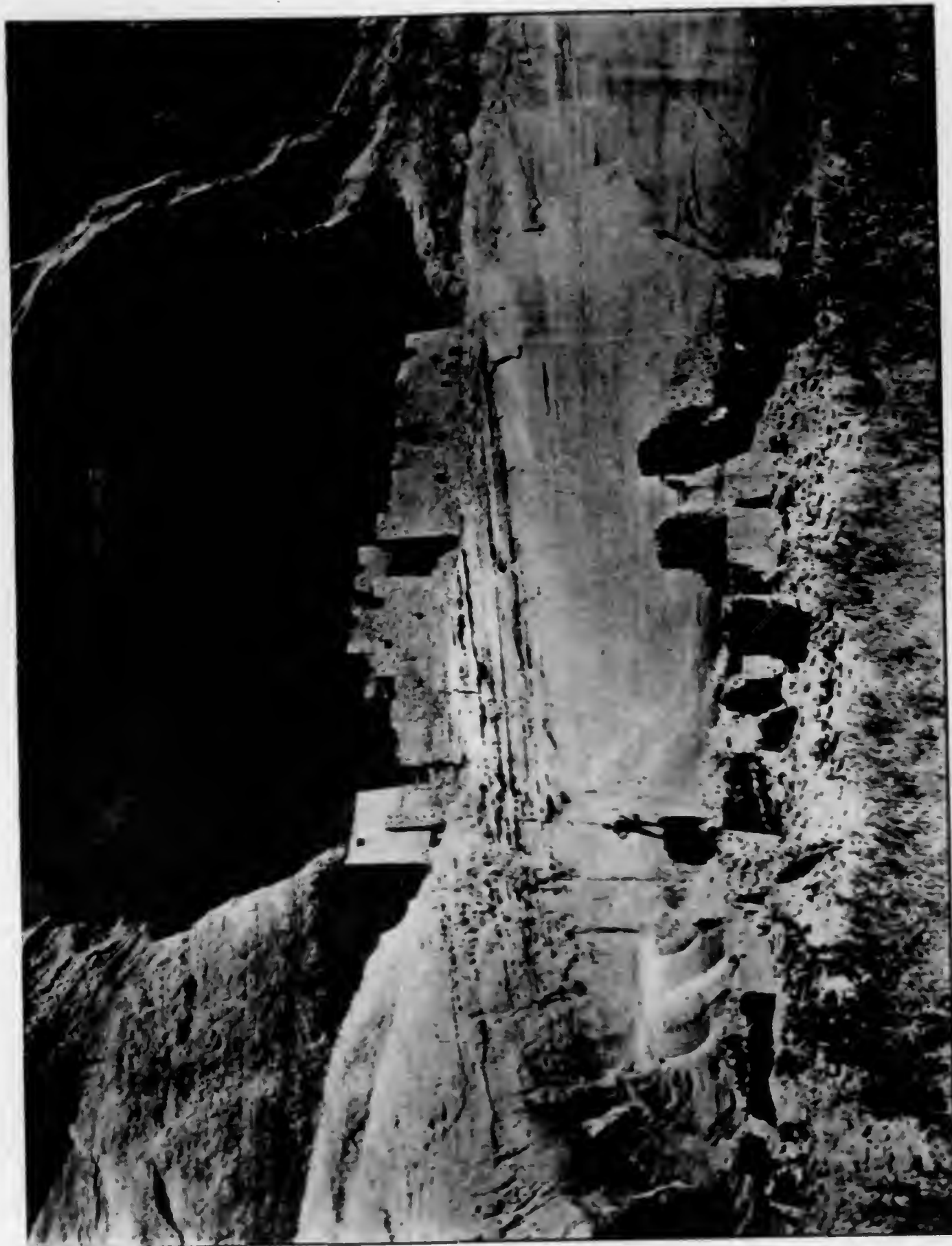
On the Warpath

With a Kodak in the Land of the Navajo

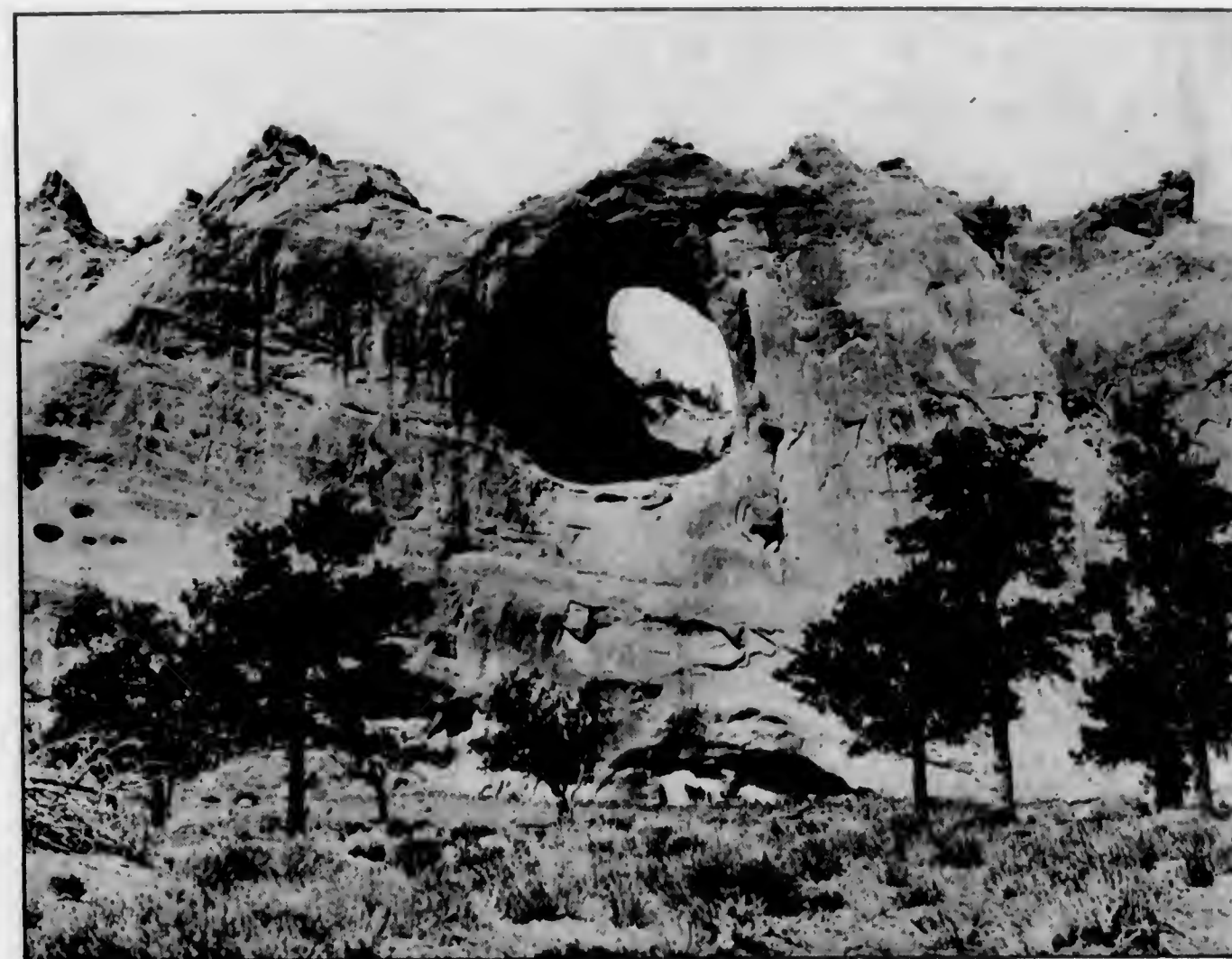
A VERDURELESS desert of mysterious beauty, a land where purple cliffs thrust their splintered heads against a sky of matchless blue—a land of extinct volcanoes and shadowy canyons, a land of a dead and forgotten people, such is the home of the Navajo and Hopi Indians in the midst of the Painted Desert in northern Arizona.

It was still a land undiscovered and unfrequented by all save soldiers from frontier army posts, or occasional cowboys or prospectors, when I first wandered into it nearly twenty years ago. I went there as a member of the Geological Survey; but the fascination of the desert and its people laid hold of me, and in all the years since that time this fascination has held me enthralled.

The Navajo Indians are the largest of our remaining tribes, there being about twenty thousand of them on their twenty-thousand-square-mile



Ruins of a Forgotten Race



Window Rock, Navajo Country

reservation. They are a pastoral people in so much that they follow their flocks of a million sheep. They do not settle in villages, nor have they any permanent abode, but move their hogans, or huts, from place to place according to the exigencies of the moment. In fact, they are so widely scattered that one may travel for days through their country without meeting a single Indian—yet I doubt if the traveler is not constantly scrutinized by the beady, black eyes of some

Navajo, who, concealed from view, watches every movement of the white stranger.

Physically the Navajo are tall, slender, and extremely agile. They have strong, well formed faces, with brilliant and kindly eyes. They are the Bedouins of our desert, and are perfectly at home in the saddle. They own thousands of ponies, and make their own saddles and bridles, which they decorate beautifully with silverwork. They are very fond of games and sports of all kinds. When there is to be a medicine dance at the lodge of some Indian, or a horse race is announced at some trading post, where prize money is the stake, they come from all over the reservation to take part. The Navajo are self supporting and independent, and have never been known to beg. They are good workers, and many hundreds of them are employed along the railroad, while all freighting for the government and traders is done by them.

The great industry of the women is carding and spinning wool for the making of Navajo blankets and rugs, of which many thousands are sold annually.

Their ceremonies are almost entirely in the line of performances for the cure of disease, and are in charge of shamans, or medicine men.

At first approach they are seemingly taciturn



Canyon de Chelly



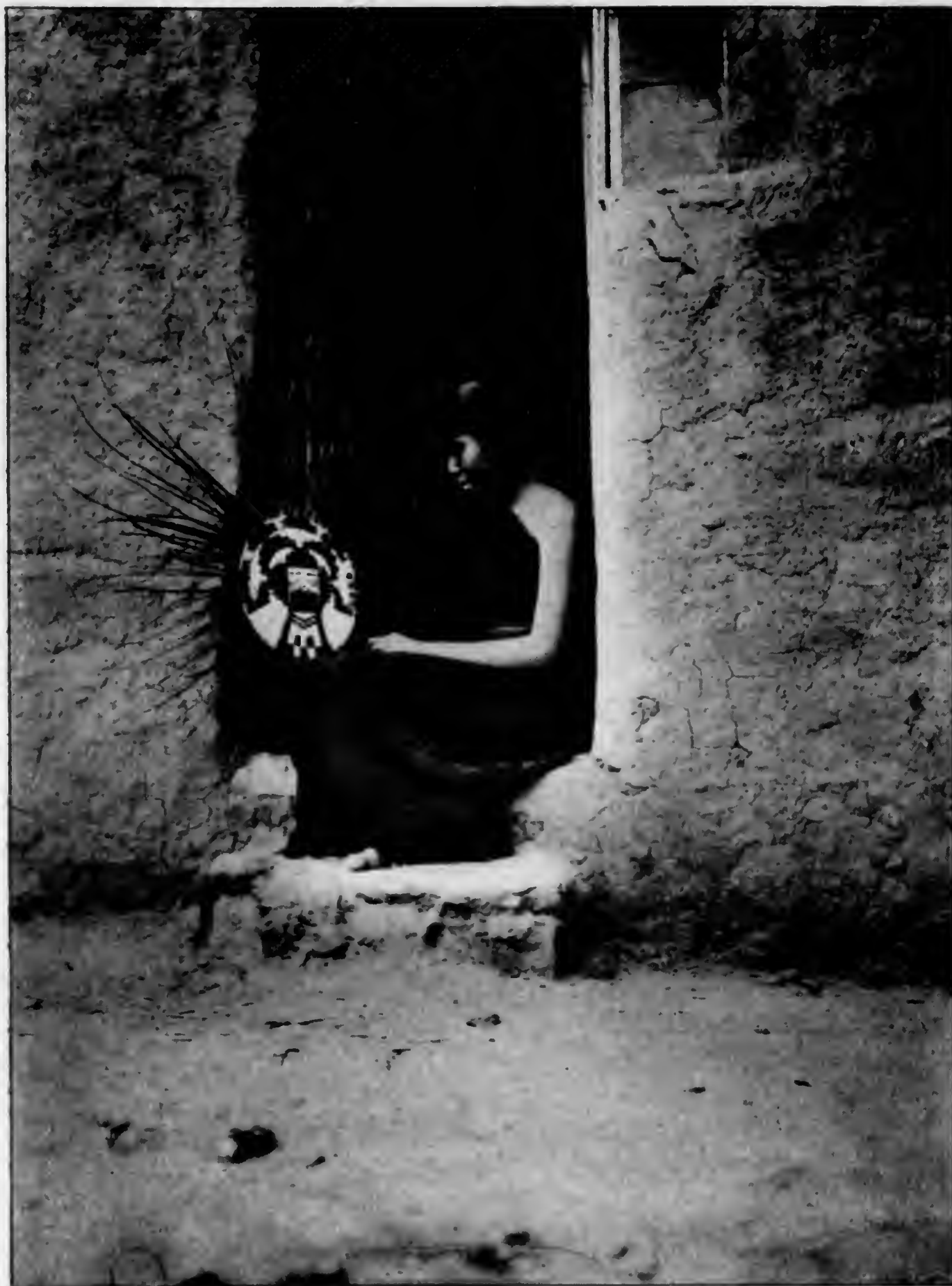
Mr. Monsen and his Navajo Kindergarten



Sculptured Rocks and Painted Deserts

and unfriendly; but on closer acquaintance, when they realize your sincere interest in them, they show that they possess a great store of good humor, and make good friends and cheerful companions.

But another tribe lives in this desert—a little community of less than two thousand, which is a real feminine Utopia, for here the women own all the property and make the proposals of marriage. They also build the houses and the men go to live in them and do the family dressmaking. These



Hopi Basket Maker

are the Hopi (meaning peaceful) people, whose little reservation is surrounded by the much larger one of the Navajo.

Of all American aborigines, the Hopi are the most curious and interesting; they have resisted the white man's invasion to a much greater degree than any other tribe, and still practice their primitive Nature worship, with its attendant ceremonies, incantations, and dances. Their little sky-born villages are perched on the crests of precipitous cliffs which project into the desert like great promontories into the sea. The Hopi towns are the oldest continuously inhabited cities on the continent, for they were probably there more than a thousand years ago. These towns are built of stone, in irregular pyramid form, and were impregnable fortresses against their enemies of the Stone Age.

The Hopi are an agricultural people; but their farming is attended with many difficulties. To secure a crop it is necessary to plant the corn in the beds of dry water courses, as these are the only places where sufficient moisture can be found. Storms are torrential and cloudbursts are frequent in this barren land, and the water channels soon fill to overflowing, destroying in a few minutes the labor of many months.

It is on account of their austere environment and the constant dangers that surround them (in former times from human foes), as well as the drought of rainless years, that the Hopi have developed a most beautiful and sincere Nature worship—which is really one long prayer for rain, for it is upon rain that their very lives depend. All their ceremonies, such as the spectacular snake dance and the poetic flute dance, are dramatized prayers for rain, and are among the wierdest and most interesting religious observances of any primitive people in the world.

When I first began photographing among the Indians, nearly twenty years ago, it required great tact, some diplomacy, and not a little courage to get along. The Indians, always superstitious, were often hostile and as the tripod camera and glass plates were in vogue at that time, the subject was often lost, through the very ostentation of the method. It was almost impossible to secure a subject in the open, and to get results at all it was necessary to bribe and sometimes actually to force the subject to face the camera. One experience of this kind was enough for even the bravest Indian, and we never got them to sit again.

Our method was something like this: the Indian



Hopi Boys

was secured and seated, my assistants standing by ready to hold him should he attempt to run away. Then the big black camera was brought into action, and the long, murderous looking lens was pointed straight at his heart, with myself at the other end covered with a great black cloth and apparently about to pull the trigger which would usher poor Lo into eternity. You can imagine the effect on the poor ignorant, superstitious Indian, who had probably never faced anything worse than a Winchester rifle. The hackneyed expression, "Look pleasant, please," must have sounded like a death sentence to the poor aborigine, who, on being released from his torture and apparently immediate death, must have considered it the narrowest escape of his life. Can you imagine securing a natural portrait under such conditons?

It was early in my experience that I realized how utterly all photographs failed to show the Indian as he really was. The stiff, self-conscious picture was of no value to me and yet I continued to make it, because it was impossible to make anything else with the photographic apparatus of that day. My emancipation was coming, however—but let me tell the story from the beginning.

The middle '80's found me in the Rocky moun-



A Bit of Verdure in Canyon de Chelly

tains, photographing the wonderful scenery. My outfit—an 18 x 22 camera, with its tripod, twelve single plate-holders, and carrying cases—weighed two hundred pounds, and was packed on a mule. A second mule carried about the same weight of plates and supplies. With this outfit I climbed all over the Rockies and way down into the Arizona deserts. After several years of this slavery I changed to a 14 x 17 camera, with which I labored for a year or two, when I purchased an 11 x 14



The Gathering of the Clans

instrument, and soon afterward an 8 x 10. And so I went merrily on, my cameras growing smaller and my labor less, until one day I was commissioned for a long journey into an almost inaccessible country, where it would be necessary to carry everything on men's shoulders.

I realized that I must have something very much lighter and so secured a 5 x 7 camera and twelve double plate holders. I recall how delighted I was with its lightness and compactness—although it actually weighed thirty-five pounds with loaded plate-holders.

On my return from this trip I had forty unbroken plates out of 200 exposed (glass will break!), and from these I made my bromide enlargements. The results proved them to be superior to contact prints from large negatives for they showed atmosphere, perspective, and a certain quality of light and shade I had never seen in the others. So I thought that if I could secure such excellent enlargements from 5 x 7 negatives, why not from smaller sizes? And from that time I have never made larger negatives than 4 x 5, and all my prints are enlargements.

For years I had been handicapped by dry plates, but found no relief until the Eastman roll film ap-

peared on the market. I followed every improvement until the cartridge film was introduced and brought to a degree of perfection that placed it on a par with dry plates when I began to realize my dreams of years. Certain dyed-in-the-wool opinions advanced by professional friends, that the Kodak was but a toy, and worthless for serious work, only made me more determined to try for myself.

My first Kodak was a revelation. I found myself in possession of an instrument that not only dispensed with ground glass, plate-holders, and tripod altogether, but could be used instantaneously, and was ever ready for action, with a roll of films to back it that made it as effective as a magazine rifle. This new order of things proved to be a great blessing for before I had found this new way—the Kodak way—I had never made the kind of Indian picture I wanted. The stiff, posed, time exposed attempt at dramatic effect I could not recognize as either truth or art but now there opened the new method, and I began to photograph the Indians *instantaneously*, without previous warning, posing, or preparation, securing the most charming pictures and actually getting the very spirit of their life.

My method of working is to carry two pocket

Kodaks slung to my belt, and concealed under a loose coat. One motion of the hand, and the Kodak is out; another movement, and it is ready for use. Long practice in focusing has made it possible for me to center the subject on the film without using the finder or deliberately sighting the camera; consequently, the Indians seldom know they are being photographed. I do not pose my subject for if I should attempt it he would immediately become self conscious, and the natural effect I desired would be lost. I may suggest to the model to stand in some particular place, for the sake of lighting or environment but I never put my hand on him, nor in any way intimate how he should stand or act. My way is to put the subject entirely at his ease by avoiding all ostentatious display of instruments, and then wait for the psychological moment, when he has unconsciously assumed a characteristic position. A natural, unconscious pose, which is the Indian's and not the photographer's, is the result. In this lies the secret of successful photography, not only with the Indians, but with any other race.

When films were finally brought to such perfection that I could feel secure in taking them on long, difficult, and expensive journeys, I began to realize results that I had never been able to get before.

So, for the last seven years I have depended absolutely upon Kodaks and cartridge films, exposing thousands of dozens in many climates and under all conditions, and my failures have been only ten per cent. of the former losses with dry plates.

With the old method it was often necessary to develop in the field and for this and plate changing a dark tent was necessary. If exposures were frequent, plates had to be changed every night, and generally after an arduous day's work.

I very well remember my improvised dark tent in Death Valley, the hottest desert in the world. I dug a hole in the sand, spread my tripod over it, and covered it with blankets, until it was perfectly light proof—as well as hermetically sealed from the air. Then, stripping to the buff, I crawled into the hole, and used the rim as a table. It was effective enough, but a trifle tropical. I labeled this invention, "The Photographic Dark Tent and Turkish Bath Combined," and would be pleased to send specifications to anyone who is still a devotee of medieval methods.

From a glass plate photographer, with all his traditions, limitations, and worries, I have passed to a brighter sphere, and am now in the privileged class of the Kodaker. With daylight loading films,



The Children Must Care for the Babes

tank developer, and prepared chemicals, the film works out its own salvation, and all I have to do is to "take my ease in my inn" and watch the clock.

But photographing Indians is not all unalloyed pleasure. All primitive people are superstitious, and the Indians are no exception. They are keen observers, but not logical reasoners, consequently, when calamity follows certain happenings, the conditions leading thereto are ever afterward associated with evil.

An Indian will look at his photograph and recognize it as an image of himself. He realizes that he is still complete physically; hence this picture must be part of his soul, and if he should die his soul would be incomplete—hence his objection.

Apropos of this, I remember having surreptitiously secured a photograph of a fine old Navajo—a man whom I had approached on the subject, but who had sternly refused all bribes. The following day I missed one of my Kodaks and, knowing that these Indians were not inclined to theft, I could not account for its disappearance. The second day after the loss a young Indian friend informed me that he knew where the Kodak was. That afternoon I found it on the crest of a mesa, where it had been placed on top of a Navajo shrine

or altar as an offering to the Nature gods. Thus I found the camera not only satisfactory to men, but fit for the gods.

Looking back over my long experience in photography, and comparing the results from the old way with the new, I realize how wide is the gulf that separates them. The old way is circumscribed by mechanical difficulties and hedged in by superstition, and the spirit of art is dead and will not be awakened, while the new way—the Kodak way—is alive, buoyant, receptive, and responsive, thanks to the man who by his genius and progressive spirit has given to the world the Kodak, with all its simplicities, which can become, to all who care to learn, the open sesame to both nature and art.

FREDERICK I. MONSEN.



No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak

IN DETAIL—For rectangular pictures, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Capacity, 12 exposures without reloading. Size of Kodak, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Weight, 23 ounces. Lens, double combination, Rapid Rectilinear, speed $f.8$, focal length 5 inches. Shutter, F. P. K. Automatic. Two tripod sockets. Brilliant reversible finder with hood. Automatic focusing lock.

The Price

*No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, R. R. Lens, F. P. K. Automatic Shutter, - - - -	\$17.50
*Do., with Kodak Automatic Shutter, - - - -	22.50
Black Sole Leather Carrying Case with strap, - -	1.25
Glass Plate Adapter, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, with ground glass, -	3.50
Single Glass Plate Holders, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, - -	.50
N. C. Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, - -	.70
Do., 6 exposures, - - - -	.35
Do., "Double Two" Cartridge, 4 exposures, - -	.25

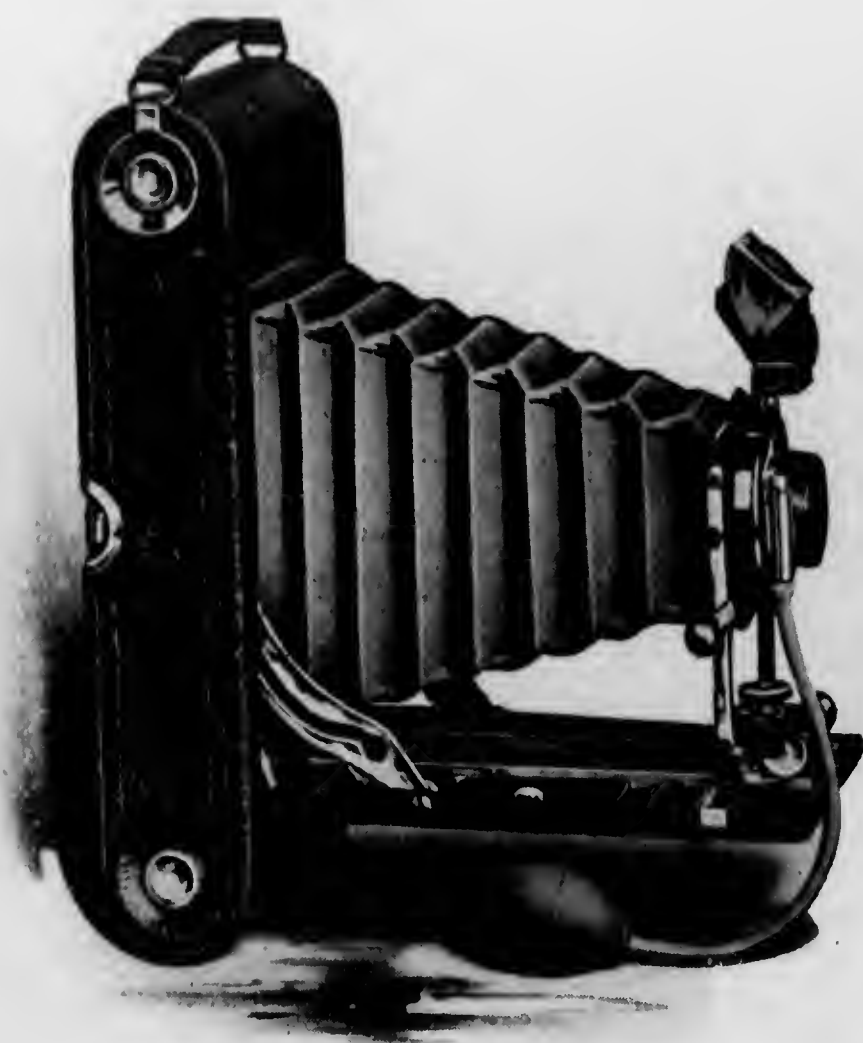
*Add one dollar for Rising and Sliding Front.

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak

Here is the camera that Mr. Monsen uses for practically every photographic purpose. Small, strong, simple, he can bring it into quick action, yet it has all of the features that he is likely to require and the negatives are of just the right size ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$) for making lantern slides by contact, neither enlarging nor reducing being necessary.

These are practical pocket cameras. Made of aluminum and covered with seal grain leather; they withstand the wear and tear of travel and are particularly adapted to the rough usage which a camera is sure to encounter in the sportsman's camp. They have the finest optical equipment (anastigmat lenses may be fitted if desired) and may also be fitted with a convenient attachment for using glass plates. Loading in daylight with light proof film cartridges, they exemplify the phrase "Kodak means photography with the bother left out."

Whether the amateur wishes to finish his own pictures or not, the Kodak Cartridge system means perfect convenience. It provides the "all by daylight method" for those who do their own work or the Kodak Cartridges are easily and safely sent by mail when one wishes to let another "do the rest."



No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak

IN DETAIL—For rectangular pictures, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Capacity, 10 exposures without reloading. Size of Kodak, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{7}{8}$ inches. Weight, 41 ounces. Lens, double combination, Rapid Rectilinear, speed $f.8$, focal length $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Shutter, F. P. K. Automatic. Two tripod sockets. Brilliant reversible finder with hood. Automatic focusing lock. Rising and sliding front.

The Price

No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak, R. R. Lens and	
F. P. K. Automatic Shutter, - - -	\$20.00
Do., with Kodak Automatic Shutter, - - -	25.00
Black Sole Leather Carrying Case, with strap, - -	1.50
Combination Back, for use with glass plates or film, -	3.50
Double Glass Plate Holders, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, each, - -	1.00
N. C. Film Cartridge, 10 exposures, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, - -	.70
Do., 6 exposures, - - -	.40
Do., "Double Two" Cartridge, 4 exposures, - -	.30
Kodak Portrait Attachment, - - -	.50

No. 3A Folding Pocket Kodak

A camera that combines the perfect simplicity of the Kodak daylight loading cartridge system with the highest photographic efficiency. It is fully equipped in every respect for serious work, yet is so simple to understand and operate as to be readily and efficiently handled by even the inexperienced.

In addition it is wonderfully light and compact and may be easily carried in an ordinary top coat pocket, and the size, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, is exactly right for post card work. With a Kodak Portrait Attachment large size bust portraits may be made or the camera may be made to do delightful nature study work, with flowers, ferns and the like, for subjects.

A combination back, taking the place of the regular back, and fitted with ground glass screen, permits the use of glass plates, and the camera can be fitted with any of the leading makes of high speed anastigmat lenses with suitable rapid shutter equipments when desired.

Made of aluminum, and covered with the finest seal grain leather, this instrument marks the highest achievement in pocket photography. It has every feature required by those who know.



The Kodak Film Tank

The tank development of film does away with the dark room. By simple methods it gives quality that was unattainable by the old methods.

To develop in the tank the film is simply wound on the transferring reel in a light tight box, a process as simple as loading the Kodak; transferred in daylight to the cup containing the developing solution; left for ten or twenty minutes, according to the strength of the developer, rinsed and removed in daylight to the tray of fixing solution.

It is entirely self-contained, all parts packing easily within the transferring box when not in use.

There's no longer any argument about the success of tank as opposed to hand development. It not only means freedom from the dark-room but it means better results. There can be no better

proof of this than the fact that the professional photographers, in spite of their superior skill and in spite of the fact that they already have well appointed dark-rooms, are adopting the tank method by the thousands for their regular work. If tank development has proven itself desirable for the professional there can be no doubt about its advantage to the amateur. *The Experience is in the Tank.*

The Price

3½-inch Kodak Film Tank—For use with all Kodak or Brownie Cartridges having a film width of 3½ inches or less, complete (the size adapted to either the No. 3 or No. 3A listed on previous pages), \$5.00.

Kodak Film Tank Supplies

All the amateur needs in the line of supplies for the Kodak Film Tank are Developing Powders, and Kodak Acid Hypo for fixing. The Developer powders listed below are accurately prepared and contain only carefully tested chemicals of the best quality.

The Price

Kodak Tank Developer Powders, per package of ½ dozen, for					
3½-inch Tank,	-	-	-	-	\$.20
Kodak Acid Fixing Powder, per ¼-pound package,	-	-	-	-	.10
Do., per ½-pound package,	-	-	-	-	.15
Do., per 1-pound package,	-	-	-	-	.25

To the Interested

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Nez Perce (Sahaptin)

1905-37

1900 Epigrams of an Indian.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces was a truly remarkable Indian. He rarely spoke, but when he did his lips dropped wisdom. Here are a few of the sayings attributed to him:

"Look twice at a two faced man."

"Cursed be the hand that scalps the reputation of the dead."

"The eye tells what the tongue would hide."

"Fire water courage ends in trembling fear."

"Big name often stands on small legs."

"Finest fur may cover toughest meat."

"When you get the last word with an echo you may do so with a squaw."

Nez Perce Indians Idaho

NOWHERE remains a more picturesque type of the American aborigine than the Nez Perce tribe of northern Idaho.

Stalwart in physique, proud in carriage, striking in countenance, they touch the imagination like a page from Cooper.

The earliest record of this people, excepting the legendary annals of the campfire, was given to us by Capts. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, who described them as superior to the Indians of other parts, proud and self-sufficient, disdaining the eating of dogs, which constituted so large

a factor in their own commissariat.

The men were large and muscular, and were more scantily clothed than their neighbors to east and west, the breechcloth being their only garment—a peculiarity that was climatic, the mildness of their winters inviting invasion as much as their fertile lands, on which the succulent camas grew wild. The women were quite the contrary of the men in respect to quantity of attire. They are described as the most modestly garbed of all the women encountered on the Lewis and Clark expedition.

THE Nez Percés roamed at will over their wide domain, taking fish from its streams, reaping the wild harvests of nature, and stalking the big game of their mountain ranges, until the advance guard of civilization pressed into their territory, and a reservation was set aside for them by the Government. Unschooled to restraint, they disregarded the boundaries so persistently that summary action was necessary.

The Government ordered the entire tribe to enter and occupy the reservation on a given date. The Indians, surly and resentful, camped on the outer boundary, resolved not to confine themselves to its limits until the last moment. Meanwhile a handful of bucks, inflamed with whisky, made a descent on a settler's cabin and left a bloody trail behind them, killing a half score whites. Returning to camp, they boasted of their massacres, and the tribe, fearing punishment, went on the warpath.

The first engagement was an ambuscade, in which a company of United States troops was almost obliterated. General Howard at once made pursuit with a superior force, and the retreat of the great Joseph, war chief of the Nez Percés, ranks among the strategic achievements of Western warfare.

Nez Percé Indians Idaho

Are True to a Trust.

With all their gambling and drinking, the Indians are true to a trust. Coffin relates an incident illustrating this fact. He required large sums of money to cash Government vouchers for the Nez Percés, and frequently found it necessary to send to Lewiston for \$10,000 in gold—the Indians were afraid of paper money. There was great risk in transmitting large sums. A trader had been held up and killed, and a white man might be ambushed anywhere in the twelve miles between Lewiston and Lapwai. Indians rarely carried large sums. The traders were their bankers, a single store sometimes having from thirty to forty thousand dollars of Indian money on deposit for sixty or ninety days. The traders invariably accepted the money with ostensible reluctance, and some of them actually charged the Indians for taking care of it. These sums were used for securing discounts and establishing their credit.

When Coffin required a large sum from Lewiston, then, he knew an Indian courier to be the safest means of transmitting the money. Accordingly, he told one of the bucks, whom he knew well, that he should go to the Lewiston National Bank and get \$10,000. Meanwhile, he telephoned the bank to deliver the money. In due time the Indian returned with the gold. As he handed it over, Coffin observed something bulky under the buck's shirt and, thrusting his hand into the loose collar, brought forth a quart of whisky. The Indian had carried it twelve miles without touching a drop, but now he drained the bottle without once removing it from his mouth. The Indians are careful with the money of another, but they are careless enough with their own. One instance is sufficient to illustrate this peculiarity.

Wheat Country's Mainstay.

Wheat is the mainstay of the country, but all grains and grasses produce prolific yields. Irrigation is not required, even for fruits. Every farm house is surrounded with orchards of apples, pears, peaches, plums, prunes, apricots, and other fruits. Melons and berries prosper, and the rich, warm loam needs no fertilizer for gardening. From a purely sentimental point of view, the passing of the red man is lamentable, but his going will be but one more chapter in the operation of the law of evolution, and when he is no more a fitter people will make his fat lands produce wealth of which the aborigine never dreamed—in a measure not to be calculated even, in the magic medium of omptschua-omptschua.

Nez Perce Indians Idaho

Taken to Indian Territory.

They were finally entrapped by General Miles, and were taken to Indian Territory, where they remained until the eloquence of Jim Reubens, second

only in fame and influence among the tribe to Chief Joseph himself, moved the department to return them to the beautiful Colville reservation, in northern Washington, and ultimately to their own home reservation in Idaho.

The lot of the Nez Perce was not a happy one. They had not long been accustomed to their new restricted domain when they were asked again to contract their field of liberty. The white men had discovered that the rich, black soil of Nez Perce prairie is the best farm land in the whole State of Idaho. The Indians did very little in the way of agriculture, and what they did was not well done, but it was enough to show the wonderful productivity of the soil.

The work of the commission covered several months, and there are some chapters in its history that will very likely never be written, though they would make rarely interesting reading. One incident alone reflects the difficulties encountered in getting something for almost nothing. Every argument and influence available had been brought to bear on the Indians, and all was prepared for closing up the treaty whereby the Government would pay the tribe \$3.50 per acre for the land purchased. The eloquence of Jim Reubens, who had at first opposed the treaty, had in some way been won to the cause of the commission, and it seemed certain that no hitch would occur.

But the fire in the burning words of Reubens was quenched by a few untimely sentences uttered by a grim and seasoned deerslayer of other times. Straightening himself until the power of youth seemed warm in his aged

limbs, he stepped into the light of the council fire, cast his blanket back and tore from his throat a colored scarf. A moment he was silent. Then, thrusting forth the scarf at arm's length, he shouted huskily:

"What! Are the Nez Perces fools? Last month I went to the store and bought this rag. The storekeeper charged me \$3.50 for it. Will the Nez Perces give the white man an acre of their fat lands for a rag like that?"

That is exactly what they did ultimately, but it took a good many weeks to regain what those few words had cost.

There are many interesting incidents related concerning the opening of the reservation and of the times that followed. The entire appropriation was about \$1,700,000. Of this, between \$600,000 and \$700,000 constituted the first payment, and the balance was distributed over five years. This gave \$300 to every man, woman, and child of the tribe.

Naturally, the placing of so large a sum of money in the hands of the Indians attracted hordes of gamblers and criminals from all parts of the continent, and for several years the country was overrun with a dangerous element.

Among the persons who went to Lewiston for the purpose of getting Indian money by legitimate means, was Lester Coffin. He is a picturesque character, typically Western, and a man of singular charm. He was born west of the Rockies, and was reared among the Indians. His father had traded with the tribes of Oregon, and the son inherited the occupation of a frontier trader.

Wash. Times
Oct-6-1907

Wey Perce Indians
Idaho



Wash. Times
Oct. 6-1907

Nez Perce Indians Idaho

Business in Circus Tent.

Lester Coffin was in a hurry. He had \$5,000 worth of goods, but he had no place to put them. Every available building in the little city of Lewiston was rented. So he bought a circus tent, pitched it in the open, hired clerks who were familiar with the Nez Perce language, and started business. His stock comprised varicolored blankets, shawls, cheap jewelry, provisions, wagons, saddles, and whatever experience told him appealed to the Indian taste.

Then he advertised. His scheme was a success. It was a merry-go-round. Every time a squaw bought a shawl

or a buck a blanket, he gave the purchaser a free ride on the merry-go-round. School children could not have received keener delight from the exhilarating whirl than these copper-colored children of nature. Youth and age, buck, squaw, and pappoose all enjoyed the advertisement as much as the woman bargain hunter does a Monday special at a department store.

When Coffin began trading with the

Nez Perces he bought wampum from a merchant in San Francisco. After casting out the black shells and stringing the white ones, he found the cost to be \$1.25 a string. To make a fair profit, he charged \$2.50 a string. It went with surprising rapidity, and presently he found himself entirely out and with an incessant demand. He rushed a large order to San Francisco and raised the price to \$5.

Still the sales multiplied, leaving him without a string long before he could receive another shipment. In the meantime Jim Reubens came to the store, and after bestowing a few trivial presents Coffin asked him why it was that the Indians prized wampums so highly. "Because," said Reubens, "it is with my people like diamonds are with yours. My people would not part with it for any price. It is handed

down from generation to generation."

Like all Indians, the Nez Perces are great gamblers. Even the squaws gamble with a zest and earnestness that would eclipse the ardor of the most inveterate bridge-whist matron. They have been known to sit all night in the rain playing one of their native games, the stakes being anything from a tinsel trinket to hundreds of dollars in gold. The bucks have wagered ponies, farms, and women. Even now, saddles and blankets are mere transitory possessions. Indian money has always fattened the tin-horns and the traders. Only omptschua-omptschua is too good to risk on the turn of luck.

Oct-6-1907-

My Perce Indians
Idaho



Wash. Times
Oct. 6-1907

Nez Perce Legend of Creation

Translated by
Major Charles S. Moody

Editor Outdoor Life:—I am herewith sending you my interpretation of the Nez Perce legend of creation in the hope that you may be able to find a page for it in Outdoor Life. You remember, of course, that I spent my earlier years among these people, and acquired from them their tribal history, legendary lore and tradition, material which I have long wished to find a publisher for, but unfortunately the only interest the general public seems to have in the Indian is to exploit him for selfish gain. We tear his home away from him, render him destitute, then hire him as a drawing card for some of our national playgrounds, very much as we cage up a wild animal for the gaze of the curious.—Chas. S. Moody, M. D.

IN the valley of the Clearwater, near where the village of Kamiah now stands, lies a great half-round stone with a gash in its side which, the Nez Percés say, is the heart of Ilt-we-we-tsix, a monster that lived there ages ago long before the Indians came to inhabit the region. Ilt-we-we-tsix could blow from his nostrils a smoke that stupefied everything that came near. Countless numbers of woods creatures had been stupefied and had fallen into the capacious mouth of the monster that lay chained to the earth by its heart. One day the woods people held a council on a hill not far away to decide what they should do to rid the earth of this devastating fiend. Coyote, who had just arrived, after having acted as referee in the battle between Heat and Cold (another legend), sat on a rock not far distant and listened to the discussion, for all birds and animals then had the power of speech. Coyote said nothing, but after they were all thru and had reached no conclusion, he told them that if they would allow him he would accomplish what they were unable to do. They gladly assented and went their several ways, all but Fox, who is Coyote's cousin. The two went down to the shore of the Clearwater, and there Coyote pulled Coyote grass and wove a mantle which made him invisible. He then selected two stones, one long and sharp like a knife, the other round and smooth like a hammer. With these in his hands he crept close to the sleeping monster and dealt him a great blow

on the jaw. Ilt-we-we-tsix awoke and gave a great roar, throwing open his mouth very wide while clouds of smoke blackened the sky. Coyote dropped the round stone and sprang down the monster's throat. He ran and ran until he came to the place where all the creatures that had been swallowed in the past were assembled, wailing and praying for deliverance. With the sharp stone Coyote began hewing a passageway out. When he reached the heart and gave it a great gash Ilt-we-we-tsix roared until the earth shook, and expired.

After many days an opening was made in the body and the prisoners made their escape. After the deliverance Fox came to Coyote, who was standing beside the body, and asked him what he intended doing with it. Coyote replied that he had told of the coming of man and from the body he would create human beings. With that he cut off the monster's tail and created it into the Blackfeet, told them where to go, and they departed. The hind body he made into Cayuses, and they too went to their own land. The mid body was made to form the Palouses, the front legs the Spokanes, and the head formed the Coeur d'Alenes. All took their departure and occupied the several lands they now enjoy. The heart was fast to the earth and could not be utilized, so it was turned to stone and still lies there.

It was now near night. Fox asked his cousin where were the people to inherit the land where they stood. Coyote said he had thought of that and made provision for it. He sent Fox down to the river to bring some water, which Fox did, carrying it in a skunk-cabbage leaf. With this water Coyote washed the blood from his hands and sprinkled the drops upon the earth. It was now night and the pair went away.

The next morning the sun came up and warmed the blood, it germinated, and by night the Nez Percés were born. There being no person to tell them where to go, they remained and peopled the valley of the Clearwater, the fairest land of all.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In Sahaptin Land

I.—Wherein a Physician and His Wife Take Up Residence Among the Indians

By CHAS. S. MOODY

THE really savage Indian has already ceased to exist, and the semi-savage Indian is rapidly passing. In a few decades of years at most the Indian will have been forced to adopt the ways of the white man, or else he will have gone to join the buffalo beyond the western sunset.

It was my good fortune to pass a number of years among the Indians, living with them on terms of perfect equality and enjoying their confidence in a greater degree than I merited perhaps. This residence was at a time, too, when the Indians retained much of their savage simplicity and practiced many of their ancestral rites and ceremonies. Few white men have been permitted to enter the holy holies of an Indian's life, and fewer still have been able to give an intelligent account of what they saw. Army officers have written of the Indian as a foe. Missionaries have written about him as a man with an immortal soul to save, novelists have surrounded him with an impossible halo of romance, but few have attempted to depict him as he really is.

The Sahaptin Nation once occupied a great fertile territory lying along the Snake, the Salmon and the Kooskia rivers in Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The Government deprived them of all their lands in Oregon and Washington and confined them to a small territory along the Kooskia. I say small territory, and so it is by comparison with their former home, though at the time of which I write it was still several times larger than many of the Eastern States. This territory was always rich in game, and its waters teemed with fish. The climate, too, is perfect and the soil well adapted to the simple agricultural needs of the Indians.

I desire to state at the outset that at no time shall I make use of the term *Nez Percé*. At present it is impossible to lay violent hands on those who first called them so. They do not now, nor have I been able to find any legend or tradition pointing to a time when they pierced their noses. They know themselves as Sahaptins and as Sahaptins I shall speak of them.

At the time of our coming among the Sahaptins, they were divided into several groups. Of these groups the principal one lived near Lapwai on a creek of that name some twelve

miles east of the town of Lewiston, Idaho. Another occupied the land around the mouth of the Koos-koos-kia, something like forty miles from Lapwai, and yet another lived near Kamiah still further up the Kooskia.

The Lapwai Indians were called the Agency Indians from the fact that the agency and fort were there, as were also the Catholic Mission and the Presbyterian Missions. At Ahsahka, where we were located, stood another little Presbyterian Mission surrounded by its scores of Indian tepees. There were settlements of Indians scattered up and down the rivers and their tributaries, wherever a plot of land large enough to plant a field could be found.

Let us return to Ahsahka and let me carry you back in imagination, at least, several years.

It was early spring; upon the mountain uplands the snow still lingered deep and white. With a heavily laden sled, my wife and I were tailing across the snow-covered waste. She sat among the household goods wrapped in the bedding and holding our little boy to keep him warm. We were following a dim mark where once, weeks before, another sled had passed. It was a toilsome journey. The weary horses floundered mid-side deep in the rotting snow, and their progress was a snail's pace. Back at a sawmill they had told us that it was only four miles to the top of the Kooskia cañon, and from there our journey would be easy. In reality it was only four miles, but under the conditions they were exceedingly weary ones. To add to the discomfort, night fell and wrapped the earth in gloom. It grew so dark that we could not see to proceed, so turned the sled out of the trail and came to a halt beneath the spreading branches of a great fir tree, where the snow was nearly gone. In short time I had a fire going, and the little woman was lifted from her perch and deposited upon a roll of bedding. The horses were unharnessed and given their oats, which they munched in contentment, the steam rising in a cloud from their heaving sides. It was not a very cheerful camp, that one on that bleak hillside overlooking the deep gash cut in the breast of nature by the rushing waters of the Kooskia.

After the meal I made down our bed, and too tired to even talk, we soon fell asleep. At daybreak next morning I was awakened by a

voice, saying, "Good morning, friend. Where are you going?" Starting, I reached for my rifle and sprang up. In an instant I knew that I should not need weapons, for I looked into the smiling face of a giant Indian mounted upon a diminutive pony. One sight of that broad smile dispelled all visions of painted savages on the warpath. He slipped off his pony, turned it loose, and set about raking together the embers of the camp-fire. He collected and piled on the dry limbs of a fallen pine until the fire glowed; then squatting before it, he took out a pipe, and filling it with tobacco, proceeded to smoke. My wife stirred and awoke. The baby sat up, rubbed his eyes and eyed the new arrival with round wondering gaze.

We prepared breakfast, and our visitor, as a seeming matter of course, shared it with us. He took a great deal of interest in the little chap and asked innumerable questions which, being couched in a strange tongue, were unintelligible. When we were ready to start, our Indian friend lifted the baby off the blanket where he was sitting and started with him toward the pony, with the evident intention, as my wife thought, of kidnapping him. I shall never forget the scream she gave, nor will I ever forget the look of surprise and consternation which overspread that Indian's face. We learned afterward that his intentions were of the best, that all he desired was to relieve my wife of the care of the child down over the rough trail. My wife, however, snatched the boy away and cuddling him to her breast, climbed hastily into the sled. The Indian, taking no offense at being so rudely rebuffed, carefully tucked the covering about her, so that she might be warm, then mounted his horse and led the way toward the brow of the hill.

The morning sun was just rising. The immense cañon was filled with the mists of night until it seemed one might drive a team across on the snowy surface to the opposite side. A slight breeze sprang up and mists rolled away, disclosing the abyss at our feet. Miles deep it was with the lordly Kooskia rolling like a little silver thread at the bottom, so distant that the sound of its rapids came only to us as a gentle murmur. Strange as it seemed to us, half way down the cañon side the snow disappeared. The contrast between the bare ground and that covered with snow was very striking, for the green grass came right up to the snow line, or seemed to do so from the height we were at.

At the point where the snow ended stood an old farm wagon, left there by the Indians to furnish transportation between the river and the snow. Our friend indicated by signs that we were to leave our sled there and transfer to the wagon, and with his assistance we did so. When once more ready to start, he made us understand that the road was very rough, and

that my wife would fare much better if she would ride his horse. We had by this time grown to realize that the Indian was to be trusted. He seemed so desirous of constituting himself her especial cavalier that, woman-like, she trusted him. With his assistance she mounted the pony and he handed up the youngster. I defy the most polished gentleman to have performed the office with more grace than did this savage Chesterfield. This was perhaps the first time in his life that he had ever seen a woman mount a horse sidewise, yet he never gave one sign to indicate that the manner of riding was at all different from that to which he had been accustomed.

The road was rough. Even to my unsophisticated eye that was evident. I simply held on and let the horses guide themselves. Had I, in my ignorance, attempted to guide them, we should have had the whole outfit rolling down over the hillside into the river. The Indian led his horse, upon which my wife sat, looking anything but dignified and comfortable. For miles of rocks and spring brooks we crawled down that hill, until at length we reached the narrow strip of level land that borders the river.

It is impossible to picture the change in our surroundings. In a few miles we passed from mid-winter into almost mid-summer. The flowers were all in bloom, the orchard trees in full leaf, grass covered the ground. The Indians were busy putting in their little crops, plowing the ground with rude old-fashioned plows furnished them by the Government, driving their little horses that seemed too small for such heavy work. The birds were filling the air with melody, and the little brooks were tumbling down the hillsides, making music upon the smooth white quartz pebbles like the keys of some woodland organ. It is no wonder the Indians call this country by a name that means a land of rippling water. We passed between rows of apple trees that had the appearance of being very old, we traversed lanes of rude fences inclosing Indian fields, arriving at last at the ferry of the Koos-koos-kia, a rude and primitive craft that threatened to swamp with every passenger, but never did so.

It seemed that every member of the Sahaptin family was present at the ferry landing to meet us. By some mysterious Indian means our coming had been heralded several days before, and they knew just when we were to arrive. It was a picturesque group assembled there. They were to be our companions for several years and we theirs. They showed the better judgment in getting acquainted with us at the start. There was nothing offensive in their curiosity, but it was the most refreshing and frank of anything I had ever seen. My wife's garments came in for a large share of their attention. Every article of her attire was handled and inspected by the Indian women, who kept up a running fire of comment which we were unable to interpret, but was in all probability very much the same that the opinions of her more civilized sisters would have been. It was rather amusing, however, that she evidently established a sort of fashion among them, for in a very short time one could see the Indian women dressed in garments that were palpable, if rather crude, imitations of my wife's raiment. The baby was the prize toy. He was passed

from one to another until he had gone the rounds. Strange to say, the little rascal rather liked it, and only put in his protest when I insisted upon returning him to the wagon. The ferry had been hailed and was now on our side of the river. Closing my eyes and trusting to Providence, I headed the horses down the steep bank and upon the crazy boat. It careened, toppled a bit, sank in the water and became steady once more. The Indian ferryman pushed off, and almost before I had time to feel alarmed, had landed us safely on the opposite shore.

The dispatch had said there was a small house that we were entitled to use, and across the turbulent current of the river we had caught sight of the roof of the same. It stood in a beautiful grove of cottonwoods back from the river shore, and from where we were, looked the ideal home indeed. After landing, we pulled the wagon up in front of our future home and took one look around. I was at first at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Not so with my wife; like Rachel of old, she lifted up her voice and wept. Poor little woman, she had borne up under all the hardships of the journey without a murmur or a tear, but this last blow was too much, overwrought nature must have an outlet. If she had been a man, the steam might have escaped in profanity, but being only a woman, all she could do was to cry, so she just flopped down on the grass and cried. Was this consistent? The Government had given her a house all ready to her hand; all she had to do was to move in, and here she was weeping about it.

Now the Government never contemplated that as soon as the building was vacated by its former tenants the Indians would make use of it for a horse stable, but that is what they had done. A buckskin cayuse with two pinto colts was looking at us contemplatively from one of the windows, while a gray horse with both his ears and tail cropped off short, giving him a very rakish expression, was inspecting us from the vantage point of the principal doorway. The doors and windows, alas! were long since gone, for youthful savage is the same the world over, whether his skin be white or brown, or whether he lives in a Fifth avenue mansion or in a tepee on the Sahaptin Reservation. What well-developed boy can resist the temptation to hurl a stone through a window of an empty house? He would not be the boy for me if he could.

The picket fence was a ruin, the flower beds that had been some one's pride were trampled out of all recognition. Our Indian coadjutor, however, had no time to bewail the minor inconveniences. What were our petty troubles to him who had lived all his life under just such conditions. He was busy hustling our belongings into the house when I made him understand by dint of a small supply of Chinook and a large supply of gesticulation—the latter much better understood than the former—that it would be impossible for us to inhabit that house until it had been renovated somewhat. He hurried away and in a short time returned with several more natives and a large tepee, which they soon erected in the yard; into this we removed our belongings and began life upon the reservation as the Indians themselves live it. At first it was a little smoky, but we soon

grew accustomed to that and fared very well.

Judging from the laughter our every movement created, the savages found in us a never-failing source of amusement. To them we must have been "green" indeed. They were on hand in the morning to watch our rising; they were there at night to witness our retiring. They saw what we cooked and how we did it, what we wore and how it was made. They were curious and inquisitive, but never intimate or offensive. If one saw where he could help, he was always ready to do so; in fact, they would hunt up little kindnesses to do for us. Our boy was a constant delight to them, and it soon got so that we hardly knew where he was half the time. He almost lived with them; the women especially were in love with him. A hundred times a day I would hear the words "hoi-hoi koots-koots petin," and I wondered what it meant. I afterward learned. They had never seen a baby so white, and they called him the "dear little snow white boy." They still have no other name for him, though he stands over six feet and is almost as brown as one of themselves.

After days of hard labor we rendered the house habitable, and moved into it. Our house-keeping was of the most primitive kind; in fact, we were but little better equipped than the Indians themselves. After getting settled down, we were at liberty to look about and take stock of our environment. The Indian settlement lay on both sides of the Koos-koos-kia and upon the V-shaped strip of land made by the junction of the Kooskia and the Koos-koos-kia. Back from the shore stood the little Presbyterian chapel where such of the red men as had embraced Christianity met every Sabbath to worship God and listen to the expounding of His Word by one of themselves. Up the main river a mile stood the store of the Government trader, who, with his family, were the only white people on the river besides ourselves.

It has been the popular belief for ages that the Indian exists in an atmosphere of perpetual gloom, and that his face is never broken by a smile. I fear the popular mind has received its impression of Indians from the representation of the race seductively holding out a handful of stogies in front of a cigar store. The cigar store Indian, too, is just about as much like the actual thing as many of the pictures painted by would-be Indian authorities who write books about them. The average Indian is a joker of the most pronounced type, and no man extracts more unalloyed fun from life than he. To sit at evening when the air is still and listen to the laughter arising from a camp of Sahaptins would convince the most sceptical that the Indian is anything but a stoic. The Indian is a stoic when it comes to enduring pain and deprivation, but in the enjoyment of life he is quite the reverse.

As illustrating their fun loving, an incident occurred shortly after our arrival. One Sunday we attended services in the little chapel. It was quite warm and all the windows were opened to admit the air. The exercises, which had been conducted with great decorum, were drawing to a close. The Indian parson was upon his knees. About midway of his prayer pandemonium broke loose among the thousand and odd dogs that had been sleeping in the shade of the trees and the shadow of the church.

One of them in investigating had started a small red squirrel, and others joined the chorus. In a frantic effort to escape, the squirrel ran up a small tree and jumped upon the window sill and with the next leap alighted fairly upon the uncovered head of the kneeling parson. He did not pause in his devotions nor did the little animal tarry long, for the dog was right behind him. In an instant after the squirrel left his perch a little white woolly excited dog flew through the same window and alighted with a grunt in the exact spot vacated only an instant before by the squirrel. An American congregation would have found some means of bottling up its mirth. There would have been a great fluttering of hymn books and the utilizing of many cambric handkerchiefs, but with these children of the forest it was different; they simply abandoned themselves to their glee. The minister's face relaxed in a broad smile and remarked that the squirrel evidently knew that the house of God was the proper place to come for protection, and knowing that, supposed the safest place in that house was upon the head of the pastor.

The Indian conception of a joke may sometimes entail a hardship. After I had been some time among them and had so far learned the language as to be able to dispense with the services of an interpreter, but not so as to understand the finer shades of meaning, an Indian came to me one afternoon and, as I supposed, told me that a man was sick and possibly dead. I also understood from his remarks that the man was a long way in the mountains, and that he wanted me to accompany him thither. I immediately caught and saddled my horse, procured my emergency bag and set out. It was about 2 P. M. when we left the settlement, and all the afternoon we toiled up the steep cañon side. My dusky guide kept chuckling to himself all the way, and his answers to my questions regarding the sick man were very evasive. Just before dark we reached a large upland meadow around which the trail ran. We left the trail and crossed this meadow to a point where a dense clump of black pine stood. Right at the border of this forest lay a gigantic elk. The rascal pointed it out to me and told me that was the sick man, then went off into a fit of laughter. It all came about by my confusing the Indian word for elk with the word for man, and the word for sick with that for dead. That savage knew all along where the mistake was, but to him, whose time was not worth anything, it was a huge joke to drag me half a day's journey into the mountains on a wild goose chase. There was no malice in the thing at all. He simply was teaching me his language in the most practical manner possible; and I was too wise to show any anger if indeed, I felt any. A present of a quarter of the meat and as fine a head of antlers as I ever saw was the earnest of his good will. It was many a long day, however, before they ceased asking me if I did not want to go up in the mountains to see a sick man.

They are great practical jokers and never tire of perpetrating some "sell" on each other and upon their friends; in fact, as a proof of their friendship, they will make you the victim of their jokes. They soon learned that my wife was startled by the sudden appearance of one

of them. She might be busy about the house work, never supposing an Indian to be about, when she would turn round and confront one standing right at her elbow. She would not have been a woman if she had not screamed, and that would amuse the savage immensely. It is astounding with what facility they can approach you without your being aware of it. I have been so situated that I would have been willing to swear that an Indian could not approach me without my seeing him, then have looked up to find one with his blanket wrapped about him seriously contemplating my labor. In the hunting fields they can take advantage of the smallest possible means of concealment. This accounts in a great measure for the ability of the Indian in time of war to approach his enemy without detection. That, and the fact that human beings are very much like animals; they do not see outside of a limited radius. The Indian knows what that radius is with regard to his game and applies the same rule to his human enemy, and it works.

The Sahaptin is somewhat chary of his friendships. He will admit you into the outer portals of his regard, but the inner sanctuary is opened only to those whom he has found worthy. The man who boasts of having formed the undying friendship of an Indian on a moment's notice is either lying or else has deceived himself. I can recall the day and almost the hour when I succeeded in breaking through the crust of reserve and reaching their inner confidences. They had all along treated us with the greatest courtesy and kindness, but it was plain to be seen that we were still considered as foreigners, and until we had been tried in the crucible of their regard, we were not to be of them.

It was the spring of our arrival. With the melting of the foothill snows the river rose, and with it came the run of salmon. This is a great event in Sahaptin land. Coming as it does on the heels of winter, when the provisions are all short, the savages hail it with delight as a direct interposition of Providence in their behalf. A swift courier is sent down the river early in the spring, whose duty it is to watch for the coming salmon and procure from the natives there a supply of roe for bait. For a week the Indians had been watching anxiously for the return of the courier, when one evening we heard a great uproar among them. My wife thought that nothing short of an outbreak of hostilities or a dog fight could produce so much noise, and she rather inclined to the dog fight idea. At any rate, we would go and find out. We did. It was the courier returned bearing with him the intelligence that the salmon were coming. More to the point, he bore with him the precious eggs, without which the fish could not be taken.

The messenger deserves more than passing notice. He was a stalwart young fellow over six feet, slim and erect as a pine. He wore nothing but a breech clout and moccasins, but one did not realize the scantiness of his attire, so well proportioned was he. He had left the lower waters over ninety miles away the evening before at dusk, and had reached home without pausing for food or rest. This was necessary in order to convey the roe in as fresh condition as possible, else the salmon will not feed upon it. The bait itself was carried securely wrapped

in fresh boughs of fir which were moistened from time to time.

The next morning the tackle was all gotten out and repaired, the log canoes overhauled and their seams stopped with pitch. A nimble warrior had already clambered among the clefts in the cliffs and procured a supply of the roots of the sweet cicely, without which no Indian will attempt to fish. With a paddle the master fisherman of the people bruises a mass of these roots, and with the juice anointed his line, pole, and the bow of the canoe. Another mass was bruised, and upon it was placed the precious roe. All being in readiness, the canoe was manned by two capable paddlers whose duty it was to keep the canoe in trim. In the bow stood the man selected to catch the fish. With a few powerful strokes of the paddles the canoe shot out upon the still but swift stream. Whirling the baited hook about his head, the fisherman cast it forth with a prayer for success to the god of the chase. The banks were lined with dark anxious faces, intently watching the canoe and its occupants.

The craft was turned sidewise to the current, and the man with the pole stood like some bronze image. Down the river they glided, now opposite the ferry, now abreast of the great cottonwood on the bank, now where they could feel the influence of the current of the Kooskooskia and see the dark-brown line marking the muddy water of that stream. It was useless to go further. With a sweep of the paddles the canoe shot into an eddy and they lay aside the paddles for long poles and propelled the vessel back up the stream almost as fast as a man can walk. Once more they swung out into the current and once more the fisherman cast his line. This time he did not cast in vain. The bronze statue came suddenly to life. The Indians strained forward like hunting dogs in leash. Every muscle in the fisherman's body was a tense steel spring only waiting the will to release it. The next instant he swept his pole in the arc of a great circle, cutting the water like a knife with the line and sinking the barbed hook deep into the bony jaws of a great salmon. The battle was on. Balancing himself with marvelous skill in the frail canoe, he fought that big fish with the skill of a past-master at the art. His principal duty seemed to be to keep the line taut and thus tire the fish out. The paddlers had an important duty to perform. The fish was frantic in his desire to run under the boat and thus tear the hook from his jaws. This the paddlers prevented by whirling the canoe around by powerful sweeps of the paddles applied at the exact moment. Brute strength cannot prevail against human judgment, even if it be Indian judgment, and the contest had but one ending. Even such a novice as I am could see that the struggles of the fish were becoming weaker, its frantic rushes less forceful. Shortly there was the glint down in the water of a white body darting hither and thither. The fish was turning on his side now, and when that happens its fighting power is about exhausted. One of the paddlers stooped and picked up the gaff, holding it ready in his hand. The fish came to the surface and floated on his side; the Indian reached over, slipped the gaff beneath it and gave a sharp pull, and with a feeble struggle or two the great body was hauled inboard. The fisherman

said, "I-ot" (female), and the people all set up a great shout. The god of the chase certainly answered their prayer. A female fish, the first one, is the greatest good fortune that could befall them. That meant a fresh supply of roe; before night every one would have fish in plenty. In a few minutes all the boats were out. The river was covered with fishermen, and the hills echoed to the shouts of excitement as the fish were taken. It was a fine run, the fish were plenty and in prime condition. More, they were voracious and took the hook readily.

I begged a small supply of eggs from one of the Indians, and armed with my fly-rod and a small hook, seated myself on a boulder where the water swirled and eddied, and proceeded to angle for salmon. I shall never know how many times that afternoon I was the target for shafts of wit, and for my sense of pride it is perhaps just as well that I never found out. I am sure that those Indians never before indulged in as much hilarity in one afternoon in their lives. It was many a long day before I learned that I might have sat there on that rock until I took root and grew before I would catch a salmon, and not an Indian took the trouble to enlighten me. I sat there in blissful ignorance until the shadows of night deepened, when I reeled in my diminutive tackle and started home. I became aware of the presence of an Indian standing at my back. He trailed a large salmon by the gills. This he threw at my feet and said, "For your wife." I did not know the meaning of his words until months afterward, and had I known possibly my pride would have been a little hurt that he should so much doubt my ability to provide for my family that he should come and present me with a fish and inform me that it was for my wife. I learned another important fact a short time after, and that was, that had I accidentally hooked a salmon on that tackle I would have been just as badly off for fish as before and worse off for tackle. As soon as the savage presented me with the fish he turned on his heel and walked away without a word. My little lady was in becoming ecstasies at my success, and it became necessary for me to thrust Satan behind me quite vigorously before I could summon up courage to dispel her illusion.

By the persistence with which I "bucked a losing game," I won the respect of the Indians. They admire a good loser. The next morning when I was just a little too sleepy to realize anything short of an earthquake, my wife aroused me and told me there was some one at the door. It was my friend of the day before, equipped for the day's fishing. It was gray dawn, and he made me understand by means of signs and a little English that he desired me to be his guest for the day. It was the first occasion that one of them had expressed a desire to have either of us join them in their sports. In a short time we were at the river. My companion had already baited the hook before we left the shore. The bait is tied on the hook by means of a deer sinew. To those unfamiliar with this method of fishing it may be necessary to explain that the eggs are taken from the female salmon before the fish is ready to spawn. They lay in two long rolls on either side of the intestinal tract and are held together by means of a fibrous network. When

the fish is ready to spawn this network breaks down and allows the eggs to escape into the oviducts. It will be seen, that while the eggs are thus matted together it is not difficult to retain them on the hook.

By the direction of my friend I took the pole in my hand and stood in the bow of the canoe. It was my first attempt at balancing. Tight rope walking was no part of my college training, so I entered this contest somewhat handicapped, but despite my six-foot-four of altitude, I fancy that I acquitted myself respectably, if not gracefully. I know of nothing that can change its center of gravity more quickly and easily than a log canoe. I whirled the bait about my head and succeeded in wrapping the line several times about my neck and landing the mass of sticky eggs under my left ear. Another attempt resulted better and the hook landed far out in the water. My Indian guide threw the canoe across the current and we drifted. I became lost in the contemplation of the scene. I forgot everything but the beautiful surroundings. The sun was just rising over the mountain range, a filmy vapor lay upon the water, shutting it from view, but as soon as the rays of the sun struck it, the mist rolled into a great mass and fled down the stream, disclosing the water like a silver mirror. It was a mirror for the great leafy aspens and for the gaunt basaltic cliffs that towered above, whose every lineament was depicted in reverse with startling fidelity.

The fish were beginning to leap. Right by the boat a great lusty fellow heaved his olive sides above the water, to fall back with a splash. My nerves are fairly good, but it requires more than good nerves merely to forbear a start of surprise when a thirty-pound fish hops up within five feet of you and flirts spray over you; it is not so much the spray as it is the unexpectedness of the thing. There lies the water calm as a bath tub, and all at once right under your nose up comes a big fish, curls himself into a graceful rainbow and goes down, flirting his broad tail in derision.

I forgot that my line was in the water, I was lost in the contemplation of the scene—"the world forgetting by the world forgot." My blissful reverie was rudely interrupted by something that felt as if I had fouled my line on a sunken log. The Indian knew the symptoms better, and exclaimed, "Quick!" I gave the pole a yank hard enough, as I thought, to throw any fish in the water clear over the canoe. To my surprise that fish never budged. The next instant I was painfully aware that I was securely attached to my first salmon. The preliminary tug of that fish, even before he began to fight, seated me in the bottom of the canoe in about six inches of water. I attempted to regain my feet, but the attempt was vain. I soon learned that my securest position was sitting flat in the canoe with my knees braced against either side. In that position I had both hands free to manage the pole, and that seemed about all I was capable of doing.

I am unable to analyze the various sensations attendant upon the capture of that fish, but if my memory serves, the principal ones were like holding a live wire, and then trying to keep a lusty bull calf out of the milking pen. Had it not been for my boatman, I would have lost that salmon. His keen eye and his perfect

knowledge of what the fish would do enabled him to keep the canoe in such position that the salmon was always on the down stream side. I cannot say how long the contest waged, but I have an indistinct impression that both shores of the river were lined with spectators who had come out to see what kind of stuff the new doctor was made of. I landed my fish after what seemed to me the most strenuous tussle in my piscatorial career, and in landing it, I landed more than I thought at the time—the good will of that people. From that time forward I was virtually one of them, entitled by their freemasonry to share in their sports and good fortune, as well as a participation in their sorrows and privations.

The cruel, crafty savage does not exist upon the Sahaptin Reservation. Love of children is one of their characteristic traits. The most dissolute Indian in the tribe loves a child and would never dream of doing one an injury or in any way mistreating one. Among them children are never punished, nor did I ever see one that needed it. The little fellows are as mischievous as children always are, but implicit obedience to parental authority is inherent in them. Once when my wife thought our boy needed a little physical correcting and had procured a willow stick for that purpose, an Indian who happened to be near caught the stick, took it away and administered a sound scolding to her. He then took up the baby, wrapped a blanket about him and informed my wife that she was unfit to raise a child, and that he was going to take ours to his own tepee, where his wife would raise the baby in accordance with proper methods. This occurred after we had been with them for several years, and they were very familiar with us.

The Bison Trail.

The bison trail, I see it yet,
Though dim 'neath grass grown high
What thoughts of sadness crowd my mind
When I its course descry.

I see it on the hillside steep,
I see it in the vale,
I see it everywhere I go,
Long, winding, grass-grown trail.

I trace its course hard-by the sites
Where modern cities rise,
I see it on the distant plains,
Where nature's stillness lies.

Athwart these wide extending plains,
Go wander where I may,
By hill or vale, by ridge or stream,
There lies the grassy trail.

Oh, would I could those days recall—
Those blissful days gone by,
When first thy zig-zag course appear'd
Beneath this western sky.

When unmolested bison herds
Slow saunter'd to and fro,
And lived in peace their long, sweet lives,
Nor knew their red-skinn'd foe.

Now, they are gone; but thou art left—
Long may thy presence stay,
That generations yet unborn
May see the grassy way.

W. MITCHELL.

The FOREST AND STREAM may be obtained from any newsdealer on order. Ask your dealer to supply you regularly.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In Sahaptin Land

II.—The Recovery of the Famous "Piece of White Money"—The Coming of the Salmon

By CHARLES S. MOODY

WHOLE volumes could be written of the tenderness of Indian parents. One incident will serve to illustrate: Charley Allen was my particular friend among them. Charley lived on a fine ranch several miles from the river, which he had fenced and was engaged in stock raising. He had seen the handwriting on the wall of Fate, and was preparing himself to forsake the nomadic life of his ancestors and live as the palefaces live. The apple of Charley's eye was his son, a lad of some eight years. This boy was the most expert rider I ever saw. With a hair rope and a hackamore he would mount the wildest cayuse on the reservation. Of course there were times when he was thrown, and on one of these he had the misfortune to fracture both bones of the forearm. When it comes to bearing pain, the Sahaptin can give the Spartans several yards the start and beat them. I never saw an Indian who gave the slightest expression of suffering. The boy was brought to my office by his father for attention. I got the splints and bandages ready, then looked about for the father to assist me in reducing the fracture. He was nowhere to be found. I called my wife, and together we performed the task, the little chap sitting it out, with his black eyes snapping, but not another expression. I then set out to locate my friend. I found him behind the horse stable, trembling like an aspen leaf. The great fellow himself could have been flayed alive without a murmur, but he could not stand to see his boy suffer pain.

Next to their love for their children comes their reverence for their dead and the graves of the dead. I trust the reader will exonerate me from any desire to be facetious when I relate an amusing incident in this connection, which serves to illustrate one phase of their character. One day I was sitting on the river shore reading, when I noticed an old woman whom we called Nancy raking a mass of rubbish into a heap. This she set fire to, and seating herself beside the fire, began the most doleful lamentation I ever heard. She threw her shawl over her head and rocked herself to and fro and wailed in her anguish. Curiosity got the better of me, and I walked over and inquired of her what the trouble was. Her reply was that her baby was dead. Now, I positively knew that she was over sixty, and I very much

doubted her having any baby. I was supposed to know all about the birth statistics of that particular tribe, and no account had reached me of any increase in that quarter, nor had I had occasion to administer to any sick baby which subsequently died. I asked her when the baby died and learned that it was something like fifteen years before. I began to see a little light, so I asked her how old the baby was and found out that he was a little thing of only twenty years. The explanation for the fit of mourning was that in raking over the remains of an old camp she had turned up a bit of saddle that had once been his and that awakened a train of memory that could only be appeased by giving way to a storm of grief. I left her with her sorrow. In fifteen minutes she was up and about her labor singing as merrily as an Indian can sing, forgetting the baby that had died fifteen years previous.

You may Christianize the savage until he accepts all the outward forms of the religion, he may appear to be a devout and sincere follower of the Man of Sorrows, but some day something will occur that will show you that heredity and the law of the survival of the fittest are stronger by far than any teaching of yours can be. This same Nancy was very ill one spring with pneumonia. She lived in a tepee near the house of her son who was a Christian Indian, lived in a house, and aspired some day to become a minister. I simply mention these things to make more striking what follows. Nancy was very ill, indeed, and I informed her son that possibly she might die that night, but that if she did not I was going to make a trip forty miles out to the railroad for medicines for her, and that I would start early in the morning in order to be back if possible that night. He evidently took it for granted that when I said she was liable to die that I knew what I was talking about, for when I arrived there early next morning I found the tepee burned according to Indian custom. I supposed of course that the old lady had passed over and was rather congratulating myself that I would not have a long trip when I saw a roll of blankets lying on the ground that looked suspiciously as if they covered a body. I dismounted, lifted the covers and peered down into a pair of sharp, black eyes that were very much alive. It was a very

cold morning and the old woman was chilled through. I went to the house, routed out her son, made him make a fire, went and carried the old woman into the house, put her to bed, lectured her son on his brutality, which he did not understand, and in the end had the satisfaction of seeing the ancient woman recover. The moral of this tale is that the son, while he loved his mother and would do anything to save her life, simply obeyed his instincts when he thought that she was as good as dead, for to him she was already dead. She, too, saw nothing amiss in the proceeding. She was resigned and lay there awaiting death as calmly as we await the coming of sleep.

Cornelius' mother was very ill of tuberculosis. Cornelius went to Lewiston to purchase supplies. While there he bethought him of his mother and decided to buy her a casket. He called at the undertaker and purchased a very elaborate coffin. This he loaded into his spring wagon, and in order to utilize all the room possible, filled it with groceries. The next day after his arrival at home he invited me over to view the casket. It was standing on end in the shed. "But," I said to him, "your mother is not yet dead! Why did you buy the casket?"

"That is very true," he replied, "but she is going to die very soon now and I could buy the casket cheaper in Lewiston than I can from the trader, so I thought I might as well get it."

Which proved two things: that the Indian is capable of making a bargain, and that he is beginning to understand the business methods of the Government trader. His mother died according to schedule and was treated to a very elaborate burial in a civilized coffin.

They endeavor to conceal the graves of the dead, especially those who have been buried many years, and even now many of the Indians will bury their dead in the dark of night in places secure from observation. I have been unable to find a reason for this. The Indians themselves do not know.

The land of the Sahaptins is rich in historic association. It was the first land sighted by Lewis and Clark when they emerged from the dark defiles of the Bitter Roots that day in September now over a hundred years ago. The tide of the Kooskia floated the first canoe of the white man. On the banks of this stream the intrepid pioneers paused, and from the lords of the forest hewed out the flotilla which, seeking the Western Ocean, opened up to the Government an empire greater in extent than half of Europe. Aged Indians still point out the exact spot where the explorers built the canoes and tell of the peace treaty made with their chief which lasted through seventy years of trying pioneer development, during which time the Sahaptins stood the firm friends of the white man. They told me of the presentation by the

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE OBJECT OF THIS JOURNAL

will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects.

—FOREST AND STREAM, Aug. 14, 1873.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture just issued treats at some length the work of the Bureau of Biological Survey and gives much information which is interesting to sportsmen.

The basis of the work of the Biological Survey is the study of American birds and mammals in their economic relations. Some of these creatures are destructive, others useful; there is a continually increasing demand for fur, and for game to furnish sport and food. The educational work of the Biological Survey is producing results and the importance of its investigations is coming to be more and more appreciated and understood, so that there is a constantly increasing demand for the publications of the Bureau. Among the injurious animals to be fought against are the house rat, which destroys in the aggregate an enormous amount of property, and which is one of the vehicles through which the plague germs are conveyed from place to place; the California ground squirrel, believed to take a toll of \$10,000,000 from the farmer and to be another vehicle for the transmission of the plague; prairie dogs which destroy grass and crops; rabbits which damage fruit trees, and field mice that ravage the garden, the truck patch, the alfalfa field and the orchard. Against all these pests the Biological Survey is fighting, striving by experiments to learn what method is most effective to destroy these animals or prevent their ravages.

The utilization of lands now unproductive is taken up. The possibility of growing deer for the market has already been referred to in *FOREST AND STREAM*. The increasing cost of furs suggests the utilizing of certain waste marshes, especially on the Atlantic coast, as natural muskrat breeding grounds.

The birds are being studied in their relations to fruit raising, and in California this investigation has been going on for several years. Studies of the food of wildfowl, ducks and geese, are now being made with particular reference to the transplanting from one part of the country to another of various aquatic plants that furnish food for wildfowl. The work of game preservation and introduction continues and grows more effective. Last year nearly 30,000

gray partridges were imported for liberation in the United States, chiefly in California, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana and Kansas. This is an advance of more than 400 per cent. over the previous year, which was more than 100 per cent. over that of 1907.

A large number of bird refuges have been set aside, chiefly in remote localities. The National Montana Bison Reservation will soon be ready for occupancy, and the higher summits of the Olympic Mountains, in Washington, have been set aside as a national refuge, largely for the benefit of the Roosevelt elk and certain other ungulates. Estimates have been made of the number of deer killed in certain sections. Antelope are still found in fourteen Western States and the number is approximated as 17,000.

This section of the Secretary's report is one of much interest. The work done by Dr. C. H. Merriam, its chief, and his staff, command the respect and approbation of all sportsmen.

LOCAL LAWS.

THE various local laws which prevail within the different States must before long receive consideration by game protectors everywhere. In this matter the States of the Atlantic seaboard and the South are the chief offenders.

New York has a general law for the State, but quite a different law for Long Island. Besides that there are special laws governing certain counties and permitting or forbidding fishing in certain little streams of the utmost unimportance—a multitude of provisions which are of no practical good to anyone and which by confusing the public mind bring the game laws into more or less disrepute. In New Jersey a similar state of things exists. North Jersey has one law, South Jersey another.

For the legislators who pass these laws the reasons urged in their support seem always good enough; though, in fact, such laws are entirely without reason. The game laws are still too often—what they used to be to a much greater extent—the product and resultant of a session's log rolling. Each legislator strives with all his might to secure for his own constituents the special privileges which he believes they desire.

This absurd principle of home rule is perhaps carried to its most ridiculous conclusion in some of the Southern States. Mr. Pearson's recent letter, showing what may and may not be done in certain counties of North Carolina, tells its own impressive story. It is even worse in Louisiana. Half a column of fine print would not contain a list of the counties for which special privileges are provided in the game law, and notwithstanding this, we are told that there is a demand in Louisiana for still other local modifications and privileges. The result of this is to perplex the public, and to make people feel a contempt for the measure. A law so weak that

it must be full of exceptions is not likely to command public support.

The time should come, and come soon, when New York—and with it a number of other States—will enact a uniform game law for the whole State. When it attempts to do so, the trout anglers of Long Island will no doubt object to the change with the same strenuous arguments that the Long Island gunners used in fighting the rest of the State for the right to shoot ducks in the spring. But in game protection, as in other matters, the world is moving, and these local laws must soon be done away with.

To those who dwell in the country of the ruffed grouse the picture on our first page will call up many pleasant memories. Notwithstanding the care exercised by the old dog and the gunner, a partridge has flushed wild and been shot at and followed, and again started and shot at, and now after a long flight has taken refuge in an open piece of woods beside a fallen log. But the old dog's years of partridge hunting have not been wasted. He understands a multitude of the tricks of this cunning bird—no dog knows them all—and slowly and carefully has followed the bird until now at last he has pinned it, and the following gunner will surely get a shot. In this open woods he ought not to miss, yet what gunner is hardy enough to say that he is ever sure of killing a partridge when it rises? If it is easy to miss difficult shots, sometimes it is easy also—through overconfidence—to miss the easiest shot.

WILLIAM MACKAY LAFFAN, the distinguished proprietor and manager of the New York Sun, who died recently, was eminent in many fields. He was a writer of remarkable power and his knowledge of various branches of art was very great. It is not generally known that he was also a sportsman and that many years ago he wrote a very delightful article entitled, "Canvasback and Terrapin," which was printed in the Century Magazine and afterward in the Century Company's magnificent volume, "Sport With Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters." Mr. Laffan had resided for some years in Baltimore, long known as the home of the canvasback and the terrapin.

VERY little has been heard this year concerning forest fires in the Adirondacks and Catskills. The Forest, Fish and Game Commission reports about 250 fires in all so far, but under the new system inaugurated by it, fires were quickly seen and given short shrift, so that the total loss, compared with other years, is insignificant. The Catskill region suffered heavier loss than the Adirondacks; due to the drouth, which aided fires in nearby States as well as in New York.

explorers to their chief of a "piece of white money," which was to be a talisman to shield them from harm at the hands of the whites as long as they kept it. This medal was nowhere to be found. I realized the importance of locating it and bent every endeavor in that direction. The Indians evidently knew where it was, but their superstitious fears kept them from telling me. I ascertained after some years that the piece had been buried with the last man who owned it. This death happened about the time of the Joseph war and the Indians thought that the talisman had lost its potency, so there was no need of keeping it longer. The Government had broken trust with them and they would hide the symbol of its perfidy.

There my information ceased. The medal was buried, but where, it was impossible to ascertain from the Indians. Even Charley Allen, tried friend as he was, when questioned about the matter, suddenly became afflicted with loss of memory. He did not know where the grave lay. He had seen the medal when he was a small boy, but it had been lost sight of for years. I had learned by this time that it is impossible to "pump" an Indian. If he does not choose to impart a certain piece of information, no amount of cross questioning will induce him to give it up.

After several years of amateur detective work, and piecing little scraps of information together, I reached a conclusion as to the situation of the grave which held the medal. I bided my time, awaiting an opportunity to enter it. This was all the more difficult because, if my surmises were correct, the grave containing the medal lay right in the backyard of a good friend of mine, Natskin. Many times I had sat and talked with Natskin about this very medal and he never, by the wink of an eyelid, betrayed the slightest intimation that he even knew of the location of the grave. To obtain the medal and cover my tracks so that my friends would not be able to trace the desecration to my door was no easy problem. A few more years rolled away before the opportunity presented itself. Natskin and his family decided to visit their cousins, the Flatheads, and one May day they loaded up their ponies, called the dogs and struck the trail across the Bitter Roots. The last tail of the hindmost canine had hardly rounded the hill out of sight before I was in that garden and on that grave with a shovel. In fifteen minutes I had unearthed the skeleton, proved my suppositions correct by finding the medal reposing upon the breast, thrust it into my pocket and was filling the grave again. I replaced the earth and kind nature assisted in hiding my crime by covering the earth with a rank growth of weeds. To this day the Sahaptins do not know that the famous "hoi-hoi kitsu" of the first white man is no longer in the lonely grave in Natskin's orchard.

Natskin's visit to the Flatheads reminds me of a potlatch. Now, a potlatch has nothing to do either with a pot or a latch either, but is a Chinook word signifying a gift or donation. It is used in many senses, but the most common one is where a neighbor by some stroke of good fortune comes in possession of a large supply of food and invites all his neighbors for miles around to come in and share it with him. A swell dinner at the Waldorf is a sort of civilized potlatch I should judge.

We were now full fledged members of the

tribe and as such entitled to be invited to a potlatch, so when the invitation came we did not send regrets, though afterward my wife wished we had done so. The potlatch was to take place some sixteen miles away at a point where a considerable stream joined the Kooskia. All day the Indians were streaming past, men, women, children, dogs, especially the latter. About noon we saddled our horses and joined the procession. The camp was made in a grove of cottonwoods that bordered the stream. This grove was filled and the overflow made camp on the level flat above. Fires were already lighted and the cooking pots were simmering. The women were busy as ants gathering up the driftwood for fires, while the men, wrapped in their blankets, were stalking about doing nothing. The horses were picketed on the grassy hills back of the camp. A tepee was already erected in a nice location for our use, and our horses were taken in charge by the Indians. While we were of them, they never lost sight of the fact that we were in a measure guests as well.

Just before sunset there arose a great commotion in camp. All eyes were turned toward the hills. Soon over the brow came a drove of cattle followed by six Indians, barebacked, and perfectly nude save for the breechclout. Right into camp they dashed driving the cattle before them, scattering things pell mell. The cattle came to a stand upon a narrow strip of sand, level and clear of brush, where the brook and river met. Each Indian was armed with a heavy revolver, and these they drew and began slaughtering the beeves. They kept up the fusillade until the last animal fell riddled with bullets. This whole show was gotten up in imitation of a buffalo hunt, and taking it altogether, was not a bad imitation. As soon as the last beef fell, the women were upon the carcasses with their skinning knives, and before one was aware, the entire number were butchered and the parts assigned. Some of the more appetizing portions from the savage point of view were reserved and presented to us. I may suggest that appetite is largely a matter of education, we were too highly educated to enjoy the portions assigned us. Courtesy, however, demanded that we at least make an attempt at cooking the feast. All around us cooking preparations were in progress. Boils, stews, roasts were on every campfire. Pretty soon the Indians began feasting. They saw our poor success and came to us by the dozens with portions of their own food. Again courtesy demanded that we at least pretend to partake. I fear the partaking fell entirely to my lot; my wife was unable to hold up her end of the hospitality. The feast ended some time in the night. It did not end, however, until the last vestige of that meat had disappeared. An Indian makes it a religious rule to never leave anything uneaten. After the feasting the blankets were spread and the gambling commenced. A great deal has been written about the propensity of the Indian to gamble and the evil results flowing from the vice. Personally I am unable to see the evil. An Indian will bet the last thing he has on earth, but in a community where things are held practically in common there is no deprivation if he loses. An Indian may lose his horse at gaming, but you never saw an Indian afoot.

He may lose his shirt, but is never shirtless, save from choice. He may lose his revolver, yet no Indian goes unarmed.

The next day the assemblage broke up to reassemble at some other potlatch. An Indian will give a potlatch and eat up all his food and trust to God for more. He may not have the slightest idea where the next meal is to come from, but that fact does not dampen his charity and hospitality the least.

The generosity of the Sahaptin is perfect. He likes best to divide his food with his friend. He will present you with anything, but it seems that they look upon food as being the most acceptable gift, a survival of their times of feast and famine no doubt. This dividing habit and the fact that they wished us to have the best once came near to destroying our appetites. One of our Indian friends had the good fortune early one spring to kill a doe. She was heavy with fawn, but the game law was not on his statute books, so that fact cut but little figure. When he dressed the animal he bethought him that his good friends, the white doctor and his wife, might enjoy a feast and what would be nicer than the unborn fawns. Be it understood that in presenting us with those fawns he was depriving himself of the greatest gastronomic treat he had had an opportunity of enjoying. He dressed the little chaps, and that evening carried them to us. My wife received the offering and thanked the donor profusely. Imagine her surprise when in unrolling the package she disclosed the animals nicely dressed with the heads left on. At first we were unable to realize that he intended us to eat them. Our friend went away with the happy look on his face of one who has pleased his friends. That night the moon looked down upon two unborn fawns reposing in a ditch behind the house, and before morning the prowling coyotes made merry feast off the food rejected by the white doctor and his wife.

It has been so long accepted as an axiom that Indians are dishonest, that it may be somewhat of a shock to the reader to learn that they are not so, except in proportion to their association with the whites. In all our life with the Sahaptins we never had a thing stolen. An Indian, though, is a natural Socialist. He believes that whatever he needs belongs to him for the time being, and no amount of education will change him in this respect. Consequently there were times when I went out to split enough wood for a fire that I could not find the ax. At such times I wished the savage a little less of a disciple of the teaching of Carl Marx, but the ax always came back. He had simply appropriated it to his own use for a short time. He never neglected to tell me that he had borrowed the tool. If an Indian saw a horse on the range and wanted to make a journey he unhesitatingly borrowed that horse just as he would expect another to borrow his horse under like conditions. This was pretty well understood by the few white men who lived in that country and they acted accordingly. They knew that the Indians would ride the animal for a day and turn it loose, when it would return to the range. When the country began settling up, however, this socialistic propensity involved the Indians in much difficulty. The newcomers were constantly complaining of their horses being stolen. The horses were

always found on the range in a few days, but that did not alter their opinion in the least; the Indian was a thief. The Indian was not a thief, but he did not understand the rights of property as practiced by the white man.

One season we joined a party of Indians on their annual fishing trip. In the waters of the Western streams there are two runs of salmon, the fish being of different kinds and the methods of capturing them being entirely different. The first run and the manner of capture I have explained. The second or June run does not take the bait at all. This run begins when the snows melting in the higher mountains swell the streams to their flood. In the lower river where the water is very deep the Indians never attempt to take this fish. They wait until the salmon ascend the smaller streams where the water is quite clear. The salmon usually reach the smaller streams in late July and remain a month. By the middle of July the Indians congregate at some central point, usually the Weippe Meadow, and from there go in a body to the fishing grounds in the heart of the Bitter Root Mountains.

We set out one morning in company with nearly all the people of our tribe. That night we reached and camped on the Weippe beside the great spring from which Lewis and Clark drank a hundred years ago. Hundreds of Indians were camped about the meadow, the horses feeding knee-deep in the grass, the white tepees gleaming against the background of dark firs. When night came and the firelight shone upon the dark swarthy faces, it required but little imagination to transform the encampment into a war party bound upon an expedition of pillage. One became reassured, however, by the bursts of laughter that echoed through the forest aisles as some joker got off some particularly side-splitting remark. We were the only palefaces in the party, and the Indians had grown to look upon us as themselves. The only difference was that they had learned not to intrude upon our privacy; a hard lesson, for an Indian has no understanding of privacy. He feels free to enter his neighbor's lodge at any time and under all conditions, and does so. Another thing they never could understand was that my wife insisted on riding her horse side-wise. The Indian woman rides astride; she would fall off if she attempted the side saddle. The Indian men would sometimes throw a leg over their saddle and ride up to me, saying, "The same as your wife."

We never saw our hopeful from dawn until dark. He slept in our tepee and that was about all. Immediately after breakfast he would seek out some of his admirers, male or female, and when the party was ready to proceed, we would see him perched behind some dusky cavalier or copper-colored Rowena, his arms about them, jogging along in the greatest contentment.

Game was plentiful and my little rifle kept our table laden with grouse, while my new high-power rifle, then just being introduced, in the hands of Charley Allen kept the whole camp in venison, and later, as we reached the higher range, elk meat. The lover of outdoors who has never penetrated the unexplored fastnesses of the mountain region of many of our Western States has been deprived of a great treat. Alas! the virgin forest untrodden by the foot

of the white man is fast disappearing, and it will be only a few years ere the growl of the steam saw eating up the great white pines and cedars will break the stillness a few years ago broken only by the growl of the bear. Much of the country over which we passed on that trip had never been explored by the white man with the exceptions of the early trappers, and the evidences of their visits had long since faded away. These towering mountain peaks had echoed only to the sound of the primitive firearm of the Indian, and the game was so blissfully ignorant of the lethal force of the modern bullet, that they came down upon the meadows at dusk and fed among the horses. Lordly elk in bands of twenty and more crossed the trail in our front not two hundred yards away, too indifferent to our presence to increase their pace. The streams were alive with trout so voracious that a bit of red rag tied upon the hook was as killing as the most deceptive creation of the flymaker's art. The hillsides were covered with huckleberries, among which the bears wallowed in undisturbed content.

Our final camp was made within the shadows of the range. It stood upon a knoll overlooking a swift clear stream, behind a cedar forest; upon one side a broad meadow for the horses, upon the other the grim shoulder of Pot Mountain. As this was to be a permanent camp, the arrangements were made accordingly. The ground was cleared of all undergrowth, scraped down to the solid earth and sprinkled, and while still damp from the sprinkling, the women with blocks pounded the earth down solid. The tepee was then erected and a ditch dug about it to drain off the water in case of rain. Thus treated, the inside of the tepee is free from dampness. A few days' were spent in getting ready for the actual fishing.

The fish were not yet all arrived, and it was necessary to be prepared to take care of them when they did arrive. Wood was the prime necessity and all hands busied themselves in procuring it. This getting the wood may seem a small thing. You may ask why they did not cut down one of the great dead fire-killed trees that stood all about. From the very excellent reason that they did not have the tools to do it with. We had the only ax in the camp, and it would hardly haggle off a tepee pole. They skirmished the timber and gathered sticks, tying them in bundles and carrying the bundles into camp on their backs. I never could understand why they would insist upon loading themselves down with a cartload of wood when innumerable pack horses stood around doing nothing. The ways of the savage are past finding out. All this labor was performed by the women, the men were too busy looking for the coming fish to engage in any such menial duties. The fishing tackle, too, had to be overhauled. That took about thirty minutes, but it was a man's occupation.

The fishing gear consists of a long slim pole tapering to a point at the smaller end. About two feet from the lower end a stout cord of deer sinew is attached. This sinew passes on down and is inserted in the back of a stout hook with a ferrule on its shank. The hook is driven securely upon the tapering end of the pole in such manner that when the fish is hooked the hook will pull off and allow the short piece of cord for playing him. The

manner of catching them is as follows: The fisher strips and wades out into the stream, lowers the hook to the bottom, the current carries it down, and as it does so, the fisher gives the pole regular sharp pulls. The salmon lying near the bottom sees the pole coming and simply rises in the water enough to allow it to pass under him. The sharp hook is jerked into his belly and the hook slips from the pole. The savage turns his back, puts the pole over his shoulder and walks ashore with the helpless fish protesting behind.

All was in readiness. The drying frames were repaired where the winter's snows had broken them down. The wood was collected and piled in immense heaps along the shore, the flaying knives sharpened to a keen edge, and most important of all, the salmon were beginning to arrive in great numbers. It is no exaggeration to say that one could sit upon the shore and looking down into the clear water, count hundreds of them.

With the coming of night the camp was all excitement. The fires were lighted on the shore. The fishermen stripped and came down to the water, tackle in hand. Other Indians went up and down the stream for several rods and threw stones in the water for the purpose of causing the salmon to all congregate in the pool selected for the fishing. When the flames lighted up the dark forest aisles the fishers waded into the water, lowered their gaffs and began their labors. It was not long before one was hooked, then another and another, then so fast that you could hardly keep count. The fish were dragged ashore, jerked from the hook and the fisherman hurried back. In less than an hour the sandy beach was covered with salmon. The fires burned low, the pool seemed gleaned of all the fish, and the fishers, now cold and tired, retired to their tepees, leaving the scene to the women. All night the women flayed the fish and lay them on the frames ready for the drying fires the next day. Each night was but a replica of the previous one. It was fish, fish, fish, until the very air reeked with the smell of fish. This same smell, by the way, attracted the bears, and they came down from the hills to investigate. I sat on a rock a mile from the camp with my rifle and bagged a bear whenever I so desired, and there was just about as much excitement and danger in the operation as there is in shooting a woodchuck off the stone fence on the Vermont homestead.

The bears are very fond of fish and at this season of the year devote much of their time to catching them. Old male salmon that have become tired from the constant buffeting over the rocks on their up-river journey and sore from their wounds received in battle—for the male salmon is a very pugnacious animal—lay in the shallow water in an eddy in the sun and basked. In these places bruin found them, and no animal is softer footed than he in stalking his game. He got down stream from the basking fish, and slipping into the water crept upon the unsuspecting fish like a mousing cat. When within reach, with one lightning sweep of his powerful paw, he sent the salmon spinning out on the bank, where he devoured him at leisure.

Many times I sat above the water and watched the fighting of the salmon. Two males met, and like two dogs, immediately picked a quarrel. There was evidently nothing to quarrel about,

but still they must quarrel. How like some people! They circled round and round each other, gnashing their teeth as much like two mad boars as anything I ever saw. Suddenly one saw what seemed an advantage and rushed in and cut a great gash in his opponent's side. Then the circling was resumed. When they became frenzied they clashed together and slashed with their powerful jaws, armed with teeth like a circular saw, until one or the other was rendered *hors de combat*. This one fled, closely pursued by the victor, who accelerated his speed by nabbing him whenever the opportunity presented. A wound from the teeth of a salmon is no trivial matter. Often the fishermen were bitten when the salmon were numerous, and the wounds were ugly and difficult to heal. The Indians realized the danger of these wounds and in former times sought to overcome the infection by burning the wound out with a live willow coal.

In many things the Indian is like his civilized brother. He is brave with the familiar things and an arrant coward with things he does not understand. That is true of ourselves; it is the unknown that frightens us. I have seen whole congregations of Indians become panic stricken and flee from some simple natural phenomenon that I, in my superior wisdom, smiled at. Again, I have seen them do things that I, with my superior wisdom, would not attempt to do. There was a large bottle of spirits of ammonia in my office. It was standing where the sun could shine directly upon it. The heat generated a gas and the gas escaping forced the glass stopper half out of the neck of the bottle. Then it fell back with a sharp click. The house was full of Indians. I picked the bottle up and placed it where the sun would not strike it, which happened to be right where the savages could see it. The agitation of the bottle caused the gas to force the stopper up quite vigorously. I saw the Indians backing away. One asked me what was in that bottle. Bearing in mind the joke they had once played on me I told them that it was a spirit and he was trying to escape.

In less than an instant the house was clear and there was not an Indian to be seen. That is one side.

Some years after we came among them the Indians decided to construct a ferry across the Kooskia. This resolution was brought about by the capture of an old ferry boat that came floating down the stream one high water. This they tied up by the shore and forgot for two or three years. One low water they towed a cable across the river and anchored it on either shore, then forgot that for awhile. Matters dragged along thus until one June, of all times, they had another spasm of industry. A trapper had come down the river in a large batteau and the Indians had bought it from him. This boat was made of split cedar and was very light. They used it to cross the river and it was the only craft at that point. The river was bank full, a brown tide running like a mill race, and filled with floating logs and trees. Now and then some immense cedar from far up river would come down, its giant roots nodding and swaying in the current like the antlers of some monster elk.

On that morning the little fellow and I had come up from below to watch the proceedings. The Indians were erecting a tower on the opposite side of the river for the cable. When they were ready to cross one of the Indians lifted the boy and set him in the boat. I made no objections to this, as they often took him with them. I wandered off on the hillside to examine some old caches that had been unearthed by some placer miners the winter before, and spent probably two hours there. Upon my return I noticed one of these great cedars coming down the river quite near the shore upon which the Indians were employed. The batteau was moored beneath the shelving bank and the Indians could not see either it or the coming tree. I soon saw that the tree was going to strike the boat. I called to them, but they could not hear above the roar of the water. The tree struck and carried the boat away. I was concerned only for the Indians. I knew that it would be necessary for them to go down three miles before they

could get a canoe to cross back, so I called to them what had happened.

All this time the batteau was whirling further out in the stream and I could see that it had a hole in it where the roots of the tree had struck. About this time, too, I saw the head of my little chap over the gunwale. He had grown tired and one of the Indians had taken him to the boat and stowed him away on a pile of their blankets. Scared! Well, I guess I was scared. There was three hundred feet of tossing angry water between us and no boat nearer than the Koos-koos-kia, and I unable to swim. The hole in the boat was above the waterline, but the waves were washing in, and it was only a question of time when the boat would sink. I suppose I must have done some frantic yelling, for they at last heard me. It took only an instant for them to realize what was amiss. I saw Charley Allen start down the shore. Charley could make the Marathon messenger seem to be standing still when it came to a sprint. He threw away his scanty garments as he ran. In a half mile he had nothing on but his moccasins. A cottonwood stood upon the bank which the water had partially undermined until it leaned out over the water. I saw him run out on the prostrate trunk and leap into the boiling flood. It was a daring thing to do. I could not see how a man could live in that water.

When an Indian swims in haste he uses the overhand stroke. He sped through that water, his torso half above the surface, his bronze arms swinging like the sails of a windmill. I have seen college swimming races where the honor of the old alma mater depended upon the result, but I never saw one where my interest was so much concentrated upon the outcome as this one. The batteau had something like half a mile start, but before it rounded the bend I had the satisfaction of seeing him overhaul it and climb aboard. Then I suddenly remembered that I had not been breathing for something like fifteen minutes. I heaved a sigh and resumed respiration; my heart also began to beat along about this time. That is the other side.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Wild Turkey.

Habits—Conclusion.

No bird is more gentle and unsuspicious than the turkey until it has learned that man is an enemy, and after that no bird is more wary and alert. Mr. Henshaw speaks of the lack of suspicion on the part of these birds and Capt. Carpenter tells how—when his command was preparing to establish Ft. Niobrara—a wild turkey came to the camp and ventured out of the underbrush to feed on the grain spilled by the animals.

When Florida first began to be a resort for northern tourists, turkeys were very abundant

and not at all shy or suspicious. They often associated with the domestic turkeys, and one wild gobbler became so tame that he would feed unconcernedly within a few feet of a man. On this point Dr. Ralph, writing about 1890, said to Captain Bendire:

"One can hardly believe that the wild turkeys of to-day are of the same species as those of fifteen or twenty years ago [that is 1872 to 1875]. Then they were rather stupid birds which it did not require much skill to shoot, but now I do not know of a game bird or mammal more alert or more difficult to approach. Formerly I have often, as they were sitting in trees on the banks of some stream, passed very near them, both in our boats and in steamers, without caus-

ing them to fly, and I once, with a party of friends, ran a small steamer within twenty yards of a flock which did not take wing until several shots had been fired at them."

The turkey, while usually resident in a certain section, is yet said to be prone to wander, and to be by no means as local in its habits as bobwhite or the ruffed grouse. Sometimes they will remain in a desirable location for a long time and then will leave it—for no apparent reason. On the plains the birds used to spend the night roosting in the trees of the bottoms, and after drinking in the morning would wander up on the prairie about the heads of streams and there feed on grasshoppers and other insects and on sand cherries and tunas, returning



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In Sahaptin Land

IV.—The Autumn Salmon Spearing—Chief Joseph—Legends—Conclusion

By CHARLES S. MOODY

THERE remains yet one element in the Indian's food problem to relate. It will be understood that the Indian does not hunt and fish with the idea of enjoyment. Existence for him is one struggle for food, and what to us means sport to him means hard work to fill the larder. In the waters of the Kooskia and its larger tributaries there dwell at all seasons large salmon trout. These fish are at times twenty pounds in weight and many of them weigh ten pounds.

With the advent of winter and the cold weather the waters fall and the streams become so clear that small objects in ten feet of water become perfectly visible. It is then that the savage makes ready to reap the harvest of the river. His wife seeks out on the hillside a burnt pine snag that is very resinous and proceeds to fell it with many laborious blows of her dull hatchet. Once it is down she splits it with infinite patience and toil into little billets, and wrapping them in her head harness carries them to the boat landing where her liege lord has been busy with his end of the affair. He has constructed midway of one side of the canoe a platform two feet square projecting over the gunwale, and this he covers with earth several inches deep. The squaw now builds upon this platform a cone of her rich pine billets, standing them endwise and binding them together with green willow withes. This cone is six or more feet in height and is at least two feet at the base. Several stones are placed in the canoe on the opposite side to counterbalance the cone.

The savage has gotten out his fishing spear and made it ready. This instrument is constructed upon peculiarly Indian lines and is no doubt the outgrowth of centuries of evolution in the art of fishing. It is now made of steel, but there are yet in existence many that are made from the flexible ribs of the deer or elk. It is almost impossible to convey an idea in words of the form of this spear. A shaft sixteen feet long is fitted at its larger end with a sharp spike six inches long. On either side of the shaft are securely bound two flat pieces of spring steel three feet long, the lower ends of which project below the central spike at least a foot. Upon these steel springs are hooks with their points looking inward and almost meeting below the center spike. Once impaled upon this

machine a fish is helpless. There is no possibility of escape. The whole machine is quite heavy, so that it will sink readily in the swift current.

All was in readiness. Night fell and it was very dark. The Indian and his woman launched the canoe and she took up the paddle. He stood amidships behind the cone, which he lighted at the top. In a short time it began to blaze and lighted up the whole river in that locality. More, it alighted the water and rendered objects on the bottom peculiarly distinct. The fish lying on the bottom showed up as white as milk. The light seemed to blind the fish and they remained perfectly still. The canoe, turned broadside to the current, floated over the fish and the Indian with the shaft of his spear half way in the water watched intently. Gradually he lowered the spear until it was right over the resting fish, then with a quick downward thrust he impaled it. The two springs spread on either side and when once over the center of the body closed again and drove their sharp hooks into the flesh. Using the gunwale of the canoe as a fulcrum the savage hoisted the struggling fish out of the water and deposited it in the bottom of the craft. The squaw with great skill and expedition removed the captive and the Indian once more turned to the water. This process was repeated many times during the night, or until the torch had burned down to a mere heap of coals.

I often joined the savages in this occupation and it was a long time before I learned the trick of correctly judging distance under water. My attempts at securing a fish were amusing in the extreme. One sees a large salmon lying on the bottom and it looks as white as snow and no more than a few feet beneath the surface. One makes a vicious lunge at it with his spear to find that what seems only a few feet was in reality ten or fifteen. Then one makes a scramble to keep from falling overboard. Again one strikes a fish, as an Indian friend of mine once did while going over a rapid, and before he can recover is hurled into the icy water by the impact of the canoe against the spear handle.

We were fishing in a long still stretch of river and our success had not been of the best. At length my Indian companion suggested that

we try the lower reach. Pulling ashore, we trimmed the torch until it burned brightly. I was at the paddle and we pushed out into the stream. There was a half mile of extremely rough water between the two pools. At his suggestion I threw the canoe half across the current so that he could see by means of the light for several yards down stream. When we had covered about half the distance we saw a large trout coming up the swift water. When he was nearly beneath the canoe my companion thrust him with the spear. The water was only three or four feet deep, but it was swift as a mill race. In an instant the rushing canoe struck the spear handle and my savage friend executed a parabola into the icy water of the Kooskia.

It was impossible to stop the canoe and pick him up. I shot away from him like an arrow, leaving him in the darkness to get ashore as best he could. When I reached the still water I turned the canoe and ran into an eddy near the rapid. I shouted and to my surprise got an answer right at my elbow. I glanced down and my friend was swimming toward the canoe dragging the pole of the spear after him. He caught the gunwale. I swung to the opposite side to balance and he scrambled in, fetching the salmon with him. We went ashore, where he dried his clothing over a fire, and we resumed our occupation, he none the worse for his bath.

In due time I formed the acquaintance of Chief Joseph. After the defeat of the hostiles in 1877 by General Miles in the Bear Paw Mountains the Government, after taking from the Indians their homes, exiled them to a reservation in the Indian Territory. This was done evidently for the purpose of killing them off in a manner a little less merciful than shooting them. In fourteen months over half of them died, then the Government awoke to a realization that if the Indians were allowed to remain longer in that climate in a few years there would be none of them alive. They were therefore bundled up and shipped back to the Colville Reservation where conditions were more nearly those to which they had been accustomed. After some years the Government allowed Joseph to visit his old home and even spend some weeks each year in the territory over which he once exercised dominion.

An Indian and I were riding along the road when we saw an Indian on horseback approaching us. He had so much the appearance of one of the Indian Presbyterian ministers that I paid little attention to him. After he had passed with the usual salutation, my friend turned to me and asked:

"Do you know who that is?"

"No," was my reply.

"That was Chief Joseph."

So that was Chief Joseph, eh! I turned in

my saddle and looked after him. He rode like a Centaur, despite his advancing years. There was something about him that impressed me, something that bespoke the remarkable man. We were going away from my home when we met him and he was going in that direction. Upon my return that afternoon he was sitting in our apology for a parlor and my wife was trying to entertain him—apparently without very good success. Joseph either could not or would not speak English and my wife's command of Sahaptin was not great. The old warrior was made known to me by Charley Allen, whose guest he was, and we were soon on very good terms. Our conversation turned upon many things, but never upon the war of which he was the leading actor.

If in the future you should read something written by somebody, purporting to be an utterance of Chief Joseph anent the so-called Nez Percé war, you will kindly set it down as a fabrication. Joseph never, so far as I have been able to ascertain, spoke one word to a white man about the war. His lips were sealed with his defeat. It is possible that at times he did speak of it with his own people, but even with them he was very reticent.

A few years ago someone wrote of how he and Joseph sat upon the stairway of a certain hotel in the city of Spokane, and while there Joseph told him all about the war. Most absurd of all, that Joseph made use of the Chinook to communicate his thoughts. I should like to know that author's name and I would crown him the chief liar of the Northwest. Joseph never talked with strangers. He required to know that persons with whom he talked were in complete sympathy with him and his people before he deigned to hold converse with them, then his talk was on general topics and not about himself personally. He was great enough to sink himself in his people, and their greatest good was his sole thought.

General Miles has said that Joseph was a very remarkable man. He was even more than that; he was a very wonderful man. Had he occupied any sphere in life other than that of an obscure Indian chief, his sun of destiny had shone over the world instead of setting upon a lonely battlefield in the lava beds where he was endeavoring to lead a starving band of women and children into a land where liberty is something more than a name.

In person Joseph was about five feet ten inches and would weigh something near 180 pounds. He was erect as all Indians are; his shoulders and chest were models for the sculptor. He had the sharp, aquiline features of the Indian with the same piercing black eyes. At the time I knew him his face was furrowed with the harrow teeth of time and of the sorrows through which he had passed. At times he smiled and I have even known him to laugh heartily, but in general he was grave. He was a natural orator and at times even when dwelling upon some simple topic his voice would rise and ring out as if he were addressing a congregation.

The actual name of Joseph was Ha'i-hali-keen (White Eagle Wing), though the whites named him Joseph, as they named every person with some outlandish Bible name. Old Scripture names are given without the slightest idea of fitness and scattered freely about over the

Sahaptin land. If an Indian chanced to come to service once, the missionaries immediately tacked upon him some new Biblical cognomen. The original Indian names meant something; those given them by the missionaries do not. The original names were musical; the new ones are anything but harmonious to the ear. The Indian child at seven or eight was given a name that signified something. For instance, the name of Hali-hali-keen was given Joseph by his mother by reason of the fact that when she was ready to name him she went out and the first living object that she saw was a great white eagle sailing in the blue sky. She called him then by a name that would signify that eagle's wing.

Although this narrative has already outgrown the length intended for it at the outset, I cannot refrain from setting down a few of the many legends of the Sahaptins. I select only those which are characteristic of the people and shed some light on their early beliefs and customs. To recount all of the legendary tales would require a volume.

The legend of the peopling of the world with the Indians is easily the most important of all their traditionary stories. There was a time, so the story runs, when the earth had been made but no people lived upon it. Instead of the people the animals and birds were gifted with speech and lived very much as the people afterward lived. Then, as now, the coyote was the most cunning and wisest of the animals. Within the valley of the Kooskia lived a monster who subsisted upon animals. He filled the whole valley and did not need to roam about for his food, for he had the power of attracting them to him; when he simply opened his great mouth they went in. There they stayed alive until he grew hungry when he would swallow as many as he needed to supply his needs and digested them, rejecting the bones until they filled the whole valley. The only animal that this monster could not attract was the coyote. One day the coyote, seeing his friends being destroyed so rapidly, resolved to slay this monster. He procured some sharp flints and a quantity of pitch pine, and while the monster was asleep crept up alongside of him and struck him sharply on the jaw. The monster awoke with a start and opened his mouth. This was what the coyote was waiting for, so in he jumped. The monster was very much surprised and went into a great rage, tearing up the hills and making cañons all over the country, some of which you can see to this day. The little coyote only laughed in his glee. He went down into the belly of the monster and made a fire with the pitch. He then chopped a hole in the body allowing his friends to escape, which they did, all running away to the mountains, except the fox, who was the coyote's cousin. When the monster had been burned to death, the coyote and his cousin were at a loss to know what to do with it, but for many moons the coyote had told the other animals that the people were coming, and they decided to make the people out of the monster. They cut him to pieces and created the various tribes out of parts of the body. These they sent to far countries, leaving the beautiful valley of the Kooskia untenanted. After the whole of the monster had been used in creating other people and they had departed, the coyote remembered that he had not peopled

the Kooskia valley. On his hands he still had some blood from the monster and he told the fox to bring some water from the river. With this he washed the blood from his hands and sprinkling the earth with the bloody water, the Sahaptins sprang from the ground.

In the legend of the seasons the coyote figures again. Heat and cold are beings. A long time ago the cold and heat met in their clouds and a great battle ensued. Heat drove cold back for a time, but he came again and this time he was successful and overcame his rival. Then they gave the contest over to their children. Each had five sons. These met and fought the battle out. The sons of the cold slew all of heat's sons, but there remained a daughter who was pregnant. This daughter hurried back south and lived in a tepee until her child was born. She told him that the sons of cold were his enemies and he should live only to kill them. After many years he grew to be strong and powerful. He journeyed north until he came to a great river where he met the grandsons of cold. They had the river covered with ice. A battle ensued. The grandparents, seeing the way things were going, took a hand in the fight. The cold spread grease on the ice where the battle was being waged and this so angered the heat that he poured hot water on the ice and rotted it. The coyote, growing disgusted with the quarrel, took a hand and cut the throat of heat, saying: "It shall never be all cold or all hot, but there shall be some of each." So the seasons were settled in that way. I have never found anybody who attempted an explanation of this legend.

At last the time came for us to part. The iron steed came thundering up the valley, startling the Indian ponies and disturbing the peaceful repose of the savages themselves. The railroad brought settlers, whose houses soon began to crowd the Indian tepees along the river shore. The Government decided that the redmen were now able to care for themselves. We must part. I told them that I was going. They went about for some days, saying to each other, "Los Los Sikiptuat is going to leave. I regretted leaving almost as badly as they regretted having me leave. I had formed many warm and enduring friendships among them, friendships to which I now look back with fondness, for they were without guile. The last day came. They were all at the little station to see us off. We waved them a farewell from the rear platform of the coach, and I am free to confess that my eyes were so filled with tears that I could not see them as individuals, but only as a blurred mass of humanity, but I knew that the great heart of that people was beating for me.

A Hunter's Motor Car.

It is a fad of Baron Pierre de Crawhez to travel and shoot in countries where distances between habitations are far and comforts lacking, but his idea does not entail the giving up of such comforts, therefore he travels in the automobile shown in the illustration on page 979. Popular mechanics say it is a large affair especially designed to meet his requirements, the chief of which is sufficient space for the carrying of all the little conveniences that life in the thickly populated centers of the world make almost indispensable.

many ducks, principally redheads and canvasbacks. We unhitched the team and my friend went round the lake to the other end, about a quarter of a mile away, while, after a sufficient time had elapsed for him to hide, I went down the other side in full view, jumping a duck now and then but still driving the rafting birds down to the other end of the lake. Soon shooting began. The birds began to get up and circle around the lake, now and then coming very close to the shore. The wind began to blow and they made

for the shore, where either myself or my companion entertained them. Most of our dead birds drifted ashore and we had little trouble in picking up. They were chiefly young birds and evidently had not been shot at before.

Reelfoot and Koskonong lakes are celebrated for canvasbacks. Fox, Marie Petite and Nippersink in northern Illinois were famous years ago. To-day the lakes of Iowa, Nebraska and Dakota afford the best inland shooting.

Length, 20; wing, 9.30; tarsus, 1.70.

REMINISCENT OF CHIEF JOSEPH

By CHARLES S. MOODY

BOUQUETS of sympathy thrown at the average redskin are usually the outgrowth of a mawkish sentimentalism that has its birth in ignorance. It is a rather curious fact that the Indian's truest friend has always been the man who was best acquainted with him and his shortcomings. The present writer has no patience with those who are parlor car philanthropists and make their deductions from the rear platform of the observation coach, then go home and write articles anent what they have learned. In the first place, the specimens aborigine that infest the depot platforms of our transcontinental railroads are as little typical Americans as the coolie who trots about our streets with a clothes basket on either end of a pole is a typical Chinaman. Therefore, when you chance to see a dirty, half-clad Siwash holding up for your inspection a hat rack made of fake buffalo horns, do not confound him with the self-sustaining savage of some of our reserves. The average Indian is only a child grown large. His attributes are those of a child; he thinks and reasons as does a child. In this lurks the secret of our Government's many mistakes in dealing with its Indian wards. It is a fact to be regretted that the man usually placed at the head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs is one whose sole recommendation to the place has been that he

is a good party man. He knows no more about his charges than he does about the Fiji Islanders. In consequence the Indian has been misunderstood, his traditions ruthlessly trod upon, his motives wilfully perverted.

There has recently died, neglected and alone, here in the West, a man who, born with another skin, would have been the peer of many who have graced the annals of history. I knew intimately Chief Joseph, and from him have heard many times the story of the Nez Perce war. I do not pose as an apologist for the depredations wantonly committed by Indians, neither do I attempt to condone for the woeful mismanagement of our Government in a great many of these cases. Acts of this character have plunged nations in warfare, and in this instance did embroil us in a border strife that resulted in the loss of many lives and the destruction of much property. The termination only was when the wily old chieftain, surrounded by a superior force, hungry and exhausted with long travel, was forced to surrender. The splendid old fellow was possessed of too much of the stoicism of his race to give way to tears, but often have I seen his eye grow dim and the deep-toned voice become husky when recounting his wrongs. It was rarely that Joseph could be induced to speak of the past. Only when you

had his confidence in a great degree would he wholly abandon his native reserve and become communicative. Had the Indian Department known just a little something about Indians and their religious traditions the Nez Perce war would not have been, and Joseph and his followers would not have become renegades.

The Nez Perce nation was formerly divided into three tribes—one at Lapwai, where the Agency was; one at Kamiah, upon the Clearwater river, and one in the Wallowa valley in eastern Oregon. This last tribe was under the leadership of Joseph. The tribe had inhabited this fertile country from time immemorial, carrying on their rude system of agriculture, catching fish from the teeming rivers, killing game upon the verdant hills. They were at peace with all the world, nor dreamed that they would ever be called upon by their white masters to surrender their ancestral homes. Joseph was hereditary chief; in fact the tribe had been ruled by a dynasty of Josephs dating back further than the oldest of them could recount. They had buried their dead in this valley, and had given their children in marriage here until every spot of earth had for them a sacred association. Then came the white man with his thirst for land. Gradually but steadily he pushed into the Indians' country until the once peaceful region became dotted with the settlers' homes. His stock trampled upon and ate up the Indian's crops and the Indian retaliated by shooting the animals, and once in a while, to vary the monotony, the settler himself. Naturally this bred a feeling of ill-will between the twain until the Government was forced to interfere. A commission was appointed who heard the case and agreed with the Indians that they should have the Wallowa valley for a home forever.

Here was mistake number one. The commissioner did not inform the Indians that it would be necessary for this agreement to be ratified by the Government, thousands of miles away, but left them under the impression that the thing was settled. The Government, with its usual short-sightedness, neglected to ratify the

agreement. Meanwhile the white settlers kept encroaching upon the Indian lands and the Indians kept up a private system of retaliation. Things at last developed a crisis and the Indians arose and drove the whites away, killing several of them.

This again called for the Government to step in and take a hand. Another council was called to meet at once at Fort Lapwai. Joseph and his followers met the commissioners there and a long conference was held. The envoys of the Government at last gave to the Indians their ultimatum, which was to at once return home and prepare themselves for leaving the Wallowa valley and emigrating to the valley of the Clearwater, where they might be more directly under the eye of the Indian agent and the troops stationed at Lapwai. Such a request was certainly the acme of stupidity and ignorance. To require an Indian, at a moment's warning, to quit the land of his fathers, where every cherished memory hovered, where for ages they had interred the bodies of their forbears, was simply an impossibility, judged from their standard. The commissioners then retired haughtily and awaited the decision of the Indians. A three days' "pow-wow" followed, in which Joseph was strenuous in his advice for them to obey the commands of the white men. His own brother, who had a great deal of influence with the tribemen, was equally insistent that they go at once to war. They argued, and not without some reason, too, that if the Government had violated its compact in the past, there was no assurance that it would not do so at this time. The decision of the council was that they should submit and emigrate to their new homes. This was the result as transmitted to the commissioners. The actual facts were that they returned to their homes to prepare for war. The envoys retired from the field jubilant with their success and Joseph and his people set out upon their return to the Wallowa.

To better understand what followed it will be necessary to examine a map of eastern Oregon and Idaho. You will note that, in order for the Indians to reach their new home near Lapwai it was

necessary for them to cross the Snake river, which is the dividing line between Oregon and Idaho. This they did at a point almost west from Whitebird. Fording the great river at this point they struck northward in order to reach an old fording place upon the Salmon river. Across the Salmon they ascended the high plateau known as the Camas prairie. This region was one of the earliest settled portions of the territory and was dotted with fine farms even at this time. Just before reaching the Camas prairie, along the breaks of the Salmon, were many stock ranches with their herders and range riders. Arms among the Indians at this time were at a premium. The impetuous young warriors, against Joseph's most vehement protest, persisted in raiding these stock farms and carrying off such guns as they found. In one raid upon a ranch near Whitebird, a conflict occurred in which several of the white men were killed. This alarmed the settlement and they immediately sent a messenger to Howard at Lapwai for aid.

Joseph, now overcome by the demands of his followers, consented to go to war. He was influenced to do this more perhaps by the fact that his young men called him "Woman" than anything else. Before the troops arrived the settlers rallied and gave Joseph battle near Mount Idaho. The Indians were halted and upon the arrival of the troops they retired back across the Salmon river, where they entrenched themselves in the lava beds. Sunday came on, when Howard was just ready to cross the river in pursuit. He halted for Sabbath observances, and Joseph, who was possessed of no religious scruples, took advantage of the prayer meeting to make his escape. When Monday morning dawned Howard moved his troops across the river, expecting that Joseph would give him battle. The fox had gone; nor did the General ever again get a good look at him until the final surrender. In fact, Howard lost the old warrior, who had hastened down the Salmon and crossed it at a point below the former ford. He fell upon the settlers further down the Camas prairie and nearer to

Lapwai than he had been formerly. Again the volunteer army repulsed him and warned General Howard of the whereabouts of the Indians.

Joseph now struck east across the country, followed by the troops. At Clearwater Bridge he was attacked by the settlers under Major Fenn, who succeeded in delaying him until Howard had nearly reached that point. Had a competent man been at the head of the regulars, the Nez Perce war would have terminated right there. Joseph was traveling with all his stock and women and children. Consequently he must travel slow. In fact he did travel very leisurely during the entire foray, until he got Miles after him. Learning that Howard was expected to arrive the next day, Joseph packed up during the night and escaped once more, this time directly over the LoLo trail for Montana; Howard, with all his artillery, following him.

It is one of the most amusing things in the history of modern warfare to contemplate a major general attempting to cross the Bitter Root range with a park of artillery trailing him. The amusing side of it, however, never dawned upon Howard until he had cut roads and dragged his cannon over the mountains for a week. During this time the Indians were only a few miles away, resting their horses and killing game, all the time keeping close watch upon the troops from the vantage point of some mountain peak.

When Howard at last decided that the book warfare of West Point was not just the kind that the Indians had been taught and that they would not fight fair, he chucked the cannon down into the LoLo river and lit out after the old warrior in dead earnest. The Indians were now fully rested, their horses well fed, themselves supplied with provisions. To keep ahead of the slow-moving troops was an easy task. Still, to make matters secure, Joseph pushed rapidly across the range to the LoLo pass, aiming to make his way into the Northwest territory. His plan would have been carried out to the letter had it not been that the news having gone around into Montana by way of the Mullan trail, the settlers

mustered and fortified the pass. This forced Joseph to turn south along the crest of the Bitter Roots, his intention being to enter the Jackson's Hole country in Wyoming and south Idaho. Once here, pursuit would be out of the question. A band the size of Joseph's could hold the region against an army.

It is a fact worthy of mention that Joseph showed great generalship in this retreat, choosing the most rugged and laborious route that could be devised for the troops to follow him over. Had he met with no more formidable adversary than Howard the chase would have partaken of the character of a summer picnic for the Indians. As he reached the entrance to the National Park, however, he was met by an unexpected surprise in the shape of another detachment of troops, hurried thither to intercept him. He now realized that it was a race for liberty, and this forced him to abandon everything that was not absolutely necessary. Thus divested, he fled through the Yellowstone Park and north and east up the valley of the Yellowstone, closely pursued by the troops, almost across the territory of Montana. Several times he sent back detachments to retard the enemy by driving off their horses and firing upon the troops from ambush. In this manner he was enabled to keep his women and children with him. When approaching the international line he was flanked by Miles, who had just returned from his Apache campaigns. Miles was a student of Indians and their methods and knew just how to meet them upon their own ground. With the

very lightest equipment he had hurried up from Fort Benton, and struck Joseph a terrific blow before he could entrench himself. Beside a little lake in the lava rocks the old warrior, surrounded by his faithful few, and hemmed in by a superior force, was compelled to surrender. With a pride that was commendable he refused to surrender to any but General Miles.

Joseph always had the greatest respect for Miles and the utmost contempt for Howard. His estimate of the latter epitomized itself in calling him "Day after to-morrow." Not once during my long acquaintance with him did I ever hear him intimate that he ever supposed that there was the slightest possibility of Howard ever overtaking him. For Col. McConville and Major Fenn, both of whom were in command of the volunteers, he always spoke words of praise. After the surrender he and his people were taken to the Colville reservation and there he passed the remainder of his days like Napoleon at St. Helena, dreaming of the home in the Wallowa. Many times did he plead with the Government to allow him to go back to the old home, but always in vain.

NOTE.—Mention was made in these columns of the death of Joseph, Chief of the Nez Percés, some months ago. Not a great deal of newspaper space was given to this event in the necrology of the country. To most readers Chief Joseph was an Indian, and nothing more. Some, perhaps, remember hearing of him years ago. A few bore in mind his real history and knew him for what he really was, a big man, a statesman and warrior, eternally handicapped of success by reason of the fact that his skin was red. Many a worse man, and many a smaller man has reached a good portion of fame in the history of America. Because Chief Joseph was a great man, it is thought worth while to give space to these reminiscent words regarding him, written by Dr. Moody, whose home is at Sand Point, Idaho, and who was a personal friend of the old chief and got his story from him direct.

THE EDITOR.



he watched the men board her and disappear; come out again, talk with puppet-like gestures, then drop hastily into their boat and push off for the *Mariposa* again.

The men packed together at the ladder as the boat returned. They had witnessed Hiram's strange outbreak and eyed his white face curiously as he watched the men mount the ladder. Instinctively they fell back, understanding dimly that some tragic fate set this man apart, made him chief actor in the scene before them.

The officer, followed by the silent men, swung himself up on deck. The officer's face was pale and shocked. He gave his report in perfect silence.

"A sloop from San Francisco, sir—crew washed overboard in a storm, I think, for—" he hesitated a moment—"the cabin door was locked and we found the body of a little fellow in there, sir. It had been all awash. I reckon they'd locked him in there for safety and he'd drowned."

A low moan broke from Hiram. "A little boy!" he whispered, looking with dazed, shrinking eyes into the officer's face. "The name on the boat, for the love of God!"

There was not a sound on the vessel. The very elements seemed to have paused to hear.

"The *Annie*—" the officer paused at the terrible significance of the last name—"Judson," he finished, very low.

Hiram's lips moved, but no word came. The doctor pressed to his side. "His little boy, I think," he said, answering the question in the faces around him. "He left him on the *Annie Judson*."

"We'll put the boat off again, Judson," said the captain. "You shall go over the sloop and see." Words seemed futile. One would have thought they were indifferent, these men, so quietly did they take the scene.

"I'll go," said Hiram, "but I know. I saw them masts all broken and then I knew." He looked at the doctor as if from him might come some explanation of the tragedy that had so swiftly overwhelmed him. The full meaning of it rushed over him suddenly. He bowed himself, rocking to and fro in his agony of spirit.

"And I left him, only thinkin' how I could get free," he moaned over and over. "And now"—he quieted suddenly, rising in his agony to a clear vision of the future, and accepting the punishment he understood to be just—"I'll never be free again. I'll be hearing Jimmy askin' me night and day why I did not take him home!"

Pacific Monthly - Dec. 1907.



The Battle of Big Hole, Montana

An Account of One of the Most Desperate and Bloody Encounters
Ever Contested, Whereof Military Annals Give Any Reliable Record

By Fred A. Hunt
("Moss-Agate Bill")

NULL many a flower is born to blush unseen" and many a battle has been waged of which no poet ever sung and whereof no epic was ever written, and such an one was the battle of the Big Hole, fought on August 9, 1877, just north of the embouchure of Pioneer Creek into Big Hole River. But to atone for the lack of knowledge by the people of this contest, the United States Government, to commemorate the event and to perpetuate a remembrance of the valor displayed by its soldiers on the spot, erected a monument on the battlefield, on whose north face is the inscription: "Erected by the United States"; on the east face:

On this field
17 officers and 138 men
of the 7th U. S. Infantry,
under its Colonel, Bat. Major-General
John Gibbon,
with 8 other soldiers and 36 citizens,
surprised and fought all day
a superior force of Nez Perce Indians,
more than one-third of the command
being killed and wounded.

On the south front of the shaft is chiseled,
"To the officers and soldiers of the Army
and citizens of Montana, who fell at Big
Hole, August 9, 1877, in battle with Nez
Perce Indians." On the west side is a list
of the soldiers and citizens killed in action.

In May, 1877, General O. O. Howard, com-

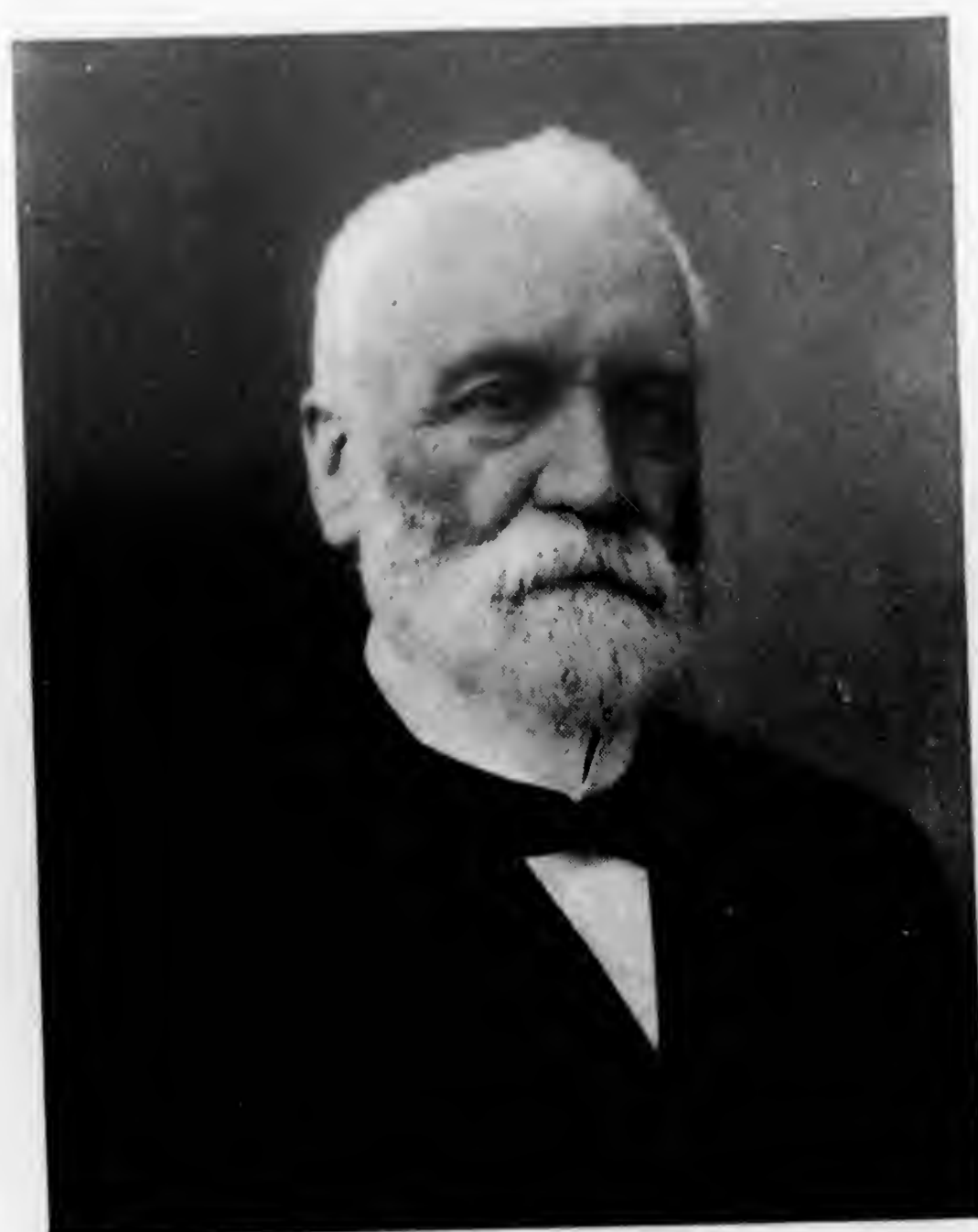
THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE.

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Joseph, Hereditary Chief of the Nez Percés (or Sahaptin) Indians, and Selected Chief of the Nespiltemes.

manding the Department of the Columbia, visited the Nez Percé reservation at Camas Prairie, Idaho, and, with J. B. Monteith, the agent, had a pow-wow (or council) with the Indians, the gist of which was relative to certain lands alleged to have been ceded by them to the Government. No definite understanding was arrived at, but shortly afterward the Nez Percés left their reservation and went on the warpath, Joseph, White Bird, Looking Glass, Too-hool-hul-sote, Red Elk, Joseph's brother Ollicut and others being the leaders, and having a following of several hundred trained warriors. Of the definite cause, or causes, for the outbreak, accounts are widely at variance; some plac-



General O. O. Howard.

ing all the blame on the Indians, others alleging that the whites were intentional and unscrupulous marauders on the Nez Percés' rights; an even superficial knowledge of the sophisticated methods pursued by the Interior Department, in its Indian transactions, would justify a conviction that the Nez Percés were more sinned against than sinning.

Immediately on the outbreak of the Indians, as was the invariable custom, bloodshed, depredation and *raven* occurred as attempted reprisal on the Indians' part for their real or imaginary wrongs, and, as is also customarily the case, the retaliative measures affecting innocent persons.

Again to effect punishment on the Nez Percés for their action, General Howard took the field in command of a large body of troops, and pursued the Indians, having some indecisive skirmishes with them, but among whatever results that may have accrued was a decided respect for the deadly accuracy of the redmen's marksmanship and a justifiable regard for their undoubted prowess.

The Indians were reported to have combined their forces on Weyipe Creek, and to have started for the buffalo country by the Lo Lo trail. When this report was received by General Howard, he sent orders to Gen-

eral Gibbon at Fort Shaw, M. T., asking him to dispatch troops to intercept the Indians, and then to follow with all the force available and "lick the hostiles." No better man could have been entrusted with any such desperate and warlike duty than John Gibbon, a veteran of the Mexican War and of the Seminole Indian war in Florida; a tactician of rare ability and a soldier of superb military genius; a participant in the battles of Grangeville, Manassas, South Mountain and Antietam (being brevetted for gallant conduct at this battle), Fredericksburg (where he was severely wounded, as he was at the battle of Gettysburg) and Gettysburg, receiving brevets for gallantry in both these actions, and again being honored by such recognition for his gallantry at Spotsylvania and Petersburg. He rescued Major Marcus A. Reno from the Sioux, who were besieging him and his command, after they had annihilated George A. Custer and the battalion of the Seventh Cavalry on the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876; but so far as rescuing the Major himself any eulogium might be misplaced, the rescue of the rest of his command was most commendable and fitting.



Brigadier-General Constant Williams, United States Army, Commanding Department of the Colorado.

From the preceding resumé of General Gibbon's soldierly qualities, it is readily comprehensible that he would not delegate to another any military duty involving hazard or danger. He sent word to Captain Charles C. Rawn desiring him to try and head off or round up the hostiles, and himself started with about fifty soldiers and one hundred citizens up Lo Lo Creek and barricaded the mouth of the cañon, but Joseph eluded the barricade and the force and escaped to the Bitter Root Valley, reaching there July 28, and being reinforced by eighteen lodges of Nez Percés under the chieftainship of Poker Joe.

Before this latter date General Gibbon had marshaled and started his forces, which comprised all the men of the Seventh Infantry that could be spared from the skeleton companies garrisoning the various posts, and a few men of the Second Cavalry, totalling seventeen officers and one hundred and forty-six men, accompanied by Scout Joe Blodgett and a number of citizens; First Lieutenants James H. Bradley and Joshua W. Jacobs, with the mounted men, scouting ahead for the trails or any possible indications of the enemy. On August 8 word was received that the Indians were encamped at the mouth of Trail Creek, whereupon General Gibbon had ninety rounds of ammunition and one day's rations issued to each man, and, leaving orders for the wagon-train to follow as rapidly as possible, he made a forced march to the vicinity of the unsuspecting Indian camp, where the outfit had a "*souper à la fourchette*" of hardtack and raw pork, and, without blankets or campfires, slept as best they could on the ground until ten o'clock that night. Then the men were awakened and stealthily marched for five miles to within one hundred and fifty yards of the nearest tepees, when a reconnaissance showed the camp to be on the south bank of the Wisdom or Big Hole River, there formed by the confluence of Trail and Ruby Creeks. And there, at two o'clock in the clear, cold morning, the besiegers waited until the gray dawn should make the Nez Percés distinguishable targets. Shortly before the decisive moment, while the various commands were noiselessly taking their allotted stations, an Indian emerged from his tepee, mounted his pony and rode out of the willows directly in front



Brigadier-General Charles A. Woodruff, United States Army (Retired).

of Lieutenant Bradley and his scouts. He was instantly shot, and as the order had been given that the camp was to be charged on a shot being fired, the converging detachments hurled themselves on the Indians, glad of an opportunity to get into rapid action and release their chilled limbs from the deathly numbness.

The suddenness of the attack took the redmen by complete surprise, and, after twenty minutes of hard fighting, the soldiers had possession of the camp. Then the voices of Joseph—hereditary chief of the Nez Percés and selected chief of the Nespillem Indians—and his head warriors, White Bird and Looking Glass, were heard encouraging their men and inciting them to attack and recapture the camp, Looking Glass in especially strident tones calling upon Wal-lit-ze, Tap-sis-il-pilp and Um-til-ilp-cown, who were presumed to have committed many atrocities and depredations on white settlers along their route, to fight and get killed if need be. In response to Looking Glass's taunts they dashed into the thickest of the *melée* and "got killed," fighting desperately. One Indian engaged an officer in single combat and was killed by that officer. The Indian's sister saw him reel to the earth in his death-agony, and, snatching the revolver

from his nerveless hand, shot the officer—Captain William Logan. With the resumption of the attack upon the camp by the Indians, the fight became extremely close and deadly, the latter feature being augmented to the soldiers' detriment by the occupancy by the Indians of sheltered eminences, whence they poured a frightful fusillade on the troops. And it must be remembered that these Indians were most accomplished marksmen, armed with the most improved weapons, and that a "pump gun," or Winchester was a vastly more destructive arm, at close range, than the Army Springfield, because of its greater celerity in firing, throwing out the empty shell and re-loading.

Under the superior number of the enemy and their plunging fire on front and rear of the troops in the camp, it was found expedient to retire to a cañon, since known as Battle Gulch, where the enemy could be engaged at better advantage, and without the double fire to which they were subjected. But this coulee, or gulch, was not to be occupied until some twenty Indian sharpshooters were killed or driven from it.

and where, shortly afterward, Lieutenant Bradley's command joined them—but carrying the dead body of the gallant young officer. Of course, when the soldiers retired from the camp it was immediately reoccupied by the Nez Percés, and then was recom-

menced a duel between the opposing forces, wherein all the Indians, male, female and young, participated, with a most impartial, but unpleasant, desire to plug the soldiers. And, to make it pleasanter for the occupants of Battle Gulch, the Indians fired the tall prairie grass and only a sudden veering in the wind as the fire approached the gulch prevented serious results to the troops from this mode of Indian warfare. To add to the unpleasantness of the situation, commissary supplies were extremely sparse, but Lieutenant Woodruff's horse (which had been killed within the lines) furnished a *succedaneum* for porterhouse steaks, chunks of this siege of Paris menu being devoured raw. Lieutenant Woodruff at that time was the involuntary commissary officer, but was afterward an officer in the Subsistence Department and was retired with the rank of Brigadier-General.

Meanwhile the little command had been woefully weakened by losses and the non-appearance of the wagon-train, so General Gibbon sent W. H. Edwards for medical assistance and supplies to be rushed to the gulch, but these were shortly anticipated by the arrival of the train, when the Nez Percés withdrew, after firing a number of shots as a sort of "au revoir" to those who had so bravely attacked and withstood them. On August 11 the redmen departed and Captain (afterward Gen-



Brigadier-General Charles A. Coolidge (Retired).

eral) Richard Comba was sent from camp with a party of men to bury the dead and place means of identification on the graves of soldiers and citizens. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th General Howard arrived with his escort, a little over twenty-four hours behind, a distance he maintained until their ultimate capture by General Nelson A. Miles, within fifteen miles of the British line, on October 5. The suggestion cannot but occur to anyone acquainted with the pursuit of the Nez Percés, that Joseph would never have traveled as far as Bear Paw Mountains had John Gibbon occupied the position and commanded the troops of Oliver O. Howard.

Of the valor and heroism of General Gibbon and his officers and men, General Alfred H. Terry, General Philip H. Sheridan and General William T. Sherman spoke the most justly and encomiastically—merely a righteous tribute to the deeds of the command. It was, and is, difficult to select from this band of heroes any as especially worthy of commendation—each was *primus inter pares*—but Lieutenant Woodruff was particularly noticeable as, in the performance of his duties as adjutant, he rode from point to

point encouraging the men by word and example as he "plugged" an Indian, and Captains Comba, Sanno, Browning and Williams were most effective in their marksmanship and in carrying out the movements designated by the commanding officer. Seventeen officers were engaged and seven of them were shot fourteen times, viz.: General John Gibbon, in thigh; Captain (now Brigadier-General and recently in command of the Department of Colorado) Constant Williams, in head and body; Captain William Logan, head, killed; First Lieutenant James H. Bradley, head, killed; First Lieutenant

Charles A. Coolidge, three times, being wounded in both hands and legs (First Lieutenant Coolidge afterward becoming Colonel of the regiment); First Lieutenant William L. English, head, wrist and back, died of the wounds; Second Lieutenant Charles L. Woodruff, three wounds in both thighs and heel.

Colonel John Gibbon, commending the heroism of Captains C. C. Rawn, Richard Comba, George L. Browning, J. M. Sanno, Constant Williams, William Logan; First Lieutenants Charles A. Coolidge, James H. Bradley, J. W. Jacobs, Allan H. Jackson, George H. Wright, William L. English; Second Lieutenants C. A. Woodruff, J. T. Van Orsdale, E. E. Hardin and Francis Woodbridge, says:

For the officers engaged in this little affair (Big Hole) I have nothing to ask, and am unable to persuade myself to ask for that next thing to nothing, a brevet. But I earnestly urge that the authorities may ask of Congress the enactment of a special law giving officers and soldiers wounded in battle the same increase of pay as they are now entitled to for every five years of service, the law to go into effect from the commencement of the fiscal year.

The following list gives those killed and wounded in the battle:

Seventh Infantry—Company A, one officer, one man; Company B, one officer; Company D, three men; Company E, two men; Company F, two men; Company G, six men; Company H, one man; Company I, three men; Company K, three men. Second Cavalry Detachment, one man killed. Seventh Infantry—Wounded: Colonel Gibbon; Company A, one officer, four men; Company D, four men; Company E, two men; Company F, one officer, six men; Company G, six men; Company I, one officer,



Colonel John T. Van Orsdale, Seventeenth United States Infantry, Formerly Second Lieutenant Seventh United States Infantry.



Brigadier-General Stephen P. Jocelyn, United States Army, Commanding Department of the Columbia.

four men; Company K, one officer and four men. Citizen Volunteers—Six killed and four wounded, one of the killed being H. S. Bostwick, post guide at Fort Shaw, M. T.

RECAPITULATION.

	Killed.	Wounded.
Officers 7th Infantry.....	2	*5
Enlisted men, 7th Infantry..	20	*30
Enlisted men, 2d Cavalry...	1	..
Citizen Volunteers	6	4
	29	39

A casualty list of sixty-eight out of a command of about one hundred and seventy, all told, is certainly a high average, and another chaplet added to the anthology of the Seventh Infantry, whose first honors were achieved at Fort Harrison, Ohio, September 4 and 5, 1812. General Gibbon was severely criticised in an editorial in the New York *Herald* for attacking the Nez Percés with such a small and inferior force, and this unjust and unwarranted aspersion on a brave and most efficient officer—now dead—was effectively replied to by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* as follows:

*One of each died afterwards.



First Lieutenant Henry McKinley Benson, Adjutant Seventh United States Infantry; Wounded in the Fight at Camas Meadows, August Twentieth.

Both in its conception and execution, the plan of campaign followed by General Gibbon was a masterpiece of Indian fighting. Nothing can be further from the brilliant folly of Custer's dash than Gibbon's march and attack. It was wisely planned and boldly carried out. The necessities of an Indian campaign are simple. They are to move swiftly, strike suddenly and hard, and to fight warily, but perseveringly and vigorously. All these things Gibbon did. He made a forced march, and completely surprised the enemy at the end of it. He fought the savages after their own fashion, retiring to cover after the first onset, and fighting singly, rifle in hand, officers and men alike, from the commander down, becoming sharpshooters for the time, and picking off the Indians like born frontiersmen. And the battle was a victory, a brilliant success, in that it inflicted a terrible punishment on the Nez Percés, strewn the valley with dead Indians, and sent the crippled remnant of the band fleeing to the mountains. General Gibbon is a shrewd and bold Indian fighter—and the "Herald" writer is an ass.

And with this little pertinent journalistic amenity the chapter is closed; and if the memory of many dead heroes is relieved of unjust aspersions, and the ignorant and unintelligent criticism of the survivors of this

intrepid action rebutted, the object of this little reversion to the past is attained. So, concerning these one hundred and seventy valorous men one can stand amid the smiling plains and verdant hills of the Bitter Root country and, as the calm beauty of the landscape is noted, he can appreciate the relevancy of the old Roman adage: "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*" (if you seek their monument, look around you).

As a fitting appendix to the recital of this battle is an action that occurred on the Clearwater, prior to the battle of the Big Hole, and during the same pursuit. For two days the harrassing savages had fiercely charged the little body of soldiers that were their quarry, and ultimately the encircling *whorl* of Indians, ever decreasing in its radii, became so threatening that the soldiers formed a hollow square and, determinedly grasping their rifles, prepared to kill as many Indians as possible ere they became overwhelmed. The determination to kill was laudable, its accomplishment extremely difficult, for the encircling band of Indians presented no target save the ponies' bodies, and an arm over the pony's neck and a leg across its back, the body of the warrior being hidden by the pony's body, the Indians firing their Winchester from under the ponies' necks.

Nearer and nearer came the circling body of yelling Nez Percés, their shots dropping like hail amid the sturdy mass of soldiers, those that were wounded having their places taken by unwounded, or not badly wounded, men from the rear files, while the wounded were taken to the hollow space in the center

for such primitive surgical assistance as the limited means afforded. Closer and closer came the triumphant Indians when, as the spaces between the galloping ponies lessened, a howitzer discharged its hurtling missiles among them, utterly disorganizing this plan of attack, and shortly compelling its abandonment. The officer in command of the crew manning the gun was First Lieutenant and Brevet Captain Robert Howe Fletcher, Twenty-First United States Infantry, who was afterward director of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art at San Francisco and who has achieved distinction in the world of letters.

Upon the scattering of the enveloping line of Nez Percés by the howitzer shots, Captain Marcus P. Miller, Fifth United States Artillery (now Brigadier-General, United States Army, retired), performed gallant service in breaking their hastily constructed line, into which break First Lieutenant Stephen P. Jocelyn, Twenty-First Infantry, dashed with his men and completed the discomfiture of the Indians, who hastily retired before the now combined and determined onslaught of the troops.

This brief *l'envoi* is presented merely as a deserved encomium on officers who in this episode, as well as in others during the pursuit of the Nez Percés, took a brilliant and intelligently brave part, most of them having received from the Government distinguished honor for their service. As one case in point, Colonel Stephen P. Jocelyn, Chief of Staff, Pacific Division, was recently promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Nez Perce

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESS

RELEASE MONDAY OCTOBER 25, 1937.

Fulfilling one of the pledges of the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior today appointed another Indian to an important post in the Federal Indian Service. Archie Phinney, a young Nez Perce Indian of unusual background and experience, has been selected as field agent for Indian Organization in the Great Lakes area of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. He will fill a vacancy created by the promotion of Peru Farver, Oklahoma Indian to the superintendency of the Tomah Indian Agency in Wisconsin.

Archie Phinney, whose name in his own tongue is Kaplatsilpilp, was born thirty-three years ago in Culdesac, Idaho, on the Fort Lapwai Reservation, present home of part of the Nez Perce Tribe.

Phinney, attended local schools and later went to Haskell Institute, Indian Service school at Lawrence, Kansas. He subsequently attended the University of Kansas while continuing his residence at Haskell Institute, as many other Indians have done. He received his degree in 1926 and for two years worked as clerk in the Office of Indian Affairs in Washington, meanwhile taking night courses in ethnology at George Washington University.

In 1928 in New York he studied anthropology at New York University, concurrently performing settlement work for the University's Bureau of Community Research and Service. Work at Columbia centered around study and

research on Indian tribal life, and included an eight-months' study among his own Nez Perce people. Later he represented his people as a special delegate in Washington. Mr. Phinney went, in 1932, to Europe and Asia on a fellowship arrangement which was sponsored jointly by Columbia University and the Leningrad Academy of Sciences and which permitted him to work and study among primitive peoples. During the five year period of his foreign assignment, Mr. Phinney's work was part of a scientific and human program of assisting minority groups, through economic rehabilitation, through study of customs and resources and through fostering local initiative. A few years ago Mr. Phinney submitted to the Indian Service a comprehensive plan for the economic rehabilitation of his tribe, many principles of which, by coincidence, are now embodied in the Indian Reorganization Act.

Commenting on the appointment John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs said,

"Mr. Phinney's equipment of study, travel and practical experience, superimposed upon his fine Indian heritage, provides ideal background for his new Indian Service work. This work will be directed toward helping Indian tribes and local groups to organize economic and cultural life under the pattern laid down by Congress in the Indian Reorganization Act. This is a field of activity in which Indians have been particularly successful."

Sunset May 1905



THE LAST HOME OF CHIEF JOSEPH, ON THE COLVILLE RESERVATION

When We Fought Chief Joseph

By J. W. REDINGTON

As a boy-scout and courier, the writer of this story of Chief Joseph, Colonel Redington, volunteered through three campaigns against the Indians in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana, and for his services he was honored with a colonel's commission by the Governor of Oregon. Chief Joseph died the 22d of last September.

Copyrighted photographs by Lee Moorhouse

THE luminous lime-light of the future will cast an increasing glamour upon the exploits of Chief Joseph.

And there will be foundation for it all. For you will vainly search history for duplicates of such actual achievements under similar surroundings, such obstacles as he overcame, during his little war with the United States in 1877. Future fiction will dilate on his daring deeds, but will necessarily ignore the misery, the life-long sorrow, that his war brought to many frontier homes of pioneer settlers.

The career of Chief Joseph offers food for the fatalist and the man of destiny to discuss their theories, and, in results, leave off where they began. Here was a wild Indian, big and broad as a target, who time and time again dashed back and forth on a war-horse, with busy

bullets buzzing like bees all around him, and at the last defended his camp for two days and nights while a brass Napoleon belched destruction into it, and through it all he had never a scratch.

But last year, sitting by his peaceful camp-fire in the upper Columbia country and letting the women, as usual, drag in the wood, Chief Joseph dropped dead. Other men who might have escaped the bullets as he did, would have been hanged as accessories to many murders committed by their men.

When actual campaigning and mountaineering, strategy and masterful retreating are considered, and a balance-sheet is struck, Sitting Bull and Captain Jack and Crazy Horse and Massasoit and Black Hawk, and William Penn and Napoleon are all thrown into the gloaming by Chief Joseph.



CHIEF JOSEPH, LATE CHIEF OF THE NEZ PERCES, KNOWN AS THE NAPOLEON OF THE
INDIAN TRIBES OF THE NORTHWEST

When he crossed the Alps the famous French general doubtless had a toothbrush in his haversack and Parisian tablets to make ready-to-eat ice-cream—Joseph had none of these. No trolley-car gave him a lift on his mountain march of more than two thousand miles; no anesthetic numbed the pain of his wounded; no umbrella went up as his cavalcades plodded along through soaking mountain rains, no arc-light gleamed in his camp at night, and not a hat-pin did his women possess.

Should the average historian give a note to the First National Sand Bank of Wallula, a designated depository for

all the national sand in sight, payable thirty days after death, and then start in to set forth all the details of the Nez Percé war, the finish of his task might still be in the dim distance when the bank's maturity notification would reach his administrator. But the high points of the campaign may be brought to the steam thresher all in one season without irrigation.

The Nez Percés are fine physical specimens, and superb horsemen, but have kept no diaries and do not know how long they have been in the Idaho country. But from the trails I have seen along the Clearwater, worn deep into



UNITED STATES SCOUTS DURING THE NEZ PERCE AND BANNOCK WARS

Reading from left to right here are: Top row—Andrew McQuaid, George Banks, Carl Morton, Jack Campbell. Lower row—Charles Adams, Rube Robbins (chief of scouts), Henry Pierce.



CHIEF UMAPINE, WHO CAPTURED CHIEF EGA DURING THE SNAKE WAR OF 1878

the solid rock by their barefooted ponies, I should judge that they had commenced business there just before the world was created. The first French trappers who went in there found them wearing earrings in their noses, and named them Nez Percés or Pierced Noses. Afterward, when crooked contractors began issuing musty flour to them, they needed the entire nose to test the goods, and so cut out the ring habit, but not the French name.

The Nez Percés had always been the friends of the whites, and saved Gov-

ernor Stevens' party from massacre at Walla Walla in 1855. The whites claimed Wallowa valley because it was part of the America that Columbus had discovered, and Congress had opened it to settlement in 1867; Joseph claimed it because his father was there first. Rows over stock-ranges ensued, and one of Joseph's Indians was killed.

At Fort Lapwai—then a frontier post where the leaves on the big balm are the most bewitching green in the springtime and the rarest of old gold when first frosts fire up the hawthorns

along the creek-bottom—Joseph, White Bird and Looking Glass promised General Howard that within thirty days they would gather up their bands of horses and move onto the Nez Percé reservation. Joseph was then—in 1877—a tall, handsome Indian, about thirty-five years old, with an eye like an eagle; and his brother Ollicut, two years younger and always cheery, was still handsomer.

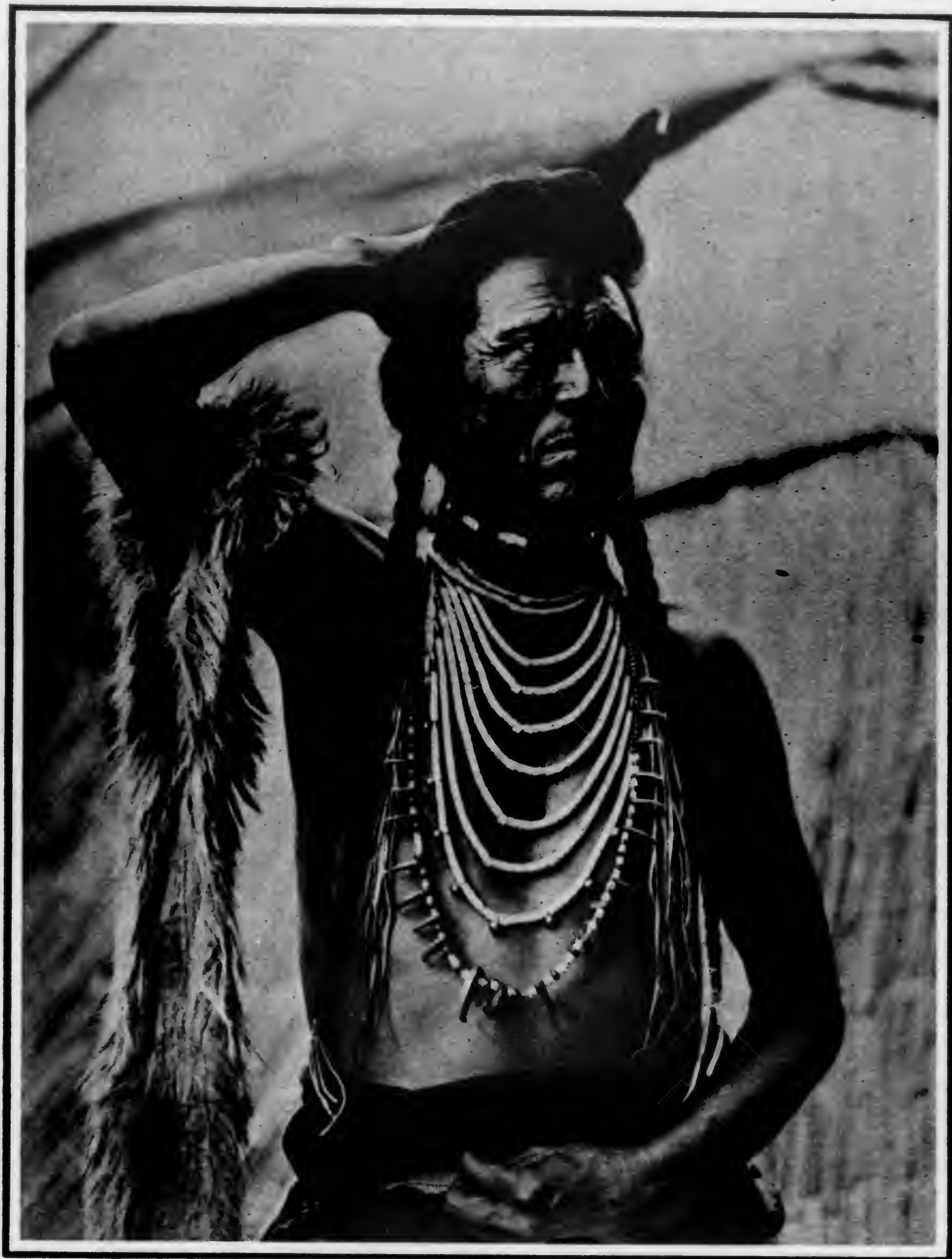
Just as the thirty days expired, one of Joseph's Indians, and two others, murdered a sick, harmless old man named Devine on Salmon river, rode back to camp and secured seventeen other volunteer Indian murderers, and opened a war of extermination on the white settlers. Elfers, Bland, Beckroge, Benedict, Mrs. Manuel and baby, Baker, Osborn, Bacon, Mason, Norton, Day, Chamberlin and his little boy, were all cruelly murdered in quick succession,

and when Colonel Parnell, now of San Francisco, and Colonel Perry and Major Trimble, now of Berkeley, and Lieutenant Theller went out after them with ninety troopers, Joseph's Indians killed one third of them, including Lieutenant Theller. Ten days later they killed Lieutenant Rains, ten troopers and Scouts Foster and Blewett.

General Howard got his scattered troops together as fast as possible, took the field against the hostiles and defeated them at the Clearwater after a two-days' battle. They stood right up to business until Colonel M. P. Miller rolled-up their line, and Captain R. H. Fletcher, now of San Francisco, got a howitzer to bear on them. Then they had to "klatawa," and were chased sixteen hundred miles over the roughest part of North America, crossing the main range of the Rocky mountains in three different places. The little army of General



TOKAMAPPO, ONE OF THE NEZ PERCE BURDEN BEARERS



DR. WHIRLWIND, MEDICINE MAN, PHILOSOPHER, AND POLITICIAN

Howard was small indeed. Some of his companies had only sixteen men, and his entire infantry battalion, commanded by General Evan Miles, now of San Francisco, numbered only one hundred and eighty-one men and fifteen officers, although there were eight companies represented. The army was a homeopathic one in those days, and every soldier was broke, as Congress had failed to pass the appropriation bill.

The battle of the Big Hole was a fierce conflict, and General C. A. Woodruff and General Sannow, who now live

in San Francisco, took an active part in it. With one hundred and fifty men, General Gibbon made a forced march of two hundred miles, surprised the hostiles at daybreak and captured their camp. The Indians who had not left early calls on the hotel register climbed out as they never did before. There was no stuttering, no brushing of teeth, no manicuring. They line up for battle without unnecessary preparation.

"Don't shoot the squaws, boys!" said a lieutenant, and just then an old squaw raised the flap of a lodge, thrust



COL. WM. R. PARNELL

COL. JAMES JACKSON

GEN. CHARLES A. WOODRUFF

out a big revolver, and sent a bullet through his hat.

"Mistaken for a fawn!" said a nearby soldier, as he sent a rifle-ball through the squaw.

It was an awful battle in which women and children handled guns the same as men. Joseph gallantly rallied his Indians, retook the camp and herd of horses, and made it warm for the soldiers for two days and nights, also capturing two thousand rounds of their ammunition.

Joseph was a daring leader and a great strategist, but General Howard fooled him at the last by making him think that his pursuers had gone home. He then went into camp at Bear Paw mountains to dry buffalo meat for the winter, which gave General Miles the chance to head him off. Otherwise he would have crossed the line into Canada and joined Sitting Bull. It was General Howard's plan, by sending couriers to

General Miles, that made the capture possible.

Many inexcusable murders were committed by Joseph's Indians, and the only official punishment ever inflicted upon them was their banishment to Indian territory for a few years. Then they were railroaded back to Walla Walla by special train at the government's expense, and Major Thomas McGregor, now of Benicia, who had fought all through their war, escorted them with his cavalry troop to Fort Lapwai, where he turned two hundred and eighty of them loose on the Nez Percé reservation, and took Joseph and one hundred others to the Moses reservation as hostages, which was a good thing for them, probably saving them from the bullets of men whose relatives were foully murdered along Salmon river and on Camas prairie.

Much credit has been given to Joseph's Nez Percés for humanity



COL. C. E. S. WOOD

J. W. REDINGTON

LIEUT. GEN. OLIVER O. HOWARD

shown during the war. Well, there certainly were some people whom they did not kill during their bloody foray, and some they killed but did not mutilate. And they bought and paid for goods as they went through Montana. But people who saw the dead and wounded and the outraged in Idaho; who saw the thirty dead and stripped soldiers in White Bird canyon, where they lay unburied for a week; who saw the aged, helpless Nez Percés who were abandoned by their people along the trail and left with only a bottle of water; who saw the ruined ranches and many other horrors,—they are not declaiming very loudly about the humanity of the Nez Percés.

Mox-Mox and Stick-in-the-Mud and Long John and Red Elk were notoriously engaged in the first Salmon river murders. They went through the war and came back, but were never brought to book. The whites are certainly a tolerant people. There were only two little girls in Idaho that had parts of their tongues cut off by humane hostiles of the Nez Percé nation.

Joseph has been rather insistent on taking his people back to Wallowa. But they would find it dangerous there now. The glare of the arc-lights in the towns the white man has built there would hurt their eyes, and they would slip on the early frosts on the plank sidewalks that have invaded the valley, besides blowing out the gas in the modern tepees they would have to have there. They

are well off where they are. They are lucky to be alive. And now that Joseph is dead, no one will object to his spirit soaring away and away over the valleys of the Imnaha and the Wallowa, even clear up above the snow-line on the summits of the Seven Devils.

His soul today is far away,
Afar from strife and fray;
His boat's afloat on Wallowote,
In glow of purple peaks remote.

The soldiers who composed General Howard's little skeleton army in the field against the Nez Percés are now widely scattered, the only ones on the active list in this vicinity being Colonel S. P. Jocelyn, of headquarters staff, San Francisco, and Major H. L. Bailey, of Fort Logan, who made the wonderful rapid ride from the Lo Lo to General Wheaton's command. Captain S. G. Fisher, who, with his Bannock scouts hung to the hostile's flanks, now lives at Grangeville, Idaho, while Colonel C. E. S. Wood, who was a leading figure in the campaign, is now a prominent attorney at Portland, Oregon. In the entire Twenty-first Infantry there is not now a man who went with it on the long, footsore chase after the hostiles.

The great growth and magnificent development of the Pacific Northwest did not come until after the regular army had gone through trials and hardships and battles and death to convince the Indian that the white man's government is supreme and must prevail.



COL. S. P. JOCELYN
Fourteenth Infantry; Chief of Staff, Division of the Pacific



CAPT. ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER
Indian fighter and story writer; in command of scouts, Nez Percé campaign

Ojibway

1855-1929

Journal of the Washington Academy of
Sciences, Vol. 19, No. 6. Proceedings:
Anthropological Society, p 128, March
19, 1929.

On October 16, 1928, Dr. JOHN M. COOPER, of the Catholic University, addressed the Society on the subject: *Field Notes on the Ojibwa of northern Ontario*. He gave a short account of the results of visits made in September, 1928, to the Ojibwa bands living around Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake in Ontario. The purpose of the trip was to trace the western distribution of a number of traits previously determined as existing in Quebec, James Bay, and Albany River areas. He found that the culture traits characteristic of the eastern Algonkian region extend to the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods district. Following are some of the features of the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods culture. The typical family hunting-ground complex obtains. There were formerly no chiefs. Pagak, Memegwecio, and the northern "fairies" are well known. Among the types of divination common are scapulimancy, scrying, and the beaver haunch, and bear kneecap methods. Among the common types of magic are the use of the bezoar, of the foetal inclusion, and of singing and drumming, to bring luck in hunting; the use of the buzzer, the bull roarer, the singed rabbit skin, and feather plucking, to bring cold and wind; the use of caribou teeth, duck head feathers, bit of the navel string, miniature nets, and the shoulder blade of the mudturtle, as cradle charms.

At least six different types of medicine men are distinguished. The Mide-wiwin is still in fairly full force as well as the cylindrical tent conjuring. Disease is cured by the herbalists and by medicine men, the latter sucking out the disease by the use of hollow goose bones.

At death the soul crosses a river on a pole to the village of the dead. Infants are carried over by a swan. Kijé Manitu appears to be very much more clearly envisioned by the Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods pagans than by the Cree and Montagnais tribes farther north and east. He is supposed to be good and benevolent, and to be, as one Indian expressed it, "boss of the whole thing."

At Santo Domingo, Mendoza made a similar search.¹¹

Many masks and other idolatrous objects were found. New estufas had been built.

"Not a cross to be found," "new estufas built," "masks hidden by the Indians; burned by the Spaniards," all seem to reveal a sharp distinction drawn by Indians and Spaniards alike between things Indian and things Spanish. And the association of masks with kachinas is quite evident. To assume that masks alone, among the many objects of Spanish ritual, were adopted and cherished by the Indians seems unwarranted. It is significant to note, too, that today it is in the region of early Spanish influence that whites and Mexicans are strictly excluded from the kachina dances. Among the Hopi, who were quite free from Spanish domination, as compared with the eastern pueblos, aliens are admitted freely to the masked ceremonies. At Zuñi, whites are admitted but Mexicans are excluded. Thus, a fairly close correlation between the presence of Spaniards and secrecy about masks is established. The fact that the kachina cult is more extensively developed among the Zuñi and the Hopi than among the pueblos of the Rio Grande region may also be related to this relative absence of Spanish influence.

LESLIE A. WHITE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MAIDEN SACRIFICE AMONG THE OJIBWA¹

In the article *Sacrifice* in the Handbook of American Indians,² Swanton states "It appears from Cuq that the Nipissing formerly offered a young female as a sacrifice to 'the god of war,' but the wording leaves us somewhat in doubt whether the sacrifice was anything more than symbolic." Undoubtedly the source for his observation is Cuq's *Lexique de la langue Algonquienne*, article AGOJ (p. 17), *Agonakwens, la petite femme du sacrifice*, with the footnote "C'était avant l'introduction du christianisme, une jeune fille que l'on plaçait sur une estrade élevée, pour l'offrir au Dieu de la guerre, et obtenir sa protection dans une expédition militaire." A similar Ojibwa custom seems to have escaped his notice. In Baraga's Dictionary of the Otchipwe Language, Part I, English-Otchipwe, under Virgin (p. 278) we read "Virgin presented to the Great Spirit, *agonâkwe*;" in Part II, Otchipwe-English, under *Agonakwe*, "A virgin whom pagan Indians place on an elevated scaffold and present to the Great Spirit, in order to obtain a prosperous success in war." The type of compound is certainly unusual, but the underlying concepts are clearly "hanging" and "woman." There can be no doubt that the above is to be connected with Huron customs: observe Bressani's Relation of 1653, "They also paint the prisoners destined to the flames, as victims consecrated to the God of war," and "Aireskoi, we sacrifice to thee this victim, that thou mayst satisfy thyself with her

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 67.

¹ Printed by courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

² BAE-B 30, Part 2: 404, 1910.

pieces or burn them; that no one should speak the name of Jesus or Mary, nor invoke the saints; that all the married men should abandon the women with whom they had contracted matrimony according to the Christian law, and should take other [women] as suited them; and that no one should speak the Castilian tongue, nor show any holding of affection for the God of the Christians, for the saints, nor for the priests and Spaniards; and that wherever they had not already done so they should burn all the temples and sacred images. . . . In fine, there remained in all the kingdom no vestige of the Christian religion; all was profaned and destroyed.

Had the masks been borrowed from the Spaniards it is quite likely that they too would have succumbed to such thoroughgoing destruction of foreign things.

But the Indians did not destroy masks (neither did they destroy *all* of the articles of Catholic worship, as the following quotations show).

In December, 1681, Otermin arrived in Isleta pueblo on his way to reconquer the Pueblos. He searched the houses and found a few church relics.⁶

The Indians were then ordered to take out of their houses and from any other place whatsoever, the idols, feathers, powders, masks, and every other thing pertaining to their idolatry and superstition. This was done, and when all such things had been collected they were piled in a heap and burned.

It seems quite clear from this that both Indians and Spaniards alike recognized the masks as belonging to Indian culture rather than to the Spanish.

Otermin's maestro de campo, Mendoza, marched on to the north. At Puaray⁷ . . . they made a house to house search and found . . . a great many "masks de cacherias, in imitation of the devil, which are those that they use in their diabolical dances." All of the latter were collected and burned.⁸

Arriving at Sandia pueblo (December, 1681) Mendoza found that three cells of the monastery had escaped destruction, and these⁹

judging from their appearances, had been left by the Indians for the principal purpose of conducting their dances in them. All of these cells were employed as storerooms for masks, powdered herbs, feathers, and other things used by the Indians in their ceremonials and dances, particularly that of the Cacina. . . . In the whole pueblo not a cross was found; on the other hand new estufas had been built. The masks, powders . . . were burned.

At San Felipe Mendoza made a house to house search.¹⁰

In most of the houses a great many masks such as were employed by the Indians in their ceremonies were found.

⁶ C. W. Hackett, *Otermin's Attempt to Reconquer New Mexico, 1681-1682*, Old Santa Fé (Santa Fé, New Mexico) 3, No. 9: 56, 1916.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 63.

⁸ I see no reason for assuming that this passage refers to the Devil of Christian theology; the Spaniards declared that anything non-Christian was of the Devil.

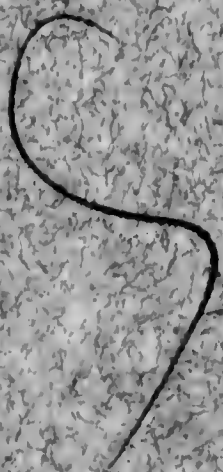
⁹ Hackett, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 67.

Ojibway. Ieh-pau-be-kan and the White Bear

1855.

Graham's
May 1855.



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ISH-PÁU-BE-KAU AND THE WHITE BEAR.

A LEGEND OF THE OJIBWAYS.

BY KAH-WÓN-DEK.

IN addition to the numerous traditions of a religious nature, which are handed down from one generation to another, by the North American tribes, they have many others relating to their wars, their most distinguished warriors and their most prominent hunters, with their sayings, doings and adventures.

These traditions, or legends, in the lapse of time, are subject to many changes, and almost necessarily receive some fresh embellishments from each new narrator; and though each of them may have been founded on facts, so prone is the Indian mind to weave in something of the marvelous and supernatural, with every transaction of their lives, that it becomes a matter of no astonishment to find their accounts of known facts so blended with the miraculous, as to cast a shade of doubt over the whole narration.

Yet are they received with implicit faith by the Indian; and the very interpolator, who has drawn freely from his own imagination, to make some old legend the more interesting, comes in time to believe the fictions of his own coinage.

The following legend or tale I picked up somewhere amongst the Ojibways, during my residence amongst them—it matters not how or when; and believing that the ingenious stratagems of the two principal actors, and the view that it gives of some of the superstitions of the tribe, render it worthy of being preserved, I herewith present it to the public without further excuse.

ISH-PÁU-BE-KAU AND THE WHITE BEAR.

Many years ago, there lived a great hunter, named Ish-pau-be-kau, or the "High-Rock;" he grew so expert in all kinds of hunting, that he would start out in the morning from his lodge, without any weapon but his knife, and he never

failed, upon his return, to bring with him plenty of meat for his family.

One evening, a number of old warriors and young braves were sitting round the fire; the old men were telling tales of their youthful days, and the young men were listening with respectful attention.

The old men spoke of the white bear, of his great sagacity and cunning, of his prodigious strength, and of his knowledge of the past and the future.*

Ish-pau-be-kau came into the lodge, and although yet a very young man, his great reputation as a brave and a hunter, entitled him to enter into conversation with the old men; whilst it was the duty of other young men of the same age to hear the words of the aged, and be silent.

Ish-pau-be-kau sneered at the tales which the old men told of the white bear. He had met, single-handed, all the wild beasts that roamed over the plains and through the groves of his country, and had invariably come off conqueror: but the white bear he had never yet seen; fear was a stranger to his heart, and constant success had made him vain; therefore, he laughed at the old men's stories, and said that he hoped he might some day meet a white bear, alone, on the prairie; and though he might have no weapon with him but his knife, yet would he bring home the hide of the bear to place on his bed, and his flesh to make a great feast for the tribe. Then an old gray-haired chief, whose name was O-zah-wúsh-kwah-no-kávut, or the "Blue-Cloud," spoke thus to Ish-pau-be-kau—

* The Ojibways believe that the white bear, (Wau-bishk-izzi-muk-kwah,) as well as many other animals, are not only intimately acquainted with passing events, but that they also possess a knowledge of the past, and a prophetic insight into the future.

"My son, be careful what words you speak, the spirits of the rocks and trees, who know all that we do, and hear all that we say, will carry your words to the white bear; the white bear cannot be insulted with impunity; and you may pay the penalty of your idle words with your life! Take my advice, my son, to-morrow morning, when you rise, blacken your face with charcoal, eat nothing until the sun disappears in the west, and sing to the spirits of the rocks and the trees, that they may forget your words, and so shall the white bear not hear them—do this, my son, or evil may happen to you."

But Ish-pau-be-kau would not blacken his face, nor fast; neither would he retract his words, but insisted that he was able to cope, single-handed, armed with no weapon but his trusty knife, with the largest white bear that ever roamed in their hunting-grounds.

Many days passed by, and the chiefs determined to have a great medicine dance, before starting off for the annual hunt.

All the young men were busy making ornaments to decorate their persons for the great medicine dance.

Ish-pau-be-kau said, "I will go and catch a gray eagle, and make myself a head-dress with his feathers."

He started off with no weapon but his knife; then the young men said—"How can he catch an eagle? we cannot even get nigh enough to shoot one, and Ish-pau-be-kau talks of catching them." But Ish-pau-be-kau knew what he was doing, he had often caught eagles before.

Ish-pau-be-kau first directed his steps toward a tamarack swamp, where thousands of white rabbits might be seen frisking about, at all hours of the day. Peeling some strips of linden bark, he soon manufactured a snare, and setting it in his own ingenious manner, he captured a large rabbit alive, in a very short time. Tying the rabbit to his belt, he left the swamp, and turned his steps across the wide prairie, toward a high rock where the eagles built their nests.

This was the same rock from which he derived his name, in consequence of its being the scene of some distinguished exploit of his youth.

And now he began his preparations for catching the gray eagle. With his knife, he commenced digging up the soft sand of the prairie, and throwing it out with his hand; he worked until he had completed a trench about eighteen inches in depth, and of length and breadth sufficient to allow him to lie down in it, at full length. He now collected a quantity of grass, and then lying down on his back in the trench he had dug, he

proceeded to cover himself completely with the grass; in this he succeeded so well, that at the distance of a few paces, no person could have been aware of his presence. He now untied the rabbit from his belt, and firmly grasping one of its hind legs with his left hand, he exposed it to sight on the prairie. The hunter knew by experience, that the struggles of the rabbit to escape, would soon attract the attention of the eagles, and he intended, when the royal bird should swoop on his prey, to grapple with him boldly, and, though the bird might prove a powerful adversary, he had no doubts of the ultimate result of the battle.

Suddenly the rabbit is struck whirling into the air, and the astonished hunter, removing his eyes from the eagles on top of the cliff, into his own more immediate vicinity, beholds standing over him an immense white bear, apparently contemplating with great curiosity the exposed hand of the hunter, which still grasped the bleeding leg of the unfortunate rabbit.

Ish-pau-be-kau instinctively closed his eyes, and feigned the death, which he had every reason to believe would soon be his portion. Meanwhile, the bear was making further researches; he soon removed all the grass with which Ish-pau-be-kau had covered himself, and obtained a full view of the body, which lay before him in its shallow grave, apparently as devoid of all life or motion, as though it had been buried there for many days past.

To satisfy his doubts, the bear placed one of his huge paws under the hunter's body, and tossed him out of the trench, with as much ease as he had struck the rabbit from the hunter's hand. Ish-pau-be-kau lay in the same position in which he fell; he never moved a muscle, and whilst the bear was smelling his mouth and nostrils, to ascertain whether or not he was breathing, and was tossing him about from side to side, he counterfeited death so perfectly, that the bear was almost convinced that he beheld before him nothing but a lifeless carcass.*

Nevertheless, he had still some doubts remaining; and walking off some thirty or forty paces, he concealed himself behind a group of the large gopher hills, which are so common on the western prairies. From this position he would recon-

* The Ojibways believe that the white bear will not defile himself by feeding on, or even mutilating a dead body; hence the reason why the bear of our story, is so anxious to ascertain whether the hunter is alive or not. This belief was common with some of the nations of antiquity; every one is familiar with Æsop's fable of the "Bear and the two Travelers," where one of the travelers escaped by feigning death.

noitre every few moments the body of the Indian, which still lay in the same posture in which it had fallen last, as motionless as though life had been extinct for a century. Ish-pau-be-kau had, however, raised his eye-lids sufficiently to enable him to observe the motions of the bear; he could see the head of the bear appearing at short intervals, from behind the gopher hill, and after taking a slight observation, it would be again withdrawn.

He observed also that the intervals between these motions of the bear's head gradually increased in length, and once, when at least fifteen minutes had elapsed without the bear's head re-appearing, Ish-pau-be-kau determined to effect a change in the relative positions of the bear and himself.

Again the bear looked out from behind the gopher hill, and again withdrew his head; scarcely was this motion performed before Ish-pau-be-kau was on his feet, and flying with the fleetness of the rein-deer across the prairie toward the tamarack swamp. It might have been a half hour before the bear again looked out from his hiding-place, when a few bounds brought him to the spot where he had last seen the body. Here, taking the track of Ish-pau-be-kau, he was soon in full pursuit, and when the hunter entered the tamarack swamp, the bear was close at his heels. Ish-pau-be-kau had just reached the topmost branches of a large tamarack tree, when the bear took up his position at its roots. Unlike his black brethren, the white bear is no climber, and Ish-pau-be-kau was now beyond his reach; but determined not to be cheated of his prey, he immediately commenced digging and gnawing the roots of the tree. A short time sufficed to bring down the tree with a crash, but the disappointed bear perceived with chagrin that Ish-pau-be-kau had caught the limb of another tree, and was still beyond his reach; and so closely grew the tamaracks, that if the bear felled the one the Indian now occupied, it was certain in falling to carry him straight into the branches of another.

The bear now resumed his old tactics; walking some distance from the occupied tree, he laid down in a place concealed from the view of the Indian, and where, by poking out his head from time to time, he could observe all that was going on in the tree.

Ish-pau-be-kau now commenced constructing, from the small branches of the tamarack, an image as much like his own form as possible; and with the assistance of his belt, breech-cloth, leggings, and head-dress, he soon had a figure

that at a distance would closely resemble a man. Waiting his opportunity, when the bear had been taking an observation, and had again withdrawn his head, Ish-pau-be-kau fixed the image in his place, and gliding swiftly down the tree, again trusted in his speed to save his life.

Unfortunately the very means he had taken to secure his escape became the cause of a speedier pursuit by the bear. A slight gust of wind shook the image from its position, and down it came to the ground; instantly the bear had it in his grasp, and, detecting the cheat, hastened to the foot of the tree, took Ish-pau-be-kau's trail, and was away in pursuit of the fugitive, who was scarcely a half mile in advance.

Ish-pau-be-kau's course brought him to the shore of a small lake, in the centre of the tamarack swamp; he reached the shore at a point where he had once found and taken a bee-tree; and a piece of the large hollow trunk, about twelve feet long, was still lying where he had left it; into this he had just time enough to crawl, when his pursuer reached the spot.

The aperture through the centre of the log, though large enough to admit a man, would not so much as let in the head of a white bear; so Bruin, after rolling the log over several times, without effecting any thing, exerting his prodigious strength, grasped it round the centre, and waded with it into the lake. Running one end of the log as far beneath the surface as he was able to force it, he looked up at the other end, and there were the head and shoulders of Ish-pau-be-kau exposed to sight; instantly reversing the log, he immersed the other end, and looking up again, out popped the feet and legs of the Indian, who, though unable to turn round, had climbed up feet foremost from under the water until he reached the air. The bear probably found something amusing in this manoeuvre, for he repeated it many times, until at last growing tired of the sport, and finding that he could not dislodge Ish-pau-be-kau in that manner, he laid the log down on the water, and getting on top of it his immense weight sunk it far beneath the surface. After keeping it in this position long enough to drown a pearl-diver, had one been in Ish-pau-be-kau's place, the bear took a look into one end of the log, and to his great astonishment found it empty, whilst far out in the centre of the lake, he soon after discovered Ish-pau-be-kau, apparently as much in his element as a young duck. At swimming, both on and beneath the surface of the water, Ish-pau-be-kau had not his equal in the tribe; so, when the bear sunk the log, it was just as natural and easy for the

Indian to swim off, beneath the surface, as it would be for a fish to do so under the same circumstances.

The bear now abandoned the log, and swam off in pursuit. Ish-pau-be-kau would permit him to approach almost near enough to reach him, and then diving, would invariably re-appear in precisely the opposite direction from that in which the bear would be waiting for him.

The bear at length growing tired of the fruitless chase went on shore, to plan some fresh stratagem, and employ some other means for getting Ish-pau-be-kau in his clutches.

In walking along the shore, Bruin discovered when he came to the outlet, that the lake was in fact a beaver-dam, and it immediately occurred to him that if he should break the dam, and drain the lake, Ish-pau-be-kau, who was still swimming about, quite at his ease, must inevitably fall into his power. So to work he went, tearing away the sticks and brush which the industrious beavers had laid up with so much care. When he had broken a small aperture in the dam, the water soon began to assist his efforts, and the flood, small and feeble at first, was soon rushing down the stream a perfect torrent, sweeping every thing before it in its headlong course.

Ish-pau-be-kau was very soon made aware of what was transpiring, by the motion of the water, and as quickly determined on the course that was best for him to pursue. He dived deep below the surface of the lake, and, guided by the swift current, passed out into the swollen stream, almost under the nose of the bear, who, perched upon a fallen tree, which formed one of the abutments of the dam, was intently watching the decreasing waters in the centre of the lake.

Long before the waters had all run out of the lake, Ish-pau-be-kau was borne by the flood several miles down the stream; and as soon as he reached the spot where the stream, leaving the tamarack swamp, flows out into the prairie, he left its channel and started to fly, rather than run, across the wide prairie that spread out between himself and the village of his tribe.

When he had accomplished about half the distance across the prairie, he ventured to look over his shoulder, at the very moment when his indefatigable enemy, who had followed down the stream until he had found his track, was leaving the swamp and entering the border of the prairie.

And now Ish-pau-be-kau felt that he was truly running a race for life. Although to reach the village, he had but half the distance to accomplish, which must be traversed by the bear, yet he knew that the speed of the bear was, at

the very least, double that of his own. Onward he sped, straining every nerve and muscle, to its utmost powers of endurance, never daring again to glance behind. Soon the welcome sight of the village meets his eye, and he shouts hoarsely for assistance, as he runs. Fortunately his cry attracts the attention of some loiterers about the lodges, and while they recognize him, they can see, at the same time, the fearful proximity of the bear. The alarmed village now pours out, *en masse*, to the rescue—seizing such weapons as they can snatch up, in the hurry and confusion of the moment. Some have guns, some bows and arrows, whilst others are armed with spears, knives, or war clubs, and away rushes the excited crowd to do battle with the bear.

And now ensues a most exciting scene; hope lends fresh vigor to Ish-pau-be-kau, and his efforts are almost superhuman. Now he reaches the foremost of his friends, who separate on either side to allow him to pass between them, and the next moment their bullets penetrate the shaggy hide of the bear. The race for life continues; the savages are now strung along in two lines, leading direct to the lodges; down, through the centre, Ish-pau-be-kau holds on his way, and the bear, now as much excited as the man, almost reaching him at every bound, looks neither to the right nor left, and seems totally unconscious of the presence of a human being, with the single exception of the one he so obstinately pursues. Yet now, at every bound the bear makes, a bullet or an arrow enters his body; if a spear is thrust deep into his side, it checks not his course in the least; the blade is snapped off from the handle, and left quivering in the wound. Now, a young brave, anxious for distinction, throws himself full in the path of the bear, and buries his knife to the hilt in the chest; had he succeeded in diverting the attention of the bear from Ish-pau-be-kau to himself, that exploit had been his last, but the eyes of the bear, now glaring with rage and pain, never swerved from the flying figure before him.

They have now run the full length of the gauntlet, and Ish-pau-be-kau reaches the first lodge of the village; in, through the front entrance, he dashes—straight over the blazing fire which is built in the centre—and out again, behind, into the open air; and he knows by the crash of the falling poles and mats, as the slight fabric is hurled to the earth, that the bear is still on his track. Another lodge is reached, but Ish-pau-be-kau dare not stop. Straight through he rushes, in at one entrance, and out at the other; and the next moment, it also is prostrated

to the earth by the huge beast that so faithfully follows his track. The third lodge is reached by Ish-pau-be-kau, it is one of the largest in the village, and it is his own. Ish-pau-be-kau stumbles as he enters, he staggers across the lodge, again reaches the open air, and falls; a stream of blood gushes from his mouth and nostrils, and insensibility prevents any further attempt to escape from his determined foe.

But loss of blood, and the mortal wounds he had received, were beginning to do their work on the bear; he entered Ish-pau-be-kau's lodge just as its owner sank insensible on the other side. A heavy blow from a war club dealt by the hand of Ish-pau-be-kau's intrepid squaw, deprived him of the little vitality remaining, and there lay the huge carcass in the centre of Ish-pau-be-kau's lodge, an object of astonishment and wonder to the congregated village.

Ish-pau-be-kau, who had burst a blood vessel,

was sick for many days; when he recovered, he was an altered man. When the old men told tales of their experience in life, he listened with reverence and attention; and although he had met a white bear alone on the prairie with no weapon but his knife, and had brought home both his hide and his meat to his lodge, yet he was never known to boast of the exploit.

Reader, the legend is ended. I can vouch for its authenticity as an Ojibway tale—I have neither added to nor subtracted from it, but "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." I have no doubt that it is founded on facts, though many fictitious incidents have doubtless been added by the different narrators. The intelligent reader can easily imagine how much of it may have been true, and how much is due to the invention of the Indian story-teller. I will only say that every word of it was implicitly believed by the man who related it to me.

"THOU'RT WITH ME IN MY NIGHTLY DREAMS."

BY MARION HARLAND.

THOU'RT with me in my nightly dreams:

The dear long reveries of the day,
Their shadowy shapes and dewy light,
Have passed from heart and brain away.

They're gone—as birds of summer wing

A hurried flight at winter's chill,
To find in distant, genial climes,

Perfume and warmth and music still.

Yet gentle, fay-like visions dance

To dreamy music, 'round my couch—

The darkly-buried Past up-springs,

Glowing with life, beneath their touch.

High, silvery clouds their censers raise—

All sweets that Past once held for me,

(Sweets which have changed to wormwood since!)

They bring me Love and Hope and Thee!

Thee! not as at our parting seen,

In friendly guise that mocked the while,

And mien so free—thou *could'st* not dream

Of the heart that broke beneath thy smile!

But with deep eyes, all lit with love—

Such tremulous, mysterious gleam

As shimmers through the lucent wave

Of an Indian diamond bedded stream.

I know but Love—as 'round my hand,

I feel thy warm soft fingers twine;

Love quivers in the full rich lip,

That passionately lights on mine:

Some half-formed words of tenderness

Are breathed—not spoken, in my ear;

My heart lies still, lest its quick throb

Should drown one note of sound so dear

Why should'st thou come! on this cold heart

Why fall spring showers of Mem'ry's rain?

The young blooms, smiling from the earth,

The frost will soon cut down again.

The frost which thou didst leave! though night

Show here and there a verdant spot—

The day will find but blackened wastes—

Ruins—telling *where thou art not!*

SONNET—TIBUR.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

THOU yellow-rolling Tibur! over sands of gold,
They fabulously say, thou once didst run;
And verdant laurels, which great Scipios won,
Upon thy margin grew. But we behold
Far other scene upon thy altered brink;
The wild weed there lifts high her ugly head,
And where proud Cæsars oft were wont to tread,

Rank thistles grow. Vain river! dost thou think,
Thy far-famed classic waters, yet do roll
Past the imperial seven hilled city, Rome?
Thou dreamest then. The lofty snow white dome,
Which graced the celebrated Capitol,
Is now no more. The Goths and Vandals, Huns
Have triumphed over Numa's recreant sons

The "Indian Hitch," which, to the amateur, is also something of a nuisance, is made as follows: Make a "toe strap" by lacing a short piece of lamp-wicking cross-wise on snowshoe at toe-hole. Now take another piece of wicking, about three and a half or four feet long, and double it, having the exact centre or curve placed above the heel of the boot or moccasin. Now pass the ends under the toe cord of snowshoe, one at each side of toe hole;

pass these ends up over toes and cross them there, one strap going over the toe strap, and one under it. Now loop the ends around the straps at sides of foot—a sort of half hitch to keep the straps from falling down—and tie both ends together above the heel. For the amateur the poorest kind of a leather harness is generally more satisfactory than the Indian hitch—not so much of a Chinese puzzle; easier on the toes.—M.U.B.

Naeka - An Objibway Legend

Lily M. Betteridge

LITTLE Yellow Bird stood on the rocks and watched a canoe round the bend and disappear in the dark shadows to the east. Behind her the wigwams of the village and the dark spruces rose black against the glowing sky. Above the distant thunder of the falls, the thin wail of Ko Ko Ko Ho, the medicine man, rose in a monotonous chant.

Like a lengthening shadow a figure rose and stood behind her. "Who goes?" She turned and her head drooped, "Naeka, my father." The great chief, Makwa, laughed. Naeka—the goose, the foolish one, Naeka, the strong coward, whose thoughts were like the smoke that drifted from the fire at night and did—nothing. Of all the Anishnaebec (Indians) he was the least. Strong he was and tall—but what was that? When all the young braves talked of war and defeating their enemy, the Iroquois, he alone was silent. He spoke not of scalps to be taken nor attacks to be made, but listened silently and waited.

Everywhere Objibway villages were being wiped out by the savage Iroquois. While all in his village were busy with preparation for defense, Naeka was continually in the forest to the east and along the river. When the leaves had fallen and the breath of Keewaydin wailed through the forest at night, he alone brought home skins.

In the early dawn the mists rose like spirits from the river. The smoke from the first fire had not yet started to rise when Naeka left the village in his canoe.

He carried no snares but his face was dark with paint. At his side hung a small tomahawk and he carried a new bow.

Silently upstream he paddled, lost in the shadows of the eastern shore. Louder and louder, grew the roaring voice of the falls, as he drew away from the village. His paddle sank deep into the water and his strokes were swift and strong. Keeping close to the shore he slowly moved up toward the foaming, shouting cataract, until at last his canoe stopped and hung motionless as a hawk hangs between the clouds and its prey. On either hand, towered great rocky walls, shutting out the sunlight; and the pine trees above the falls looked like tiny bushes against the sky. Only for a moment the canoe wavered, then swung sharply toward the shore. Naeka leaped lightly onto a tiny ledge in the precipice and lifted his canoe out of reach of the torrent. Then springing from ledge to ledge, and clinging like a squirrel to the smooth grey rock, he climbed up until he was above the falls.

Wading in the shallow water near the shore out of reach of the treacherous current, Naeka made his way cautiously up the stream and around a bend until he came to a single great rock rising high above the pine trees and hanging far out over the water. A half fallen pine leaned from the bank over the current. Its branches were close against the rock and its lower limbs almost touched the water.

Climbing half way up the tree, Naeka

jumped across to the rock and clambered to its summit. The lower edge of the sun had just left the horizon and it shone full in his face as he stood erect with his right hand raised, facing the east. For many moments he stood thus, silent and motionless. Then he spoke. "Great Spirit, help me! Thou who dwellest above the mountain top, dwellest in the morning sky, help Naeka. The spies of the Iroquois do I know. Their shadows in the forest, have I seen. It is well they come not to the village. I, Naeka, shall save my people."

He turned and descending from the rock, stooped over the water and washed the paint from his face. He hid his bow in the bushes and took from beneath the rock, his snares. In their place he took one feather from his hair and laid it with care in the dry sand.

In the bushes where the rabbit runs were, he set his snares. Where the fox had his lair, he set a trap and ever he worked slowly upstream.

The sun had risen high and Naeka was setting his last snare when suddenly glancing up, he saw a feathered head-dress rising slowly over a boulder not ten yards away. He stood erect and waited. Under the head-dress a dark face showed, lined and painted. Seeing Naeka make no move the Iroquois stepped boldly forth and spoke: "Objibway dog! Like an old woman you set snares. Why are you not with the braves? Now you shall show us your village that we may lead our warriors to it."

Still Naeka stood silent. The Iroquois, enraged at his indifference, sprang upon him with uplifted tomahawk. E'er the blow could fall Naeka bent slightly forward and the tomahawk flung harmlessly over his shoulder. Grasping his squirming, helpless, enemy by the waist he raised him high above his head. Then he dashed him to the ground. He stood waiting for the Iroquois to rise, but he lay silent and still. His spine had struck the sharp edge of a rock, not more than a foot high, but his back was broken. Naeka gazed for a moment, then turned away. As he did so the Iroquois slowly opened his eyes and, seeing Naeka, raised himself without a groan, to his elbow and spoke: "I die! Thou, too, soon, shalt die." His head dropped back till he faced the sky, though he still supported himself on his elbow. A cry broke from his lips and rang through the forest and over the river, like the wild devilish cry of a loon. Then he dropped back across the rock.

Naeka stooped and picked up the fallen tomahawk. In its handle he cut a tiny notch, then placing it in his belt, turned and walked on up the river. He had gone but a few paces when an arrow sang across his path. He stopped and looking up the river, saw a great war canoe filled with braves coming towards him. They leaped to the shore and surrounded him. In a moment he was bound hand and foot and led to the canoe. "He shall dance the dance of death!" they cried.

"Kawen! Spare my life only and I will be your slave. Save me and I will guide you to my village which lies above the falls." So spoke Naeka, the coward.

A hurried council was held. For the spies to run the unfamiliar rapids might mean disaster. To fail to return to the chief, would mean that no attack would be made. At length they decided that Naeka should guide them through the rapids to the outskirts of the village, before they disposed of him. Loosening his hands, they placed him in the stern of the canoe and bade him steer them to



The result of a successful day after "Jacks" near Dunnville, Ont. Left to right, Mr. W. Holland, Mr. B. Stringer and Mr. Senn. Mr. Holland had the good fortune and skill to bag three of the jacks with three shots in as many minutes.

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safety. Carefully avoiding hidden rocks and dangerous currents, Naeka guided them downstream. The current became stronger as they went, but still he carried them safely. Suddenly rounding a bend, they came in sight of the great rock where some hours before he had stood. He immediately swung the canoe close in shore and let it drift. From far around the bend, came the muffled roar of the falls. The current grew stronger and where the rock rose from the water, it was deep and swift.

The Iroquois sat intently on the watch for the first signs of the village. Still hugging the shore, they approached the rock. Almost grazing it, they swung by and were under the tree. With one powerful motion Naeka leaped upwards and with his feet, thrust the canoe far out into the stream as he clutched the lowest bough of the overhanging pine.

In a moment the Iroquois realized their peril and paddled desperately for shore. For a moment the canoe seemed to hang motionless, then slowly but surely it was dragged downstream, until it reached the bend where with a sudden rush it disappeared from sight.

Naeka swung himself up into the tree and slid to the ground. With the captured tomahawk he cut the thongs that bound his feet and stood up. Replacing the quill in his hair and picking up his bow and arrows he made his way to the village.

The bright warm day of Indian summer had ended and the sun was sinking in a fiery pool in the west. On a rock at the foot of the falls stood Naeka—the brave. At his side stood the great chief Makwa, father of Little Yellow Bird, gazing into the eddy at the foot of the falls where the bodies of seven Iroquois floated slowly round and round.

deep water sets, and it will be found a good deal simpler when it comes to the matter of adjustment for proper depth, as this is often difficult with the long pole when a rocky bottom is encountered.

Editor, *Along the Trap Line*.

I have a pair of snowshoes which sag badly. Do you know of anything that would help to tighten them? I have tried linseed oil and it worked not too badly for a while, but when they got wet again they still sagged.

I would be greatly pleased for any information you could give me on the subject. Also could you give me a description of the Indian hitch?

Thanking you for any information you can give me.

Harry McLeod.

Dobbinton, Ont.

Answer.—It is almost impossible to make many of the snowshoes now on the market sagless. Of course if they are a "Guaranteed not to Sag" grade, make a complaint to the maker, or to the firm you bought them from. My recipe for a sagless snowshoe, after many years' experience with snowshoes, is to buy a grade that's guaranteed not to sag. The other kind are more a nuisance than anything else, and the time and expense you have in trying to improve them would cover the cost of a good pair. Linseed oil is recommended, but it soon wears off.



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Olamunko

C. Hart Merriam
Papers
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80/13 c

July 29, 1905. CAMP MEEKER TO THE INDIAN MOUND.

Mr. M. C. Meeker, originator of Camp Meeker and owner of most of the land around here and Occidental, took us for a long drive today. The Party consisted of Mr. Meeker, Judge Hittell, Elizabeth, Dorothy, and Myself. We drove first to Occidental and then west on what is called the 'hill road' toward Bodega for a couple of miles to a very high point known as 'Indian Mound', and then past the Bitner ranch and kept on south and swung around easterly and so east back to Occidental and Camp Meeker. The entire drive, which with stops took about five hours, lay within the limits of the original red-wood forests.

Meeker has been lumbering here for about thirty years so that few of the really big trees remain, and most of the land is grown up with tanbark oak and madrones, with some live-oak and scattered red-woods and douglas spruce and everywhere dense undergrowth of the same species that occur at Camp Meeker.

Indian Mound is nearly the top of the highest in the country and not an Indian Mound in the ordinary sense. In the early days it was the site of a thriving Indian village and the circular depression making the places occupied by the lodges are still plainly to be seen. Numerous stone mortars and spear and arrowpoints have been gathered here, Meeker tells us, and we picked up a few black obsidian broken arrow points, and some chips of dull red flint.

The hill top is bare on the south and east and southwest and is protected on the north and northeast by an open forest of redwood, Douglas spruce, tanbark oak (densiflora), live oak (agrifolia) and Madrone..... The soil is dark from the decomposition of clamshells, and thousands of fragments of both large and small clams

July 29, 1905

INDIAN MOUND

CAMP MEEKER Cont. 2

are still scattered about, brought here from the coast long ago.

The old village site commands a superb view over the narrow remnant of redwood forest to the west and south, to the Bodega hills and distant ocean, and over the Freestone-Tomales hills, all of which are bare and grassy. Stepping a few rods to the east one reaches the actual highest summit beyond the forest fringe, where the view includes the sweep to the west and south already mentioned and also the Santa Rosa and Russian River Valleys to the east and northeast, with Mt Helena rising grandly on the farther side of Santa Rosa Valle (the intervening ridge between Napa and Roseburg Valleys being scarcely discernable.) It is the most commanding eminence in this region.

The principal Indian town appears to have been in a more protected place, in the redwood forest perhaps 1/10 mile farther northwest, in what is now an orchard on the Bittner Ranch, and inly slightly lower than the hilltop. Meeker told us that this has been a favorite and prolific collecting ground for mortars and arrow-points and the 'relics' for more than 40 years; and Mrs. Bittner showed us some mortars and pestles and cylindrical rubbing stones, and hundreds of arrow and spear points of black obsidian, of which she gave me a few. On one of the spear points I measured and found to be $6-3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in length. She has one serrated arrow of obsidian and one of a dull reddish flint. She says that each plowing turns up a lot of additional pieces. We walked hastily over the ground and picked up some broken pieces; and I found a couple shallow mortar stones about 10 inches in outside diameter in a granite boulder.

There are some mortar holes in the solid rock on top of a large rock close to the school house at Camp Meeker.

BODEGA BAY

1

November 22, 1905.

Got up early and took a walk around the southern part of Bodega Bay to the other spit or bar. From Smith's house to the ocean a series of grassy headlands front the bay with steep or cliffy faces. The highest of these headlands--one near the bar--has a spring on its Bay front. This spring has eaten into it and made a section which shows the upper 5 or 6 feet to be clamshells and the rich black loam that always goes with ^{clamshell debris} ~~them~~ on old Rancheria sites.

Smith tells me that when he was a young man there was a large ranchevia of Indians on the bar west of its middle part, but that much of the ocean side of this part of the bar has been cut away by encroachments of the sea.

There are no trees at all about the bay (except some cypress, eucalyptus &c planted at the ranches), the nearest being a few small tree alders in Bodega Creek Canyon about half a mile from the Bay.

The two species

HOO'-KOO-e

LOK-NO'-mah

CAMP MEEKER TO BODEGA BAY AUGUST 22-23., 1905

Drove to Bodega Bay and back, spending the night at Capt. Hart's place at extreme northeast corner of Bay. Went by way of Freestone, Bodega roads and Bodega village.

Bodega Bay is completely landlocked except the narrow tide channel at the southwest corner, close to Bodega head. Tomales point is plainly seen to the south, only 6 miles from Bodega Head and one looks right into the mouth of Tomales Bay (from Bodega Bay).

Most of the fishing at Bodega Bay is done by an Indian named Billy Smith, who has a large family in a good house at the southeast curve of the Bay. He is a remnant of the Bodega Tribe (the ^{Alameda} Hoo'-koo-e) and I got from him a list of names of mammals and birds and plants in his language. Also got a good dinner at his house. His wife is a Lok-no'-mah, from near Middletown, Lake Co.

A single old man of the Mi-yah'kah-mah tribe (from Alexander valley) lives with them.

ROSS AND BODEGA IN SEPTEMBER 1839

Captain Sir Edward Belcher, Royal Navy,
in his Narrative of a Voyage Round the World,
published in London, 1843, has much to say
of the Russian settlements at Bodega and Ross
which he visited in September 1839 (Vol. 2,
pages 312 - 316).

The following brief descriptions of the Indians of Bodega Bay, Calif. are from published accounts of the Spanish Voyage of Exploration to the Northwest Coast in 1775 under Don Bruno Heceta and Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra. Bodega Bay was discovered and named by Bodega's ship, the 'Sonora', which anchored there on the return voyage on October 4, 1775, remaining two days.

Francisco Antonio Mourelle, 2nd pilot of the 'Sonora' writes in his diary[✓] as follows:

" . . we cast anchor near one of the points which we called de Arenas , in six fathoms and a clay bottom. (47)

A vast number of Indians now presented themselves on both points , who passed from one to the other in small canoes made of Fule , where they talked loudly for two hours or more, till at last two of them came along side of the ship, and most liberally presented us with plumes of feathers, rosaries of bone, garments of feathers, as also garlands of the same material, which they wore round their head, and a canister of seeds, which tasted much like walnuts. Our captain gave them in return bugles, looking glasses , and peices of cloth.

These Indians are large and strong, their colour being the same as that of the whole territory; their disposition is most liberal, as they seemed to expect no recompense for what they had furnished us with: a circumstance which we had not experienced in those to the Northward.

✓ Journal of a Voyage in 1775, To Explore the Coast of America, Northward of California, By the second Pilot of the Fleet, Don Francisco Antonio Maurelle, in the King's Schooner called the Sonora, and commanded by Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega, p. 47.
[Ed. by Daines Barrington, London, 1781]

✓
Bodega in his Report of the Expedition says:

"I anchored in seven fathoms of water and watching for some sign of the inhabitants, saw them, but none tried to communicate with us during all that day. (293)

The Indians on both sides were innumerable and crossed over in canoes from one coast to the other. At last they approached near where I was anchored and shouted for more than two hours without ceasing, at the end of which time, two canoes came to the side of my ship, and with the greatest disinterestedness presented feathers (plumajes), necklaces of bone, a basket of zemita de zacate (grass seeds?) tasting like filberts; for which we recompensed them with beads, handkerchiefs and looking glasses, with which they were much pleased.

In stature they are corpulent and robust, in color brownish, and in dress like that of every alzado Indian, the only difference being in the arrangement of their hair, which is raised in front in the way that the señoras are accustomed to comb theirs."

✓ Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, Primer Viaje hasta la altura de 58 . . . Año de 1775. Published in Anuario de la Hidrografia, Año III, p. 293, Madrid, 1865.

VANCOUVER'S DESCRIPTION OF BODEGA BAY INDIANS

Capt. George Vancouver on his second visit to the Northwest Coast sent the 'Chatham' in October, 1793 to get information about Bodega Bay. He quotes the following about the Indians of Bodega Bay from the journal of Mr. Puget, in command of the 'Chatham':

"Mr. Johnstone went through this passage close to the high (435) land and at the back of the low spit before us he found an extensive lagoon, which also had the same soundings as in the entrance. On landing they were joined by some Indians, who had previously made a large fire on the north corner of the Bay. These people in their manners and conduct were perfectly inoffensive; their numbers did not exceed 30, of all ages and of both sexes; some few had bows and arrows, which they disposed of to our party for beads and trinkets; the language they spoke was a mixture of Spanish and their own provincial dialect, and from this we may infer, that they were either subordinate to the Spaniards, or that they had a constant connection with the settlements at San Francisco. . . .

Mr. Johnstone observed the men to be in general naked, but the women wore skins of animals about their shoulders and waists, and were as much tattooed, or punctured, as any of the females of the Sandwich Islands; the hair of both sexes was black, which they wore clubbed behind."

Capt. George Vancouver, Voyage of Discovery Round the World, 4
Vol. II, pp. 435-6, 1798.

OLAMENTKO CHIEF

Gualiuela or Gualinela, Chief of
Tiutuye, rancheria of 43 Indians at
Bodega Bay in April 1833. Account in
M.J.Vallejo, letter to Gov. Figueroa,
May 6, 1833. In Documentos para la Historia
de Calif., MSS Bancroft Library, 2: 141-2,
1833-1834.

AH-KUM-TUT-TAH

OLAMENTKO

MEWAN

Ah-kum'-tut'-tah: Name used by Pomoan

Kah'-tah-we chum'-mi (of Healdsburg region)
and probably by other Pomoan tribes,
for Olamentko tribe at Bodega Bay. -- *cm*

own

HOW CHA'-KA THE TULE-WREN SHOT OUT THE
SUN

A TALE OF THE OLAMENTKO INDIANS OF BODEGO BAY

a/

PERSONAGES

O'-ye the Coyote-man

Chā'-kā the Tule-wren, a poor orphan boy

Koo-loo'-pe the Humming-bird

How Cha-ka the Tule-wren shot out the Sun

2 **T**HA'-KA the Tule-wren was a poor worthless boy. He had no father and no mother and went from house to house begging, and the people gave him food to eat. Nobody liked him, and finally they tired of feeding him. One day he told them that if they did not give him food he would shoot out the Sun. Then everybody laughed. Again he said he surely would shoot it out. They said, "Go ahead and shoot."

So he did; he sent his arrow right up into the Sun and let the light out and the whole world became dark. There was no Sun, no Moon, no Stars, no Fire—everything was dark. It was dark for years and years and the people could not see to find food, and everybody was starving.

All this time O'-ye the Coyote-man was thinking how he could get the Sun and light back again. At length he saw just a little light a long way off. He sent Koo-loo'-pe the Humming-bird to steal it.

Koo-loo'-pe set out on the long journey and finally came to the fire and stole a little piece and

The Dawn of the World

brought it back under his chin - you can see the blaze there to this day.

When he was bringing it somebody chased him, but he was so small and flew so swiftly they could not see which way he went and could not catch him. So he escaped with the fire and brought it back to O'-ye the Coyote-man, and the people had light again.

HOW WEK'-WEK WAS SAVED FROM THE FLOOD
FRAGMENT OF A TALE OF THE OLAMENTKO TRIBE OF BODEGA
BAY

PERSONAGES

O'-ya the Coyote-man
Wek'-wek the Falcon
Pé'-leet the Grebe

How *Wek'-wek* was saved from the Flood

O'-YE the Coyote-man, and *Wek'-wek* the Falcon-man quarrelled. Then O'-ye gathered up the people and took them away with him across the ocean, leaving *Wek'-wek* alone. Then he made the rain come and cover the world with water. The water grew deeper and deeper and covered all the trees and all the hills and all the mountains until nothing was left but water.

Wek'-wek could find no place to rest—nothing to stand on—and had to fly and fly and fly till he was all tired out. By and by he could fly no longer and fell on the water and was floating around nearly dead when his wing caught on a little stick. This stick stuck up from the top of the roundhouse of *Pe'-leet* the Grebe, who came up to see what was the matter. He found *Wek'-wek* (a relative of his) nearly drowned and pulled him down into his roundhouse and saved him.

Then O'-ye the Coyote-man let the water down and brought the people back.

WHY THE BODEGA BAY INDIANS CAN NOT STAND
COLD

A TALE OF THE BODEGA OLAMENTKO

PERSONAGE

O'-ye Coyote-man

Why the Bodega Bay Indians can not stand Cold

WHEN O'-ye the Coyote-man had everything ready he thought he would make people. So he gathered a lot of sticks of different kinds - some hard, as oak, madrone, and manzanita; some soft and hollow, as the sage-herb - and made a big pile of them and said that by and by they would turn into people.

Then he went over all the country and wherever he wanted a village he laid down two sticks, and gave the place a name - and the name he gave it then has always been its name and is its name to this day. Then he went away.

In a short time the sticks turned into people, and all the rancherias were started with the first real people.

In places where he had put sticks of hard wood the people were strong and well and warm-blooded and could stand cold weather; but in places where he put poor wood the people were weak and sickly and could not stand cold weather. Here at Bodega Bay he left only sticks of *Po'-to-po'-to* the sage-herb,¹⁷ which has a hollow stem and has no strength. That is the reason our people are tender and weak

¹⁷ The sage-herb is a form of *Artemisia ludoviciana*.

The Dawn of the World

and can not stand cold, and why nearly all died soon after the white men came. We are hollow inside and can not stand cold.

Lek-kah-te-wut-ko
Freestone, Marin Co.

Old Indian mound just east of
R.R. station. Indians lived there
continuously until 1880 odd (1884-1886 L. told).
It was a big rancheria of the Lek-kah-
te-wut-ko tribe. The rancheria is called
Po-tow'-wah-go-ah by the Clements.

Capt. Mr. C. Meeker of Camp Meeker, Sonoma
Co., Calif., tells me that in the winter
of 1861 or 1862 he witnessed a cremation
~~at the~~^{near} Valley Ford. The loud wailing of
the people attracted his attention & on
going to the spot he found them engaged in
burning a young child.

He told me this July 29, 1905. - com

The Lek-kah-te-wut-ko tribe was very closely
related to the Hoolloosko and extended from
Lek-kah'-te-wut, about a mile north of Petaluma,
westward to Po-tow'-wah at Freestone. It lay
north of the Hoolloosko & east of the Clements.

Olametke Indians playing stick game
from Choris.

Plate reproduced by Steward Culin in
his Am. Indian Games, 24th Ann. Rept, Bur. Eth.
for 1902-1905, ^{p. 144 &} pl. 36, 1907.

carded

✓ chwachamaju = Seuernduzer = Kothener

Buschmann, Die Spuren aztekischen Sprache
568, Berlin, 1839, (fm Kastronitensau)

Talatu = Mahozgumme.
Dana

Olamentko or Ak-kum-tut'tah of Bodepa region

Henry Maximilian of Healdsburg is Kakt'-ah-we-chum'mi.

His wife is Ak-kum-tut'tah & was born at Occidental.

But, her ~~mother~~ was an Alexander Valley Wiyahna!

The Bodepa Bay ^{Olamentko} tribe is called Koo-yā'-ye by
the Kutch Creek (Lake Co) Indians - can

Alamuttha campsite

Lakken hū'iyā

Old Alamuttha camp on W shore NW end Bodega
Bay - from Lakken a good view hills. - Barrett

Oyezoni Barrett 309

Site now occupied by
Barnard School at Freestone.

Olamentho

✓ Wel-lā-no-man-nook = Mi-yah-kah mah (= Waffo)
name for Olementhe (= Bodeja Bay - Freestone tribe).

See my vocab.

Ah-kum-tut-tah = Bodeja tribe as called by
Kanamara.

The O'āyome of Putah Creek call the Bodeja Bay
tribe Koo-yā-ye.

Wad'-dā-gā'-nu }
Bod'-dā-gā'-nu }

a recent Spanish-Indian name
for the Hoo'-koo-e tribe living
at Bodega Bay.

Told me by 'Bill Smith', a native
born Hoo'-koo-e living at Bodega
Bay.

Aug. 23, 1905. - cam

Hoo'-koo-e Bodega Bay.

Clamenter tribe

Only survivors of this tribe are
'Bill Smith' of Bodega Bay & his
brother ^{Tom} (older) now (Aug. 1905) working
at Russian Gulch in lumber co.

~~Subtribe of Hoo'-koo-e-ko, of which
an old woman + her son + daughter
still live on Finales Bay between
Marshall & Fisherman.~~

Bill Smith at Bodega Bay tells me
his tribe had no dogs, + no
name for dogs in their language.

blamentko

B

mekmek, with a mallard.

meadantak a gessif -
don't like him -

Saxidomus aratus

Bodys

Saxidomus nuttalli Lyett Ld

The Bodys Alamentha
say that Mel-mel's wife
was a Challoard Duke.

OLAMENTKO

M. Camille de Roquefeuil, Commander of the 'Bordelais', a ship trading on the NW Coast and in California Sept. 1817-Dec. 1818, in his Journal d'un Voyage autour du Monde' (Paris 1823) writes as follows of the Indians of Bodega Bay, where he anchored for some hours Oct. 15, 1817:

"There is now at this port only a wooden store- [1:238] house constructed by the Russians . . . Some natives of both sexes, the dirtiest and most stupid I ever saw occupied 3 or 4 low huts, shaped like a bee-hive, about 8 feet in diameter, and made from the branches of trees. They were naked, except for a slight girdle and their dwellings were without furniture of any kind. They slept in the dirt."--Translation 1: 238.

BODEGA BAY INDIANS

Peter Corney, in Voyages in the Northern Pacific,¹ a narrative of several trading voyages from 1813 to 1818, states:

"On the 21st of December [1814] we sailed from Monterey towards Bodago, a Russian establishment on New Albion, in the latitude 38° 0' and longitude 123°, which we reached in due time.

"On the 24th we saw a large storehouse on shore; Mr. McDougal and myself went in quest of its owners; we found it locked, and then pulled up a lagoon, where we saw a number of Indians collected round a large fire. We landed, and found ourselves above an Indian village, for here they live under ground, and we could hear their voices beneath us. Several old women and children made their appearance; we gave them some beads and by signs inquired where the Russians were; they pointed to the men round the fire, to whom we accordingly went up, and found them killing rabbits. Their mode of hunting them is to fire the grass for a considerable distance, and kill the rabbits as they are endeavoring to escape from the flame. The natives, on this part of the coast, appear to be a very harmless race. We inquired for the Russians, and they pointed to the northward. We then left them, and, on passing the village, some of our party had the curiosity to venture into their subterraneous abodes, but were obliged to make a hasty retreat, pursued by swarms of fleas, and an intolerable stench from a mass of filth."

¹ Peter Corney, Voyages in the Northern Pacific, 1813-1818, London Literary Gazette 1821; Reprinted in Honolulu (book, 8°) pp. 33-34, 1896.

Chap. IV. P. 66. Beiträge Russischen Reiches. I, p. 66, 1839.
Some Remarks concerning the Savages on the
Northwest Coast of America. By Kostromitow.

On a trip in the neighborhood of the colony of
Ross, I have learned to know the Indian races
who live in neighborhood of our settlement.
They inhabit the valleys of the chain of mts.
which shuts in Ross tightly on all sides.
Towards the East, are spreading plains, thro'
which ^{Russian River} Alwantha flows into sea about seven
miles from colony.

After crops (wheat & barley) had been gathered
from steep sides of mt. and other necessary
husbandry duties in Ross had been ended, we
turned our way into plains. One of my
companions had been wounded in the ear,
by an Indian arrow in former years
in these plains, which we aimed to ex-
plore; shortly before, some individuals of
same race had destroyed and plundered
the near-lying Spanish mission of St. Francis.
Such gleaming heroic deeds excited in us some
respect for the barbarians, and we decided
to prove to them the deserved horror, that is,
to provide ourselves with a retinue & with
loaded pistols. Our detachment consisted
of 3 officers, 21 cavalry, of which 7 were
Russians, 2 Lieutenants, 6 Aluten, 4 Indians,

2 interpreters, all bearing well-filled packs on their backs.

On 10th of Sept. we began to march on way to Bodega. In these times horses were accustomed to become tired thro' too much use, and on account of scarcity of provisions to become thin, for all around Ross there was grass, ^{which} thro' long-lasting aridity of summer is parched. Every art is needed to obtain food for the numerous cattle herds. This condition was noticeable in horses which we rode. We led a like number of led horses and 2 mules, with us.

After we had crossed over river Savanka by its now changed mouth, we turned to the left and began to turn our backs to sea, thro' narrow passes, woods, and thickets to level and open neighboring regions. We met no one, altho' we made on footpaths on which Indians were accustomed to go to their plains on banks of sea to collect game. When we at last had reached a small luxuriantly-growing meadow, we heard loud voices singing. Our interpreter hastened forward in order to ascertain if we had to do with friend or foe, but, impatient to learn

2) to know the inhabitants of this solitude, we ventured to follow advanced guard on foot, and so, riding forward at a gallop, we came upon an old Indian woman collecting seed-corn in barked moccasins of fine moccasins. She stood paralyzed with terror! but without trouble we learned from her that behind nearest thickets lived some Indian families who, without doubt, had already noticed us and had concealed themselves for fear of falling into hands of Spaniards, who often took Indians captives in order to take their spoils & Christianize them. The old woman told us further, that she collected seed-corn for food and had sung so loud in order to drive away the bad spirits. (- P. 68. ?) - - - after we had quieted the old woman & had given her assurance that her voice had brought forth no ill spirit, we left her and continued on our way. The first night's encampment we lay under a huge oak in a very large level valley, enclosed in by low hills on bank of river that empties into Sarawaka. The warm air, bright heaven, beautiful moonlight night, clear watch fires

horses, wandering around in tall grass, all taken together, gave a picture which pleased imagination and feeling alike. Only expressing how of prairie wolf broke solemn calm of nature.

When this disappeared with daylight, we hastened on our way full of impatience to reach the plains so highly prized in Ross, and to learn & know the happy inhabitants.

Soon the region widened, immense meadows, on which grew luxuriant grass, spread out nearer and nearer before our eyes; but nowhere was even a trace of inhabitants. Suddenly we discovered on outermost edge of plain, a curling column of smoke. The interpreters and Vaqueros decided there ~~must~~ ^{must} be a numerously inhabited Indian village & communicated these discoveries to us with some amazement. The spacioussness of . . . (P. 69.) that we, placing in a line, our standing army of 5 people and with horse men galloped forward in order not to give Indians time to hide themselves in bushes. When we drew near, we saw only burning bush but no sign of

3) presence of human inhabitants. Further
on, scene changed to splendid oak forests
just like an English park, with grassy
meadows; finally we came to Maranka,
which in summer almost dries up,
and ^{there where} we waded thru', it was about
5-6 ft. broad, but only 3 feet deep.
When we had lain on left bank of river
in thick brush in order to partake of
our midday meal, we heard voices of
some Indians who appeared in some
manner. We concealed the frightened
horses behind us in pastures, and
sent interpreters to approaching ones.
It seems as peaceful visitors, who gave
consent to the wish. The whole crowd
amounted to about 50 men; women and
children had remained behind
in next village. We learned from
these savages that the plunderers,
who had ravaged themselves on Spaniards
for destruction of the quiet life of these
peaceful-living inhabitants, by devastation
of mission, were principally many
Indians of mission itself, who now lived
in impenetrable forests on other side of
level plains before us, and were ready to

repel with force every attack of their oppressors.

Our followers told us among other things, that a respected Indian chief, who had been at Rues and had been treated in a very friendly manner by the Russians, was encamped in the neighborhood. I gave the wish to see him and asked our guests to acquaint him with our arrival. Immediately the eldest of them elected a young man as deputy. The latter threw his light clothes around his hips, took his bow in his hand and disappeared ^{so} quickly from our sight that we did not even have time to reward him with a small present, for his willingness to serve us. The open, handsome, carefree faces, the splendid appearance of these barbarians appealed to me extraordinarily; we invited them, then, to visit us in our next night encampment, which they promised to do, and asked that we should do the same whenever we wished. Just before we arrived at the largest of the plains, it is entirely without woods, fairly level, with — growing luxuriously, and in great numbers; here its diameter extends for not less than 40 Werst. To night and.

4.) left our mts. We could decide from their known outlines, the nearness of Ross, where one had every thing before his eyes. We were distant ^{from Ross, in a straight line,} about 25 Werst, but between us lay impassable mts. and ravines, which we had to go around, putting us back at least 75 Werst. The Slavanka winds itself here to western mt. ranges, and forms a brook which girdles the middle of plain. We wandered to side and at length, returned on both sides of river in level meadows. Night overtook us in one of those splendid oak groves which ~~it~~ covered the plain here and there. The horses vanished quickly in tall fertile grass which covered the meadow. Watchfire in camp played between dark leaves of 100 yr. old oaks; deep silence settled itself on the rich region of nature. Scarcely had the mighty watcher, the prairie wolf, given forth his howl, than our new friends, the Indians, appeared by watchfires. After they had received from us, tobacco, bread, glass beads, and other little things, they seated themselves with their country ~~men~~ ^{men}, our interpreters and Vaqueros, ~~and~~ in a circle, and began

their favorite occupations - yes, one can well say that those alone of men, if circumstances permitted, the game, two or more. Two players seated opposite each other; on both sides of players, musical instruments lay [which were played during game.] (?)

The opponent endeavored to conceal a number of little sticks which he held in his hand behind his back, while he made several motions quickly with his arms, and with his free hand beat time to music on his breast.

The game always continued as long until one of players had lost all his property. It lasted our guests and the Vaqueros the whole night thus, until clear morning.

I expressed the wish to see the village of our friends; they hastened to prepare their dwellings for our visit, and, as it turned out, they had us about 10 Werst, with great quickness and incomprehensible speed, crying ahead that we must place our horses on a trot, in order to be able to follow them. Fortified behind bushes and dry diggings, we found the Indian

5.) village on sandy ground. Five or six families lived together. The women had there temporary lodgings, made from ~~interwoven~~ interwoven twigs of willow which easily were stuck in the ground, placed very tactfully.

The variegated shading and the different sizes of the willow leaves (this ~~tree~~^{tree}, is there, usually very largely used) gave to the open huts an entirely unusual peasant-like appearance; the side openings, which served as doors, were adorned.

The Indians who live in the region about
Roes, are of many tribes. They are dis-
tinguished by the following names:
Bodega Bay, Olamentke, Plains Indians,
Kainama, Northern Chivachamaju.
(P. 80)

Earlier, by the seaside, were large villages
of the large and small Bodega. But,
since the founding of two missions at
the seaside, by the Franciscans, they
left these dwelling-places, and a
multitude of Indians settled in the missions.
The remaining wandered further away
from Roes, or were destroyed in the
years 1815-22, by an epidemic
disease.

In the valley lowlands of ^{Russian River} Slawanka
and the region north of Roes, are
great dwelling sites, among which are
known, Kajatschim, Nakoma, and
Japian. In latter are about 2,000 people.

Kostromitonsow, Beitrage Russischem Reiches, I, 80, 1839
(In Library Congress)

P. 233

Omaha

1934

Indian Tribes Typify Peace

Invite "White Brothers" to Festival of the Harvest

Special from Monitor Bureau

WASHINGTON — The bond of friendship between the Omaha Indians of Nebraska and their white neighbors is typified by the active participation of a representative of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Francis La Flesche, in their most important tribal ceremony, the annual festival which begins with the gathering in of the hay crop. An announcement by the Smithsonian Institution states that Mr. La Flesche has left Washington for the Omaha Indian Reservation, and will take part in one of the most picturesque tribal ceremonies held on American soil.

The festival of the harvesting is a modernization of an old custom, it is explained, and has no religious significance. It is participated in by 1500 members of the tribe, who gather each year for a week of dancing and feasting, concluding with the ancient ceremony of the making of gifts to each other. Members of neighboring tribes are invited to attend, and some of the Osage Indians are planning to travel from Oklahoma to attend.

"The dancing takes place every evening from seven till midnight. Only folk dances in which the whole tribe join in are danced," the statement explains. "Some of these are of modern development, but occasionally the old war dance of the tribe is revived, and with it the war paint and picturesque head-dress and all the attendant ceremonial of a bygone day.

"During the day also various sorts of feasts are held. They are accompanied by foot races and other sports, for which prizes of horses, blankets, shawls, and similar objects are offered."

Rev. J. Owen Dorsey read a translation, made by himself, of an Omaha myth, entitled THE ORPHAN AND THE BUFFALO WOMAN. The following is an abstract :

Wahandhishige, the orphan, lived with his married sister, who was unkind to him. She never allowed him to eat any choice piece of meat, although her husband was a good hunter and brought plenty of game to the lodge. A buffalo woman visited the orphan when he was alone in the lodge, and made him eat some of the meat, restoring the piece from which it had been cut to its proper shape. This occurrence was repeated on three other days. Then the orphan followed the woman, overtaking her by evening at a white lodge on the prairie. While he slept the woman and lodge disappeared, and when he awoke he was lying on the grass. This happened on four days in succession. The myth then gives: 1st, The adventures of the woman, after parting with the orphan; 2d, The adventures of the orphan when in pursuit of the woman. In the first part is told the birth of her child, the white calf, (some say two calves;) his abduction by Ishtinike, the deceiver; his escape and return to his mother. Then follow the adventures of the orphan, showing how he overcame great difficulties that were destined to hinder his pursuit; how he crossed the great water, a deep canon, a tract of land, covered with briars and thorns; and how he went even to the upper world. Returning from the upper world he killed a number of the buffaloes; then he took his family to his old home. He discovered himself to his unkind sister and her husband, who had been unfortunate since the departure of the orphan. They received him and his family, and were rewarded by the return of game and consequent prosperity. The sister profited by experience, and was ever thereafter kind to her brother and his family.

The President of the Society read a paper on the MYTHS OF THE WINTUNS OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.¹

¹ This paper will be published in a much enlarged form in the "Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology."

This is the first time that an attempt has been made to restore extinct animals with the hair superimposed on the model. Mr. Blaschke secured the skin and hair of white horses and appropriately gave it the color he desired, also the characteristic whorls or folding of the skin.

The painted background, a reproduction of a scene in the Black Hills of South Dakota where these animals were fairly common in their day, is the work of Charles A. Corwin, Museum staff artist. Messrs. Blaschke and Corwin had the scientific advice and supervision of the curator and other members of the staff of the department of geology of Field Museum during creation of the group.

Valuable assistance and coöperation were also given by Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum, and the late Prof. William Diller Matthew.

RADIO BROADCASTING

AERICAN MUSEUM BROADCASTING.—Every Sunday afternoon at 3:45 during the winter months a member of the American Museum scientific staff is giving a talk on a natural history subject over Station WOR. On the first Sunday of each month the New York *Herald-Tribune* gives a full-page spread in its rotogravure section correlated with the talk of that day.

SCIENCE OF MAN

TECHNIQUES AND ART FORMS OF THE OMAHA INDIANS.—Dr. Margaret Mead has just brought back a small representative collection from the Omaha Indians in Nebraska. The most interesting aspect of this collection is the variety of techniques and art forms that are known to the Omaha. It includes the traditional porcupine quillwork used by the American Indian before the importation of beads, but these pieces of porcupine quillwork are decorated with fringes made from small squares of tin beaten into cylindrical form and tufted with dyed chicken feathers. There is also a vest of hide embroidered in porcupine quillwork with designs of flags and horses, both contributions from the white man.

The Omaha Indians replaced their porcupine quillwork with ribbon work more than with beadwork. The collection includes cradle-board bands and bands of ribbon work appliqué used on the borders of broadcloth dancing robes. This ribbon work, although the designs are largely suggestive of patterns formerly in use by the Eastern Woodlands Indians, also suggests the influence of ecclesiastical vestments.

The Omaha have always traded extensively with the Siouan tribes, and the collection includes

parfleches, a buffalo skin shirt and tobacco pouch obtained from the Sioux more than a generation ago and carefully cherished by the Omaha.

There is also a representative series of moccasins ranging from the typical black moccasin of the old Omaha to modern forms made from buckskin purchased in the city stores, embroidered with modern glass beads and dyed with yellow ocher purchased from the drug-store.

About twenty-five years ago the department of anthropology made a survey of the bead and quill art of the whole area west of the Mississippi. The resulting collections form the exhibit now in our halls of which so much use is made by students of design. Collections similar to this one from the Omaha, made twenty-five years after, are of special interest in showing the historical development of this aboriginal art under modern conditions.

RECONNAISSANCE OF EUROPEAN ANTHROPOLOGICAL MUSEUMS.—Curator and Mrs. N. C. Nelson, of the anthropology department of the American Museum returned early in October from a lengthy vacation trip to Europe. This journey involved two unusually long ocean voyages, one of them by way of Iceland and the two together occupying no less than thirty-one days' residence on shipboard.

Aside from occasional pleasure excursions in different places and visits to a number of famous one-time royal palaces and castles, most of Mr. Nelson's time was spent in museums of distinctly anthropological character. Such museums were visited, for example, at Reykjavik, in Iceland; Trondjem, Bergen, Lillehammer (outdoor museum), and Oslo, in Norway; Göteborg and Stockholm, in Sweden; Copenhagen, Lyngby (outdoor museum), and Kolding, in Denmark; Berlin and Hamburg, in Germany; Brunn and Prague, in Czechoslovakia; and, finally, Vienna, in Austria. Several other cities, like Dresden and Munich, both the possessors of famous museums, were passed through, but were not actually visited for lack of time.

The purpose of these visits was threefold; to see, primarily, what sort of archaeological material was being recovered in the different localities, to observe exhibition methods in vogue, and to learn to what extent it was possible to obtain typical specimens, by purchase or otherwise, with which to fill out gaps in the American Museum exhibition series. Mr. Nelson also inspected a number of private collections offered for sale, but found none suitable for acquisition. The best he could do—it being the time of year when nearly every responsible museum man was away on vacation—was to make preliminary arrangements

for a number of possible exchanges. Incidentally, two famous Paleolithic sites were visited in Czechoslovakia, where excavation was observed in progress.

The general impression retained by Mr. Nelson of European museums is both favorable and unfavorable. He thinks that as far as building facilities are concerned Europe as a whole is at a disadvantage as compared with America, in that too often valuable collections are either housed in castles and other old buildings not adapted for exhibition purposes, or they are displayed in modern structures with gorgeously finished palace-like interiors that positively detract from the specimens one wishes to see. There are, however, several exceptions to these extremes.

When it comes to organization and standards of work, Europeans are obviously far and away ahead of us, at least in matters archaeological. Thus, in some countries research is so thoroughly planned that they have separate expert curators and field workers for every outstanding culture stage from the earliest beginnings to the present time—Old Stone, New Stone, Bronze, Iron, Medieval, and Modern. The result is conspicuously reflected in instructive exhibits, which are arranged chronologically in a succession of small halls, covering the whole history of local culture so far as known.

ALBERT GÜNTHER

THE CENTENARY OF ALBERT GÜNTHER.—October 3, 1930, marked the centenary of the birth of the great ichthyologist Albert Günther (1830–1914). To commemorate the event, the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* (London) published a complete bibliography of his writings, with a list of his degrees, honors, etc., in a special number of the magazine.

The bibliography reveals Günther's amazing scientific productivity. He published more than 600 papers, and 15 complete volumes, on fishes, reptiles, and other vertebrates; besides several guide and other museum books, and numerous reports as the Keeper of Zoology at the British Museum.

Günther's most important work is the great *Catalogue of the Fishes in the British Museum*, eight volumes. Although now in large part superseded by later works, it is still a basic reference work in ichthyology. Another noted book of his is the splendid quarto volume on the deep-sea fishes of the famous "Challenger" Expedition. This work gave the world the first extended account of the strange fish life in the great depths of the ocean. He also published a noteworthy popular book on fishes.

It was from the writings of Günther that Charles Darwin derived most of those curious or little-known facts about fishes cited in the *Origin of Species* and his other books on evolution.

—L. HUSSAKOF.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS UNION held its annual meeting at Salem, October 20–24. Members of the bird department of the American Museum read papers on the following subjects: "The Boreal Element in the West Indian Avifauna," "The Turkey Buzzard's Sense of Smell," by Frank M. Chapman.

"Conditions Controlling the Distribution of Sea-birds on the Pacific Coast of South America," by Robert Cushman Murphy.

"Field Notes from Peru," by John T. Zimmer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

The Book of Bird Life: A Study of Birds in their Haunt; with Photographs by the Author. By Arthur A. Allen, Professor of Ornithology at Cornell University. D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc. New York. 8vo; xix+426 pp.; 275 ills.

For years Doctor Allen, as editor of the school department of *Bird Lore*, has been contributing to that magazine a series of articles based on his wide experience as a student and teacher. Many of these with others before unpublished compose this volume. The method of treatment is subjective. His theme is the significance of things seen. We have not, therefore, a compilation of detached observations but a group of highly suggestive and interesting essays on, for example, Migration, Courtship, Adaptations, Color, Relations to Man, with practical suggestions for attracting, observing, and photographing birds. The book thus appeals to the special student as well as to the general reader. We know of no one better equipped to claim the attention of both than Doctor Allen. A born naturalist, a trained biologist, a keen, discriminating, and patient field student, a pleasing and effective writer, and a skilful photographer, he has used all his exceptional gifts and attainments in preparing these studies.—F. M. C.

The Mound Builders. A reconstruction of the life of a prehistoric American race, through exploration and interpretation of their earth mounds, their burials, and their cultural remains. By Henry Clyde Shetrone, Director and Archaeologist, the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society. D. Appleton and Company, New York and London, 1930.

A good book on the Mound Builders has been wanting until now. Perhaps it had better be said that such a book could not have been written sooner, but certain it is, that the only person to write such a book is the author of this volume. Shetrone, following in the footsteps of the original leader in this field, William C. Mills,

geographic and chronological development, local variation, and group inter-influence, I believe the adoption of such criteria as these can not be too strongly urged among anthropologists and ceramic specialists.

FLORENCE M. HAWLEY

The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe. MARGARET MEAD. (xiv, 313 pp. \$4.50. New York: Columbia University Press, 1932.)

In this study of the Antlers (transparent disguise for the Omaha) Margaret Mead has made a signal contribution to our knowledge of the reactions of a typical Indian tribe to the impact of white civilization. The result of her investigation is so interesting and far-reaching that her pioneer attempt is bound to be followed by other such studies, opportunity for which abounds among the North American Indians.

The field work was conducted during a period of five months in 1930, the author being at all times careful that the object of her research remain dark to the Indians.

At the present time the reservation is overrun by whites, which fact does not result in intimacy or mutual understanding between the races.

In the old days the concept of property among the Antlers was strictly limited in its application. Land in particular was never formally owned, nor was it bought or sold. While in one way or another considerable property other than land may have accumulated in the hands of individuals, no merit attached to its hoarding. When subsequently a Congressional bill resulted in a new set of allotments being granted to individuals, the "illusion of vast wealth, of unlimited lands, grew up, which still remains despite the sad curtailment of the acreage owned by Antlers" (p. 52). An orgy of reckless expenditure was initiated, surreptitiously induced by white agents. The easy flow of money proved an irresistible temptation to these innocent Indians.

Similarly in political organization, the prestige surrounding the old chieftain is gone. Chieftainship itself has fallen into decay. The Antler is not only a citizen of the United States but also a ward of the government. As such he has a claim upon the Federal service to the Indian. Privileges the Antler has aplenty; there is much irritating supervision of his life and activities; but his obligations are nil. "From a member of a self-governing, politically selfconscious unit, the Antler has been degraded to a member of a miscellaneous group of people who have hereditary claims to receive special treatment and to give nothing in return" (p. 76).

It is interesting to note how, in the midst of this decay of ancient custom, the kinship system and its adhering practices have remained relatively intact, "largely," remarks the author, "because it is so incomprehensible to the white residents that they usually do not know that it exists." The mother-in-law taboo, for example, is still in force.

In ancient times the part played by grandparents in the education of children was second only to that played by the parents, but now that the past is gone the old people are no longer interested and they do not bother about the children.

In the domain of the sexual code the half-digested transition from the old to the new wrought absolute havoc. The young girl of the past was educated in such a fashion that her demeanor towards male approaches was characterized by bashfulness, fearfulness, and inhibition. Far from taking an active part in the proceedings, she was likely to run off at the first suggestion of danger. All this was changed with the introduction of co-educational Indian schools. Here the girls make the best of their new-fangled freedom. The boys, on the other hand, still cling to the old attitude that a girl who is not bashful is at least potentially a "bad woman." The result can easily be imagined.

In religion the forms of Christianity have replaced those of the older faith, but the spirit of the deeper laid attitudes still hovers above the reservation.

The co-educational schools have substituted the regime of impersonal formality for the warm intimacy of the old Indian home. In the abnormal setting of the Indian community with its contrasting ancient background, co-education has become a curse.

Among the peculiarities of the new situation is that English has been adopted by the younger generation only as a thin and imperfect veneer. Only a few of the old people who received their schooling in the East speak a good English, some of them being "very sophisticated linguistically." Otherwise Antler speech has had greater vitality than English upon the reservation. The author believes that there are not more than a dozen people in the place who do not always think in Antler and prefer to speak it whenever possible.

The whole second part of Dr Mead's book is devoted to the Indian woman. I am told, in fact, that the author preferred to call her study by a title implying this specialization in the woman's part of the culture. As in many other similar situations, the author has found that the changing times have fallen more heavily upon the men than upon the women. Ancient Antler culture was, in more senses than one, a man's culture. The duties of war and chase, of political organization and religion, largely devolved upon the men. It is precisely in these domains of culture that the greatest changes have come, putting the men out of office, as it were. The women, on the other hand, who took care of the more private economic and social concerns, still find something to do in the new order. It is, however, as true of the women as of the men that with the decay of culture has come a fatal loss of the old manual skills. Thus the modern woman is unfit to cope with the difficult economic and domestic conditions.

It is possibly only to record the complete fortuitousness of the process [concludes the author] by which the primitive culture breaks down and the individual member of the primitive society is left floundering in a heterogeneous welter of meaningless, uncoordinated and disintegrating institutions.

In Part Three of her book the author has gathered some of her raw materials in tabular and diagrammatic form which may be utilized to verify or control some of her conclusions.

Pawnee

1902-30

Dr. C. Hart Merriam

With regard to the writer.

STAR CULT AMONG THE PAWNEE—A PRELIMI-
NARY REPORT

By

ALICE C. FLETCHER

STAR CULT AMONG THE PAWNEE—A PRELIMINARY REPORT

By ALICE C. FLETCHER

The far-reaching avenues of trade upon this continent stretch from the equatorial regions to its northern and southern confines, and along these paths have passed with the traders more than their articles of barter. These men took with them the knowledge of rites, customs, myths, and folktales, which spread, with modifying influence more or less enduring, from tribe to tribe. As a result, no one tribe on the western continent can be said to stand wholly apart from all other tribes, or unaffected as to its forms of organization, its culture, or its folklore. A network of exchange, more or less formal, lies over the whole country, enhancing both the difficulty and the interest of ethnological field research.

Some twenty years ago, while studying among the Omaha and other tribes of the Siouan linguistic group, I met with evidence which seemed to indicate that the people of the Pawnee tribe had probably been instrumental in the spread of certain cults among their neighbors, and that this tribe still possessed in considerable fulness of detail many of their ancient ceremonies. Although at that time the way to witness and investigate these ceremonies was opened to me by some of the old Omaha leaders who were in close and friendly relations with the Pawnee, circumstances beyond my control prevented for several years my entering the Pawnee field. However, I have since been able to take up the work and have made considerable progress, having obtained complete records of ceremonies and attendant rituals.

During the present year I have been joined in this investiga-

tion by Dr George A. Dorsey of the Field Columbian Museum, who agrees with me as to the importance of exploiting this field. We hope to procure as complete a record of this tribe as it is now possible to obtain from the few surviving old men who have been instructed in the rites of their fathers. In this associated work Mr James R. Murie, formerly my collaborator, will continue as our assistant in behalf of his tribe.

The language of the Pawnee belongs to the Caddoan stock. When first met by the white race the people were living near Platte river, in what is now the state of Nebraska. About thirty years ago the tribe was removed from this locality to the place where they now reside in northeastern Oklahoma.

In this preliminary report no mention will be made of the earlier or later migrations of the Pawnee, or of the different divisions of the tribe, beyond the statement that it is now represented by four bands. These bands used always to build their villages in a certain definite geographical relation to each other. The Skidi band was always to the west of the others; it is of the organization and cult of this band that a brief outline will be given.

The Skidi band was divided into several villages, each possessing certain sacred symbolic articles which were preserved in a pack or shrine. Each shrine had its own ceremonies and rituals. The sacred symbolic articles, the ceremonial use of them, and the rituals recited or sung were believed to have been given to the different villages by as many different stars. The star gave its name to the shrine, and the name of the shrine became the name of the village. Where there was a second name it referred to some incident connected with the bestowal of the contents of the shrine, or it was descriptive of the locality where the village was placed.

There were five villages which formed a central group (figure 25). The position of these villages was fixed by the position of the stars which had given them their shrines and ceremonies.

About this central group were located the other villages of the

Skidi band, each in a position corresponding to that occupied by the star of its shrine, so that the villages of the Skidi on the earth were as a reflected picture of their stars in the heavens.

In the central group, the shrine of the village at the west led in the religious rites. Its ceremonies were the first to be performed in the yearly sequence of ceremonies, which commenced when the first thunder in the spring was heard. All but two of the villages took part in these ceremonies, following a certain order.

Not only did the ceremony of the shrine of the village of the west open the rites of the year, but certain of its ritual songs were repeated at the beginning of the ceremonies connected with the shrines of the other villages taking part. To quote the words of my Indian informant, "the ceremonies of the other shrines were like branches of this shrine." This shrine did not have anything to do with secular affairs unless the people were in dire distress.

The ceremonies connected with the shrines of the other four villages of the central group related to the affairs of the tribe, such as hunting, planting and harvesting, the conferring of honors on warriors, and the installation of leaders. The leadership of these shrines rotated in a fixed order. That of the village at the northwest became the leader for the year, that is, a winter and a summer. Then the leadership passed to the village at the southeast, for a winter and a summer. Next came the shrine of the village at the southwest, which led for a year, a winter and a summer, when the leadership fell to the shrine of the village of the northeast, a winter and a summer. After that the leadership returned to the shrine of the village at the northwest, and so on, following the order as given, each shrine being leader every four years.

Quoting again my Indian informant, "The Skidi were organized by the stars; these powers above made them into families and villages, and taught them how to live and how to perform

their ceremonies. The shrines of the four leading villages were given by the four leading stars, and represent those stars which guide and rule the people. The shrine of the village at the west was given by Tiráwa, who is above and over all the stars, hence it is over all the others which were given by the stars. That is why all the ceremonies of the other shrines began with the sacred songs of this shrine. Tiráwa sent this shrine by the star in the west, but it was not to represent that star, but to represent Tiráwa who gave to the mysterious beings, who stand below that star, the power to put life into all things, to set the people in order, and to give them knowledge." He further explained: "First of all was Tiráwa-atius (*a-ti-us*, father), the power above all and over all, the father of all things. Then came the lesser or under powers; these were given places in the heavens; they are in stars. Then all things were made, and men and women were created." Again I quote: "The ceremonies of the shrines give an account of creation, the establishment of the family, and the inauguration of rites by which man would be reminded of his dependence on Tiráwa, of whom he must ask food."

One of the fundamental teachings of these ceremonies is the predication of a duality of the universe. Everything is either male or female; these two principles were necessary to the perpetuation of all things. The east was male, the west was female, the south was male, the north female, the above was male, and the below female. Therefore all the stars in the east were male, and all the stars in the west were female. This quality was imparted to the shrines: that of the west was feminine; so, too, was the shrine of the yellow star at the northwest, which was the first in order of leadership; next in the order was the shrine of the red masculine star in the southeast. The leadership then came to the white feminine star in the southwest, and the following year passed to the shrine of the black masculine star of the northeast. These diagonally situated stars were sometimes spoken of as in "pairs" or "mates."

The care of these shrines was deputed to a woman, the knowledge of its contents, ceremonies, and rituals, to a man.

The sequence of the ceremonies began with those of the star in the west, through which, I was told, "the life-giving power of Tiráwa-atius passed, coming from the west to all living forms." After the ceremony of the star in the west the next in order was the ceremony of the shrine of the village which was leader for the year; the other three villages of this central group sometimes joining, and in that case acting as a unit. The general progress



1 Star of the West. 6 North Star.
2,3,4,5 Four leading Stars. 7 Morning Star.

FIG. 25—Villages of the Skidi band. (The position of four villages is not represented in the diagram.)

was from west to east, and the sequence closed with that of the shrine of the morning star, which included a sacrifice typifying the conjunction of the east and the west, the below and the above, thus insuring the perpetuity and productivity of all forms of life.

The two villages marked 8 and 9 in figure 25 were not included in this sequence, for the reason that their shrines, while connected with stars, were more intimately associated with the animal forms of the earth. They had their special rites, which

included many of the remarkable feats of sleight-of-hand for which the Pawnee have been celebrated.

The influence of star cult was manifest in the construction of the earth-lodge of the Pawnee. The circular floor of this dwelling symbolized the earth, and the dome-shaped roof the arching sky. The four posts which supported the framework of the roof represented the four stars of the leading villages, and on occasions

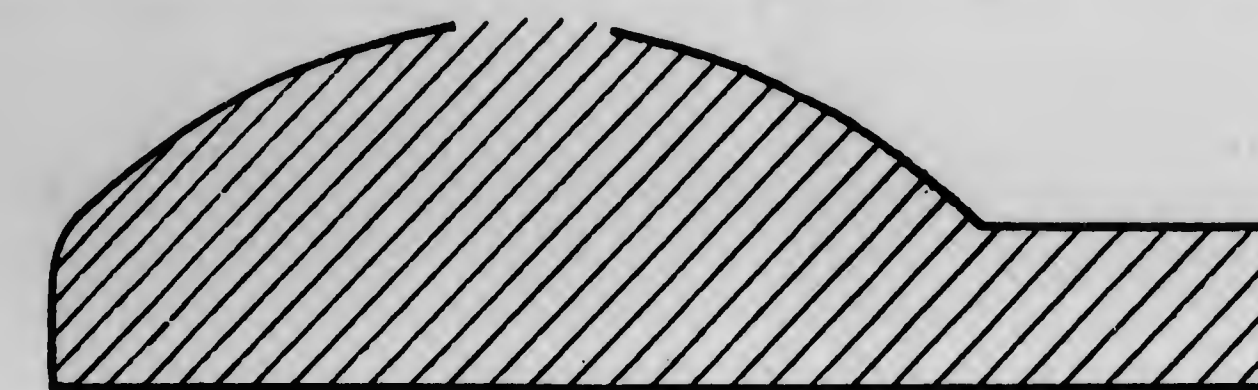


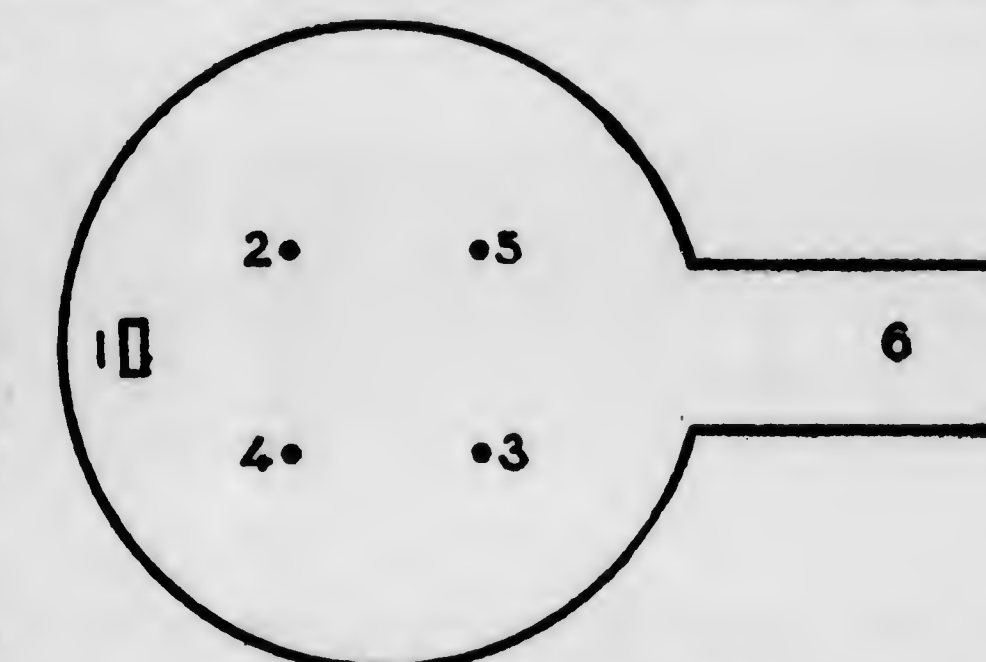
FIG. 26—Section of an earth-lodge.

were painted their respective colors. The place of a shrine was at the west, in accordance with the position of the star of the west (figures 26, 27).

No further mention at this time can be made of the elaborate rites attending the construction of these earth-lodges, nor of their manifold symbolism; nor can other ceremonies relating to stars be spoken of, nor the many ways in which stars were supposed to influence the lives of the people.

As to the identification of the stars which control the position and ceremonies of the villages composing the Skidi band,

with any known constellation, only the north star (to which belong certain ceremonies connected with the chiefs) and the morning star can be pointed out by the Skidi. The central group—the



1 Shrine in the West.
2,3,4,5 Posts.
6 Entrance way.

FIG. 27—Ground plan of earth-lodge.

four leading stars — seem to suggest the four in the body of Ursa Major, but if they ever had any connection with that constellation it appears to be lost. At least that is the conclusion to which present knowledge points; further study may throw light on the identification of this group. The fact that the position of the stars which still exercise so controlling an influence is lost, indicates that we have here traces of an ancient and deeply rooted cult.

INDIANS. Irving, John T. Indian
sketches, taken during an Expedition
to the Pawnee tribes. 2 vols. 12mo.
cloth, Phila. 1835. \$7.00

592D MEETING

The 592d meeting was held in the National Museum, November 17, 1925. Dr. ALEŠ HRDLIČKA addressed a crowded hall on *Ancient man in the far east*. He had just returned from a trip around the world made to study at first hand some of the crucial evidence on primitive man of the past and present. He dealt more particularly with the Rhodesian skull. As a result of his research and observation at the Broken Hill mine, he has been able to clear up many of the uncertainties that have surrounded the discovery of this remarkable specimen. It was found by a miner near the lower end of an old bone- and detritus-filled cave that sloped down from the former surface. The upper part of the cave was largely filled with a great quantity of animal bones, among them a few human remains, and some stone artefacts. The long bones, including the human ones, had been broken or split to extract the marrow. Beyond this part of the cave was a stratum, thirty feet thick, of laminated soft lead ore, separating the anterior from the lower posterior section of the cave. The skull of Rhodesian man was found in the lower section, at a depth of 60 feet from the surface. It was not associated with other bones, but not far from it was found a human tibia and a fossil skull of a lion. The bones brought with the skull to England, aside from the tibia, may not belong to the lower part of the cave. These remains are from both male and female skeletons, show varying alteration, and clearly do not belong with the skull. The skull itself was found resting upright and intact, without the lower jaw, in a pocket of detritus and "bat" bones, as if put there intentionally. It showed originally no scratches or damage. Below it was found what looked to the discoverers like a roll of mineralized thick hide, and still lower and at some distance the human tibia and lion's skull. The last has apparently disappeared since the discovery. The roll may have been laminated lead ore. It was smelted, as was the mass of mineralized bones from the outer part of the cave. How the skull came to be in such a place at the base of the cave, and who may have put it there, are questions which may never be answered. Nor is it possible at present definitely to classify Rhodesian man among any of the human races of the past or present. The find will probably remain a great anthropological enigma until further evidence bearing on this form of man be discovered.

593D MEETING

The 593d meeting was held on December 15, 1925. Mr. W. H. JACKSON, photographer (1870-79) to the Hayden Geological Surveys, related his *Experiences with the Pawnee Indians 50 years ago*, his address being illustrated with slides from his negatives made in 1868-71. Mr. JACKSON crossed the plains to California in 1866, the last year of overland travel by wagon train. Returning eastward as far as Omaha, he went into the business of photography, making pictures of the Indians, frequent visitors to the city, and of their outlying villages, with occasional trips to take views along the completed portions of the Union Pacific Railroad. The Pawnee Reservation, where most of the pictures were made, was on the Loup Fork of the Platte River, about 100 miles west of Omaha. The two principal villages, composed entirely of earthen lodges 30 to 60 feet in diameter, at the eastern end of the reservation, were the ones most frequently visited. Lieut. Long, who had passed that way 50 years previously, had estimated the Pawnee there to number 10,000 or more, but disease and constant warfare with the neighbor-

ing Sioux, had reduced them to less than one-fourth of this number. Further aggressions, intensified because of the enlistment of many Pawnees in the army to assist in protecting overland travel, led finally to their removal to the Indian Territory and the entire abandonment of their villages by 1875. Besides detailed views of the villages, typical portraits, and the Industrial School with groups of children, "before and after" illustrations were shown in conclusion of the laborious and complicated "wet plate" process for making photographs 50 years ago.

JOHN M. COOPER, *Secretary*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND NEWS

Dr. R. B. SOSMAN of the Geophysical Laboratory, Carnegie Institution of Washington, is giving a continuation of a course of lectures on "Geophysics," begun at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last year. The general subject of the present series is *Elastic waves and the Earth's structure*.

The Ore Deposits Club met at the Geological Survey on February 19, to discuss the subject of *Zoning of ore deposits*.

The Pick and Hammer Club met at the Geological Survey on February 20. Program: KIRK BRYAN: *Application of geology to archaeology*; T. S. LOVERING: *Organic precipitation of copper*.

Corrigenda.—The following corrections are to be made in the preceding issue of the JOURNAL: p. 88, 14th line from bottom, for "tendon" read "tenon" and for "nearly" read "neatly"; p. 88, 12th line from bottom, the parenthesis should close with "long" and a comma should follow "branch"; p. 91, 9th and 10th lines, read "it appeared that, after becoming loaded with the molecules, they could not pass" instead of "it appeared that the molecules were so crowded that they could not pass"; p. 91, 22d line, strike out "which"; p. 91, 9th line from bottom, read "may" instead of "could".

STARS AND CONSTELLATIONS OF A PAWNEE SKY MAP

By RALPH N. BUCKSTAFF

THIS Sky Map is in the collection of Pawnee material at the Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago, and I am indebted to that institution for the photographs used in this paper. The map was found in a sacred bundle among other things common in these collections. This chart is oval in shape, made from a piece of tanned elk skin about 15 by 22 inches in size. One end is colored with red and the other brownish yellow. According to Dr. Ralph Linton, of the above-named Museum, this map is at least three hundred years old.

The stars are represented by a four-pointed figure and drawn in five different sizes which are indicated by the letters *a, b, c, d, and e*. This would mean as many different magnitudes. Taking the magnitudes of the stars in the eleven constellations, they are divided as follows: Of the first, we find eleven, the second are nine in number, while forty-four are shown as third. The other two classes were not counted because they are placed at random. The figures represented by some of the groups are crude owing to the fact that the Indians did not have any accurate knowledge of drawing.

Down through the center of the map may be seen a stream of stars of the fainter magnitudes, which is true of most of the suns of the Milky Way as we see them with the unaided eye.

The star groups on the right side of the division are similar to those seen in the summer skies. This half of the map is marked at the extreme end with a band of brownish-yellow color.

The constellations on the left side of the Milky Way are typical of the winter heavens. This end of the oval is marked with a reddish-brown band.

The eleven groups that appear on the map have been traced with an unbroken line. For comparison, the constellations as we know them are outlined with dashes and the stars shown by circles.

The V shape of Taurus is shown in Figure 1 by the stars marked *a, b, c, d, e, f,* and *g*. Zeta Tauri, Alpha Tauri, Theta Tauri, Gamma Tauri, Sigma Tauri, Epsilon Tauri and Tau Tauri. (*a*) is the third magnitude star Zeta, (*b*) Aldebaran first magnitude, (*c-d*) probably the double star Theta, (*h*) then would be Gamma. The stars forming the other side of the V would be (*e*) Delta, (*f*) Epsilon, and (*g*) Tau.

Near the position shown by *h* is the variable Lambda Tauri which ranges from 3.3 to 4.2 magnitude. This star might have been much brighter at one time.¹

To the right, Figure 3, is a group of seven stars *a, b,* and *c* that resemble the Pleiades and about in the same position in respect to Taurus. If we look at the Pleiades in the evening of late March, they will be found as indicated by the drawing, the four stars forming the square pointing down to the horizon.

The stars shown in Figure 2 resemble closely the bright stars in the Orion group, (*a*) the first magnitude star Alpha Orionis, (*b*) Beta Orionis, (*d*) Rigel, (*c*) one of the stars in the belt and (*e*) Kappa Orionis; there are, however, within this area several groups of three stars in a row, either one of which might represent the belt of Orion. The relation of these three constellations, Taurus, Pleiades and Orion, to each other is quite accurate.

These stars are reversed in regard to their position to the Milky Way.

Drawing lines around the stars shown in Figure 4, we have a geometric pattern similar to Auriga and including the stars Alpha Aurigae, Beta Aurigae, Theta Aurigae, Nath and Iota Aurigae of that constellation, (*a*) being Capella, (*b*) Beta, (*c*) Theta, (*d*) Nath and (*i*) Iota. The position of this group of stars in relation to Orion and Taurus is not correct, being above them in the sky. It is, however, correctly drawn in relation to the Milky Way.

The stars in Figure 5, *a, b, c, d, e,* and *f* in the right hand portion of the map are a good representation of the geometric pattern of Lyra formed by Vega, Zeta, Beta, Gamma and Delta of that

¹ In March of 1924 the bright planet Venus passed between the constellations Taurus and the Pleiades, in about the same position as indicated by H. Venus has taken this path many times in the past.

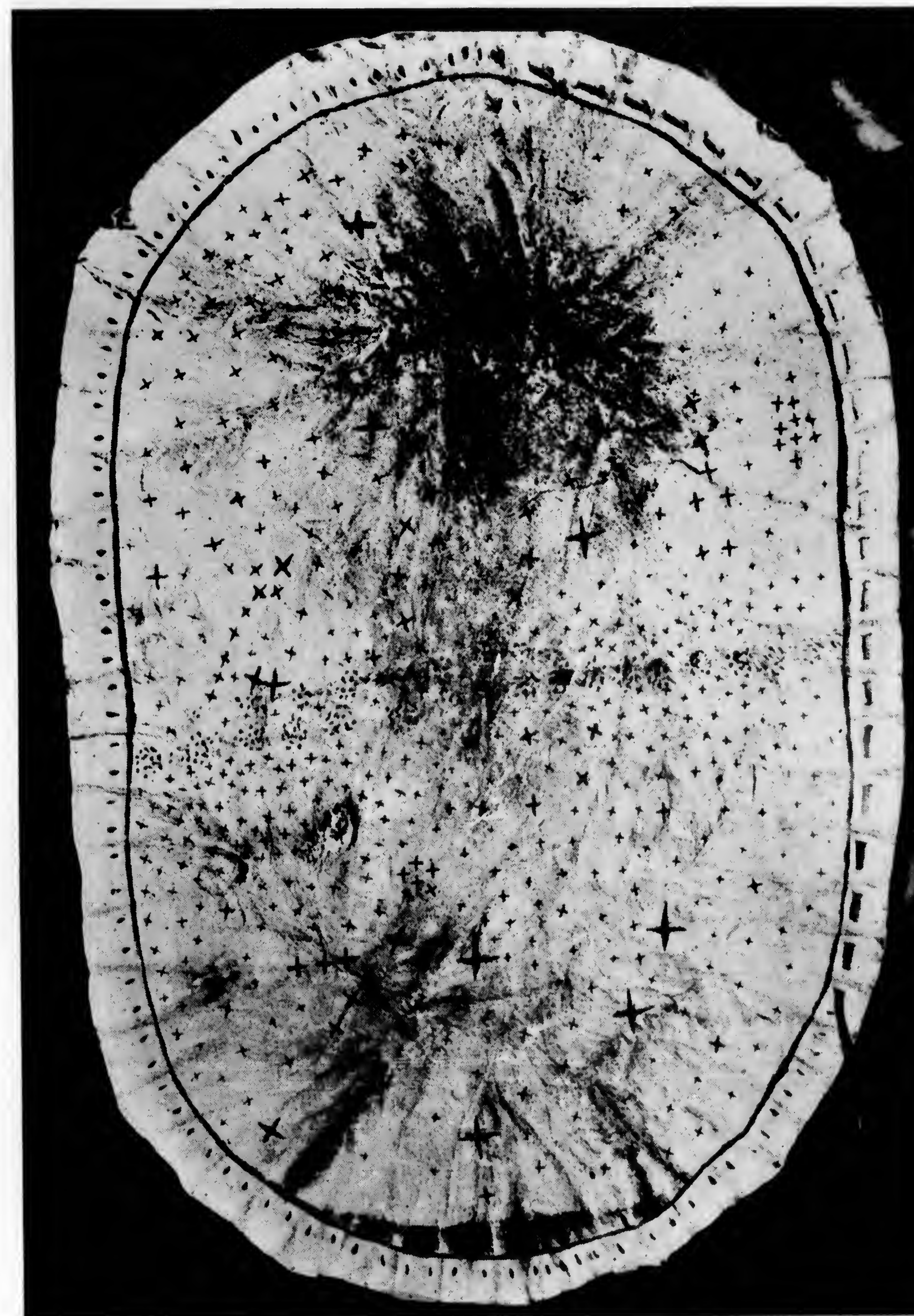


PLATE IV.—Pawnee Sky Map.

Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago

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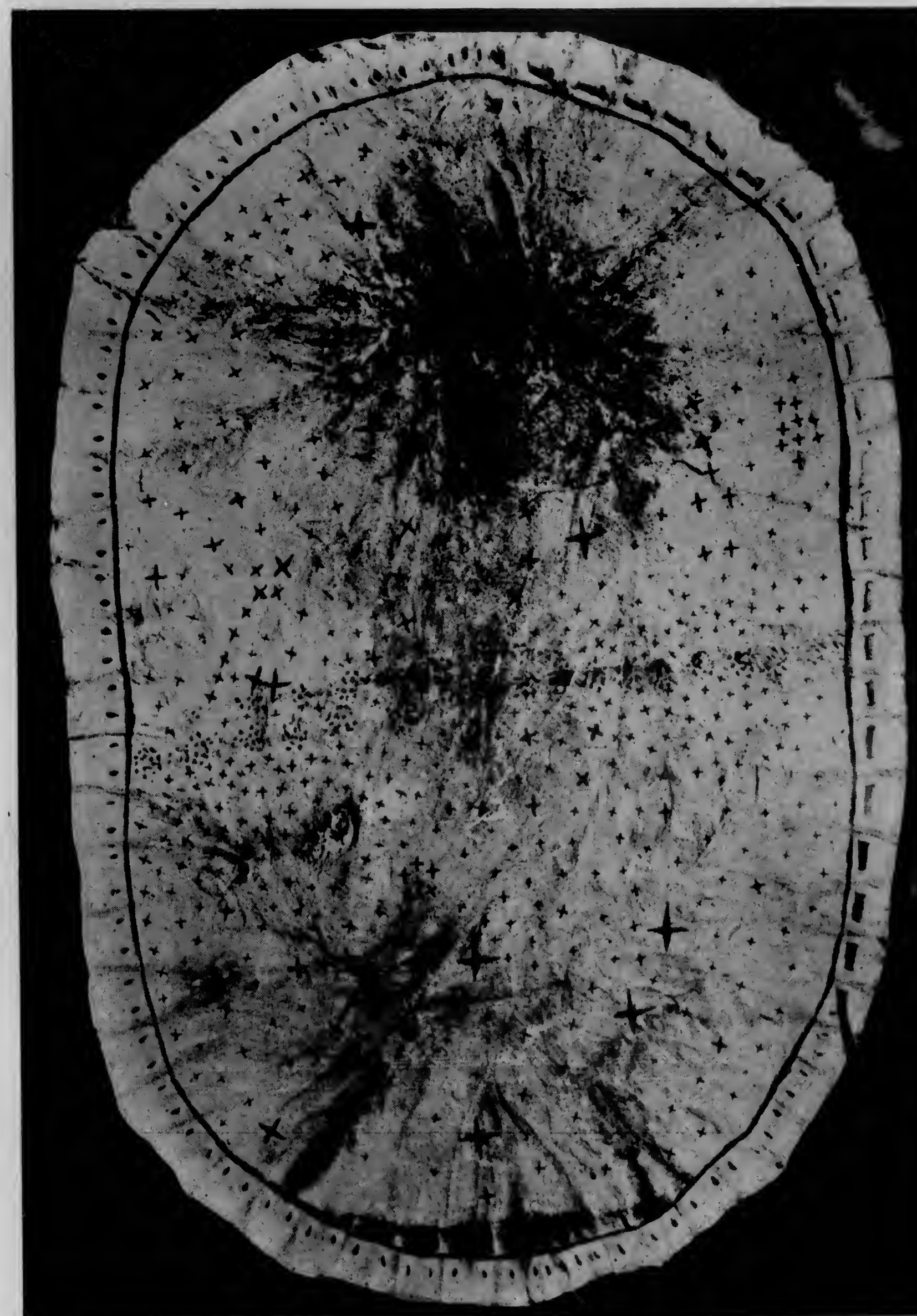
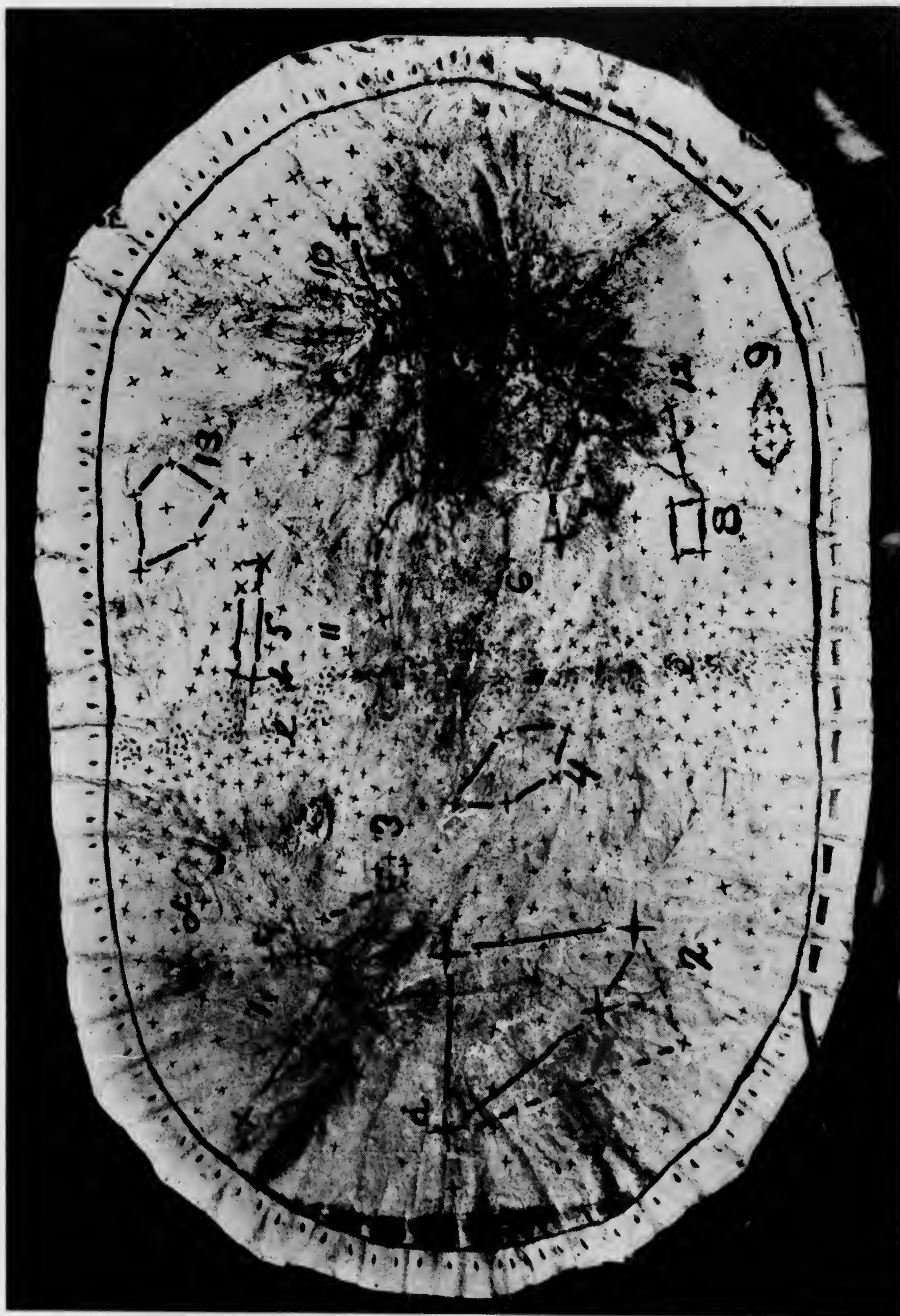


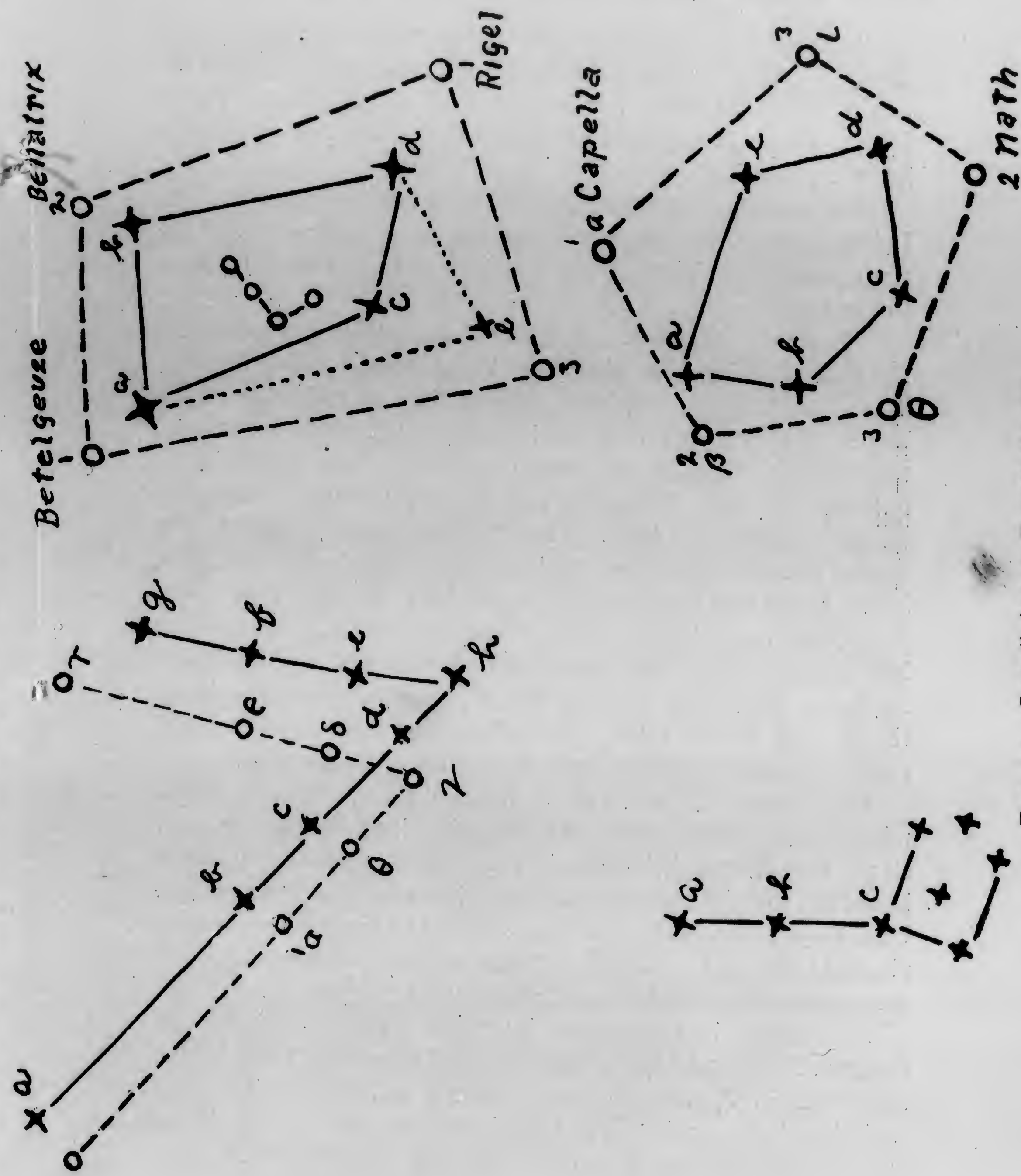
PLATE IV.—Pawnee Sky Map.

Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago



Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago

PLATE V.—Pawnee Sky Map.



Figs. 1-4.—Constellations on Pawnee sky-map.

constellation. (a) and (b) in the figure represent Gamma and Beta, (c) and (d) Delta and Zeta, (e) Epsilon. (f) is shown to be brighter than the other stars in that group which is true of Alpha Lyrae. The Indians placed Lyra close to the Milky Way which is its true position.

The likeness of Corona Borealis is shown in Figure 6. The Indians used eleven stars, whereas our maps have seven in the circle formation. The position is not correct. It should be more to the East.

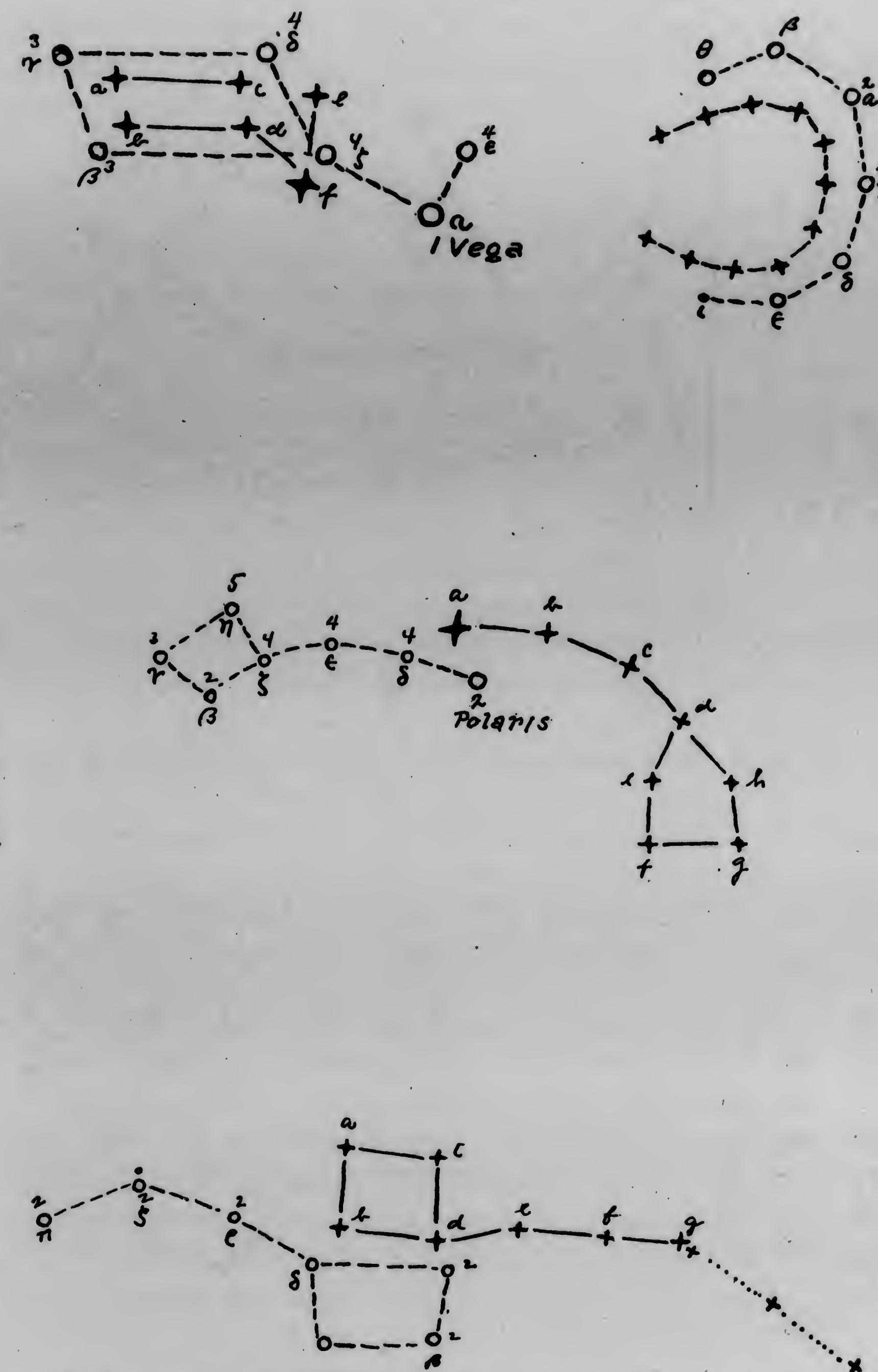
The stars in Figure 7, a, b, c, d, e, f, and g look very much like the group forming Ursa Minor, (a) being Polaris; Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta, Gamma, and Beta forming the tail and body of the Bear. As they have more stars in this constellation than we see, their identification is not certain, however, they might be as follows: (f) and (g) Gamma and Beta; (b) Delta; (c) Epsilon; (e) and (h) Eta and Zeta. The stars forming the tail show a curved line the same as we see it. The Indians used eight stars in the group and showed them to be about the same brightness.

Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, and Eta of Ursa Major are shown in the stars marked a, b, c, d, e, f, and g in Figure 8. Alpha and Beta, (a) and (b), point to Polaris which is the same as we see them. The tails of the bears, however, are reversed when seen in the position as indicated on the map.

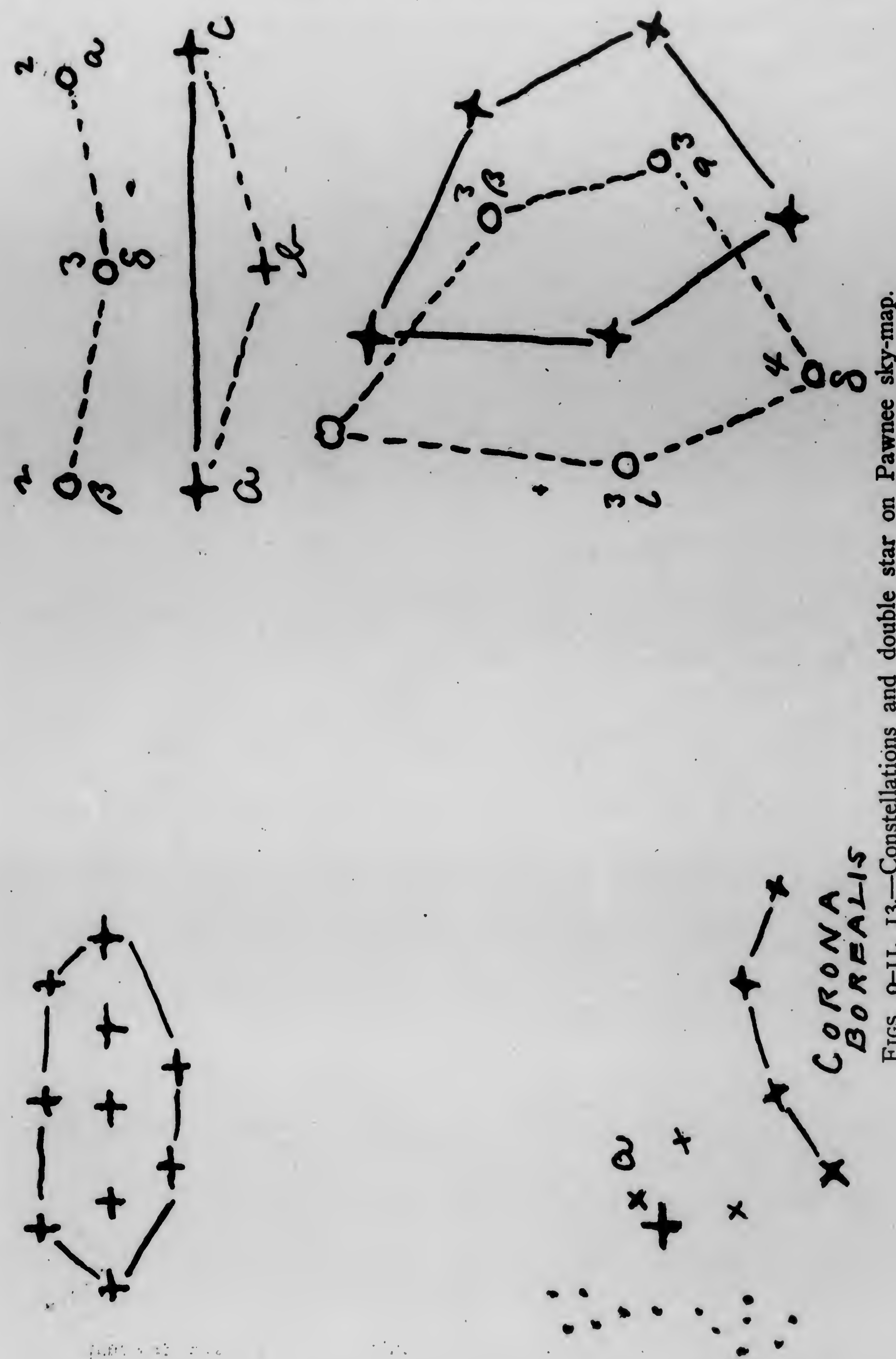
Below Ursa Major is a small group of stars, Figure 9, which might be the constellation Coma Berenices indicated by ten faint stars. This scattered cluster is in about the same relative position in the sky to Ursa Major as the chart shows it. The three groups, Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, and Coma Berenices are quite accurately placed in relation to each other. These stars as we have catalogued them range from fourth to sixth magnitude in brightness.

Andromeda is represented by three stars, see Figure 10, Gamma, Beta, and Alpha. This group of stars might also be the three stars in Cygnus, Epsilon, Gamma, and Delta. The constellation, however, is above Lyra in the heavens. Beta, Alpha (Altair) and Gamma, of Aquila, form a like configuration. The "Eagle" is to the south of Lyra as pictured by the Indians.

At the top of the map, see Figure 13, and in about the same position in the sky in respect to Lyra, is a group of four stars



FIGS. 5-8, 12.—Constellations and double star on Pawnee sky-map.



FIGS. 9-11, 13.—Constellations and double star on Pawnee sky-map.

which resemble Gamma, Beta, Upsilon, and Xi in the head of the Dragon. Taking the five brightest stars in this region, we should find a constellation similar to Cepheus.

The Pawnee Indians have recorded no less than two double stars, the larger and brighter of the pair being drawn prominently and its companion close to it and proportionally smaller. These stars do not resemble the others, so they could not have been placed there to fill in or at random but indicate keen observation. One of these double stars is between Lyra and Corona Borealis near the Milky Way, see Figure 11 on the map. The second, Figure 12, is the tail of Ursa Major, (this constellation² is sometimes called the "Big Dipper"), which we know as Miser and Alcor. The position of these twin suns positively identifies this constellation. If we continue the line of the tail downward to include the next bright stars, this would place the double star in the bend of the tail of the bear just as it is in the heavens.

These Indians recognized the constellations as we do, also, the important stars, drawing them according to their magnitude.

The groups were placed with a great deal of thought and care and show long study. They were drawn on the map first, and the stars in the background were put in later as the smaller ones do not show any interference with the constellations. The large groups were foremost in their minds, their relative positions one to the other being quite accurate. The fainter points of light were put in merely to fill the vacant spaces and represent suns of the lesser magnitude.

They recognized the seasonal shift of the stars. This is portrayed by the division of the map.

That they were keen observers, is also shown by the fact that they recorded some double stars. The map being three hundred years old would bar any white influence.

From the facts as we see them regarding the chart, the Pawnee Indians must have had a knowledge of astronomy comparable to that of the early white men.

OSHKOSH PUBLIC MUSEUM,
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

² The late Miss Alice C. Fletcher in her paper "Star Cult among the Pawnee a Preliminary Report" (Am. Anthropologist, 730-736, 1902), mentions Ursa Major as being possibly one of the groups used by the Indians.

SOME NOTES ON DRY ROCK SHELTERS IN WESTERN TEXAS

By VICTOR J. SMITH

SINCE there are no available published data bearing upon dry rock shelter finds in western Texas, these brief preliminary notes are offered for purposes of comparison with similar finds elsewhere and in order to supply those who may be interested with some information concerning the nature of the sites now being investigated in the Big Bend district of Texas.

Climatic conditions in this territory are rather favorable for the preservation of specimens which in many localities would have long ago perished. The district is semi-arid and the rugged topography offers numerous shelters where fragile material has been kept covered and preserved in a bone dry state for many years.

The district directly referred to in this report is a comparatively small one, since all of the shelters which have been investigated to any extent are in the northern part of Brewster County, though reports from ranchmen and other sources indicate that similar material has been found over a considerably wider area, especially to the south.

The mountains in the vicinity investigated range from 4,800 to 6,750 feet above sea level with a rise of from 300 to 2,250 feet above the valleys or surrounding planes. At the foot of many canyon bluffs or at the top of the talus are to be found a number of rock shelters, the most important of which may be roughly classified as follows:

A. Long open shelters, sometimes partly filled with slabs, boulders, and smaller fallen rock;

B. Cave shelters extending back into the cliff. Sometimes these are cluttered with loose rock but are usually floored with fine dry dust, animal refuse, etc., from six inches to six feet deep. The mouth of these caves vary from ten to thirty feet in width and the shelters themselves are from ten to fifty feet in depth.

The Sacred Bundles of the Pawnee

By CLARK WISSLER

THE exhibit of the Plains Indians in the American Museum has been enriched by the display of sacred bundles from the Pawnee. These are in themselves uninspiring objects, but when we once come into some understanding as to their meaning and the place they occupied in the beliefs and philosophy of the original Pawnee, their true significance begins to dawn upon us. Here you may stand and look at leisure upon objects associated with the most sacred and noble thoughts the great Pawnee tribe was able to produce. Such objects are a rarity in museum collections, for they are the greatest of tribal treasures.

We speak of them as medicine bundles, but it is well to note that "medicine" and "medicine bundle" are terms frequently heard when speaking of our Indian tribes. Unfortunately, the word "medicine" carries with it an erroneous interpretation, for the Indian's medicine is not medicine at all. In most cases the Indians draw as sharp a distinction between doctors and priests as we do, and it is rare that both the doctor and the priest take part in the same ceremony, for they more often than not hold each other in contempt. Thus, among the Pawnee, the priests pray to the gods in the heavens, but the doctors pray to the powers in the animals and the waters. The priest is therefore the exponent of the most sacred and highest culture of the Pawnee. This has its analogies in the social life of many other tribes, so we may accept the generalization that most of the Indians within the bounds of these United States clearly distinguish between the functions of a doctor and a priest.

Such a distinction seems self-evident to us; yet, when our forefathers first came in contact with Indian life, they

failed to see any distinction between the native doctor and the priest and were so impressed with the functions of the latter, whom they called a medicine man, that they applied the term to all priests and conductors of ceremonies, and likewise used the term "medicine" as a generic term for all objects used in social functions and religious ceremonies, as well as those used in treating the sick. So we have the term "medicine bundle" so firmly fixed in our literature that it must be retained, but these rare bundles from the Pawnee have no relation to drugs or charms for healing the sick. They are in fact symbolic of a series of rituals in which is crystallized the Pawnee philosophy of the universe. The bundles, therefore, are valued solely because of their association with these rituals, for the rituals, or rather the ideas they formalize, are the realities in the mind of a Pawnee.

Again, each of these tribal bundles is associated with a social function, or office. There is, in fact, a yearly cycle of rituals governing the tribal activities of the Pawnee, for each important unit of which there is a bundle, and the priest, or keeper, of this bundle is for the time the leader or director of the people. Thus, the opening of the year is the spring when thunder showers occur. In fact, when the first thunder is heard in the spring, the priest of the leading bundle begins the demonstration of the most fundamental rituals, the creation of the world and life. The bundle used in this ceremony, wrapped in the tawny skin of a buffalo calf so tied as to represent that animal, is known as the "Yellow Calf." Yet the ritual indicates that this bundle gets its sanction from Venus, or the Evening Star Goddess, who in Pawnee belief is the grandmother of man, as well as the



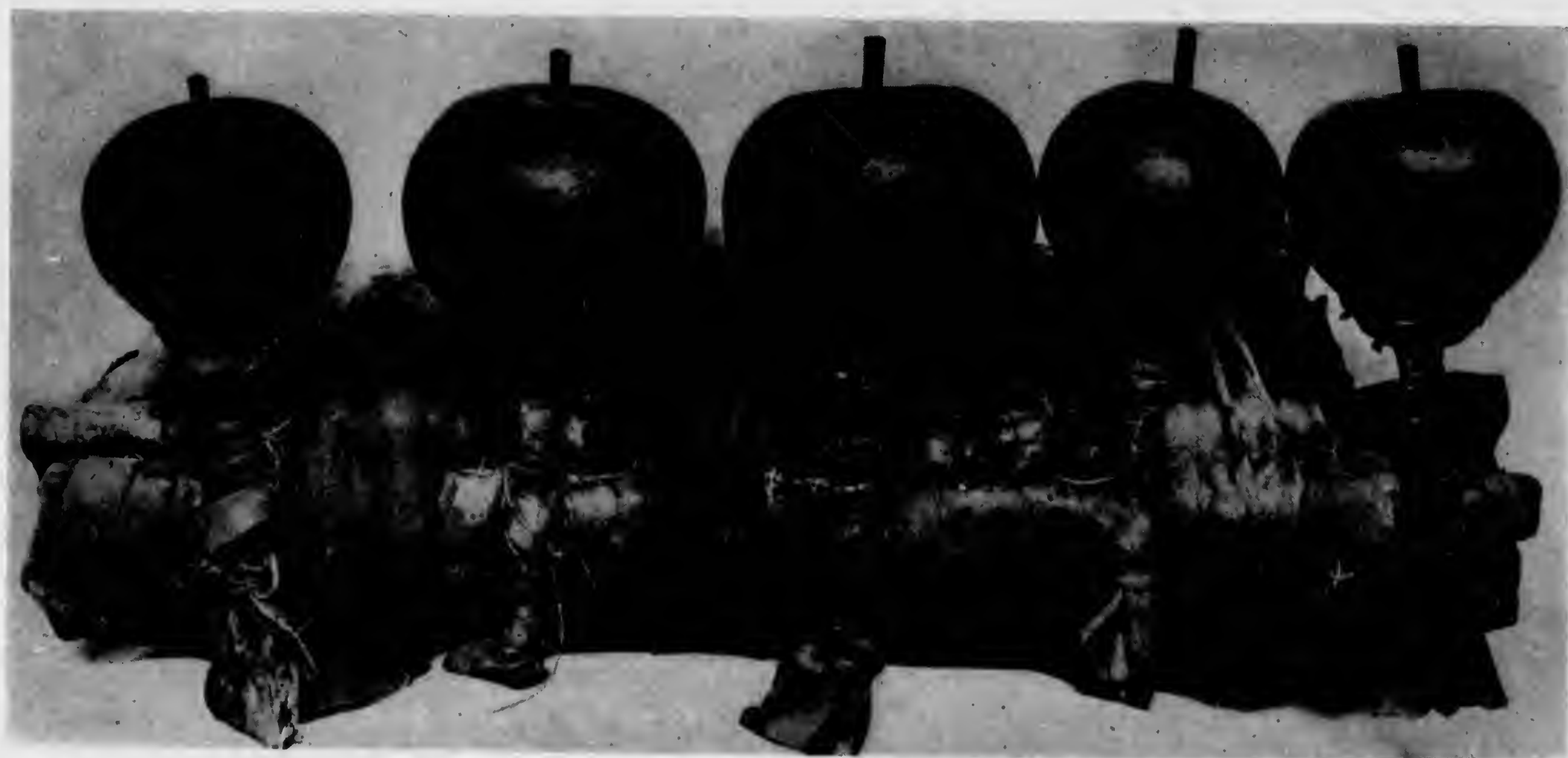
The Pawnee believe that the bundle of the skull descended from the first man. Its priest gives the order for preparing the fields and planting the corn. The women of the tribe do most of the work in the fields and gardens

giver of life to most living beings. This bundle of the Evening Star is, therefore, the highest of Pawnee bundles and, in consequence, the most interesting in the whole collection. It is doubtful if there is any single object in this or any other museum that makes so strong a claim to distinction. That it is here and that the full account of its ritual is on file in this Museum is due to the interest of Mr. James R. Murie, the present hereditary chief of the Skidi Pawnee.

Many peoples, ancient and modern, have looked upon fire as one of the fundamental gifts of the gods. Hence, it

is not strange that one important feature of the Evening Star bundle is a set of fire sticks with which the grand high priest of the Pawnee kindled the "new fire" for the new year. The idea underlying all the ceremonies with this bundle is the renewal of life manifest every spring. This is taken as a demonstration by the gods of the story of creation; hence, it is proper that the people have a formal recital of the initial events in the creation of the world, and that fire and everything else of importance produced by human agency be symbolically renewed.

Yet, the most significant object in



A very striking bundle is that of the Kitkahaki Pawnee. Fastened to the outer cover are five large gourd rattles, a pipe, a wooden swordlike object, and some arrows

this bundle is the sacred ear of corn. The greatest blessings the Evening Star Goddess conferred upon mankind were buffalo and corn. The teaching is that she placed upon the earth a bundle consisting of the germs of corn closely wrapped in a buffalo calf skin, and as the corn plants burst forth, the skin wrappings arose as a living buffalo. Hence, this bundle is spoken of as the "Yellow Calf," and the sacred ear of corn kept inside as "Our Corn Mother."

We have not the space here to recount the beautiful procedure in which the grand high priest ceremonially plants the seed of the sacred ear and how, at the harvest, he goes in procession to the fields to select the sacred offspring which he conducts ceremonially to its new home in the Evening Star bundle.

Of other objects in the bundle we may mention the sacred pipe with its cloud symbols representing the gods in the west, an arrow-straightener made of antler, and scalps from the heads of enemies. Each of these has its own symbolic setting in the ritual.

Another bundle of almost equal interest is the skull bundle, upon the top of which is a human skull. The belief is that the ritual for this bundle came down from the first man and that when he died his skull was placed upon the bundle. This is not the original skull, however, for there is a tradition that a woman once dropped a tipi pole upon the original, smashing it into fragments, and that the skull of a famous chief was substituted. This must have been many years ago, as the skull is blackened with age.

On the outside of the bundle are a sacred bow with three arrows and two pipestems. Inside are many objects, the sacred ears of corn, the sacred pipe, fragments of the holy otter collar worn by a war leader, the arrow-straightener, paints, and tobacco.

The ritual for this bundle presides over the planting of corn, and its priest gives the order when and how the fields

are to be prepared and the grain planted. Since the women are the chief gardeners, they take the leading rôles in the more spectacular parts of these ceremonies.

In addition to these two very remarkable Skidi bundles we have tribal bundles for the Kitkahaki and Chaui divisions. Of these, the Kitkahaki is the more striking. Fastened permanently to its outer cover are five large gourd rattles. Within this wrapping is the bundle made up in a woven bag, containing sacred ears of corn, a sacred pipe, an arrow-straightener, paints, and other objects. Attached to the outer cover are a pipe, a wooden swordlike object, and some sacred arrows.

The Chaui bundle is wrapped in buffalo skin, on the outside of which appear a raccoon skin, sacred arrows, a stick for stirring soup, a wooden paddle, and a swordlike object. Within the bundle are a shoulder-blade hoe, the usual sacred corn, an arrow-straightener, and fresh-water mussel shells for mixing paints.

Besides these four great tribal bundles there are in the collection a number of smaller war bundles. These usually are spoken of as "meteor bundles" because it is believed they contain meteorites, objects looked upon as children of Tirawahat, the supreme god.

This collection is the best series of religious objects on exhibition in the American Museum; yet its value rests not in the possession of the mere objects, for they are commonplace, but, in the manuscript accounts covering each detail of the rituals for these bundles, we have the knowledge as to what these objects symbolized in the thoughts of the Pawnee. Other tribes had bundles, and examples of them frequently find their way to museums, but seldom is there satisfactory knowledge as to their significance. Thanks to Chief James R. Murie, we can look upon at least one set of tribal bundles and see them in something of their true light.



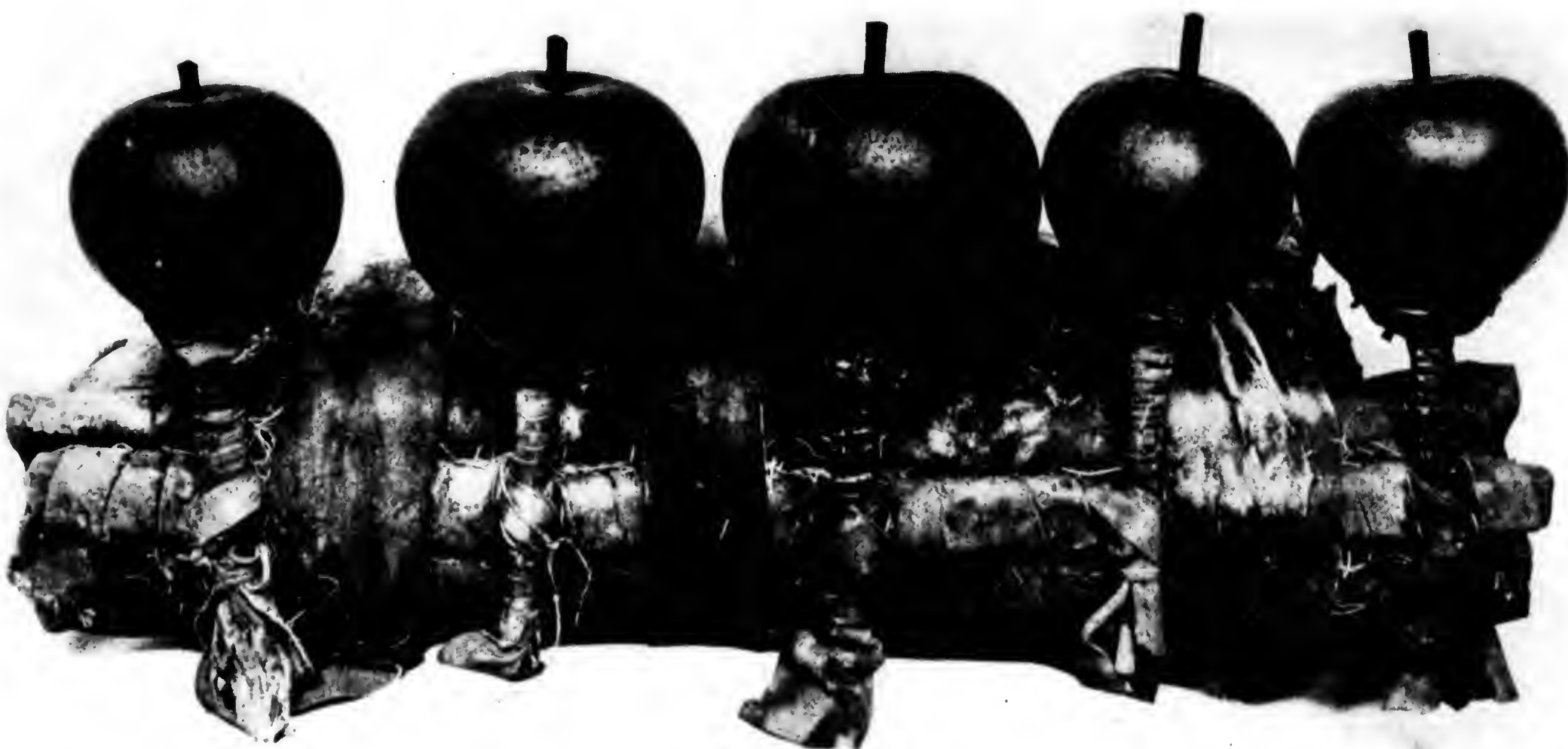
The Pawnee believe that the bundle of the skull descended from the first man. Its priest gives the order for preparing the fields and planting the corn. The women of the tribe do most of the work in the fields and gardens

giver of life to most living beings. This bundle of the Evening Star is, therefore, the highest of Pawnee bundles and, in consequence, the most interesting in the whole collection. It is doubtful if there is any single object in this or any other museum that makes so strong a claim to distinction. That it is here and that the full account of its ritual is on file in this Museum is due to the interest of Mr. James R. Murie, the present hereditary chief of the Skidi Pawnee.

Many peoples, ancient and modern, have looked upon fire as one of the fundamental gifts of the gods. Hence, it

is not strange that one important feature of the Evening Star bundle is a set of fire sticks with which the grand high priest of the Pawnee kindled the "new fire" for the new year. The idea underlying all the ceremonies with this bundle is the renewal of life manifest every spring. This is taken as a demonstration by the gods of the story of creation; hence, it is proper that the people have a formal recital of the initial events in the creation of the world, and that fire and everything else of importance produced by human agency be symbolically renewed.

Yet, the most significant object in



A very striking bundle is that of the Kitkahaki Pawnee. Fastened to the outer cover are five large gourd rattles, a pipe, a wooden swordlike object, and some arrows

this bundle is the sacred ear of corn. The greatest blessings the Evening Star Goddess conferred upon mankind were buffalo and corn. The teaching is that she placed upon the earth a bundle consisting of the germs of corn closely wrapped in a buffalo calf skin, and as the corn plants burst forth, the skin wrappings arose as a living buffalo. Hence, this bundle is spoken of as the "Yellow Calf," and the sacred ear of corn kept inside as "Our Corn Mother."

We have not the space here to recount the beautiful procedure in which the grand high priest ceremonially plants the seed of the sacred ear and how, at the harvest, he goes in procession to the fields to select the sacred offspring which he conducts ceremonially to its new home in the Evening Star bundle.

Of other objects in the bundle we may mention the sacred pipe with its cloud symbols representing the gods in the west, an arrow-straightener made of antler, and scalps from the heads of enemies. Each of these has its own symbolic setting in the ritual.

Another bundle of almost equal interest is the skull bundle, upon the top of which is a human skull. The belief is that the ritual for this bundle came down from the first man and that when he died his skull was placed upon the bundle. This is not the original skull, however, for there is a tradition that a woman once dropped a tipi pole upon the original, smashing it into fragments, and that the skull of a famous chief was substituted. This must have been many years ago, as the skull is blackened with age.

On the outside of the bundle are a sacred bow with three arrows and two pipestems. Inside are many objects, the sacred ears of corn, the sacred pipe, fragments of the holy otter collar worn by a war leader, the arrow-straightener, paints, and tobacco.

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Slabsides, John Burroughs' rustic cabin near West Park, New York

The Optimistic Philosophy of a Naturalist

By G. CLYDE FISHER

Associate Curator of the Department of Public Education, American Museum

JOHN BURROUGHS is not and never has been a preacher. His is not the theological type of mind, but the interpretive type, and in his latest book, *Accepting the Universe*,¹ he does not turn from his literary habit of more than half a century. While this volume is a collection of religious essays, we know our veteran naturalist writes "not to preach, or to convert, or to dogmatize," but to interpret.

There are thousands of lovers of John Burroughs who will be grateful for this book,—who will be keenly interested in what this exponent of the simple life has to say,

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SALARY FOR MATRON AT PAWNEE INDIAN AGENCY.

LETTER

FROM THE

ACTING SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,

RELATIVE TO

An appropriation for the salary of the matron of the school at the Pawnee Indian agency.

DECEMBER 10, 1872.—Referred to the Committee on Appropriations and ordered to be printed.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., December 6, 1872.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit, herewith, a copy of a communication from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, of this date, submitting an appropriation for the salary of the matron of the school at the Pawnee Indian agency, and recommend the subject to the favorable consideration of Congress.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

B. R. COWEN,
Acting Secretary.

Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,
Washington, D. C., December 6, 1872.

SIR: I have the honor to recommend that the Committee on Appropriations, House of Representatives, be requested to insert in the Indian appropriation bill the following item, viz: "For salary of matron for the Pawnee Manual-Labor School, eight hundred dollars."

Very respectfully, &c.,

F. A. WALKER,
Commissioner.

Hon. C. DELANO,
Secretary of the Interior.

THE PAWNEE INDIANS.—Mr. John B. Dunbar, of Deposit, New York, contributes to the November number of the *Magazine of American History* a paper of twenty-four pages upon the Pawnee Indians, describing their trade, food, feasts, hunting, war and medicine. The list of food plants and the discussion of the practice of medicine are especially good. It has been asserted in very high quarters that the Indian of this continent had primarily no knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs aside from incantation. It might be well for Mr. Dunbar to give this question a little attention. Sooner or later some scholar or group of scholars will publish an encyclopædia of our Indian tribes, and for this work such monographs as the one under consideration are a necessary preparation.

Am. Nat. XV, No. 3, 250, March 1881

A SUMMER HUNT WITH THE PAWNEES.

From a forthcoming volume of "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales."

BY GEO. BIRD GRINNELL ("YO").

I.

IT was in the month of July, 1872. The Pawnees were preparing to start on their semi-annual buffalo hunt, and only the last religious rites remained to be performed before the nation should leave the village for the buffalo range.

"Eh, idadi, whoop," came from without the lodge; and as I replied, "Ehya, whoop," the sturdy figure of *Le-ta-kats-ta-ka* appeared in the doorway.

"Lau, idad, tüt-tü-ta-rik ti-rah-rék—Come, brother, they are going to dance," he said, and then he turned and went out.

I rose from the pile of robes on which I had been dozing, and, after rolling them up, strolled out after him. The village seemed deserted, but off toward the medicine lodge, which stood upon its outskirts, I could see a throng of Indians; and a low murmur of voices and of footsteps, the hum which always accompanies any large assemblage, was borne to my ears on the evening breeze. The ceremonies, which comprised the consecration of the buffalo staves and the buffalo dance, were about to begin. The great dirt lodge was crowded. I pushed my way through the throng of women and boys, who made up the outer circle of spectators, and soon found myself among the men, who made way for me, until I reached a position from which I could see all that was going on within the circle about which they stood.

For several days the priests and the doctors had been preparing for this solemn religious ceremonial. They had fasted long; earnest prayers had been made to *Ti-ra'-wa*, and sacrifices had been offered. Now the twelve buffalo skulls had been arranged on the ground in a half-circle, and near them stood the chiefs and doctors, reverently holding in their hands the buffalo staves and sacred bows and arrows, and other implements of the chase. For a little while they stood silent, with bowed heads, but presently one and then another began to murmur their petitions to *A-ti-us Ti-ra'-wa*, the Spirit Father. At first their voices were low and mumbling, but gradually they became more earnest and lifted their eyes toward heaven. It was impossible to distinguish what each one said, but now and then disjointed sentences reached me. "Father, you are the Ruler—We are poor—Take pity on us—Send us plenty of buffalo, plenty of fat cows—Father, we are your children—help the people—send us plenty of meat, so that we may be strong, and our bodies may increase and our flesh grow hard—Father, you see us, listen." As they prayed they moved their hands backward and forward over the implements which they held, and at length reverently deposited them on the ground within the line of buffalo skulls, and then stepped back, still continuing their prayers.

It was a touching sight to witness these men calling upon their God for help. All of them had passed middle life, and some were gray-haired, blind and tottering; but they prayed with a fervor and earnestness that compelled respect. They threw their souls into their prayers, and as a son might entreat his earthly father for some great gift, so they pleaded with *Ti-ra'-wa*. Their bodies quivered with emotion, and great drops of perspiration stood upon their brows. They were thoroughly sincere.

After the last of the articles had been placed upon the ground, their voices grew lower and at length died away. A moment later a drum sounded, and a dozen or twenty young warriors sprang into the circle and began the buffalo dance. This was kept up without intermission for three days, and as soon as it was over, the tribe moved out of the village on the hunt.

From the village on the Loup, we traveled southward; for in those days the region between the Platte and the Smoky rivers swarmed with buffalo. With the Pawnees were a few Poncas, Omahas and Otoes, so that there were about four thousand Indians in the camp. It was the summer hunt of the tribe. Twice each year the agent permitted them to visit the buffalo range. The meat which they killed and dried on these hunts, the corn and squashes which they grew on their farms, and the small annuities received from the Government, were all they had to subsist on from season to season. Thus the occasion was one of importance to the Indians. Perhaps only the older heads among them fully appreciated its economic interest; but for all it was a holiday time; a temporary escape from confinement. Life on the reservation was monotonous. There was nothing to do except to sit in the sun and smoke, and tell stories of the former glories of the nation; of successful fights with the Sioux and Cheyennes, and of horse stealing expeditions, from which the heroes had returned with great herds of ponies and much glory. Now, for a little while, they returned to the old free life of earlier years, when the land had been all their own, and they had wandered at will over the broad expanse of the rolling prairie. Now, for a time, it was as it had been before the corn-fields of the white man had begun to dot the river bottoms, before the sound of his rifle had made wild their game, before the locomotive's whistle had shrieked through the still, hot summer air. Half a year's provision was now to be secured. The comfort—almost the existence—of the tribe for the next six months depended on the accumulation of an abundant supply of dried buffalo meat, and no precaution was omitted to make the hunt successful. It would not do to permit each individual to hunt independently. Indiscriminate buffalo running by six or eight hundred men scattered over the prairie, each one working for himself alone, would result in the killing of some few buffalo, but would terrify and drive away all the others in the neighborhood. This matter was too important to be trusted to chance. The hunting was systematic.

The government of the hunt was intrusted to the Pawnee soldiers. These were twenty-four warriors of mature age, not so old as to be unfitted for active work, yet with the fires of early youth somewhat tempered by years of experience: men whose judgment and discretion could at all times be relied on. These soldiers acted under the chiefs, but the practical guidance of the hunt was wholly in their hands. They determined the direction and length of each day's march, and the spot for

camping. They selected the young men who should act as scouts, and arranged all the details of approach and the charge when a herd of buffalo was discovered large enough to call for a general surround. All the men were under their control, and amenable to their discipline. They did not hesitate to exercise their authority, nor to severely punish any one who committed an act by which the success of the hunt might be imperilled.

The scouts sent out by the soldiers were chosen from among the younger men. They acted merely as spies, their office was to find the buffalo. They moved rapidly along, far in advance of the marching column, and from the tops of the highest hills carefully scanned the country before them in search of buffalo. If a herd was discerned they were not to show themselves, nor in any way to alarm it. Having found the game, their duty was to observe its movement, learn where it was likely to be for the next few hours, and then to report as quickly as possible to the camp. The soldiers then determined what action should be taken. If the news was received late in the day, and the buffalo were at some distance, the camp would probably be moved as near as practicable to where the herd was feeding, and the chase would take place in the early morning. If, on the other hand, the scouts found the herd in the morning, the men would start off at once for the surround, leaving the women to follow and make camp as near as possible to where the dead buffalo lay.

Day after day we traveled southward, crossing the Platte River, and then the Republican about due south of the present flourishing town of Kearney. South of the Platte a few scattering buffalo were found, but no large herds had been met with—nothing that called for a surround. At length we camped one night on the Beaver, a small affluent of the Republican, emptying into it from the south.

II.

With the gray dawn of morning, the camp, as usual, is astir. By the time our little party have turned out of our blankets some of the Indians have already finished eating, and are catching up their horses and preparing to ride off over the bluffs, leaving the squaws to take down the lodges, pack the ponies, and pursue the designated line of march. Before we are ready to "pull out," most of the ponies have been packed, and a long, irregular line of Indians is creeping across the level valley, and beginning to wind up the face of the bluffs. The procession moves slowly, proceeding at a walk. Most of those who remain with the column are on foot, the squaws leading the ponies, and many of the men, wrapped in their blankets, and with only their bows and arrows on their backs, walking briskly over the prairie, a little to one side. These last are the poorer Indians—those who have but few horses. They travel on foot, letting their horses run without burdens, so that they may be fresh and strong, whenever they shall be needed for running the buffalo.

Side by side, at the head of the column, walk eight men who carry the buffalo staves. These are slender spruce poles, like a short lodge-pole, wrapped with blue and red cloth, and elaborately ornamented with bead work, and with the feathers of hawks and of the war eagle. These sticks are carried by men selected by the chiefs and doctors in private council, and are religiously guarded. Upon the care of these emblems, and the respect paid to them, depends, in a great measure, the success of the hunt. While borne before the moving column, no one is permitted to cross the line of march in front of them.

Close behind the staff bearers follow a number of the principal men of the tribe; the head chief, old *Pi'ta Le-shar*, and a dozen or fifteen sub-chiefs or head men, all mounted on superb horses. Behind them comes the camp at large, a fantastically mingled multitude, marching without any appearance of order. Here most of the individuals are women, young girls and children, for the men who accompany the camp usually march singly, or by twos and threes, a little apart from the mob. Most of those rich enough in horses to be able to ride at all times, are scattered over the prairie for miles in every direction, picking up the small bands of buffalo, which have been passed by the scouts as not large enough to call for a general surround. The hunters are careful, however, not to follow too close upon the advance line, whose movements they can readily observe upon the bare bluffs far ahead of them.

At the time of which I am writing the Pawnees had no wagons, all their possessions being transported on pack horses. The Indian pack pony is apt to be old and sedate, requiring no special guidance nor control. A strip of rawhide, knotted about the lower jaw, serves as a bridle, and is either tied up to the saddle or held in the rider's hand. In packing the animals a bundle of lodge-poles is tied on either side of the saddle, one end projecting forward toward the horse's head, the other dragging on the ground behind. This is the *travois*. Cross poles are often tied between these two dragging bundles, and on these are carried packages of meat and robes. Often, too, on a robe stretched between them, a sick or wounded Indian, unable to ride, is transported. The lodge-poles having been fastened to the saddle, the lodge is folded up and placed on it between them, and blankets, robes, and other articles are piled on top of this until the old horse has on its back what appears to be about as much as it can carry. The pack is then lashed firmly in position, and pots, buckets and other utensils are tied about wherever there is room.

On top of the load so arranged one or two women, or three or four children, clamber and settle themselves comfortably there, and the old horse is turned loose. Each rider carries in her hand a whip, with which she strikes the horse at every step, not cruelly at all, but just from force of habit. If the pack is low, so that her feet reach down to the animal's sides, she keeps up also a constant drumming on his ribs with her heels. The old horse pays not the slightest attention to any of these demonstrations of impatience, but plods steadily along at a quiet walk, his eyes half closed and his ears nodding at each step. If the riders are women, each one holds a child or two in her arms, or on her back, or perhaps the baby board is hung over the end of a lodge-pole, and swings free. If the living load consists of children, they have in their arms a lot of puppies; for puppies occupy with relation to the small Indian girls the place which dolls hold among the white children. Many of the pack animals are mares with young colts, and these last, instead of following quietly at their mothers' heels, range

here and there, sometimes before and sometimes behind their dams. They are thus constantly getting lost in the crowd, and then they charge backward and forward in wild affright, neighing shrilly, until they have again found their place in the line of march. Many of the yearling colts have very small and light packs tied on their backs, while the two-year-olds are often ridden by the tiniest of the Indian boys, who are now giving them their first lesson in weight-carrying. Loose horses of all ages roam about at will, and their continual cries mingle with the barking of dogs, the calling of women and the yells of boys, and make an unceasing noise.

The boys are boiling over with animal spirits, and like their civilized brothers of the same age, are continually running about, chasing each other, wrestling, shooting arrows and playing games, of which the familiar stick game seems the favorite.

Whenever the column draws near any cover, which may shelter game, such as a few bushes in a ravine, or the fringe of low willows along some little watercourse, the younger men and boys scatter out and surround it. They beat it in the most thorough manner, and any game which it contains is driven out on the prairie, surrounded and killed. The appearance even of a jackass rabbit throws the boys into a fever of excitement, and causes them to shriek and yell as if in a frenzy.

All the morning I rode with the Indians, either at the head of the column, chatting as best I could with *Pi'ta Le-shar* and other chiefs, or falling back and riding among the women and children, whom I never tired of watching. Frequently during the day I saw at a distance, on the prairie, small bunches of buffalo in full flight, hotly pursued by dark-skinned riders, and occasionally two or three men would ride up to the marching columns with heavy loads of freshly-killed meat. The quick-heaving, wet flanks of the ponies told a story of sharp, rapid chases, and their tossing heads and eager, excited looks showed how much interest they took in the hunt.

The report of firearms was seldom heard. Most of the Indians hunted with the primitive weapon of their forefathers—the bow and arrow. For buffalo running an arrow is nearly as effective as a lead. The power of the bow in expert hands is tremendous. Riding within half a dozen yards of the victim's side, the practiced Bowman will drive the dart so far through the body of the buffalo that its shaft may project a foot or more from the opposite side—sometimes, indeed, may pass quite through. Besides, the bow can be used very rapidly and accurately. I have seen an Indian take a sheaf of six arrows in his hand, and discharge them at a mark more rapidly and with more certainty of hitting his target than I could fire the six barrels of a revolver.

III.

It was nearly noon, and I was riding along at the head of the column. I had but one horse, and did not care to wear him out by chasing around over the prairie, preferring to save him for some great effort. We were traveling along a smooth divide between two sets of ravines, which ran off, one to the east and the other to the west. *Pi'ta Le-shar* had just informed me by signs that we should make camp about two miles further on, by a stream whose course we could trace from where we then were. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the huge dark bodies of half a dozen buffalo sprang into view, rising out of a ravine on our left not a hundred yards distant. When they saw the multitude before them, they stopped and stared at us.

They were too close for me to resist the temptation to pursue. As I lifted the reins from my pony's neck and bent forward, the little animal sprang into a sharp gallop toward the game, and as he did so I saw half a dozen Indians shoot out from the column and follow me. The buffalo wheeled, and in an instant were out of sight, but when I reached the edge of the bank down which they had plunged, I could see through the cloud of dust, which they left behind them, their uncouth forms dashing down the ravine. My nimble pony, as eager for the race as his rider, hurled himself down the deep pitch, and sped along the narrow broken bed of the gully. I could feel that sometimes he would lengthen his stride to leap wide ditches, where the water from some side ravine had cut away the ground, but I never knew of these until they were passed. My eyes were fixed on the fleeing herd; my ears were intent on the pursuing horsemen. Close behind me I could hear the quick pounding of many hoofs, and could feel that one of the horses, nearer than the rest, was steadily drawing up to me—but I was gaining on the buffalo. Already the confused rumble of their hoof-beats almost drowned those of the horses behind me, and the air was full of the dust and small pebbles thrown up by their hurrying feet. But they were still ahead of me, and the gulch was so narrow that I could not shoot. The leading horseman drew nearer and nearer, and was now almost at my side. I could see the lean head and long, slim neck of his pony under my right arm, and could hear the rider speak to his horse and urge him forward in the race. My horse did his best, but the other had the most speed. He shot by me, and a moment later was alongside the last buffalo.

As he passed me the young Indian made a laughing gesture of triumph, slipped an arrow on his bowstring, and drew it to its head; but just as he was about to let it fly, his horse, which was but a colt, took fright at the huge animal which it had overtaken, and shied violently to the right, almost unseating its rider. At the same moment the buffalo swerved a little to the left, and thus lost a few feet. Truly, the race is not always to the swift. As I passed the Indian, I could not restrain a little whoop of satisfaction, and then swinging my rifle around, I fired. The buffalo fell in its stride, tossing up a mighty cloud of the soft yellow earth, and my pony ran by him fifty yards before he could be checked. Then I turned and rode back to look at the game. The other Indians had passed me like a whirlwind, and close at the heels of the herd, had swept around a point of bluff and out of sight. Only my rival remained, and he was excitedly arguing with his horse. The logic of a whip-handle, applied with vigor about the creature's ears, convinced it that it must approach the dead buffalo; and then the rider dismounting, and passing his lariat about the animal's horns, drew the pony's head to within a few feet of the terrifying mass, and fastened the rope. When he had accomplished this, he grinned pleasantly at me, and I responded in kind, and in dumb show transferred to him all my right and title in the dead buffalo. At this he

Vol. 33, No. 12, Oct. 10, 1889

Pima

1897-1909

PIMA AND MARICOPA INDIANS

War of Rebellion Records
Series 1, Vol.50, Pt.2, 1897.

the requirements of the law. I earnestly request that you will call the prompt attention of the general commanding the Department of the Pacific to this subject, as the matter has assumed a character so serious as to threaten the peace and quietude of all the inhabitants of Puget Sound, and of some of them perhaps even to affect their allegiance to the United States Government.

Respectfully, I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

G. W. PATTEN,

Major Ninth Infantry, U. S. Army, Commanding.

P. S.—This report will not leave Fort Steilacoom until Tuesday, the 19th, as no mail will leave for Olympia until that day.

G. W. P.

SPECIAL ORDERS, } HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,
No. 31. } *Hart's Mills, Tex., August 17, 1862.*

I. Capt. Edward B. Willis, with Company A, First Infantry California Volunteers, with 100 rounds of ammunition per man and thirty days' rations of subsistence, together with twenty-five beeves on the hoof, to be furnished by the agent of Mr. Joseph R. Beard, beef contractor for the Column from California, will proceed without delay to Hart's Mills, in Texas, and there take post until further orders.

II. Col. Joseph R. West, First Infantry California Volunteers, will see that this company is provided with the necessary transportation.

By command of Brigadier-General Carleton:

BEN. C. CUTLER,

First Lieut., First Infty. California Vols., Actg. Asst. Adj. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS,

Fort Bowie, Apache Pass, Ariz. Ter., August 17, 1862.

Lieut. B. C. CUTLER,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General,

Column from California, Mesilla, Ariz. Ter.:

LIEUTENANT: I have the honor to report, concerning the state of affairs at this post, that nothing of importance has transpired since my dispatch of the 9th instant. Indians have been nowhere visible, and parties which I have sent out in all directions have failed to find any recent signs of their being in the neighborhood. Still, I do not think we are on that account less liable to an attack, and my vigilance is as active as it has ever been. On Thursday, the 14th instant, I completed the defensive works about my camp. They are four in number, and may be described as follows: Alcatraz (I give the names applied to them by the men who built them, and to whom, as they worked well and faithfully, I allowed that privilege) is on the left flank of the camp, 150 feet in length, and commands every point within musket-range, in the cañon toward the road and camping ground of trains. Fort Point, on a slight elevation, covers the rear of the camp and the wagon road up the hill. It is ninety-five feet in length. Bule Battery overlooks the country and the approaches to the hill on the southeast, or right flank, of the camp. It is ninety-seven feet long, and effectually covers and protects the cattle corral and picket rope of the cavalry detachment. Spring Garden (guarding) overlooks the spring and commands the ravine in which it is situated and every point within musket-range around the spring. This wall is seventy feet long. The total length

of wall around the post is 412 feet, the height 4 to 4½ feet, and thickness from 2½ to 3 feet at bottom, tapering to 18 inches to 2 feet at top, and built of stones weighing from 25 to 500 pounds. The works are not of any regular form, my only object being to build defenses which could be speedily completed, and at the same time possess the requisites of sheltering their defenders, commanding every approach to the hill, and protecting each other by flank fires along their faces. I now consider the camp pretty safe from any attack of Indians, unless they should come in overwhelming force and desperately storm the hill. This, however, is contrary to their usual mode of warfare, and I think we can hold them at long range. This feeling of safety, however, does not prevent proper precaution and vigilance from being exercised. In addition to the wall defenses I have also built the walls of a guard-house on one end of the front wall, and will have it roofed in in a few days. It is fourteen feet square, and loop-holed on two sides. The express from Tucson arrived at 11 p. m. yesterday, and will resume the route at 1 o'clock this afternoon. They brought with them three mules which had strayed from here on the 9th back to the crossing of the San Pedro. I respectfully request that the commanding general will give such orders at Tucson as will insure the filling of any requisition which I may make for stationery, clothing, and other indispensables, some of which I mentioned in my dispatch of the 9th instant. The men are rapidly getting ragged again, and, as the nights are pretty sharp here sometimes, they need good clothing. I make this request, thinking that a requisition from me might interfere with orders already issued.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THEO. A. COULT,

Major Fifth Infantry California Volunteers, Comdg. Fort Bowie.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WESTERN ARIZONA,
Tucson, Ariz. Ter., August 17, 1862.

Lieut. C. P. NICHOLS,
First Cavalry California Volunteers, Present:

SIR: You will proceed with your detachment to-morrow morning with the train that leaves for Fort Yuma. It is reported that Apache Indians drove the expressman back last week from Oneida Station to Blue Water. Investigate this matter, and also into the truth of the report that they killed two Pima horses between those two stations. You will, if you encounter any of these savages, chastise them if possible, following them, if necessary, so far as you can. Ascertain on the way whether the contractors are laying in hay and mesquite beans between here and the Pima Villages, and report the quantities. Captain Davis, acting assistant quartermaster, will give you a memorandum of what ought to be supplied of these articles by the end of this month. Ascertain also if there are any Mexicans or others trading with Indians, either Pimas or Maricopas, and especially if any person has introduced, sold, or given liquor or wine to the Indians. Any one so offending arrest and bring here. No one, except the Government and Mr. White and partner, are allowed to trade with the Pimas and Maricopas on any pretense. Ascertain if any person has made a settlement or is residing among said Indians; if so, order them away, and if they refuse arrest them. Report whether Sergeant Hutchinson is able to obtain any more wheat from Indians; whether Mr. White or partner, Mr. Lennan, are grinding flour for the Government; and allow Sergeant Hutchinson and Private Logan to come back with you, provided Mr. White has returned and receipted

D. Ferguson

consequence, being almost dry. There is good grass the entire distance. There is at present a Papago rancheria at Coyote Springs of about 250 Indians, having about 150 horses, which are all that can be watered at the spring. Fresnal is a quiet, industrious population. I desired to see the local judge, Andres Granillo, to instruct their people in his presence that his authority must be obeyed, but he was gone to Cababi for several days. My animals and time would not permit me to go there nor wait for his return. Padres and Halstead were also absent. Major Cummings also accompanied me to arrest any offender we could find, and to look for parties for whom requisitions have been made by the Governor of Sonora, but we could find none, nor any that had been ordered arrested by General West on previous occasions. We took no military escort, three citizens having accompanied us.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. FERGUSSON,

Colonel First Cavalry California Volunteers, Commanding.

TUCSON, ARIZ. TER., April 14, 1863.

Lieut. J. F. BENNETT,
*First Infantry California Vols., Actg. Asst. Adj. Gen.,
Headquarters District of Arizona, Hart's Mill, Tex.:*

SIR: I have the honor to report that the arms sent some time last winter for Indians from Fort Craig and Mesilla are still on hand at this post, and no arms have been received from any other source for issue to Indians. I understand there is an invoice of rifles at Fort Yuma, which were asked for by General Carleton last year. I am not officially cognizant of those arms being at Fort Yuma, however. I have sent round to the chiefs of the Pimas and Maricopas that I would issue them arms and ammunition if they would make a campaign against the Apaches. The sub-Indian agent, A. Lyon, esq., is going in a few days to Pima Villages. I advised him of my readiness to issue the arms and it is my intention to send an officer with him to distribute arms as a loan, to make a campaign, to those Indians; they to turn them in on their return, except that every one who brings a scalp (Apache) shall be presented with a gun and ammunition. When the arms said to be at Fort Yuma arrive I shall issue them also. I advised Mr. Lyon that I am ready to loan arms to the Papagos of San Xavier and other places on the same terms. It is an unfavorable time for campaigns, as the Pimas and Papagos are required to remain at home until their crops are harvested. Those Indians can be made very serviceable as auxiliaries if we had only troops enough here to make effective campaigns against Apaches; but to be effective they must be followed untiringly, unceasingly, for months if necessary. One company of infantry and one company of cavalry are required for this service, and no other in this vicinity. It will be noticed on the consolidated morning report of this date that there is a large amount of ammunition on hand here, an invoice having arrived here yesterday from Benicia Arsenal on a requisition made last fall by Major Coult.

Very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

D. FERGUSSON,

Colonel First Cavalry California Volunteers, Commanding.

P. S.—In a private communication, General Carleton requested me to furnish the most of the above information, which is done through district headquarters.

TUCSON, ARIZ. TER., April 14, 1863.

Lieut. J. F. BENNETT,

*First Infantry California Vols., Actg. Asst. Adjt. Gen.,**Headquarters District of Arizona, Hart's Mill, Tex.:*

SIR: I have the honor to report that the express for Las Cruces leaves this evening. I inclose my Special Orders, No. 68, on the subject. I have sent a wagon load of grain away this morning—one-third of it to be left at San Pedro, guarded by a sergeant and nine men of Company K, Fifth Infantry California Volunteers; for the cavalry at this post, except one man whose horse is not able to go and another who has no horse, are ordered to Fort Bowie. This party consists of one sergeant, two corporals, and six privates. I have been obliged to direct the hiring of three citizens to go with two mounted infantrymen to bring the first express from Fort Bowie, as the horses of the party to be stationed there are not able to stand the fatigue necessary until hay is put in at San Pedro Crossing. The infantry at San Pedro can be relieved by Captain Wellman's detachment of eleven men, which will leave no cavalry at this post, rendering it necessary to hire citizens until some arrive either from the east or west, and also preventing a compliance with instructions to relieve the men of Company B, Second Cavalry California Volunteers, east of Fort Yuma, of whom there are thirteen. It is high time they were relieved; their animals are used up. They are accused of tampering with the mails—abstracting newspapers and opening letters coming from the west. No way bill is sent from Fort Yuma, the officers at that post being represented by almost every one coming thence as too much engaged (or at least the majority of them) consuming whisky. It is my opinion that at least a force of twenty men, ten cavalry and ten infantry, should be at San Pedro and Miembres stations. The life of one man is not for a moment safe at either of these places. The Indians have been very busy lately in this vicinity. They have on several occasions stolen citizens' cattle from San Xavier and Tucson, the most of which have been recovered, but last week they carried away about forty head from San Xavier. They also captured a train of twenty-eight mules belonging to Mexicans hauling freight from Fort Yuma. This was at the Picacho, en route to Pima Villages. The vedette force at all the stations east of Gila Bend should be doubled, including Gila Bend. This I have no force to do. Paragraph VI of General Orders, No. 5, District of Arizona, is copied and given to Sergeant Andrews and copy sent to the commanding officer at Fort Bowie.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. FERGUSSON,

Colonel First Cavalry California Volunteers, Commanding.

TUCSON, ARIZ. TER., April 14, 1863.

Lieut. J. F. BENNETT,

*First Infantry California Vols., Actg. Asst. Adjt. Gen.,**Headquarters District of Arizona, Hart's Mill, Tex.:*

SIR: Inclosed is a copy of a letter* from commanding officer at Fort Yuma, notifying that Company I, Fifth Infantry, left that post on the 4th instant. Captain French's company (D), of the same, was still at Fort Yuma, and unofficially reported as awaiting the arrival of Colonel Bowie and the band of the Fifth Infantry California Volunteers before

* Omitted.

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
No. 99.

HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,

San Francisco, Cal., April 17, 1863.

1. So much of Special Orders, No. 96, assigning Maj. Henry Hancock, Fourth Infantry California Volunteers, to duty at Benicia Barracks, is revoked. Major Hancock will report at these headquarters for special service.

* * * * *

By order of Brigadier-General Wright:

RICHD. C. DRUM,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,

San Francisco, Cal., April 17, 1863.

Col. FRANCIS J. LIPPITT,

*Second Infantry California Volunteers,**Commanding District of Humboldt, Fort Humboldt, Cal.:*

SIR: Your letter of the 11th instant,* reporting an engagement with Indians in your district, having been submitted to the general commanding the department, I am instructed by the general to express to the officers and men composing the detachment (Captain Flynn, Lieutenant Winchill, and thirty-two men of Company A, Second Infantry) his admiration and thanks for the activity, zeal, and gallantry displayed by them on that occasion.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. C. DRUM,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

TUCSON, ARIZ. TER., April 17, 1863.

Lieut. GEORGE A. BURKETT,

Fifth Infantry California Volunteers:

SIR: You will proceed to-morrow morning with Forbes' train to the Pima and Coca-Maricopa Villages with 100 stand of old arms, ammunition, &c., that will be turned over to you by Capt. J. H. Whitlock, Fifth Infantry California Volunteers. The arms, &c., are for distribution to the Pima and Coca-Maricopa Indians. Mr. Abraham Lyon, the sub-Indian agent, will accompany you, and indicate the captains of the various villages to whom arms will be issued, and the number to each. You will inform the chief and captains that the United States loans their people these arms; that if they make good use of them in defending themselves from hostile Apaches, and in making vigorous and effective campaigns against those savages, the arms will be presented to them, and that thereafter a reasonable amount of ammunition will be issued to them. Inform them also that more arms are on the way, and urge upon them the importance of a combined effort on their part, with all their allies, the Papagos, Yumas, and Mojaves, to rid the country of the Apaches, who are such bitter enemies to their peace and prosperity, and to that of their firm friends, the people of this Territory. Take the receipts of the various captains for the arms issued them, and have Mr. Lyon witness their marks or signatures. Lieutenant Toole, acting assistant quartermaster, will transfer to you fifty-eight old-pattern dragoon coats and jackets, and 415 pompons.

* See Part I, p. 188.

These articles are for barter with the Indians for grain. It is supposed two fanegas of wheat can be got for each coat and jacket. You have, however, authority to use your own discretion in this matter, doing the best you can for the interests of the service. On performing the above service you will return to this post and report to the commanding officer.

D. FERGUSSON,
Colonel First Cavalry California Volunteers, Commanding.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1863.

Major-General HALLECK,
Washington, D. C.:

Your dispatch of 15th received. I have already appealed to Governor of Nevada. Probably two mounted companies will be raised there and thrown forward on mail line.

G. WRIGHT,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army, Commanding.

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE, NAVY-YARD,
Mare Island, Cal., April 18, 1863.

Brig. Gen. G. WRIGHT,
Commanding Military Department, San Francisco, Cal.:

SIR: Intending to dispatch the *Saginaw* on important service beyond the waters of San Francisco, I have ordered the *Cyane* to this yard as a means of defense and as a preliminary step to making such repairs as she may require. The *Shubrick* will be quite sufficient for all police service, and when you have the contemplated batteries ready for use the fear of an attack from a rebel steamer in the rear will no longer exist.

I remain, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
THOS. O. SELFRIDGE,
Commandant.

HEADQUARTERS,
Fort Lapwai, Wash. Ter., April 19, 1863.
ACTING ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL,
Headquarters District of Oregon, San Francisco, Cal.:

SIR: I have the honor to report that in obedience to Special Orders, No. 31, dated headquarters District of Oregon, April 9, 1863, I have this day assumed command of this post.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JUSTUS STEINBERGER,
Colonel First Washington Territory Infantry.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, April 20, 1863.
Brig. Gen. GEORGE WRIGHT,
San Francisco, Cal.:

The Secretary of War does not approve issue of arms to State.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA,
Sacramento, May 29, 1865.

Col. R. C. DRUM,
Asst. Adj. Gen., Hdqrs. Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco:

COLONEL: I have a telegram from Lieutenant-Colonel McDermit, dated at Fort Churchill this morning. He says:

Will leave for Humboldt in morning; take with me Captain Wallace's company of infantry and squad of Company E, Nevada Cavalry, and will have Captain Doughty's company, Second Cavalry, join me on Humboldt River.

The colonel asks for authority to hire a pack train to go in the mountains, which I have granted.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
G. WRIGHT,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,
Maricopa Wells, May 30, 1865.

Col. R. C. DRUM,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the Pacific:

SIR: I have the honor to report my arrival at this point this morning. Our animals are in good condition, but I find it necessary to repair our wagons, all of the iron-work being loose. We will leave for Tubac on Friday next. In the meantime we expect to make arrangements with the Pima and Maricopa Indians for at least 200 warriors. I do not anticipate any difficulty in getting them for one year. They expect a good outfit, and in an interview with the chief of the Maricopas we made them understand that we wanted their services as soldiers; that they would be expected to make constant campaigns against the Apaches; that at such times as we could spare them they would be allowed to come back to their homes for a short time; that they would be armed and provided with ammunition, and that their clothing would consist of a pair of pants, a shirt, and a blanket; their provisions, panole, beans, and dried beef. I can obtain the provisions here and at Tubac, and would respectfully request that 600 red shirts, 600 pairs of coarse pants, and 600 blouses be sent me at once. I would suggest that 200 of the blouses be bound with yellow, 200 with red, and 200 with light blue, in order to distinguish tribes. Also send 600 yards of coarse red flannel. A yard will answer instead of a hat. We need also a mustering officer at once to organize these companies. If one is sent to this point he will probably meet us here on our return from Tubac. The Indians really have possession of this Territory. It is feared that the Hualapais, the Yavapais, and the different tribes of Apaches, with some straggling Navajoes, have combined for the purpose of exterminating the whites. I propose starting Colonel Lewis with three companies of his regiment and some 200 Papago Indians on a campaign in Southeastern Arizona. At the same time I am making arrangements to start with a force of the company of cavalry (my escort), the three companies of infantry destined for Tonto Basin, and about 200 Pimas and Maricopas into the country of the Apaches. I labor under many difficulties. I find Fort Whipple without provisions, instead of a year's supply; no supplies at Tubac, and I suspect none at either Forts Goodwin or Bowie. I have a train on the way with 10,000 rations for Tubac, and the Tubac train of Government wagons will be here to-night en route for Fort Yuma for supplies. It will be impossible with the limited means at my disposal to do anything toward subduing

the Indians unless full authority be given me to hire such citizens as we may need. I must have good guides, good packers, teamsters, wagon-masters, &c., who are familiar with the country, and who know from experience how to care for animals in this dry country. If I must depend on soldiers for driving the teams my already too small force is crippled, and my teams will so shortly be rendered worthless that it will be impossible to supply our posts. I do not want to be extravagant in my expenditures, but I want the necessary means to carry on a successful campaign. I fear my wagon and pack train has not yet left Wilmington for the want of authority to employ citizens as teamsters, &c., whilst the delay will probably prevent my making the campaign at once, which I have every reason to believe would at once relieve this Territory. I am too far away and have too limited means of communication with headquarters of the department to refer every small matter, and have therefore to request authority to employ such citizens as in my judgment may be necessary for the service, and in the meantime I shall continue to employ such as I may require, trusting that the commanding general will approve my action. I will not give much trouble in the way of building expensive posts, keeping up useless depots, or in employing citizens at military posts, but I really want my enlisted men with arms in their hands in active campaign against the Apaches, whilst citizens can haul their supplies. Soldiers when absent on long routes with trains will not care for their animals, and it is true economy to employ a first-rate wagon-master and good citizen teamsters to take charge of trains over the roads here, particularly when it is so hard to replace animals, which are in any case so expensive.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JNO. S. MASON,

Brigadier-General of Volunteers, Comdg. District of Arizona.

[First indorsement.]

SAN FRANCISCO, June 23, 1865.

I respectfully recommend that Captain Hoyt, assistant quartermaster, be directed to furnish the clothing, &c., asked for by General Mason from supplies on hand, or by purchase, or both.

E. B. BABBITT,
Colonel and Chief Quartermaster.

[Second indorsement.]

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,
June 23, 1865.

Respectfully returned to Colonel Babbitt, chief quartermaster, who will direct Captain Hoyt, assistant quartermaster, to supply the Indian clothing named within. The clothing will be furnished from that on hand, or purchased if necessary. Please return with action indorsed hereon.

By order:

R. C. DRUM,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

[Third indorsement.]

CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
San Francisco, June 26, 1865.

Captain Hoyt, assistant quartermaster, will at once make the purchases indicated in the within letter and the above instructions indorsed thereon.

E. B. BABBITT,
Colonel and Chief Quartermaster.

good. The necessary buildings for two companies, I learn, are completed at Fort Klamath, including stables, &c., for one company of cavalry, and if hay can be procured in abundance (which I think is the case, and very cheaply) it would certainly be best to winter the horses at that fort. In the present situation they are dependent upon each other, and troops cannot be moved from either until both are ready. I will be pleased to have the directions of the general on the matter. Unless changed recently, the buildings at Camp Baker are valueless. The policy of wintering the horses at Fort Klamath will be a matter of further examination, though if deemed best to do so in Rogue River Valley, it does not make it necessary to reoccupy Camp Baker, as they are not necessarily kept at this camp. My present information is that they can be kept at the fort as cheaply as at Camp Baker or in Rogue River Valley. The difference in the cost of hay will meet the cost of transportation of such short forage as may be required. The principal advantage, however, will be in the fact that when wanted the men and their equipments are together and can be promptly used for the good of the service.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. F. MAURY,
Colonel First Oregon Cavalry, Commanding District of Oregon.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF ARIZONA,
Maricopa Wells, May 31, 1865.

Col. R. C. DRUM,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the Pacific:

SIR: The chief of the Maricopas, Juan Cheveriah, is a fine warrior and will probably give us 100 good men. He will lead them himself, but he cannot enter the service; but as his reward for his services he would like to visit San Francisco with one or two of his captains. He could be sent at a very trifling cost to the United States, and I really think it would be beneficial to us to have him go. Irataba has been there, so also has the chief of the Pimas, and he naturally feels slighted and neglected, when really he is the best Indian in the Territory to depend on for men that will go and stay as long as their services are needed. I would therefore respectfully request authority to send them to Drum Barracks by some train that may be going in, and to request that Colonel Curtis take charge of them and forward them to San Francisco, and that they be cared for while there.

Your obedient servant,

JNO. S. MASON,
Brigadier-General of Volunteers, Comdg. District of Arizona.

[Indorsement.]

Muster them in as officers, send them as such to San Francisco, and then all their expenses can be borne. After if they wish to resign they will be allowed to do so. Suggest this to Governor Goodwin.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA,
Sacramento, May 31, 1865.

Col. R. C. DRUM,

Asst. Adj. Gen., Hdqrs. Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco:

COLONEL: Last night I received your telegram; also two from the general. I have ordered two companies of the Sixth Infantry, now at

Benicia Barracks, to march to Fort Churchill, under command of Major O'Brien. I expect they will be able to come up by steamer on Saturday night, when transportation will be ready here to push them rapidly forward. I have decided to send Company B, Second Cavalry, to Churchill. Horses are being transferred to B to enable it to mount every man. The horses must be shod, and this occasions some delay, as this is their first shoeing, and most of them have to be thrown.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. WRIGHT,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

SPECIAL ORDERS, } BRIGADE HDQRS., DIST. OF CALIFORNIA,
No. 78. } *Sacramento, May 31, 1865.*

The commanding officer of Benicia Barracks will designate two companies of the Sixth California Infantry to march immediately, under command of Maj. M. O'Brien, same regiment, for field service in Nevada, the quartermaster's department furnishing the necessary transportation.

By order of Brigadier-General Wright:

E. D. WAITE,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

SPECIAL ORDERS, } BRIGADE HDQRS., DIST. OF CALIFORNIA,
No. 79. } *Sacramento, May 31, 1865.*

I. Company B, Second California Cavalry, is designated to proceed to Fort Churchill in lieu of Company H, same regiment, which will take post at Camp Union this day.

* * * * *

By order of Brigadier-General Wright:

E. D. WAITE,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA,
Sacramento, May 31, 1865.

COMMANDING OFFICER AT BENICIA BARRACKS:

The brigadier-general commanding desires that the two companies selected in accordance with Special Orders, No. 78, current series, from these headquarters, be armed and equipped for field service, 100 rounds of ammunition to each man, beside the cartridge-boxes filled. Their knapsacks will contain nothing but what is absolutely necessary for a summer campaign, each man taking an extra pair of bootees. It is expected that Major O'Brien will reach Benicia to-morrow or next day and the command move by water to this city on the 3d instant. When leaving, each man will take two days' cooked rations in his haversack in addition, each company will have fifteen days' provisions. At the proper time you will report by telegraph the departure of these troops in order that the chief quartermaster at these headquarters may have transportation in readiness to avoid any delay. You will designate a subaltern to act as acting assistant quartermaster and acting commissary of subsistence on the march. A copy of these instructions will be given to Major O'Brien, and also these headquarters notified as to what companies are designated.

Very respectfully,

E. D. WAITE,
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.



PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA—ARROW-BUSH KITCHEN AND PIMA WOMAN

The Redman—April 1913.



PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA—ARROW-BUSH KITCHEN AND PIMA WOMAN

The Redman - April 1913.



PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA—SACATON

American Indian Life

Bulletin No. 10, October-November, 1927

Publication Office, 1037 Mills Building, San Francisco

Visit the Pimas, Will Rogers!

Call for somebody to tell Will Rogers about the Pima tourist bridge. It cost a third of a million, and decorative electric lighting globes of enormous size were added by the Indian Bureau for good measure. This bridge encourages tourists to motor between Phoenix and Tucson. The Pimas have no use for it. The whole cost was charged to the Pima tribe which for years has been semi-destitute, and whose death rate (from "slow starvation and heart-break") has been five times the white death rate in some recent years, according to the Indian Bureau's allotment records.

After a while the Pima lands, watered from the Coolidge dam now being built, will have a large value. The allotted Pimas, dead and soon to die, will leave their holdings in Indian Bureau control. They have no choice in the matter. The Bureau will sell these holdings to white men. The

bridge will be paid for out of the proceeds. The heirs will get part of what is left. They will get the remnant of cash—possibly—but their ancestral land they can not inherit.

Such is the Bureau procedure, and it has color of law behind it.

When Will Rogers goes to Washington won't he ask Mr. Meritt whether the Pima bridge really does exist at all? Faced with embarrassing charges concerning this bridge, Commissioner Meritt declared at the Oakland Forum in 1926 that there was no Pima Bridge.

Then Senator Frazier, Chairman of the Senate Indian Affairs Com-

mittee, following the steps of Congressman Frear who had preceded him into Arizona, went and saw the Pima bridge, climbed up over it, measured

WILL ROGERS SAYS

LAGUNA, N. M., Nov. 7.—They struck oil on the Navajo reservation more than three years ago. I foolishly asked: "How often do they get their payments for their oil royalty?" Well, they haven't any yet. They took a million of it to build a bridge across the Little Colorado river so the tourists would not have to drive so far to see the Grand Canyon. The Navajos paid for the bridge and a Navajo has never crossed it yet. If the Indians' oil royalties hold out they will have enough to build the Boulder dam for the whites. Poor Lo. I suppose I will be recalled for telling this, like McGruder and Summerall. Yours,
WILL ROGERS

its length, and observed that the decorative lighting globes had suddenly been removed, following Mr. Frear's reference in Congress to these sardonic symbols of Bureau profligacy with the money of starving Indians.

Graven upon the bridge—deep cut into a bronze tablet placed there by the Indian Bureau—Senator Frazier read the name: Edgar B. Meritt, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The name of Commissioner Burke was there too.

The Grand Canyon bridge which Will Rogers tells about, is a span soon to be completed across the Big Colorado, and it will be useful, as he states, exclusively for tourists. The Navajos are to pay \$100,000 for this bridge. For similar bridges and connecting roads they are to pay about \$900,000. The Bureau has permitted the Navajo tribal council to beg to be relieved of half of this obligation, the greater part of which is one typical reimbursable scandal.

The Indian Bureau promoted the Grand Canyon bridge scheme as it did the Pima Bridge scheme. Thirty-one million dollars of debt, chiefly for white men's improvements, now crushes upon the Indians. This total remains after the Indians have paid above ten million dollars, the amount heretofore extorted from them in cash.

The Indian Survey Committee of the Institute For Government Research has filed its report with the Secretary of the Interior. Over \$100,000 has been invested in this report. Many competent, and some eminent, investigators have labored at it for nearly a year. The findings and recommendations on Indian health, economic conditions, agricultural organization, and on the social services provided for Indians, are of extreme value. How soon will the Department of the Interior release these reports in full for Congressional and public inspection?

Nothing less than the full text of the reports should be made public.

It will hardly be possible for these reports to go the way of the American Red Cross report on Indian health and on the Bureau's medical methods. The Red Cross report was suppressed absolutely, and is still under lock and key after four years.

Congress has authority to subpoena the documents if need be; likewise to subpoena the investigators.

A bill providing for the lease of the Palm Springs reservation of California will go before the coming Congress.

This reservation contains 31,000 acres, mostly desert land. The region is accessible to Los Angeles, and is supremely beautiful. There are fifty Palm Springs Indians. The legislation will authorize the leasing of the reservation for a fifty-year term or longer, on the following among other conditions:

Guarantee of agricultural water supply to the Indians, as much as they can use now or at any date hereafter. Twenty-five thousand dollars per year rental in cash, payable to the tribe. Construction of various community buildings for the Indians, and including a school, clinic, and such model homes as the Indians may wish to occupy. Reservation for the Indian use of 240 acres of agricultural land in solid blocks; additional land guaranteed up to the extent of the tribe's capacity to use it now or hereafter. The Palm Canyon, Andreas and Murray canyons to be donated as national monuments, under the National Park Service, to be kept free to the public and in a wild state. The lessors will realize on their capital through developing underground water, and building or leasing home sites and resort sites on the areas now desert. Adequate provision for bonding of lessors; the Federal court will become administrator in the event of any default. Tribal consent will be required for executing the lease. Indians may be adopted into the tribe, and share the material advantages to be created, through mutual consent of the tribe and the lessor.

This legislation will be of a character unprecedented in Indian affairs. Its material advantages to the Palm Springs Indians will be enormous, but its greatest interest will lie in its establishment of a new method for developing a certain type of reservation property, treating the property as a unit and applying capital to its development.

Congress Will Soon Convene— Indian Hopes and Fears

The session of Congress, beginning December 5th, will be critical for all Indians.

Undoubtedly, the senatorial investigation of Indian affairs leads in importance. The investigation will be held if the members of the Senate Indian Affairs Committee can see their way to doing the necessary work in a crowded session just before the National campaigns get under way. Indians and all friends of Indians should urge the timeliness and practicability of the investigation upon the members of the Senate Committee.

Of many specific measures on behalf of the Indian, probably the bills for state participation in Indian Affairs are of greatest urgency. California, Wisconsin and Montana have introduced these bills, and the legislature of each state has passed the needed enabling laws. The bills are therefore official state policies for these states, and it is expected that Minnesota and North Dakota, and possibly South Dakota, will follow the lead of California, Wisconsin and Montana.

The bills have been exhaustively studied at Washington, and printed Senate hearings are available. Briefly, they give to the several states jurisdiction over the health of Indians, the education of Indians and the social welfare work for Indians. The non-reservations boarding schools are excepted; these remain for the present under the Indian Bureau. The Federal funds appropriated for these Indian services, in the states in question, are transferred to the states under a system of contracts which preserve a Federal regulation over the services. The regulative agent will continue to be the Secretary of the Interior. But the legislation is mandatory; it is not in the discretion of the Interior Department to withhold the funds or the authority from the states.

Indian property held in trust is not dealt with in these bills. It is a separate question, of equal importance, requiring appropriate legislation which will be vigorously pressed.

Secretary Work's Endorsement

Secretary Hubert Work endorsed the state jurisdiction bills with great vigor when they were first introduced. Later it appeared that he was wavering in his endorsement. The opposition of the Indian Bureau has been constant from the start. Secretary Work has now gone on record anew in the broadest and most unequivocal public manner. He speaks not as though there were existing bills before Congress but as though his office were preparing new bills; but he proceeds to describe with exactness the California, Wisconsin and Montana bills, on which public hearings have already been held in the Senate. His words, as reported by the Montana Record-Herald, August 8th, are as follows:

"The Department of the Interior is preparing a bill to be introduced at the next session of Congress, authorizing the States to direct and supervise the expenditures of Indian moneys now being handled in the states by the Department of the Interior, covering educational activities, health and agriculture.

"In Montana last year the Indian funds for these purposes reached \$955,573.47. The Government is anxious to decentralize the Indian Bureau, and the Indian problems will eventually gravitate to the state. While there are Indian funds available the various states should undertake the work. At the present time a large proportion of the Indian children are attending public schools. Indian lands pay no taxes to state or county. The states have this machinery set up to care for white residents and the change simply means the extension of the present service. The states are capable of doing this work cheaper and more effectively. The work will be under closer supervision. The particular problems involved are usually the same for the white man as for the Indian.

"Necessarily the Department of the Interior must retain control over the funds and lands held in trust because of frequent changes in political control in states involved, and the danger of jeopardizing the safety of lands and funds. It is the plan that while the control rests within the government, funds will be allotted to the states and the states will assume the responsibilities of handling them. California and Minnesota have already passed laws allowing the states to take up this cooperative work when Indian funds are available to the states."

Bearing on Secretary Work's statement, "The states are capable of doing this work cheaper and more effectively (than the Indian Bureau)," are the following items from California:

The Indian Bureau spent \$585,884 in California in 1925, exclusive of the expenditures on the Sherman non-reservation boarding school at Riverside.

The salary total was \$260,165, or 44.24 of the whole expenditure. Analysis of the Bureau's table of expenditures shows that approximately 50 per cent of the Bureau's total outlay in California went to salaries or travel and office expenses of salaried persons.

Bureau Salaries vs. Sick Indians

Through the years from 1920 to 1924, the percentage of expenditure on medical supplies, in relation to the total Bureau expenditure, was .71. More was spent on forage for Indian Bureau animals in California than on medical supplies for the whole Indian population. The salary expenditure was approximately 48 times larger than the total expenditure on medical materials. These are the figures supplied by Commissioner Burke.

When the state or county personnel is substituted for the Indian Bureau overhead personnel, and the appropriation eaten up by the Bureau's wasteful and extravagant duplicate overhead is applied to actual service, the purchasing power of every Federal dollar appropriated for Indian work will be more than doubled, even if it be assumed that the states are not more efficient than the Indian Bureau. That assumption is of course unfounded.

The introduction numbers of the state jurisdiction bills, as of all other bills, will not become known until December 5th.

Killing the Flathead Outrage

So far as known at this moment, only one sensationally bad proposal will have to be fought in the coming Congress. That is the proposal, defeated in the last Congress, to amend the Federal Water Power Act in such a manner as to confiscate the major part of the Indian property in water powers.

Readers of American Indian Life are acquainted with the facts, which were fully given in the September issue. The immediate stake is the power site of the Flathead Indians. The tribe owns it by treaty, and all rentals from the power are guaranteed to the tribe by the Federal Water Power Act of 1920. The primary horsepower of the site is 156,000. The Indian Bureau pressed in the last Congress, and at this writing is still pressing, a scheme to confiscate in excess of 75 per cent of the total property (the total income from the water power), one portion of the confiscated total going to the Government and the larger portion going to the whites of the Flathead Irrigation district.

The Federal Water Power Commission has been led to assent to the scheme of pilfer. The Montana Power Company, one of the corporate groups seeking to lease the Flathead power, has been persuaded to give its active consent and aid. The Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Interior Department matters in the House Appropriations Committee, Louis I. Cramton, sponsored the scheme last February and presumably will not waver in December. The prime movers in this adventure are those Bureau officials who are holdovers from the Albert B. Fall regime in the Interior Department. The whole adventure, including its element of unrevealed prior agreement (unrevealed but now absolutely proved) between officials and private business interests, is in the style of Albert B. Fall. Concerted pressure will be needed in December to block the outrage. This pressure should be brought on the Senate and House appropriation committees.

The Constructive Program

Among the constructive measures to be pressed in the new Congress are the following:

Due Process in Criminal Matters; Repeal of Bureau Espionage

1. The La Follette-Frear bill, extending due process of law to Indians in criminal matters, bringing Indians under the jurisdiction of the United States Courts, abolishing the Indian Bureau's power to imprison Indians without trial, and repealing the Bureau's espionage laws now operative on the reservations.

Indian Inheritance

2. The Wheeler-Frear bill, giving allotted Indians the effective right to bequeath their property, and providing a court review before the Indian Bureau can nullify Indian wills or arbitrarily determine heirs.

Court Review and Competition

3. The Wheeler-Frear bill, granting to Indians the right to court review before their allotted land is leased over their heads; and requiring appraisal and competitive bidding in the leasing of such land. This bill will undergo revisions before re-introduction.

Wiping Out Reimbursable Wrongs

4. Bills remitting various illegitimate reimbursable charges totaling millions, now standing against Indian tribes.

Corporate Privileges for the Tribes

5. Bills providing that Indian tribes, or groups of allotted Indians, may form themselves into bodies corporate, and thereupon may transact business with reference to their collective estate, under a modified Federal guardianship applicable solely to the corporate affairs. It is not yet determined whether this guardianship should be exercised by the Federal Court or by a radically reorganized Indian Bureau or Commission, possibly within some other department than the Interior Department.

Obviously, the last-named bill will deal with fundamentals of Indian life on the side of property. The problem is far more intricate than any of those problems having to do with Indian services or personal life. But it is fundamental to the survival of the Indians as a race. Under the present system, the Indian estate is melting away at a rate of four per cent each year, through acts not by the Indians but exclusively by the guardian.

A definite accounting of the guardian to the courts will be fundamental in the proposed legislation affecting Indian property.

Pueblo Compensation; California Indian Compensation

6. There will be many bills of a more local or special character. Among these will be the appropriations items providing compensation to the various pueblos in accordance with the decrees of the Pueblo Lands Board in some instances, of the Federal Court in other instances.

Legislation will be again pressed, providing compensation for the Indians of California for lands illegally and immorally taken from them under United States guardianship.

Important amendments to the allotment law will be sought; the allotment law, as now administered, being at the very center of the miseries affecting more than half of the Indians.

If the Senatorial Investigation is Promptly Begun, Then—

Some of the proposed legislation probably will be held in abeyance; the Committee, through hearing all parties and making its independent examinations, will best be able to formulate a correlated program of reforms. If the investigation is not promptly begun, the several bills will be pressed with utmost vigor, and under conditions which, at least in the Senate, are wholly favorable to Indian welfare.

Keen interest was shown in Santa Barbara in the Indian and Mexican Trading Post, arranged in early November by the local branch of the Indian Defense Association, and it proved both an artistic and financial success.

For three days the broad veranda of the hundred-year old De la Guerra House was the setting. Strings of red chili peppers, and of gay colored Indian corn from Taos, hung against the brown walls. Long tables were filled with hand-made articles from some 29 Indian tribes and from many parts of Old and New Mexico.

The greatest interest was shown in the silver and turquoise jewelry, in the Navajo rugs, and in the beaded and horsehair belts and hat bands.

There was a table full of things donated by members; another of articles under \$1.00. A great display of chrysanthemums and of fall colored squashes and gourds added to the profusion and beauty of the scene.

Over seventy men and women served on the committees in charge of the Fair and all declared they enjoyed their work immensely. An extra day's sale was arranged when members and committee workers had a chance to buy at considerable reduction. Nearly \$5,000 worth of goods was sold and a profit of a quarter of that amount goes toward the National work of the Indian Defense Association.

The President or Secretary of the Santa Barbara Branch will be glad to furnish detailed information about the Fair to any branch interested.

The annual meeting of the Pasadena Indian Defense Association was held November 14th. Mr. F. W. Hinrichs, Jr., Dean of the California Institute of Technology and President of the Association, presented the report of the year's work, which was ordered to be printed. Dr. Hartley Alexander, the Rev. Dirk Lay of the Pima Reservation, and John Collier, the National Secretary, were speakers.

PUEBLO FLY REFUSES TO WALK INTO COMMISSIONER MERITT'S PARLOR

The Indian Bureau on November 9th-10th renewed its effort to create a new inter-tribal pueblo council, duplicating the long-established Council Of All The New Mexico Pueblos and designed ultimately to supplant it.

The history of the Bureau's similar effort of one year ago is known to the readers of American Indian Life. The details of this Bureau enterprise become interesting in the light of Indian history over many years, especially Pueblo history, and of current events in other parts of the Indian Country.

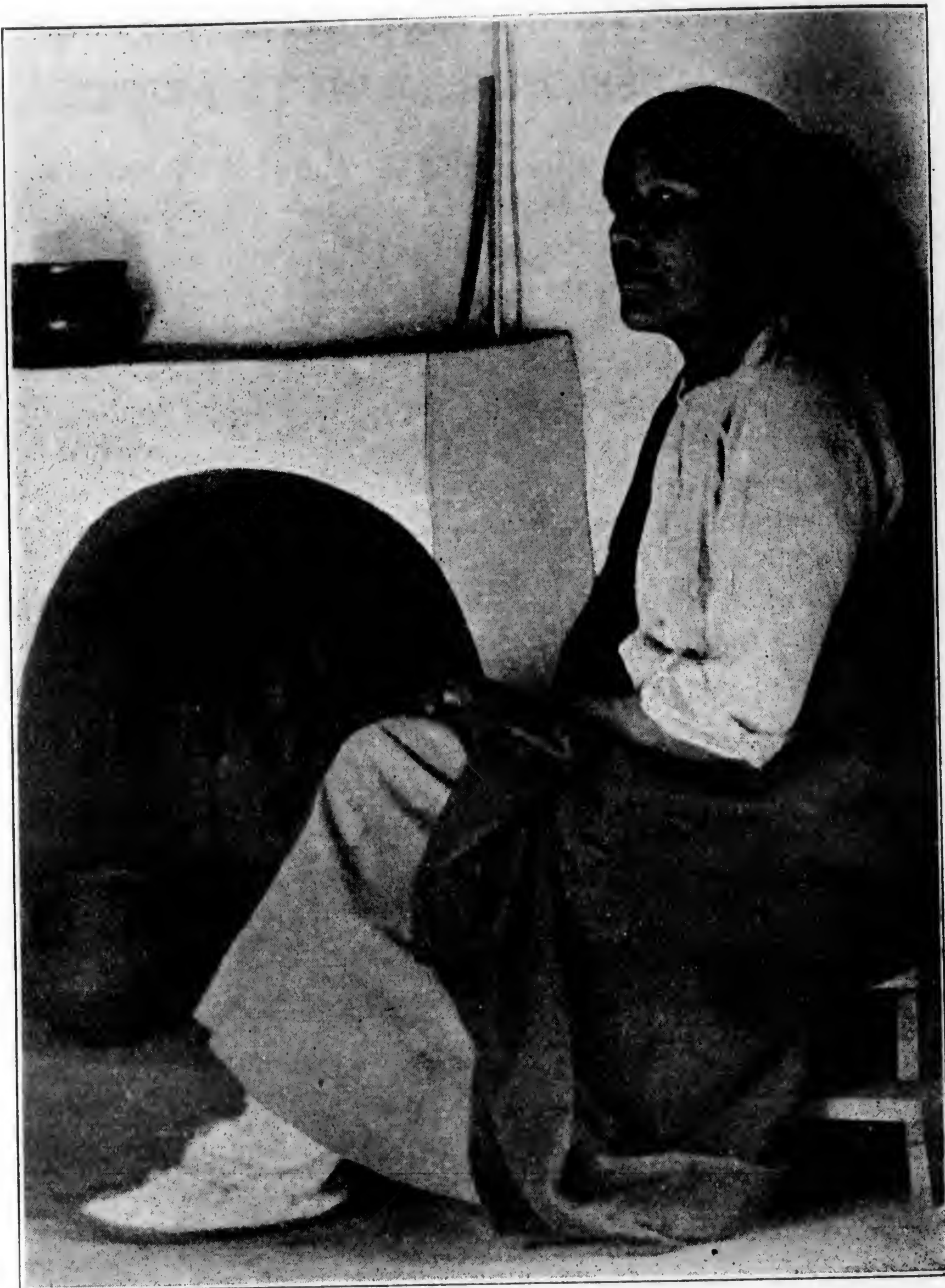
The Indian Bureau has always asserted its right and power to forbid or ignore the tribal organizations, and to institute whatever committee, chosen in whatever manner, the Bureau might desire. Tribal revolutions brought about through Bureau intrigue, bribery or open violence—*coups d'etat*—and the establishment of *de facto* tribal governments by Indian Bureau mandate, are a commonplace in Indian history and a chief cause of tribal and individual demoralization of Indians, and a preferred means of separating Indians from their property.

As the Bureau makes *de facto* governments, so at convenience it breaks them, or ignores them, establishing for its momentary purposes substitute *de facto* governments, which it construes as being authoritative for the tribes. Thus, in September last, Commissioner Burke ignored the Flathead Tribal Council, which is the "Bureau-authorized" tribal voice, and hastily granted certain authorities to the Montana Power Company because four so-called chiefs of the tribe, assembled at a meeting a hundred miles distant from the reservation, had assented to the grant.

Dancing the Puppets

Tribal puppets, danced by the Bureau, are needful when oil and land leases require tribal consent in order to be executed; when endorsements of Bureau officials or policies under attack are in demand for political use by the Bureau; above all they are needed when it is time to impress Congress that Indians want something which the Indian Bureau wants. Then they get free trips to Washington.

These facts being known to all who know anything about Indian affairs, it is revealing to observe the chairman of the Eastern Association on Indian Affairs, strenuously working to help the Bureau to achieve its flat-formed, Bureau-called and Bureau controlled "United States All Pueblo Council." It was previously revealing when the secretary of that organization ap-



JUANITA LUCERO, OF TAOS

peared at Washington in 1925 in support (with insignificant reservations) of H. R. 7826, the bill promoted by the Indian Office which would have perpetuated the Bureau's right to seize and jail Indians without legal process, and which at the same time would have outlawed the tribal authority over tribal Indians and made havoc of the tribal traditions.

The Indians' own Council of All The New Mexico Pueblos was formed, as readers already know, in 1922. It is exclusively an Indian organization, with Indian officers, responsible to the Pueblos which constitute it. This Council led the fight against the Bursum bill; and in all matters of general concern has been the meeting ground of the tribes, and their collective spokesman, through the five years gone by. Its meetings are always public, and white advisors of every cast of opinion are welcomed. The Indian Bureau is invited to its meetings; its last assembly, September 17th, was participated in by the Bureau's district superintendent for New Mexico, its superintendent for the Northern Pueblos, and its medical specialist from Santa Fe. Its forthcoming meeting will welcome the Indian Bureau.

The All Pueblo Council has repeatedly failed to agree with the Indian Bureau. Twice its delegates have gone to Washington in support of bills which the Bureau did not support and in opposition to bills which the Bureau was promoting. Leading preoccupations of the Council have been the safeguarding of Pueblo lands; the establishment of religious liberty for the tribes; the checking of the creation of beggary by tourists who throw coins to the Pueblo children; and the working out of a plan for drainage and flood-control in the Rio Grande basin, of advantage to whites and Indians alike.

Pueblos Meet the First Onslaught

In November, 1926, the Indian Bureau summoned every Pueblo governor and one other Indian from each Pueblo to attend a meeting at Santa Fe. Their expenses were paid by the Bureau. Of course they responded to the summons, and when assembled they were invited to form a United States All Pueblo Council under Bureau auspices. They likewise were invited to register themselves as favoring certain proposals which, when later examined by the tribes in the light of the contexts from which these proposals had been lifted, proved to be radically, even wildly adverse to the interests and wishes of the tribes. Indian conservatism protected the delegates, who refused to act but reported back to their own Council of All The New Mexico Pueblos. Gathering at this, their own Council, they denounced the proposals which had been offered them at Santa Fe, and so effective was their denouncement that the Indian Bureau dared not introduce into the last Congress its elaborated version of H. R. 7826, the bill which would have divested all tribal Indians of the shadowy constitutional rights granted them by the citizenship act of 1924.

Now the Bureau returns to its enterprise. The situation prior to the Indian Bureau meeting of November 9th-10th, is best described in the words of Charles F. Lummis, writing from Los Angeles to his Pueblo friends, November 5th:

"My dear Friends of the Pueblos of New Mexico:

"I understand that Mr. Meritt of the Indian Bureau has summoned a meeting of the so-called 'U. S. Pueblo Indian Council' to meet in Santa Fe, November 9th. Unfortunately I am not able to be there with you as I had the happiness to be last year. You will remember that last year Gov. Hagerman tried to get you to pass certain resolutions, and to commit yourselves to various promises or requests. You will also remember that I advised you not to commit yourselves; and that very soon afterward, we learned that Gov. Hagerman had deceived us and led us into a trap by concealing the most important truths, and leading us to believe that the resolutions which he wished you to pass would be for your benefit, whereas we found they would be very injurious to you.

"I trust that you will have Mr. Meritt and his employees understand that you will take no action in any matter at this Santa Fe meeting of the U. S. Pueblo Council, but will refer it to your own All Pueblo Council. I hope very strongly that you will not commit yourselves to any promises or any policies, either about the Rio Grande matter, or about your lands or about anything else. I hope you will not adopt any resolutions of any kind, but will take them under advisement to be considered at your own All Pueblo Council to be held later this month.

"You Indians have your own dignity and honor as the First Americans. You are entitled to stand on that dignity and preserve that honor. If the Indian Bureau really wishes to do you good in any of these matters, it certainly cannot be afraid to bring its propositions before you legally and legitimately—before the representative and deliberative body which you yourselves have constituted and maintained with so much dignity and good sense and patriotism. If the Bureau is afraid or unwilling to put its propositions to the Pueblos through this legitimate channel of The All Pueblo Council, and tries to push its plans through at its own hand-picked meeting, that is enough to show you that you should be afraid of their proposition.

"I shall be very deeply interested to learn about the outcome of this meeting; and I hope—and I have great faith—that my Indian friends will stand fast and stand true for their rights—and also for the dignity of their own representative council.

"God be with you all.

"Your Old Friend,

"CHARLES F. LUMMIS."

Similar advice was given in writing to the tribes by Mrs. H. A. Atwood of the Federated Women's Clubs, and by the Indian Defense Associations.

The November 10th Denouement

Superficially, the *denouement* was amusing rather than tragical. When Assistant Commissioner Meritt of the Indian Bureau arose to address the "United States Council" he faced not twenty but eight delegations, all except three of whom were under instruction from their tribes to take no action on any matter whatsoever. Gradually other Pueblos drifted in, desiring to watch the course of incidents. Bureau representatives in automobiles scoured the Indian Detour landscape for Indians. Commissioner Meritt telephoned an extraordinary inducement to the Taos governor but Taos never came at all. The Secretary of the Council Of All The Pueblos, from Isleta, attending as an observer, found himself pinned with a badge declaring that he was a delegate to the United States Council meeting.

Any attempted putting of the Indians on record was out of the question. Whatever designs may have been in the thought of the Indian Bureau, were neither attempted nor revealed. Instead, Commissioner Meritt announced that "the Government at Washington has no intention of interfering with your ceremonials, dances, customs, traditions, or your form of

Pueblo Government." Mr. Meritt likewise declared that no allotment of Pueblo lands would be attempted (none had been proposed), and announced the fact, made public in October, that the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District did not intend to flood the lands of San Felipe and Santo Domingo Pueblos.

Judge Richard H. Hanna, attorney for the Pueblos under the Pueblo Lands Act, stated conservatively the position of the Indians that their own Council Of All The New Mexico Pueblos must continue to be their official voice. The chairman of the Eastern Association on Indian Affairs intervened as above hinted; but no inflamed emotions were apparent except her own. She denounced Judge Hanna. Then the Indians, traveling at the expense of the Government, went home.

Such was the immediate, superficial outcome. Amusing rather than tragical. But the meaning of this renewed Bureau enterprise is not amusing. The Indian Bureau stubbornly intends that the Council Of All The New Mexico Pueblos shall cease to be heard as the Pueblos' own voice.

When in 1922 the Indian Bureau declared that all the Pueblo Indians wanted the notorious Fall-Bursum bill, no Indian collective voice could refute the absolutely false claim. Then the Council Of All The Pueblos was organized and loudly refuted the claim. When the Indian Bureau endorsed the Indian Oil Bill of 1926, whose terms would have destroyed the Pueblo claim of ownership to three-fifths of all the landed area possessed by these Indians; and when the Bureau obtained from the Navajo Tribal Council, which it created and which it controls, an endorsement of this ruinous measure; the Council Of All The New Mexico Pueblos cried out loudly against it. Zuni Pueblo, physically isolated from the general Pueblo system, attempted to meet and discuss this Bureau bill destroying the Zuni claim of ownership to every acre of Zuni land. The Bureau officials forcibly dispersed the meeting and seized the copies of the bill and the Congressional records on which the tribe was seeking to base its discussions. Zuni was silenced; but the All Pueblo Council continued to plead the Zuni cause. The Bureau's Washington officials naturally detest and fear the All Pueblo Council.

"Financed by Moscow"

The utmost reaching out by the Council to notify the Bureau's Washington officials that they are wanted and welcome at every meeting has brought nothing but silence now, and two years ago denunciation. The Council Of All The New Mexico Pueblos, according to a Bureau announcement broadcasted in 1925, is "*financed by Soviet Moscow*."

Mr. Meritt, giving a lip service to the Pueblo "ceremonials, dances, customs and form of government," spoke at the very time and place which he had chosen for striking one more blow at the Council Of All The Pueblos, the Indians' own instrument for safeguarding the ceremonials, dances, customs and form of government which he praised. (Three years ago his office was slandering them through the notorious secretly-circulated pornographic documents which are now historical.)

If the present date were ten years ago the following prediction would be a safe one. The Indian Bureau would yet again renew its effort at political control over these tribes. Again it would summon the governors to Santa Fe, paying their railroad fare and entertaining them. Again, as on November 9th, most of the Governors would heed the summons. They would go for self-protection, from curiosity, and because of the indestructible hospitality of attitude of Indians.

They would go as they went November 9th, firmly instructed by their tribes to listen but to make no commitments.

They would abide by the instructions. And then they would hear from Washington that their own actions, through their All Pueblo Council, were without meaning—without authority. For they and the public would be told that the United States All Pueblo Council had not acted. They would see smoke screens adroitly cast by the use of the existence and the non-action of the United States All Pueblo Council. Some day, two years hence or five years hence, the United States All Pueblo Council would be manoeuvred into placing itself on record. This record would contradict the maturely made record, accumulated through successive years, of the Indians' own Council Of All Of The New Mexico Pueblos. Some Indian tribes would stand by their leaders who would have been thus entrapped. Factional conflict within the All Pueblo Council thus would be instituted. The Bureau would once again have achieved its destruction of Indian organization and of the free and public voicing of Indian wishes.

It Is Not Ten Years Ago

But the present date is not ten years ago. The Indian Bureau, in its capacity as an unaccountable, devouring czar over Indians and a puppet-show operator dancing Indians to persuade Congress, has nearly reached its end. Every structure of oppression and exploitation used by the Bureau is still intact, but the exploiting engine rests on a foundation of changed public and Congressional knowledge and thought. This new foundation cannot support the old evil structure; the Indian Bureau's "system" will collapse at an early date. Indian life and liberty are not going to be dependent on lip service from Bureau headquarters in the years ahead. The Bureau will not destroy, while today publicity praising what it has so recently denounced, the tribal liberties and the good life of the Pueblos. *And to attend or not attend the Bureau's fiat council, will be of neutral significance to the Pueblo tribes. The Indian Bureau as now known will not exist.*

The Indians and their distant friends owe gratitude to faithful friends in New Mexico. In a perplexing crisis, as so often before, these friends gave wise council at much cost of time. Among them were Charles Fahy and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Barker, Mrs. Alice C. Myers and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Cassidy, and Mrs. Mabel Luhan. Especially is the Indian gratitude due to Charles Fahy; and to Judge R. H. Hanna whose service is mentioned above.



ALVINO LUJAN, OF TAOS

PIMA INDIANS: TO LIVE OR TO DIE?

Next year the Pima Indians will at last have water for their land. These Indians number 4,000. They are entitled to water from the nearly finished Coolidge dam, to provide for 40,000 allotted acres.

The Pimas once had water; they lost it through neglects by the Guardian. Now they will have water again. Will they lose it again, and promptly, once more through neglects by the Guardian?

The situation is elementary. Through losing their water, the Pimas, an ancient farming tribe, have been nearly or quite destitute for several years. They have no capital with which to get their allotments in shape for appropriating the water which will be available next year.

Being Indians under guardianship, they are not free to mortgage their land to obtain capital. Neither can they mortgage their future crops.

Not having capital, and thus failing to appropriate the water, the Pimas will lose to the whites the right to the water, just as they did before.

Is it the purpose of the Indian Bureau that these Indians shall lose the water, or keep it? Does the Bureau want to see the Pimas prosper and hold their water and land, or plunge again into destitution and heart-break, with the accompanying sensational death rate?

The Bureau will answer this question at once. It must answer it whether it wants to or not. If the Bureau asks Congress for adequate money, loaned reimbursably to the Pimas to be used in preparing their lands for the water, that means a genuine wish by the Bureau for the Pimas to keep their water and to

survive. If the Bureau refuses to ask Congress for the money, that means that the Bureau wants the Pimas to lose their water to white men, and perish. The sum required is about \$100,000. That amount is necessary if the Pimas are to utilize the Coolidge dam water, stored and transported at a cost of \$5,500,000. The Coolidge dam appropriation was made by Congress primarily in order to give a belated chance for life to the Pima tribe.

The Reverend Dirk Lay, whose efforts were largely instrumental in getting the appropriations for the Coolidge dam, has been informed that the Indian Bureau does not intend to act in the present emergency. If the Administration requests the appropriation, Congress will grant it without discussion.

What does the Indian Bureau want? That the Pimas shall lose their water, and with it their last hope, or that they shall keep their water, and shall live?

For the Indian portraits, we are indebted to Mrs. Clare S. Eddards, of 2345 Larkin St., San Francisco. Mrs. Eddards has lived not near but within Taos Pueblo. Enlarged and softly printed copies of these and other Indian portraits can be obtained from the artist for \$2.00 each.

THE DRAMA OF BLUE LAKE

What is the right word for Assistant Commissioner Edgar F. Meritt's threat to the Taos tribe, when he was seeking to persuade Taos to enroll itself in and subject itself to the bureau-controlled "United States All Pueblo Council"?

A deep vista into Indian life is opened by the situation which gave menace to the threat, quoted below. And the answer by Taos was worthy of Indian or of Roman tradition.

From Taos Pueblo a deep canyon leads back 28 miles to Blue Lake. There, at 11,500 feet elevation, is the mystic church of the tribe. The church was not built by hands; it is the cold blue lake, the dark trees where the tree-line ends, and the plunging declivities reflected in the water.

For unknown ages, Taos Pueblo asserted the exclusive ownership of the canyon and the lake. The tribal stock grazed in the canyon. No smallest pollution or defacement was ever permitted at the lake. All the Pueblo's drinking water comes from the lake, which thus is a municipal reservoir in addition to being the temple where the Indians' holiest traditional ceremonies are performed.

Spain carefully respected the Pueblo's exclusive right to the canyon and the lake. But our own Congress was uninformed. The Indian Bureau left Congress uninformed. The canyon and the lake were not made a reservation, but were incorporated in the national forest. During four years of Edgar F. Meritt's tenure as Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs (years when he entirely dominated the Indian situation), from 1914 to 1918, it was still in the President's power to make an executive order reservation of Blue Lake and Pueblo Canyon, thus safeguarding them for the Indians. The Department of Agriculture had no objection. The Indian Bureau made no move. By moving its finger it could have insured the result.

Then, 1918, Congress ended the President's power to create executive reservations.

Meantime, the Department of Agriculture had gone as far as it had power, in establishing the Indian rights. It had granted, through administrative act, the exclusive use of the lake and the canyon to the Pueblo. But such grant can neither have permanence, nor can be effectually exclusive; and can give no protection against mining claims. Technically the Forestry Bureau, not the tribe, has jurisdiction and must deal with trespassers. The Forestry Bureau is under-staffed and cannot regulate the uses of the lake.

Hence increasing numbers of fishermen and campers have invaded Blue Lake. All sanitary rules are ignored. The lake, already defaced on its shores, is threatened with pollution. A single typhoid carrier may at any time infect the whole Taos tribe by carelessness at Blue Lake.

The remedy lies with Congress, which can estop the operation of the mining-concession law for this tiny area and can make the area an Indian reservation. Then, possessing the authority, the Indians will completely protect the lake.

The Forestry Bureau are eager to cooperate in persuading Congress. Will the Indian Bureau cooperate? If yes, then the problem is solved; if no, then the bureau's power to block legislation in the House will delay the result for years and will possibly doom the Taos Indians to an epidemic.

Such is the background. And the following were Mr. Meritt's words, seeking to drive the Taos Indians into his United States Pueblo Council:

"I have been working on the Blue Lake problem and am just ready to take it before Congress, but if the Taos Indians do not feel like showing me and the Secretary of the Interior the courtesy of coming to the United States All Pueblo Council meeting, I won't feel like going any further in the matter."

The Taos Governor and Council feel as intensely, and with as much practical reason, about the Blue Lake question, as Southern California feels about Boulder dam. But they had notified the Indian Bureau that they would not be enrolled in the United States All Pueblo Council; that they welcomed the Bureau at the Council Of All The Pueblos, would always welcome it at Taos, and needed its help, but could not betray themselves, their fellow tribesmen and their race.

So the Taos delegates went to Santa Fe, stayed away from Mr. Meritt's United States Council meeting, and interviewed him immediately after it. Mr. Meritt was in a great hurry; he could not discuss details with them; and later he visited Taos and is reported to have abstained from any undertakings about Blue Lake or the canyon.

This winter Mr. Meritt will be asked:

"Do you believe that justice should be done the Taos Indians, and that their health should be safeguarded, or do you believe in justice and health for Indians when and only when they submit to your arbitrary fiat, in whatever unrelated matter? Does Blue Lake interest you as a subject of intrinsic importance, or as a means of exerting duress on the Taos tribe?"

The incident, aside from its burning importance to the best-known of all the Pueblo tribes, throws light on the Indian Bureau's methods with tribes generally and particularly with the New Mexico tribes at this moment.

THE PUEBLO LANDS OPERATIONS

The Pueblo Lands work goes ahead with increasing complications of activity. Jemes, Zia, Tesuque, Nambe and Taos have been completed by the Land Board. The adjudications at Sandia are practically finished.

Two important items bearing on the situation of all the Pueblos are here mentioned.

The Federal District Court has announced that it will hold that settlers claiming Pueblo lands under the terms of the Pueblo Lands Act, must prove the payment of taxes through years gone by. The Indian Defense Associations and the Indians had insisted that such was the meaning of the Pueblo Lands Act. The Pueblo Lands Board has been doubtful. The court broadly sustains the Indian contention. The material gain to the Indians will be large; for many adverse claimants have not paid taxes as required.

The same court has created general surprise by denying to the Pueblos the right to intervene in court to supplement the pleas of the Government, and the further right, which had been believed to be explicitly established by the Pueblo Lands Act, to bring independent suits in those cases where they were not prepared to accept the findings of the Lands Board. Appeals from this second group of rulings will be pressed in the Circuit Court by Messrs. Hanna and Wilson, attorneys for the Pueblos. Little doubt is entertained as to the result. In the unlikely event that the higher court should sustain the District Court, the constitutionality of the Pueblo Lands Act would probably be destroyed unless, by amendment, Congress could make its intention so overwhelmingly clear that no court could disregard the Congressional mandate.

Between the Pueblo Lands Board, Mr. Cochrane, attorney for the Indian Bureau, Mr. Fraser, assistant attorney-general, and Messrs. Hanna & Wilson, attorneys for the Indians under the Pueblo Lands Act, close and cordial cooperation is maintained. The need of attorneys

for the Indians has now passed out of controversy, and their large usefulness to the Pueblo Lands Board and to the executive departments is attested by those official bodies.

The whole task of financing and directing this legal aid to the Indians rests on the Indian Defense Associations. It is the major financial obligation of the Associations.

Do you care about Indians? Or about justice to our country's wards? Reading this bulletin and its supplement, you will know that the crisis of a long struggle is at hand.

Funds are needed for the national legislative campaign. Funds are needed for the Pueblo and other legal aid. Funds are needed for the California Indian services. And they are needed for getting facts and publishing them.

Help the Indians by joining the Association or by contributing what you can. The National Treasurer is Fred M. Stein, 270 Madison Ave., New York. The Treasurer for Southwest and California Indian work and Pueblo legal aid is Max L. Rosenberg, 334 California Street, San Francisco.

THE PROMISE WHICH IS A SKULL AND CROSSBONES

Assistant Commissioner Edgar B. Meritt at Santa Fe, November 9th, promised the Indians that hereafter the Indian Bureau will not interfere with Pueblo religions, ceremonies or tribal self-rule.

What does his promise mean? Why did he make it? Will his promise be lived up to by the Bureau?

There is an important item of history which bears on these questions.

In 1921, the Indian Bureau was preparing the Bursum Indian bill. That bill, confiscating the Pueblo land titles for the benefit of white settlers, met with nation-wide opposition in 1922; the Pueblos themselves, in 1922, led the opposition to the Bureau's bill.

And in 1921, the Interior Department and Indian Bureau made exceptional efforts to satisfy and completely win to themselves the New Mexico pueblos.

Secretary Fall made the following written promise, June 17th, 1921:

"Proper instructions will be issued to all Government agents. These instructions will be to the effect that *no interference will be permitted with your tribal or Pueblo customs, elections, etc.*"

Thereafter, Commissioner Burke went to the Pueblo country. He assiduously cultivated the Pueblos, as Mr. Meritt recently has done. He gave many assurances. "In the near future we will be able to do something for you very substantial."

All this was made of record by Commissioner Burke in the printed hearings of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, January 15th, 1923. In the same statement, Mr. Burke explains how the Indian Bureau drew up the Bursum bill.

The Interior Department, endorsing the Bursum bill, informed Congress that "the Indians were satisfied with it." Actually, as the record proved, the Indians had never been consulted regarding the bill; knew nothing about it; but—

They learned about it, after the Senate had actually passed the bill on false representations and before the Senate recalled the bill on motion of Senator Borah. And in spite of Secretary Fall's and Commissioner Burke's promises about religious and tribal liberty plus undefined vast future favors, the Pueblos denounced the Bursum bill, and waged a finish-fight against it.

Scraps of Paper and a Whip

Then what took place? Events moved quickly indeed. On February 14, 1923, the religious and tribal liberty promise fluttered down the wind in

many scraps of paper. Commissioner Burke transmitted to all Bureau Superintendents the first of his instructions about Indian religions. They were recommendations," the main features of which may be heartily endorsed," among which main features were:

"That the Indian dances be limited to one in each month in the daylight hours of one day in the midweek, and at one center of each district; the months of March, April, June, July and August being excepted. (No dances in these months).

"That none take part in the dances or be present who are under 50 years of age.

"That a careful propaganda be undertaken to educate public opinion against the (Indian religious) dance."

And Then, Secret Defamation

The propaganda was undertaken. Its form was a *dossier* of unprintable, highly pornographic statements purporting to show the wickedness of the Indian religions. These statements, collected under Bureau auspices, on orders from Bureau headquarters, were photostated and privately handed to editors, church leaders and others.

Then on February 24th, 1923, Commissioner Burke broadcasted his "Message to All Indians." It went to every Superintendent in the Southwest. "I could issue an order against these useless and harmful performances," Mr. Burke stated. "But I would rather have you give them up of your own free will. If at the end of a year the reports show that you reject this plea, then some other course will have to be taken."

The "useless and harmful performances" were the Pueblo religious ceremonies dealt with in Secretary Fall's written promise of 1921. The Pueblos did not "of their own free will" give up their ceremonies. The year passed; and then, at Taos, fell the next blow. It was struck by Commissioner Burke and Secretary Work in person, at the Pueblo. The Indians were prohibited from withdrawing their boys temporarily from school for education in the Pueblo religion. That same year, the other part of the Interior Department pledge was thrown to the winds—the pledge to cease interfering with Pueblo elections, and to respect the tribal institutions. The Zuni tribal government was overthrown by intrigue and by open threats and violent acts by the Bureau functionaries at Zuni. And the whole governing body of Taos Pueblo was placed under arrest.

The active drive by the Bureau against the Pueblo religions and institutions was continued through the Spring of 1926. The renewal of the drive in 1926 coincided with the fight of the Pueblos against the Bureau's bill H.R. 7826, a bill destroying tribal custom and authority and giving the Bureau power in law to arrest and imprison any Indian, in its discretion, with no court review, for terms up to six months and fine of \$100 or both. The

Pueblos' fight against the Bureau's Indian Oil bill, which denied the Pueblo claim to ownership of three-fifths of the Pueblo landed area, was likewise under way when the renewed onslaught against tribal religious freedom was begun in 1926.

Such, greatly abbreviated, is the history of the great PROMISE OF 1921, made in the process of winning the Pueblos to support the Bursum bill, and instantly broken when they refused to support the Bursum bill.

And the Broken Pledge Is Made Again

Now has begun the renewed intensive cultivation of the Pueblos by the Bureau. Trump card in the game: Promise the Pueblos what they most want. That is civic and religious liberty. As in 1921, the card is now played.

What is it, specifically, that the Bureau seeks today?

That is partly told in the article about Mr. Meritt's Santa Fe meeting. The establishment of political dominance over the Indian would have many uses to the Bureau. The use which connects most directly with the Bureau's renewal of its broken and flaunted promise, is nothing other than the following, of concern to every American citizen:

Legislation has been and will be pressed at Washington, transferring from the Indian Bureau to the Federal courts the jurisdiction over Indian conduct; repealing the espionage laws through which the Bureau is able at will to herd Indians along any chosen road; granting to Indians due process of law and the constitutional protections.

This legislation, promoted by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Indian Defense bodies and by many members of Congress, is being fought bitterly by the Indian bureau.

The Pueblos have demanded this legislation. Their voice is heard at Washington and by the public.

The Bureau insists: "Indians do not need legal protection; they need no Constitutional rights; I, the Bureau, am Father in spirit as well as in legal authority, I am their benevolent protector as well as their owner. I need not, I will brook not, any restriction on my power." The Bureau, as stated, fights against these liberating and safeguarding bills, overtly and covertly.

And the Skull Grins and Crossbones Rattle

And now, to the Indians, who demand a religious liberty guarded by the Constitution and by law, the Bureau, fighting against such grant of liberty, renews its promise—its broken, soiled and flaunted promise. *And the Bureau knows that the Indians know what unsaid thing is behind the promise. It knows that they understand the threat: "Go with me as I say, or else the opposite of my promise shall be visited upon you."* For the Bureau knows that the Indians have not forgotten what happened, after the famous promise of 1921, when the Pueblos resisted the Bureau on the Bursum bill.

"GOD'S DRUM"

Hartley Alexander, the author of "Manitou Masks," has produced, in "God's Drum," a book noble in all parts, lovely and profound in some parts. Dutton and Company are the publishers. The illustrations, audacious and successful, are by Anders John Alexander.

"God's Drum" is a rendition of the Indian spirit, through free verse and conventional verse. The poems are not translations, but embodiments and expressions of the author's own. The rhymed and conventional verse is eminently *not* successful; as verse it is bad, and the unwieldy medium blocks the movement of the spirit. The free verse, more than half the entire volume, plentifully compensates. The title poem is quoted.

"The circle of the earth is the head of a great drum;
With the day it moves upward—booming;
With the night it moves downward—booming;
The day and night are its song.

"I am very small, as I dance upon the drum-head;
I am like a particle of dust, as I dance upon the drum-head;
Above me in the sky is the shining ball of the drumstick.

"I dance upward with the day;
I dance downward with the night;
Some day I shall dance afar into space like a particle of dust.

"Who is the Drummer who beats upon the earth-drum?
Who is the Drummer who makes me dance his song?"

Issued on Behalf of the American Defense Association, Inc., and Its Branches, by the Indian Defense Associations of California

The Indian Defense Associations have a united National Program. They are governed locally by autonomous Boards of Directors. They invite members within their respective areas. The officers of the American Indian Defense Association, Inc., are Haven Emerson, M. D., President; John Collier, Executive Secretary, and Fred M. Stein, Treasurer. The treasurer of the Pueblo Legal Aid Fund and the Fund for California and Southwest Indian Work is Max L. Rosenberg, Treasurer of the Central and Northern California Branch.

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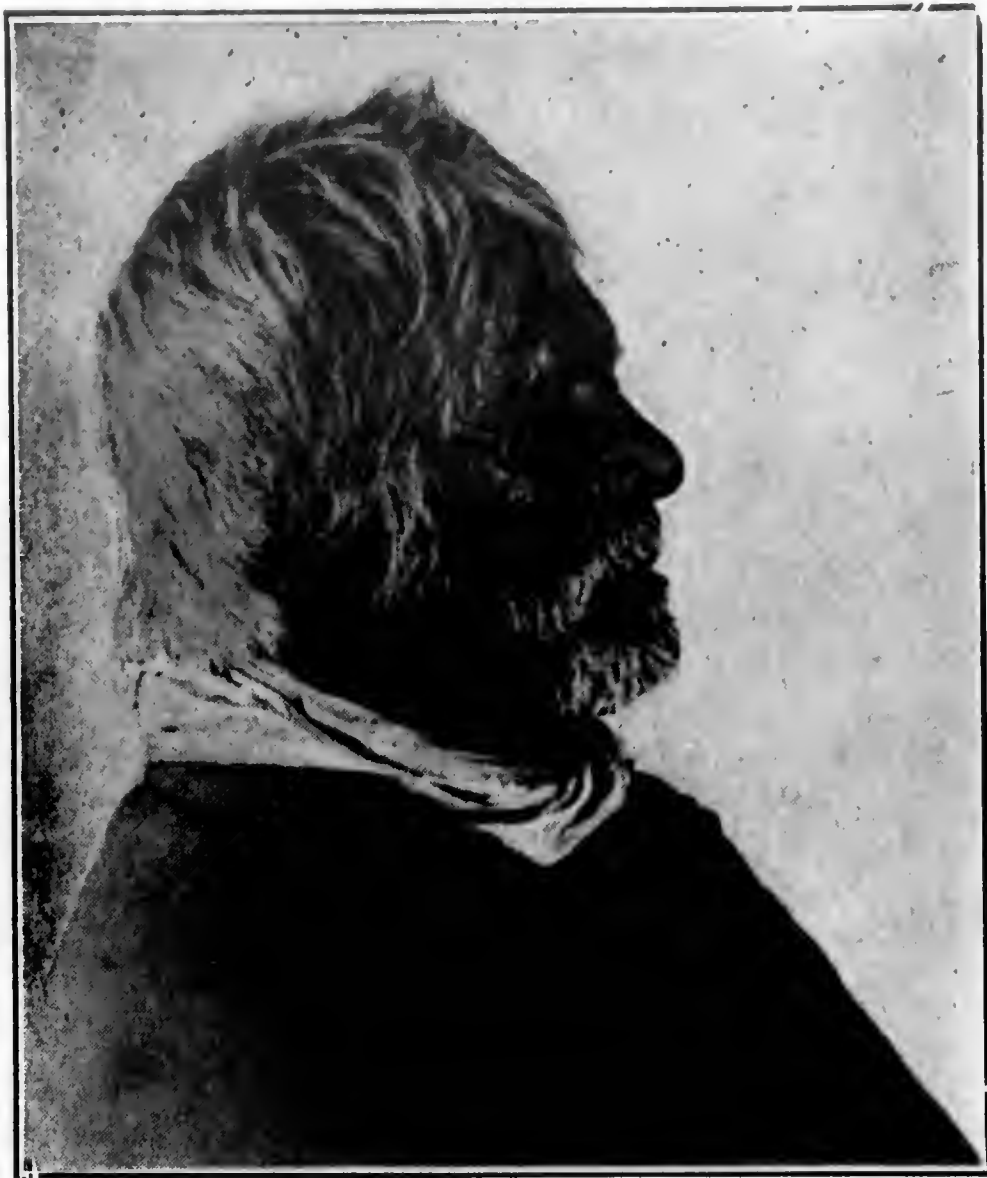
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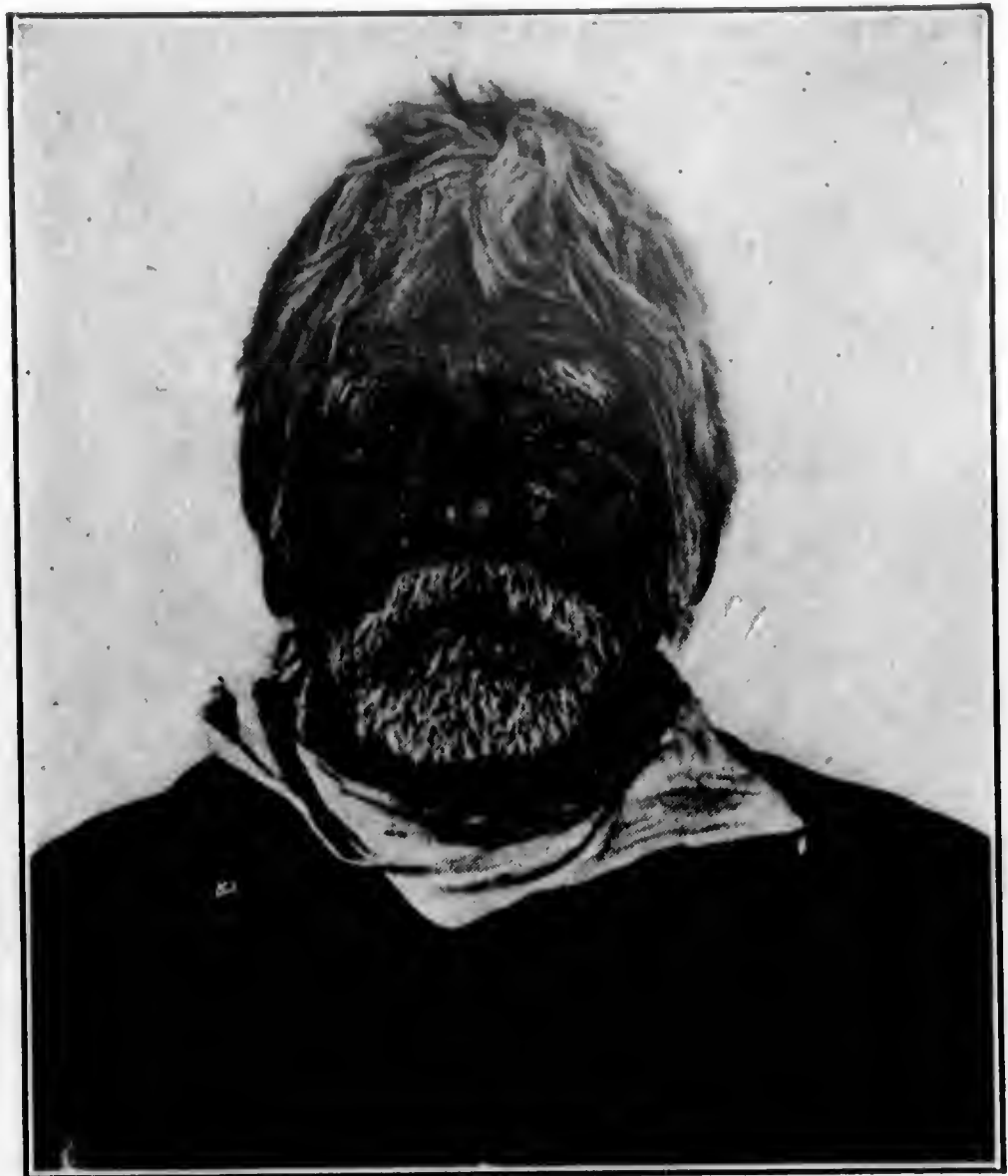
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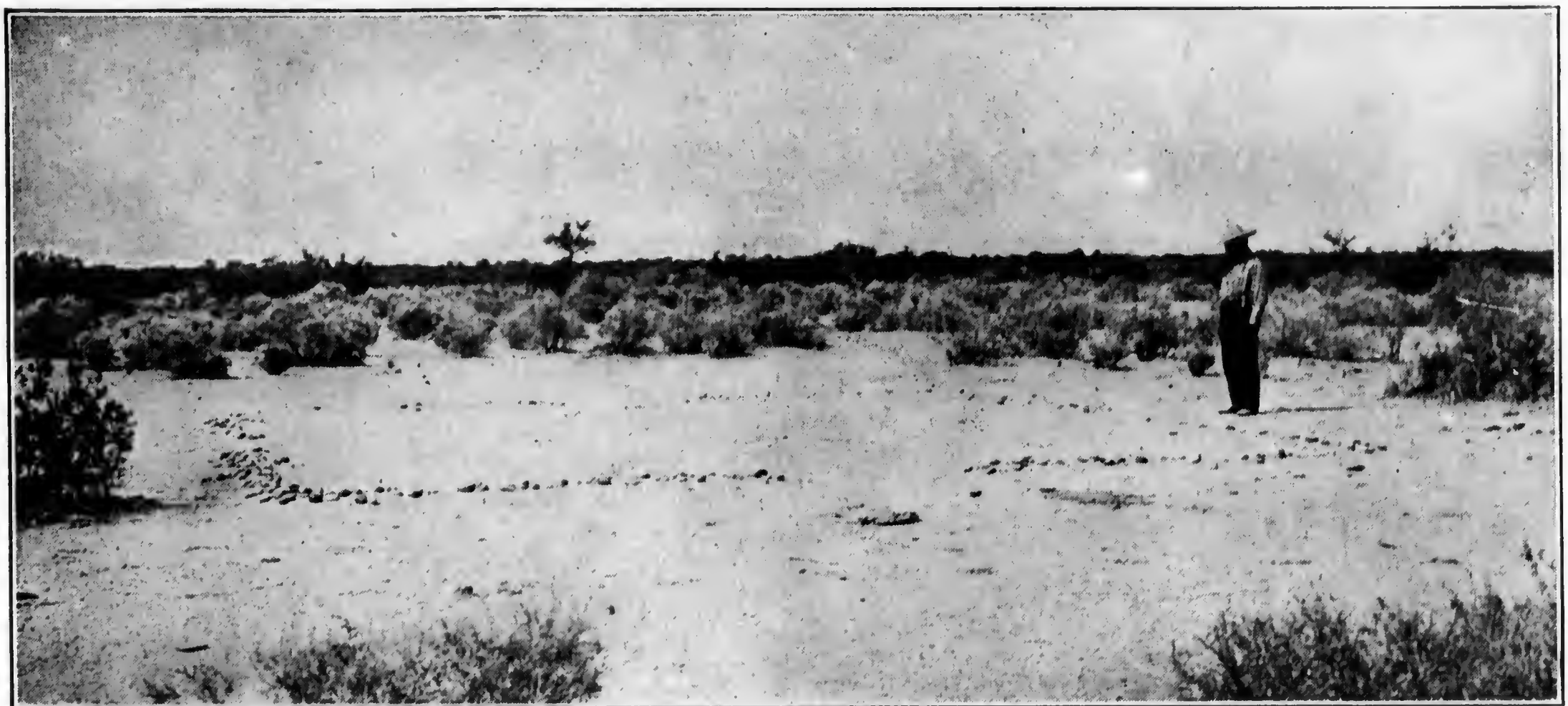
SCENES FROM PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA



MARICOPA ANTOINE



MARICOPA ANTOINE



GRAVE AT STATANYIK

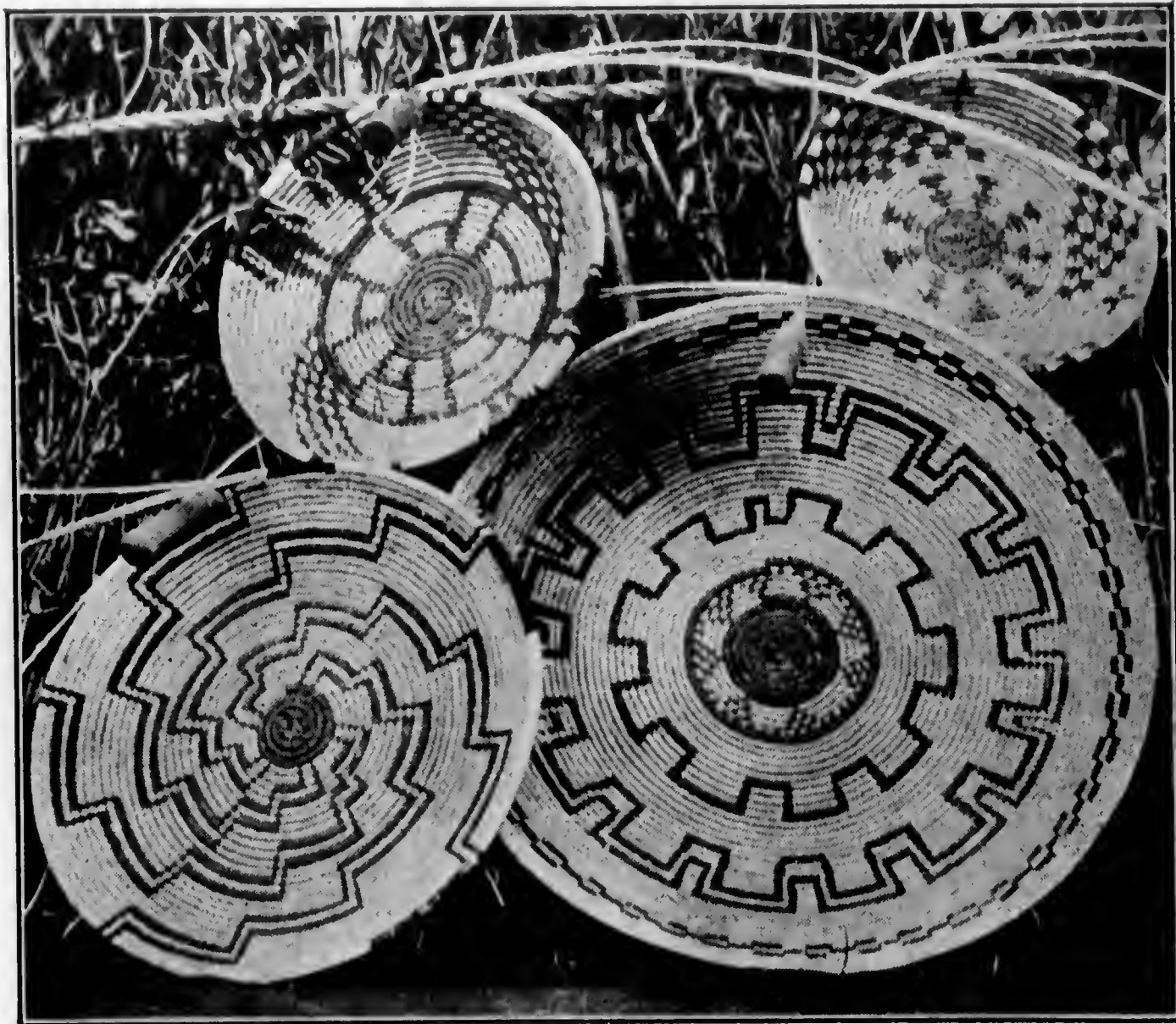


STOREHOUSE AND WAGON SHED



FRAMEWORK OF HOUSE

The Redman - April 1913.



YAVAPAI BASKETS



PIMA INDIAN RESERVATION, ARIZONA—SHRINE NEAR DOUBLE BUTTES

NATIVE AMERICAN

ENTERED AT THE PHOENIX POSTOFFICE
ARIZONA AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Printed weekly by pupils of the Phoenix Indian School
25c per Year.

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Phoenix and Elsewhere  
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Miss Chingren took supper at the club Thursday evening.

Mr. J. O. Barnd came over last week for medicine for a sick child.

A new Underwood typewriter has been received for use in the main office.

Mr. J. B. Alexander of Sacaton came over last Monday to consult Supervisor Newton.

Mr. C. I. Stacey, farmer in charge of the Maricopa reservation, was on the grounds yesterday.

Commissioner Leupp left Tuesday morning en route for Washington, D. C. Supervisor Newton left Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Linderman spent part of Saturday and Sunday at the school. They report everything quiet at Gila Crossing.

Carroll Rhodes celebrated his eleventh birthday yesterday and had a number of his young friends in in the evening for ice-cream.

"The Bohemian Girl" at the Arizona School of Music, was enjoyed by a number of our people Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

The evening classes have been discontinued for the warm weather, with the exception of the Tuesday evening classes and the Sunday evening meeting.

Mrs. Alice Smith of Deming, N. M., is visiting her sister, Miss Gould. Miss Gould is much improved in health and will soon be her accustomed self.

Some excellent photographs of groups of children are now on sale at the main office at thirty cents each.

Rev. Mr. Campbell of Phoenix preached with his usual force at the open air service last Sunday and held the attention of the pupils closely. His text was "Watch ye."

Dr. White left Wednesday morning to attend the physician's convention at Prescott, where he made an address on trachoma illustrated with charts. He returned Friday.

Miss Lucretia T. Ross leaves soon to accept the position of nurse-at-large, working under the immediate direction of Dr. J. C. Murphy, whom she will meet at Albuquerque on the 26th. inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Downing of Phoenix will favor the school with readings from their poems this evening in the chapel. Miss Belle Smith will sing Mendelssohn's Spring Song and the school orchestra will play.

Mr. William M. Peterson, special allotting agent, was visiting at the school yesterday. He is at present engaged in allotting the Indians on the extension to the Navaho reservation with headquarters near St. Michaels.

The industrial cottage has been improved by the addition of a screened kitchen. New screened porches are being built at the small boys' quarters and at the quarters of Mr. and Mrs. Venne. The carpenters are also laying a new porch floor at the girls' building.

The minstrel show was produced again last evening for the especial benefit of the small children who enjoyed it hugely in common with the other spectators who were each charged an admission fee of ten cents, the proceeds to be used for a spread for the company. The costuming was an improvement over the former show and the acts were equally funny.

almost the same as the Navaho weave blankets—only these are finer and lighter in weight. A sash woven of red, green and black yarn is worn about the waist which makes the dress tidy. A blanket similar to that of the dress is worn as we wear shawls and she never thinks of leaving the house without it. A smaller blanket is worn about the house during the day and in place of that they now use bright hued calico. Moccasins are worn attached to buckskin which is wrapped around the legs as far as the knees.

Unlike others tribes, the girls of this one have a peculiar way of putting up the hair. It is parted evenly in the middle, then folded and tied until it can stay firm, then the ends are pulled together so that it forms a butterfly. These coils are the pride of a maiden's heart. As the girl grows older, the coils are made larger in comparison with those of the younger girls and although put up in the same way, these larger coils are fixed in an upright position. After her marriage the whorls are not worn for only unmarried girls can wear them.

These people have not yet ceased to worship Nature and still cling to their faith.

The whole year round ceremonies are going on among these sympathetic people. In different parts of the year they have certain kinds of dances which they believe will help them. As spring approaches, the dance priests are in attendance and as soon as planting time comes, they call for dances, for now there is a demand for water for the plants. At these ceremonies they offer prayers through the dancers, believing that they will send rain. All kachina dances, in which only men participate, are sacred and at these dances prayers are offered through sacred meal and feathers. All of these kachina dances are not of the same kind and are known by different names. For each kind they have a way of ornamenting themselves with paint and feathers and their singing differs a little. They go through their dancing in a single line, keeping step to the sound of the song, of rattles and bells. It is their way of thanking the Creator. I have not learned everything about them so I can give only a brief description. The flute dances and snake dances occur on alternate years. The snake dance is perhaps the only ceremony among these Indians that calls crowds of people from almost all parts of the country. Crowds and crowds of tourists each year witness the ceremony as it comes. Most people are already familiar with it. The harvest dance, basket dance, butterfly dance and a dozen or more other dances are mostly for pleasure. I am

sorry I never had the chance to see these after I grew older.

Though belonging to the same tribe and talking the same language, the Hopi live separately, located on three different mesas, a number of families joined together thus forming seven villages.

Today the art of pottery making exists in all the Indian pueblos as it did among ancient people which we have read of in history.

The women at the first mesa have the art of making pottery and those at the second and third mesas are engaged in basketry. Earthenware vessels are not only at the present date to be seen in the houses of these pueblos, but if you fancy to take an extended trip to the ruins of the cliff dwellings you will find fragments of pottery like that of the present and you will say that the art was practiced many centuries ago.

I have often taken delight in watching my own grandmother make jars and paint pictures on them, but did not have sense enough to ask if there were any meaning to the pictures. I often regret now that I did not ask her the meaning of all designs on the pottery.

In reading the reports of the Smithsonian, I have found the meaning of a few of them and shall interpret them to you. The first drawing, (on p. 219) showing the curved lines having the form of a scallop with a straight line underneath means clouds. As I have already mentioned the needs of water on the fields and since they depend only on the rain for water, they make this design on pottery and use it for the decoration of their faces in all their dances. They put the same painting on the altar and with the sacred meal make pictures of the clouds on the dirt floor around the altar. Fig. 2 is another view of the clouds, similar to the first one, with the exception that this has short vertical lines, showing the descent of the rain. Fig. 3 is another view of the clouds with the rain falling and the lightning passing from cloud to cloud. The black figure with the zig-zag line represents the body of the thunder.

The lightning is represented also in Fig. 4. Fig. 5 represents first, the bud of the squash, the lower figure conventionalized, and second the east peak of the San Francisco mountains, presaging the coming rain. Fig. 6 is a design I knew from childhood—the rain bird—a rain emblem, since during the seasons of sufficient rainfall, little birds surround the villages and the fields. Fig. 7 is the sign for water—interlocked fingers, conventionalized above. In Fig. 8 are represented the sun and stars. The next figure (9) represents "the woman's head

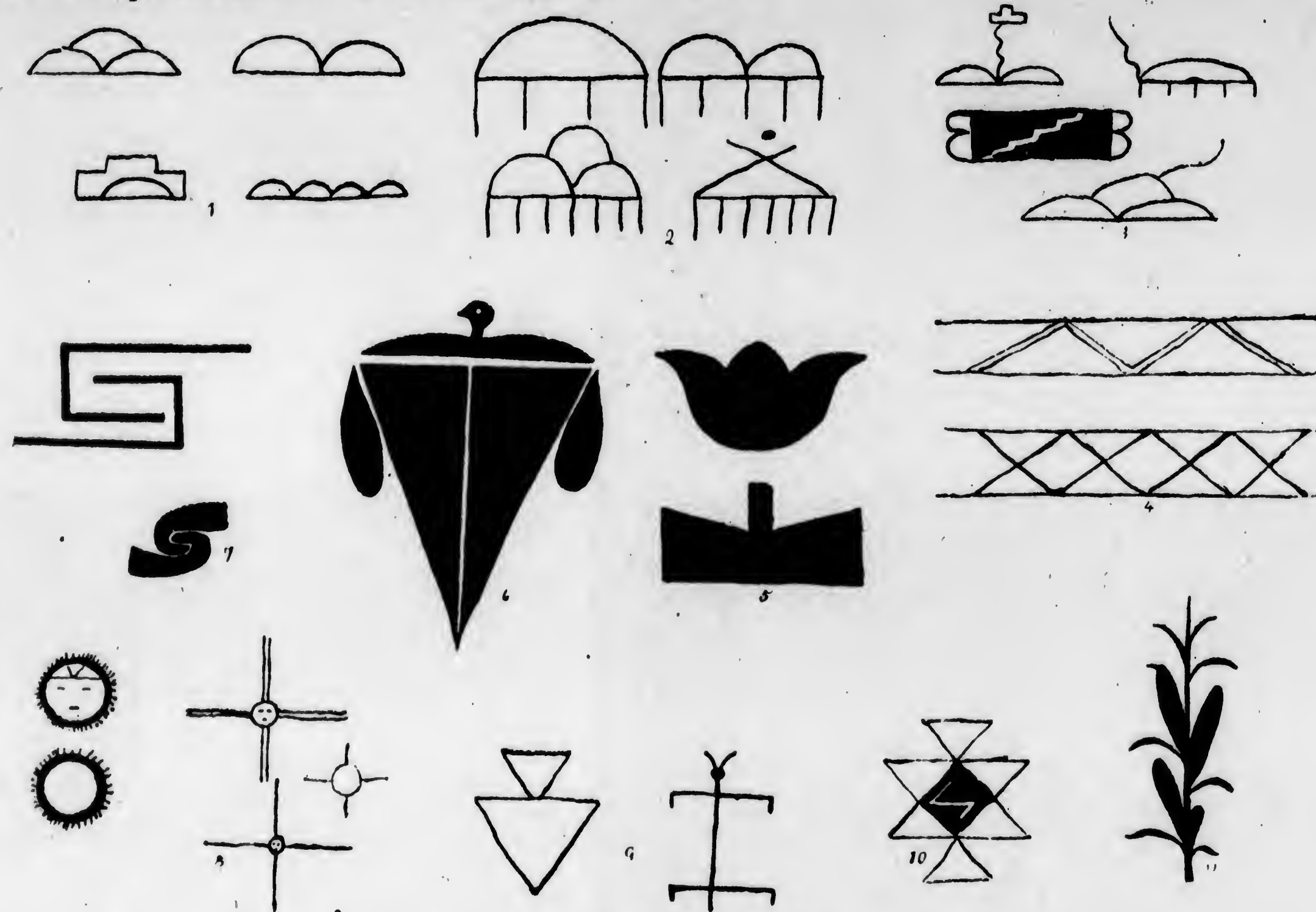
and body." Fig. 10 also represents a woman, the breath sign being shown in the interior. The figure between these two represents a mythical youth, who having been sacrificed reappeared a long time afterward in the form of a gigantic dragon-fly and brought plenteous rain after a great drought.

Fig. 11 is the emblem of the corn, the Hopi's chief food. The pollen is used in religious ceremonies.

The Hopi are now considered as barbarians. Since they have come under the control of the United States Government they are slowly coming into contact with civilized life and do not need much persuasion to send their children

ways. Today our race has given up not only its superstitious customs but also many of its legends and beautiful songs which we love so well.

They are of great value to us because they tell of the happiness, joys, longings and love of our people, as well as their hard struggles. Today in our own homes some of us are not allowed to sing the Indian songs. If we do we are thought to be very impolite or rude. They prefer to hear us sing the English songs. Had the white people let the Pima have their dances and songs, like other tribes, the songs would be of more value to them than the white man's.



Hopi Pottery Designs.

to school. They have learned that the laws of the country must be obeyed and that they may no longer remain as barbarians but may have civilization.

Hauk, the Witch of the Mountain

A Pima Story, By Emily Allison.

THIS story has been told for generations among the Pima and is a very popular one. The old Indians urge the younger ones to pass it on to their children. Some of these stories contain many truths.

Ever since the schools have been established and the Indians have come under the control of the government, most all have dropped their own ways and have accepted the white man's

Lately the white people have begun to realize the beauty of our songs and legends and to urge us to write them.

There are a great many of the Pima boys and girls who know this story which I am going to tell you and may be know it better than I do.

Long, long ago there lived a beautiful woman, and a daughter was born to her. After the child had grown to be three or four years old she used to go out to play with the other children, but she quarreled with them. She would scratch them and make them cry. When she was older she was worse than before, and so the people had to send her away. She went up into the mountains where she found a cave

and there she made a home. "Hauk," as the people called her, was tall and lean, with long fingers and nails as sharp as claws, and her hair was long and black. She used to come down from the mountains and steal children and babies, place them in her burden basket and carry them off to her home. Here she would put them into a hole which she had made in the rock and pound them to death. She always ate the children and liked the flesh of human beings. The people had a great dread of her and had often planned how they might capture and destroy her. At last they planned to have a dance to which they would invite her. She refused the first, the second and the third time but the fourth time she accepted the invitation. When she came to the dance she wore a dress of human bones which she had chopped up into fine pieces and woven into a garment. She joined with the village people and the dance was kept up for four days.

Just before the dawn of the fourth day she fell exhausted to the ground. This was the very opportunity for which they were looking. A man named Surrahur took her on his back and carried her to her cave where the women were already piling wood to burn her. She was placed in the cave, the wood was piled in and then set on fire. The crowd then formed a circle and began to dance for joy while they heard the wild screams of the burning Hauk. She soon perished in the flames and there was great rejoicing among the people. After the fire had gone down all the children in the village went up to see what was left of her, and they found some of her bones which they took home.

In the same village lived a poor woman whose two grandchildren had gone up and found some of her burned blood which they took home to their grandmother. The old woman placed the burned blood under an earthen dish. In a few days she told the boys to look under the dish, and what do you suppose they found? They found two beautiful birds of which they were very proud. The other people began to be very jealous of them and tried in every way they could to get the birds away from the boys.

One day some of them planned to kill the boys and that very night their grandmother heard of it. She told the boys how to save themselves and they at once started on a journey toward the south, a long distance. As they were resting one day their enemies came upon them. The boys let the birds go and turned themselves into cacti and the birds flew high up in the mountains where they were out of reach.

The Indians say that the farther south you go the more beautiful birds you will find. We know this to be true for we have studied in the geography that in the warm, tropical countries there are many beautiful birds.

Today in one of the mountains in the Papago country south of Tucson is pointed out by the members of the Pima tribe the place where old Hauk lived. The very spot is shown where she made her abode and a mark in the rocks shows her exact height.

The Commissioner's Farewell.

To the Editor of the NATIVE AMERICAN:

May I beg enough space to express my gratitude to the Phoenix Indian school, from Superintendent Goodman down to the humblest member of its personnel, for the kindness shown me during my nearly three weeks' sojourn here. I came to try to solve a vital problem which confronted the institution, yet dreaded the tax which might be laid upon my strength and impede my recovery from the nervous breakdown of last winter.

In twenty-four hours my misgivings were dispelled. The unobtrusive consideration which is the basis of all pure hospitality has been dealt out by you in abundance, and as abundantly appreciated on my part. I have been excused from all formal obligations, spared every possible contact which might wear upon jaded nerves, protected from all interference with the recluse existence through which alone lay the path to sound health, and afforded every facility for working when I felt equal to work and resting when nature demanded rest. It pleases me beyond measure to be able to say that my visit here has done more to build me up, and fasten my optimism in its old accustomed place, than any corresponding period since I was forced to begin taking care of myself.

For the grace of their thoughtfulness, not less than for its fruits, I thank all my good friends, and remain,

As ever, theirs,

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

Phoenix, May 17, 1909.

their homes in Minnesota until 1862, but were driven out on account of the massacre, the failure of the "medicine men," and glory of Christianity were published among all the lands of the Sioux nation.

In 1862 there was not a single resident missionary, not even a Catholic, among the 20,000 Sioux west of Minnesota. The whole Sioux nation were in the darkest paganism. In sickness and in war, they were wrapped up in their false hope. The light of Christianity, set up by the missionaries in Minnesota 27 years before, seemed likely to be snuffed out any day when God revealed His power.

Now paganism is dead among the 30,000 Sioux Indians. Is one sick? Only in a few remote corners has the conjurer's rattle any charms. A regular doctor, perhaps an Indian, educated in the east, is called; and a visit from the minister of God is welcomed. The sacred weapons of war which a woman must not touch are no longer seen hanging up in the air back of the tepee. Instead, the Bible and hymn book are on the table, and the voice of

praise and prayer to Jesus floats on the evening breeze.

Yes, thank God the fearful sun-dance is no more. Forty-six years ago I located at Yankton Agency, a new field. My most promising pupil was John Okanwa, a lad of 16, who soon learned to read the Dakota Bible. He was much interested and wanted to prepare for baptism. It was the time for the annual sun-dance. By taunts and threats the managers induced him to offer himself as one of two self-immolators to the sun. For three days and nights, without a bite of food or a drop of water, with cords run through the flesh of his back and pulled up tight to a pole above, he danced in his tracks till the weariness was so great he would throw his weight on the cords in his back, causing the blood to run down to the ground. When he completed his time he was so far gone he laid down and in a day or two died. But according to the sun-priests, he was rewarded by having his name heralded as a hero in the spirit-land. There can never be such another instance of the barbarity of paganism among the Sioux.

After Forty Years

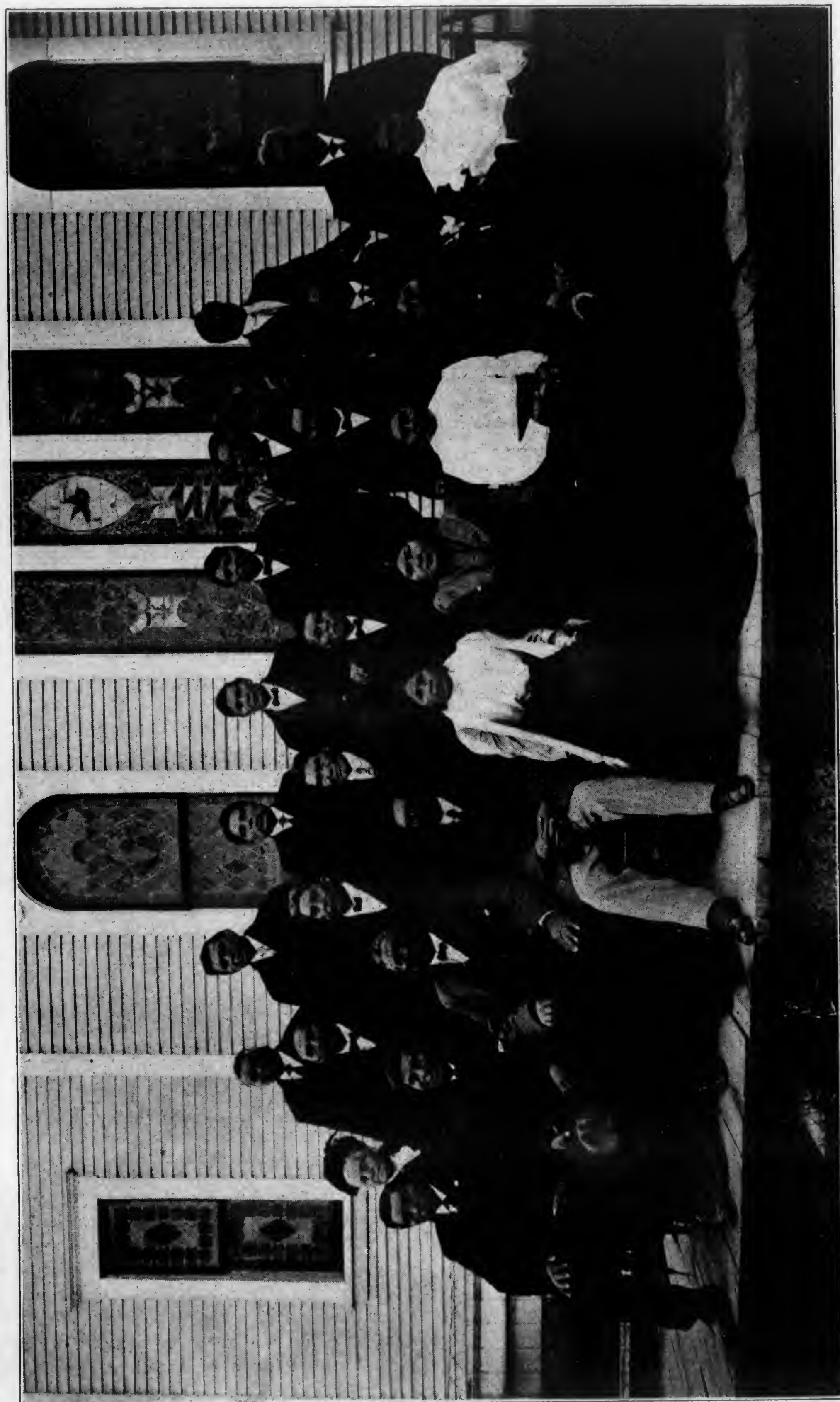
Among the Pimas

BY REV. CHARLES H. COOK, D.D.

IT is difficult to gather any historical facts concerning the Indians of our great Southwest. Up to 1848 this country was part of Mexico, and south of the Gila river up to 1853. Our Mexican neighbors undoubtedly left some of their impress upon the Indians. The number of large ruins still on the Pima reservation will remind the visitor of the fenced cities of old. It is the custom still in a great measure among the Indians, not to mention the names of the departed, nor to speak about them, no matter whether beloved friends or bitter enemies.

The first church for Indians in Arizona, erected by the Spaniards, was the old San Xavier mission near Tucson. It was built out of large burnt bricks. If we may judge by the imprints in front of the saints there must have been much kneeling. But it seems that about 120 years ago the mission had practically come to an end. The Papago chief, Raven Hair, with his two sons and people left the mission

to join the Pimas and some Papagos then living in the Gila valley and on the Salt river above Phoenix. The Mexicans pursued and finally captured the chief and his two sons and killed them, but they could not reestablish the mission, where a few persons, mostly Mexicans, have held the fort. I believe it was in the latter part of 1868 that our government under Captain F. E. Grossman, a noble army officer, first established an Indian agency at the present Sacaton, and on January 1, 1871, the first Indian day school in Arizona. The boys then wore their hair long and what we call a G string, and girls wore aprons. Some 18 months after the government employed a good seamstress and ere long we had the whole school dressed in a presentable manner. The scholars with rare exceptions behaved well and would come regularly and they seemed to enjoy the school. Having to come from two to three miles and some even more, we gave them a small lunch of bread at noon. The



NEZ PERCE CHURCH MEMBERS.

great difficulty we found was to get them to acquire the English language.

Sundays and at times Saturdays, we spent mostly in preaching to the old people, in a number of villages. A few of the medicine men opposed us and at one place even threatened my life, but we lost no sleep on that account. Some seven years after, the new agent and an inspector tried to drive us away. But the late Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church, hearing of it, saw the President, and both agent and inspector were removed. April 8, 1881, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., on behalf of the Home Board established our regular mission for the Pimas, Maricopas, and Papagos, some 9,000 in all, which has been continued and enlarged from time to time up to date. I need not write about our Tucson Indian school. Of its wonderful influence in Arizona and beyond, the Church is informed. Our government has kept on establishing both boarding and day schools, which do a great work, more especially when the teachers, as is often the case, are earnest Christian teachers.

When our Home Board took hold, Mr. Carl Schurz, one of my former day school scholars, was also employed as helper; he was much beloved, worked very earnestly and successfully for some years, but not being very strong bodily, he left us for the better world. About that time a number of our earnest converts went to work in many villages, with the result that many became Christians.

One difficulty in the work is that our Indians

live very scattered, far apart in little villages. It is difficult to get to them and many of them even now have to travel 16 to 20 miles to attend our seven churches. Years ago there were several families who would travel a distance of 35 miles to attend church here every other Sunday. The time has come when we look for a large number of trained native workers. We need at least eight or ten for the Pimas and Papagos, and that many, or more, for the other Indians of Arizona. We are glad that the work has been inaugurated for other tribes, and we look forward hopefully when this land of sunshine shall no more be a land of spiritual darkness and sin, but when the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

We have been keeping an eye open as to the matter of self-support. A young man gave this year \$30.00, another \$10.00, a poor old widow \$10.00. The people living about ten miles northwest of Sacaton bought a small organ for their little chapel.

Today the results so far as statistical reports indicate, prove that the Indians have responded to the invitation and the message of the Gospel.

In the seven congregations there are 1,645 communicants, and the estimated adherents number 2,465. Ten Indian helpers under commission of the Board serve the churches under the direction of four ministers. In eight Sabbath-schools 1,255 pupils received instruction.

After Thirty Years

Among the Iroquois

BY REV. MORTON F. TRIPPE, D.D.

THE expenditure of thirty years from a man's working life justifies the question, Has it paid? Is the progress of the Indians during these years a sufficient and satisfying reward?

That the Indians of Western New York have made progress in their material condition cannot be disputed. This is true especially of the Indians living on the Alleghany reservation.

Thirty years ago the highway that traverses the thirty-five mile stretch of reservation

country passed through long reaches of unallotted land in all its native wildness. Today there is scarcely any land unallotted. Most of it is cleared and under cultivation. Attractive farm buildings now occupy what were thirty years ago forests or land cumbered with stumps, logs and brush.

The change is marked in the Indian's home life and its environment. The log or "block" houses are gone. In their stead are frame buildings containing from four to ten or more rooms. In these homes are the comforts

of a civilized life such as the modern coal or wood heater, the steel range, carpets, rugs, and furniture of late design.

The little things that mark the progress of a race in civilization, such as flowering plants in the windows and pictures and prints upon the walls are seen even in the poorest homes, while, in the more well-to-do, one sees the finest table linen, silver and china, comfortable up-to-date dining, parlor and bed room sets, upholstered rockers, and not the least indication of progress, sewing machines and musical instruments.

Today we find very few "good-for-nothings." The "hanger-on," the "lazy Injun" is a by-gone. Nearly every Indian has some sort of work. The men find employment in the cities and villages, on the farms, the railroads, in the machine shops.

This "enlargement of service" has wrought improvement in the personal appearance and habits of the Indians.

It was not unusual, thirty years ago, to have our native helpers stand before their congregations in anything but presentable clothing. Now the men are generally well dressed with modern neckwear and clothes in no wise inferior in neatness and style to their white brothers. This change in dress is more striking in the appearance of the women. In our congregations years ago, many of the aged women wore the broadcloth skirt and leggings adorned with beads, and a square cloth for a hat. Today instead is the modern shirtwaist and tailor-made gown, and hat of latest invention and scope. These changes in the habits and living of the Indian have wrought great improvement in his health. Dr. A. D. Lake, for over thirty years in charge of the U. S. Dispensary on the Cattaraugus reservation, testifies that tuberculosis is far less prevalent,



Navajo Boys at Chilocco.

and he attributes this hopeful condition to the betterment of their homes, a more varied and nourishing diet, the observance of the laws of hygiene, and the Indian's obedience to the teachings of local physicians and health officials.

Is not this improvement in his physical well-being an evidence that the Indian has likewise advanced in his moral and religious life? Certainly it shows a force within working outwardly for reformation. It is not to his environment alone that these great changes in his physical life can be attributed. Generally his environment has been the Indian's most bitter foe. On these reservations it never has and never can cause thistles to bring forth figs. Indeed the soul of the Indian is being awakened. He hungers for something the old life failed to give him. Thirty years ago it was no uncommon thing for the so-called pagans to oppose bitterly the schools and to refuse persistently to permit their children to attend them. Now all opposition has ceased. Parents are eager to have their children share

The S. O. S. of the Pimas

*They Must Have Water for
Their Crops to Avoid
Starvation and Beggary*

By Stella M. Atwood

Chairman Division of Indian Welfare
General Federation of Women's Clubs

IT was San Carlos day at Sacaton. The Pima Indians of Arizona were celebrating their annual feast day; far over the desert we met them coming in on horseback, in wagons and on foot. The agency lawn was covered with tables for the picnic lunch; on the school grounds great cauldrons of *frijoles* were simmering and the pungent fragrance of barbecued beef and chili peppers was in the air. My heart beat fast as I walked out among the Indians and looked at their animated faces. They were crowding about the men who were handing out the bread, the pails of soup, the meat, the beans. They took the food so eagerly that I turned to the agent with an unuttered question. He nodded sadly:

"Yes, they are hungry. This, for most of them, will be the only full meal they will have *this entire season*. We must do something for this fine people. For three years now their crops have dried up and failed. It is a desperate situation."

The citizens were joining the Pimas in their fiesta and after lunch on the sunlit lawn we met under a great *ramada* for speech making. I sat on the platform and looked out over the people; the citizens were sitting and standing in the shade of the *ramada* and all about on the outside were the eager swarthy faces of the Pimas.

A Pima was called upon. He spoke first in Pima and then in English. The faces of the Indians were a study as the speaker made his points. Their faces worked, they laughed, they clapped their hands and finally broke out into cheers. Then the speaker, with an appealing gesture, turned to us:

"The Pimas have ever been friends to the white people," he said. "When the early explorers came through and fell exhausted from hunger and thirst at the door of our lodges, we took them in and gave them food and drink and took care of them till they were able to go on. The Pimas have never shed a drop of white man's blood. We have looked on them as friends and neighbors; we have never asked their help. Now we come to you. For generations our people have cultivated our land and raised our crops with the water in the Gila river. White men have settled far above us and their

ditches have reduced our flow. Now a dam is built at Florence. The water that remains is diverted there. But there is no canal leading down to our lands. We can not raise our crops without water. The dam will be of no use to us till a canal is built leading down to our lands. We must all work together to get this; and no one must be allowed to come on to our reservation and cause dissension. If such people come, let the Pimas throw them out."

Amid applause the Indian sat down and the judge who was presiding sprang to his feet.

"What the Pima says is true," he said. "A finer people never lived. I have been on the bench eight years and I have had but three Pimas brought before me. They are staunch and true. I am for the Pimas forever."

The Indians pressed about me and shook hands; I was invited to their camp meeting the next Sunday. It was a glorious, sparkling October day as we rode across the desert toward Casa Blanca where the meeting was held. The tang of sage and cedar was in the air. A fine white dust rose in clouds about us, settled on the spiny columns of the giant cactus, on the twisted, snakey arms of the cholla.

"If we had water this plain would be like the valley of the Nile in its fertility. As it is, it is simply a trackless desert, a veritable waste," said my friend.

"What can be done?" I asked. "There must be some way out."

"There is," he answered. "We must have an appropriation sufficient to get the water to these lands. The dam that is built at Florence is a diversion dam and was meant to remedy the situation. But the project is incomplete; the Indians have no canal to their lands but the white



Mrs. Atwood hand in hand with a chief of the race for whose cause she is fighting so ably. Her efforts promise to bring about a radical change in America's Indian policy

people have. We are asking an appropriation from Congress now for the construction of that lateral. The Indians' share of water, unless it is conveyed to the land by a pipe line, is lost through seepage and evaporation in this thirsty desert. No water reaches them except in very wet seasons. If the Government does not grant this sum, these Indians will have to be supported and will soon be a race of beggars. Now they are one of the finest tribes we have. Why, why do not our Congressmen understand that all the Pimas want is the opportunity to make a living? There are their fields. Look how carefully they are fenced and cultivated. And notice those dry stalks. Much loving labor and no crop! Isn't that a pathetic sight?"

My eyes were misty as I realized the futile efforts of this helpless and despairing people. Small dead remnants of a crop that had never matured; dry, rustling leaves that should have been succulent food; hopeful trust that planted; helpless anguish that could not reap.

I looked out across the desert plain where spirals of dust were floating in the shimmer of the desert heat, where the dead stalks of corn told the tale of the cup of cold water denied to those who had always proffered it, and I wondered how long my country would permit such a travesty.

with hair loose and neglected, went daily to stand in silence, looking down at the little grave. I used to see him there very often.

When I had been here a week, a genuine cry of distress came to me. A child with dysentery had been brought down to the village half a mile away, to be near the medicine men, but finally the father in desperation came for me and for the doctor. I went over to see the child, planning to ascertain the symptoms and call the busy doctor later. I found the boy in a tent, sitting on the ground leaning against his mother, who sat behind him. The two, mother and child, sat in this position every time I saw them for the next four days. The doctor came and prescribed. I tried to give the medicine but the child would not take it from my hand and I had to leave it. The grandfather and medicine man in attendance promised to give it, but I believe they did not do so. I had been told repeatedly by those older in the service not to expect it, and there was never any indication in the condition of the child that he had received any help.

The fourth evening as I neared the tent with the interpreter, I heard a peculiar rattling sound within, accompanying the tones of a human voice in a fierce chant, now high, now low. In the density of my ignorance, I started to raise the flap and enter. The interpreter stepped firmly in front of me and would not allow me to go in until the peculiar singing ceased. It continued several minutes. He offered me no explanation, but simply asked me to wait. When the rattle died down he raised the flap and I went in. The child was past all human help, I could see. As I moved quickly toward him, I felt a very determined pressure on my ankle. I had awkwardly stepped on the feathered handle of the medicine man's sacred rattle, and was being asked to step off. I did so, without argument. I stayed only a few minutes and was moving toward the door when the medicine man stopped me.

"You are no good," he told me through the interpreter. "You do not take care of this child properly. You should come and stay all the time. That is what we do when we treat the sick."

"But I can not do that," I answered. "I have many sick ones to care for, many sick ones to prepare food for. Many come to my house for help. And if I did who would care for my own sons at home?"

"This boy's grandfather and I are the ones who have taken care of him, and we are all worn out."

"Very well, then," for I was willing to go the whole length of the road, if necessary. "I will go home, put my boys to bed, prepare food for their use tomorrow and return."



The hope of the future—if they survive
ignorance and superstition

When I came back for the night about ten o'clock, they told me that I need not stay. They had taken care of him so far and would care for him that night, too. With unspeakable relief, I am afraid, I went back to my own husky bairns and slept.

Just at dawn, uneasy in my bed, I thought I heard the coyotes howling. I roused myself and listened. It could not be the coyotes; it was a more unearthly sound than even they would make. As I



The old cling tenaciously to the ways of their forefathers

listened I decided it must be some custom of the people I had come to live among. It was.

Early in the morning I heard pounding in the carpenter shop, and by the time breakfast was over I saw them haul away a little box of rough lumber. The weird sound I had heard had been the wailing of the bereaved, marking the passing of the spirit of my little patient.

One early incident helped more than anything else to open my prejudice-blinded eyes to the possibility that there was more in this people than I had seen. It was a smile—a shy friendly smile from a schoolboy. It was at first bestowed upon me night and morning as the boy passed my house on his way to and from school. Sometimes I met it unexpectedly on the road. I came to know the smile long before the boy himself became separated in my mind from the many others. His small brother was among the first of my patients and I came unconsciously to look for the boy with the smile as I called at his home on my rounds. It was a smile showing a fine intelligence, a warm and gracious smile. The sight of it was like a glimpse of sunlight on a cloudy day.

Many Indian mothers throw the doctor's prescriptions away, and the children suffer. To one mother whose child was suffering for lack of a treatment so simple it is known in every American home, I said: "How many children have you had?"

The answer came back, "Nine."

"How many are living?" She answered me with a motion of her head toward the sick child on the floor beside her.

"You have had nine and soon you will have none," I told her. "I have had three and they all are with me. Can't you trust your sick child to my care?"

After a long moment of pregnant silence, as close to genuine tears as an Indian woman often gets, she said, "You are right."

But the husband and the medicine man were obdurate, and the child died. But within a few weeks I was privileged to give the same fundamental treatment to a child similarly ill, with very happy results.

The faces of the people are turned backward. The old are actively hostile to the white man's medicine, the white man's religion, the white man's way of living. The middle-aged are feeling about for new leadership and are accepting the wrong kind. The young have no chance; those before them must die before they are free, and by that time they, too, are middle-aged—too old readily to accept a new order. For these people are bound by a patriarchy as strong as though it were recognized, and the patriarchy dies hard.

(Continued on page 80)

INDIANS RAISE COTTON

Star

Jan. 10,
1911.

AS IN DAYS OF YORE

Members of the Pima Tribe Resume Occupation of Sev- enty Years Ago.

After seventy years out of training a human being has been found who can "come back." He is the "hope" of the red race, however, instead of the white one, and his name is Mr. Pima Indian. The Indian bureau gives his residence as "Salt River reservation, in southern Arizona, right near Phoenix."

Assistant Commissioner Abbott of the Indian bureau is the official who made the "discovery," which is none other than that seventy years ago Mr. Pima Indian knew how to grow cotton. He grew tired of the work, and the thought completely passed out of his mind until a short time ago Uncle Sam's agents put him in training again, and now he has come back in the most approved fashion.

Experimenting Three Years.

Through the co-operation of the bureau of Indian affairs and the Department of Agriculture experiments in cotton growing have been conducted on the Pima reservation for about three years. These experiments have been made on a ten-acre tract and, after many attempts, a cotton said to be about three grades higher than any other now grown in the cotton belt has been produced.

Mr. Pima Indian has taken up the cultivation with much enthusiasm and at the present time about fifty acres are being worked. About seventy years ago the Pimas cultivated cotton, but for some reason or other stopped it. This evidence was given by an old Indian squaw who, when the agent of the Department of Agriculture was about to show her how to pick cotton, said that he might spare himself the effort, as she had picked it many years ago before the white man came to take the Indian lands.

1852-1894

Piute

San Diego

1852-1894

Albuquerque

The native tribes with whom we came in contact in the valley were the most degraded and the lowest in the scale of being of any I had ever seen. They consisted of the "root-diggers," a class of Indians which seemed to be composed of outcasts from their respective tribes, subsisting chiefly upon roots dug from the ground, and the seeds of various plants indigenous to the soil, which they grind into a kind of flour between two flat stones. Lizards and crickets also form a portion of their food. At certain seasons of the year they obtain, from the tributaries of both the Salt Lake and Lake Utah, a considerable quantity of fish, which they take in weirs or traps, constructed of willow-bushes. Those that we saw were branches from the Shoshonees or Snakes, and from the large and warlike tribe of Utahs, which latter inhabit a large tract of country to the southward. They are known among the traders by the designation of "snake-diggers," and "Utes;" those of the latter tribe, which inhabit the vicinity of the lakes and streams and live chiefly on fish, being distinguished by the name of "Pah Utahs," or "Pah Utes,"—the word Pah, in their language, signifying water.

While engaged in the survey of the Utah Valley, we were no little annoyed by numbers of the latter tribe, who hung around the camp, crowding around the cook-fires, more like hungry dogs than human beings, eagerly watching for the least scrap that might be thrown away, which they devoured with avidity and without the least preparation. The herdsmen also complained that their cattle were frequently scattered, and that notwithstanding their utmost vigilance, several of them had unaccountably disappeared and were lost. One morning, a fine fat ox came into camp with an arrow buried in his side, which perfectly accounted for the disappearance of the others.

After the party left Lake Utah for winter quarters in Salt Lake City, the Indians became more insolent, boasting of what they had done—driving off the stock of the inhabitants in the southern settlements, resisting all attempts to recover them, and finally firing upon the people themselves, as they issued from their little stockade to attend to their ordinary occupations. Under these circumstances, the settlers in the Utah Valley applied to the supreme government, at Salt Lake City, for counsel as to the proper course of action. The president was at first extremely averse to the adoption of harsh measures; but, after several conciliatory overtures had been resorted to in vain, he very properly determined to

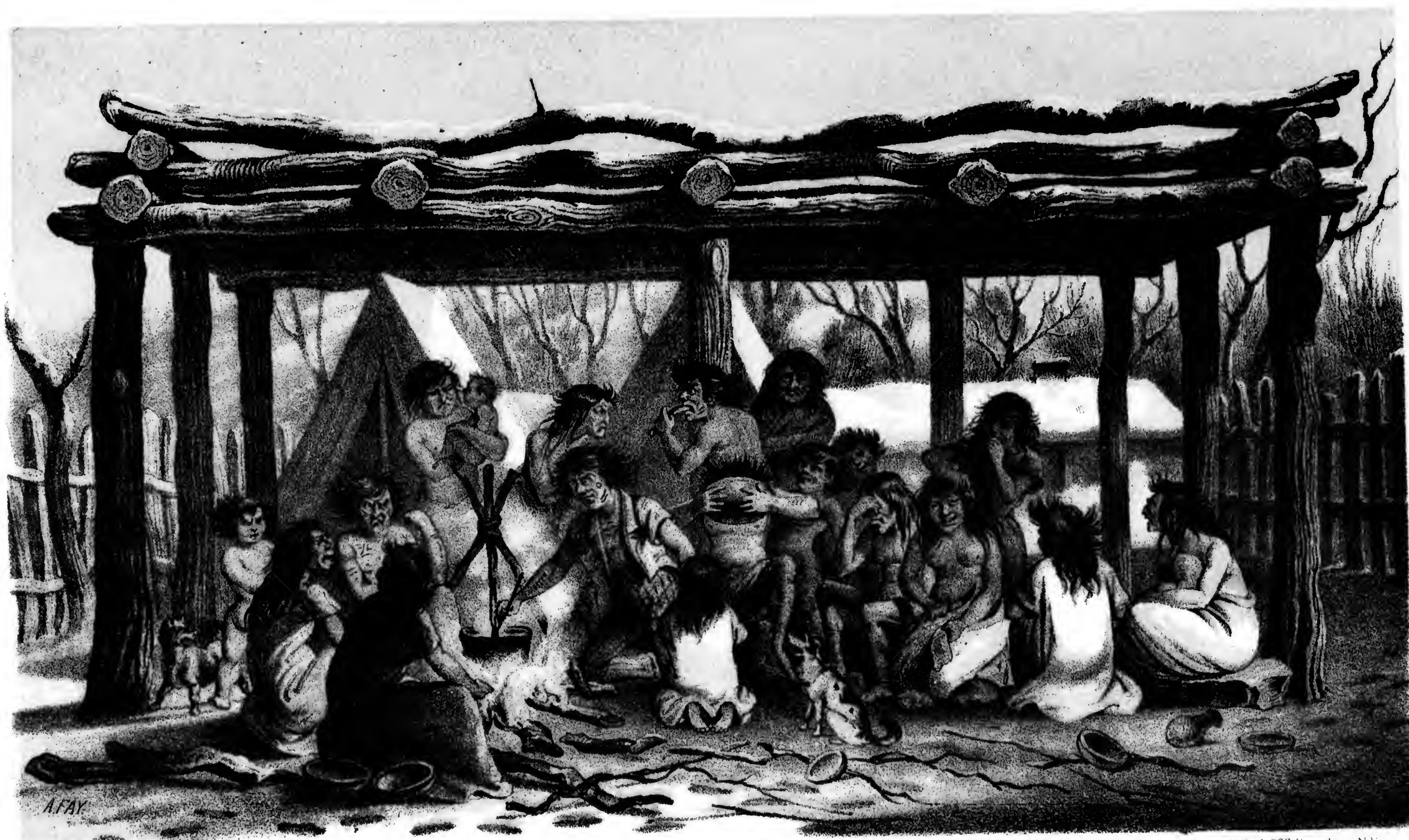
confidence, esteem, and veneration, and held an unrivalled place in their hearts. Upon the establishment of the provisional government, he had been unanimously chosen as their highest civil magistrate, and even before his appointment by the President, he combined in his own person the triple character of confidential adviser, temporal ruler, and prophet of God. Intimately acquainted with their character, capacities, wants, and weaknesses, identified now with their prosperity, as he had formerly shared to the full in their adversity and sorrows; honoured, trusted, the whole wealth of the community placed in his hands, for the advancement both of the spiritual and temporal interests of the infant settlement, he was, surely, of all others, the man best fitted to preside, under the auspices of the General Government, over a colony of which he may justly be said to have been the founder. No other man could have so entirely secured the confidence of the people; and this selection by the Executive of the man of their choice, besides being highly gratifying to them, is recognised as an assurance that they shall hereafter receive at the hands of the General Government that justice and consideration to which they are entitled. Their confident hope now is that, no longer fugitives and outlaws, but dwelling beneath the broad shadow of the national ægis, they will be subject no more to the violence and outrage which drove them to seek a secure habitation in this far distant wilderness.

As to the imputations that have been made against the personal character of the governor, I feel confident they are without foundation. Whatever opinion may be entertained of his pretensions to the character of an inspired prophet, or of his views and practice on the subject of polygamy, his personal reputation I believe to be above reproach. Certain it is that the most entire confidence is felt in his integrity, personal, official, and pecuniary, on the part of those to whom a long and intimate association, and in the most trying emergencies, have afforded every possible opportunity of forming a just and accurate judgment of his true character.

From all I saw and heard, I am firmly of opinion that the appointment of any other man to the office of governor would have been regarded by the whole people, not only as a sanction, but as in some sort a renewal, on the part of the General Government, of that series of persecutions to which they had already been subjected, and would have operated to create distrust and suspicion in minds prepared to hail with joy the admission of the new Territory to the protection of the supreme government.



FOOT UTALI ON THE TIMPANDOGAS. VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.



Askernan Lith 379 Broadway N.Y.

UTAH INDIAN PRISONERS UNDER THE COMMON PLATFORM IN FORT UTAH



Adelman Lith 379 Broadway N.Y.

UTAH INDIAN PRISONERS UNDER THE COMMON PLATFORM IN FORT UTAH

put a stop, by force, to further aggressions, which, if not resisted, could only end in the total destruction of the colony. Before coming to this decision, the authorities called upon me to consult as to the policy of the measure, and to request the expression of my opinion as to what view the Government of the United States might be expected to take of it. Knowing, as I did, most of the circumstances, and feeling convinced that some action of the kind would ultimately have to be resorted to, as the forbearance already shown had been only attributed to weakness and cowardice, and had served but to encourage further and bolder outrages, I did not hesitate to say to them that, in my judgment, the contemplated expedition against these savage marauders was a measure not only of good policy, but one of absolute necessity and self-preservation. I knew the leader of the Indians to be a crafty and blood-thirsty savage, who had been already guilty of several murders, and had openly threatened that he would kill every white man that he found alone upon the prairies. In addition to this, I was convinced that the completion of the yet unfinished survey of the Utah Valley, the coming season, must otherwise be attended with serious difficulty, if not actual hazard, and would involve the necessity of a largely increased and armed escort for its protection. Such being the circumstances, the course proposed could not but meet my entire approval.

A force of one hundred men was accordingly organized, and, upon the application of President Young, leave was given to Lieutenant Howland, of the Mounted Rifles, then on duty with my command, to accompany the expedition as its adjutant: such assistance also was furnished as it was in my power to afford, consisting of arms, tents, camp-equipage, and ammunition.

The expedition was completely successful. The Indians fought very bravely, but were finally routed, some forty of them killed, and as many more taken prisoners; the latter, consisting principally of women and children, were carried to the city and distributed among the inhabitants, for the purpose of weaning them from their savage pursuits, and bringing them up in the habits of civilized and Christian life. The experiment, however, did not succeed as was anticipated, most of the prisoners escaping upon the very first opportunity. [1850]

On the 22d of February, about three P. M., a slight shock of an earthquake was felt in the southern part of the city, the vibra-

tions being sufficient to shake plates from the shelves and to disturb milk in the pans.

Advantage was taken of the confinement of the party to winter quarters to observe for the latitude, to arrange and plot the notes of the survey as far as it had advanced, and to collect and prepare specimens of the zoology of the valley. These specimens have since been classified and arranged with characteristic ability by Professor Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, whose report on that subject is hereto appended. Specimens of the different thermal waters, also, were collected and brought safely as far as Pittsburgh; but, in their transportation thence by the express line, most of the vessels containing them were unfortunately broken, and their contents lost. This was a subject of much regret, as interesting results had been anticipated from the analysis. Such as escaped destruction have been carefully analyzed by Dr. L. D. Gale, of Washington, and the results will be found in Appendix F.

During the winter, a large boat was built for the survey of the Salt Lake. This was an achievement of no little difficulty, as almost every stick of timber used in the construction had to be procured from the cañons of the mountains, piece by piece; and the planking, although of the best material the country afforded, was so "shaky" and liable to split and crack, that it was totally unfit for the purpose. Had time permitted, it had been my purpose to procure, before setting out, a couple of Francis's metallic life-boats for this service, which would have saved much time and labour. The experience of the exploring expedition to the Dead Sea has fully proved the entire fitness of these boats for service of this nature; and the ease with which they can be transported in sections, and be put together for instant use, will doubtless render them hereafter an indispensable part of the equipment for every exploration of a similar character. Where the use of wagons is practicable, these boats can readily be mounted on wheels and made to answer the purposes of a wagon-box; and where this is not the case, their arrangement into sections will allow of their being packed and transported on the backs of mules with but little inconvenience.

resplendent with pictures, and bearing the brand of the raisin. The four are successively pressed by machinery into the box, which is then variously labeled Layers, London Layers, Clusters, Two or Three Crown Layers, as the case may be, and stacked away awaiting the final venture so vital to the rancher, the shipping into the land of the commission man, the wholesaler, the retailer and the consumer.

The characteristic scenes, accompaniments of the season, are novel and interesting to the new comer. Driving down a palm-bordered road with limitless stretches of green bushes on either hand, knots of blue-clad men stooping and rising from the billowy mass, the faint sound of their voices, and occasional bird-pipe breaking through the sunlit silence of the pure, raisin-scented air, you stop before a cluster of packing-houses at a cross road, where the rumble and crash of machinery and busy puff of engine rise in a cheerful din.

Across the road under the drooping, berry-hung pepper branches some Indian women sit before their very primitive camp, combing their hair, and perhaps a few unemployed men are gambling absorbedly near them. You enter the packing-room and watch the deftly-working girls at the long tables, an impression of tanned faces, bright eyes and nimble tongues, with a sweet heavy odor of raisins greeting you. There will be a sprinkling of Mexican girls, but the majority are daughters of the section, Americans, friends and neighbors.

At the end of the season the floating population, principally Mexican and Indian, have a ball and general "good time." This will end in more or less drinking, some "cutting" and a dispersing until the next September. The residents breathe a sigh of relief when the demonstration is past, and Nature and people relapse into the quiet even tenor of their ways.

El Cajon, Cal.

Land of Sunshine - June 1899.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

A PIUTE DOCTRINE.

BY IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.

WHERE Piutey go when them git dead? I no know. I never see. I just hear somebody talk; tell um what kind 'nother place he go bime by when he heap git die. That's all. I never not see that place. Who tell um me? Oh, that dead men sometimes he come back, he talk. Him come in the night; in night time him come. That's way he do. Just night.

Well, this way: over there pretty far up in sky somewhere—pretty long far—is big country. Heap good country. Lots rivers. River all got um fish. All kind Piutey fish. Trout—chub; that kind. No got carp. Piutey no like um that kind. No got um that kind in that 'nother country. Lots creeks; lots rivers. High mountain; good many big—high! Plenty deer—antelope—mountain sheep. Lots. Lots rabbits too. Good place for hunt; can hunt all time, never no kill um all, everything.

Lots grass, tules; trees; all that kind thing. Lots good flowers. No got ranch there that white man; no white men come that place. No fence; no house; no that way. Just

good country, that's all. No alkali flats; no got nothin' bad. Just good all time; just good thing.

Nobody fight; men he no never die. No never lie—steal—no git mad. Men he no git drunk; no git tired. Him never work; never. Just smoke—catch um fish—plenty dance—shoot um deer; that 's all, you know. Sometimes have big hunt; heap big hunt; sometimes have heap big dance. Git um pine nuts up in mountain.

When Piutey die he git go that country pretty quick. 'Bout one night, all 'lone, he go. He fly, go there. He git that country he quit fly, he walk; just walk then. Clothes? No, he no take clothes when he leave here—just take hat, that 's all. May be.

Over there that country he wear buckskin clothes; wimin too wear um. Plenty beads; moccasins too. Got um good moccasin. All men—all that wimin wear hair heap long. All um got long hair. Everybody he paint um face. Chief, them got some feather in hair. No got hat, them chief. Chiefs them got more better things than other Piutey. Them got um four—may be five wives. 'Nother Piutey got just one wife; that's all.

When die—when go to that country—everybody git be young men, young wimin again. Everybody young man; everybody young wimin. Everybody, he young. How that way? I no know. Just that way; that what I think. Maybe old men he die here; he git go that 'nother country, quick—heap quick—right away he git to be young man again. That 's good, I think. Never git tired. Boy—girl—little papoose, he die here this country, he git go that other place he big men—big wimin right away pretty quick. He never stay children that place. No children there. No grow slow like here. No that way. Grow git big one day. One day he git big wimin—big men when he die. Children he die—old men he die, just same; when he git go that country he be young men—young wimin. Never no old men—no children live there. Just be young all time; all time he young. That 's way he do, stay young all time.

Never go 'way; just live there all time. All time. All time. You *sabe* that? Not same like here. Never die. That place he never git die; he never quit, *never*. I no know how he fix um that way never quit. He just do that way; never no more die.

Men go that pretty far country he find um all family pretty quick. Father, mother, children, all um he find um. He find um there right away. Got um camp all together just same like here.

Got one big boss that country. I guess he that same old man I tell you 'bout. The old man first he father everybody

b'long Piutey and Bannock. Him big boss. Big chief. Him take care all them Injins.

That country b'long to all kind Injins? No; that just for Piutey—for just Bannock—some Shoshone, may be. Piutey let them Shoshone stay there. All other kind Injin—all white men stay outside that country. They live far over by the edge of that place. No can come inside that good country in where Piutey and Bannock live.

White men live close? Yas. That what I think. That what other Piutey tell um me. White men no live inside; just out by the edge. I guess so. You *sabe* this? White men may be he die; he got git go *somewhere*. Where he go? I think he go that same place by the outside. Not inside where Piutey stay; not there—just outside. Rabbit—horse—deer—everything he git go somewhere when he die. Him *all* go to that other country I guess. I just think so. Piutey live inside by middle that place. Deer—horse—rabbit—Bannock Injin too; may be some Shoshone live inside. All um other kind—'nother kind Injin, white men all live just by outside.

That good place. Heap good. You bet! Everything git new all time. Nothin' never git be old. Everything plenty; plenty everything all time. Everybody got good horse. Heap good; gentle. Horse that kind run fast; no buck.

No, no use um money that place. Nobody come find um gold rocks in mountain. Not that way do there. That way no good. Nobody rich that country—nobody that country be poor. Just got 'nough; that 's all. Just got 'nough. No work; just have good time. Everybody got just same kind everything. May be chief got some little more; just chief. That 's way do that place.

All um live in wick-ee-up same like here. All um use bow—arrow; just same like long time ago. No use um gun no more. Never.

Piutey over by inside that country he git white skin all time. Just same like white men. That 's way he look when he git die.

Wear um clothes white men kind there? May be some he do that way. Not all. Some he do. Some he no wear um. Do just what way he like when he go there. That 's way he do.

May be Injin live pretty close by that edge where white men live, he wear um that kind clothes. May be he live in middle that good place where all um Piutey live, there that place he no wear um. That 's way, I think. Out edge that place close by white men, there find um knife—pan—clothes—plenty thing, all same white men make um. 'Nother Piutey no use um. 'Nother Piutey just got um buckskin clothes—beads—that kind things; all same Injin make um.

Never eat white men grub, same way like he do here. Never. Just eat Injin grub. That 's way he do when die.

Got um all summer—all same winter? You bet! Just same kind like here. Winter, summer; day, night. All same.

How I know that way? My father tell um me. Who tell um my father? Oh, I guess grandfather. How he know? I no know. I just think this way; dead men—dead wimin come back when dark, tell um 'bout that kind place. No, I never see dead men come talk. I never see. Plenty old men see; plenty old men tell um me. Dead men sometimes come when dark; come talk that kind. He come just when night; never come when day. Just come look 'round, see how this country look. He no stay here. Just dark night he come; go back pretty quick.

No, he no like this country no more when he git die. That 'nother kind place more better. Heap good. By that 'nother country everybody go bime by. Everybody stay there then. This place burn up when everybody git go 'way. That 's what I think. Everybody git go to that 'nother country, stay all time. Stay there live *all* time. Never git die. Never. *All time* stay there. That 's what I think. Old men tell um me that way.

Humboldt, Nevada.

ITALY AND "OUR ITALY."

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.



HE patriotic American feels an instinctive aversion for the voluntarily expatriated American, and as a class the expatriated justifies his countryman's contempt. Where he has sought Europe only as an exemption from home cares and burdens and remains to turn life into a lazy holiday, he commonly becomes, as one of the "American colony" that infests the larger European cities, a thing to be avoided like the cholera; like the cholera, too, a thing his country can spare.

These, however, are the loafers; there is another class—students and workers—who fall equally under the spell of European life. Whether these linger under that spell fighting with tender consciences or come home to fight it out with harsh circumstance, they are equally doomed to homesickness—over there for the home; over here for the life.

To those who have known only our East, with its impossible climate, its conventions born of a life rigidly circumscribed by nature and as rigidly reacting upon the intellectual and moral atmosphere, Europe must ever remain the worker's playground—that is to say the place where he can work. But to those of us who have been born to, achieved or had thrust upon us by accident of illness the pleasure-ground and garden of the world, it is a miserable, and seems at first an indefensible, thing to be forever gazing "with reverted eyes" toward the unhopeful lands of an elder day.

Why is it that we do? And need we?

Two things draw the student and worker irresistibly to Europe: the

Piute : Mono Lake

80/18
C

YOUNG WINNEMUCCA (NUMAGA)

PIUTE CHIEF

. A good deal of information about him in History of Nevada,
pub'd by Thompson & West, ¹⁴⁹ 151, 164, 165, 168-169, 184, 185, 1881.
Portrait facing p.144.

OLD WINNEMUCCA (PO-I-TO)

PIUTE CHIEF

Mentioned in account of Battle of Pyramid Lake, 1860, ^{and otherwise,} in
History of Nevada, pub'd by Thompson & West, 148, 151, 184,
and portrait facing p.144, 1881.

S A R A H W I N N E M U C C A

PIUTE

Brief statement regarding her in History of Nevada, pub'd
by Thompson & West, 184, 1881.

"OLD WINNEMUCCA", PIUTE CHIEF

Wm. Wright, in The Big Bonanza, makes many references to Old Winnemucca, "chief of all the Piutes." His portrait faces p.266.

Of Virginia City, Nev., in 1859, it is said: "In October the place is first mentioned as 'Virginia Town', but a month later it was proposed to 'change the name of the place from Virginia Town to Wun-u-muc-a, in honor of the chief of the Py-utes.' Old Winnemucca, chief of all the Piutes was not so honored, and in November, 1859, the town was first called Virginia City, a name it has ever since retained." (p.59) ⁵⁹

"In September of that year [1860], Winnemucca, chief of the tribe, visited Fort Churchill, (a fort that was built on the Carson River, near Williams' Station, after the last battle at Pyramid Lake,) accompanied by several leading men of his tribe. The old fellow said that he not only desired at that time, but at all other times had desired, to live at peace with the whites. The late trouble [battles at Pyramid Lake] had been brought about by a few Bannocks, a lot of Shoshones and Pitt River Indians, with some bad Piutes. The whites had, he said, charged in among his people without seeking an interview with him and he had defended himself to the best of his ability. He hoped that the peace would be permanent, and desired that the whites and Piutes should now become firm friends and allies." (123-124) ¹²³

Of the case of a white man's outrage of an Indian woman it is said: ^(p.124) "The wronged Indian [the woman's husband] then went to Old Winnemucca, who said he would send no men, that he wanted no trouble with the whites. His advice was that the whites be informed of the outrage, and requested to punish the men in

their own way, in accordance with their laws." (Young Winnemucca, the "war chief", giving the same advice, men were furnished by the Bannocks, the man's own band, and the Williams Station massacre resulted.) (pp.124)

"Old Winnemucca was not at the first fight at Pyramid Lake, he being on the Humboldt River at the time, but young Winnemucca, the war-chief, was there, and commanded." (p.127)

"Old Winnemucca, the head chief of all the Piutes, is [book published in 1876] about 70 years of age, and has but little to say about the 'affairs of the nation'; . . . Many years ago the old fellow appears to have turned over business of almost every kind to his nephew, young Winnemucca, then war-chief. . . Young Winnemucca never gambled, but old Winnemucca was an inveterate gambler—that is, among his own people. The Piutes do not gamble with white men. Old Winnemucca has been known to lose all his ponies, all his blankets and arms, and, in fact, everything he possessed, down to a breech-clout, at a single sitting. He is a good-natured, kind-hearted old man, but not a man remarkable for either wisdom or cunning." (p.265)

At the beginning of the Piute war two young German prospectors were conducted by an Indian to "a large encampment, and found themselves in the midst of three or four hundred warriors." 266

Their guide conducted them to a tent near the middle of the camp, which he informed them was 'Winnemucca's house.'

[Soon the old chief made his appearance and catechised them as follows: 267

'Where are you from?'

'From beyond the Sink of the Humboldt.'

'What were you doing there?'

'Prospecting.'

'Did you see many Indians there?'

'A good many.'

'Did they beg of you much?'

'A great deal.'

'Did you give them anything?'

'All we could spare.'

'Did they try to take your grub?'

'No.'

~~'Did they steal?'~~ 'Did they steal?'

'Yes, a little.'

'Bad Injuns! bad Injuns! Many white men bad too; many bad men--some white some red! What have you in your packs!'

'Blankets and grub.'

'Have you sugar left?'

'A little.'

'Will you sell me two pounds?'

'Yes; certainly--or give it to you.'

'No, no! I must pay.'

Having measured out the sugar in a tin cup--a cupful for a pound--Winnemucca, on being told the price was a dollar, said it was not enough, and handed them two dollars. He next asked for gunpowder. Being told they had none, he caused their packs to be opened and searched. No powder being found the old

fellow looked disappointed.

When first brought into camp, the young fellows were a good deal frightened, but after their interview with Winnemucca, began to feel quite easy in mind. Winnemucca told them that he was only at war with the Californians, and said he had no quarrel with white men who came from the East." The young men spent the night with the Indians "and in the morning went to²⁶⁸ Winnemucca and signified their desire to depart. The old chief gave orders for their horses to be brought, and then told them to be sure to travel fast, and not to stop to prospect.

When they had packed up and were about ready to start, Winnemucca gave them a string made of twisted sinews in which were tied a number of knots, telling them that wherever they were stopped by Indians they must show them the string. They were stopped two or three times in the course of the forenoon, but the string operated like magic, as the sight of it instantly changed the countenances of the Indians from the scowl of an enemy to the smile of a friend.

Wherever they were stopped the string was taken from them and one of the knots untied, when it was handed back to them."

Various experiences, until "after they had passed the site²⁶⁹ of Williams' Station, the burning of which, and the killing of the men stopping there, brought on all the trouble, they were again stopped by an Indian who undid their last knot and then kept the string." (pp.266-269)

"Old Winnemucca wears in his nose a stick some four inches long. . The name, 'Winnemucca,' means the charitable man." (271)

--Dan De Quille (Wm. Wright), History of the Big Bonanza, 59, 123-124, 127, 265, 266-269, 271, 1876.

BATTLE OF NORTHWESTERN PIUTES UNDER WINNEMUCCA

A.S.Taylor writes in the 'California Farmer':

"At the time we write (June 1860), the Indian war in the silver regions of Washoe is raging and they (the Washoes) are said to be able to bring 4000 warriors into the field, and the Monos, further south, 3000 more. . .

According to letters published the last week of May (1860), in the S. F. Herald, it seems these Washoe-Shoshones are indeed no military fools, and every succeeding account from that region, of new wars, confirms this opinion. The Herald's correspondent states, 'that Winnemucka, their chief', with his little band of 600 warriors, displayed the most consummate generalship in the battle of Pyramid Lake. He is said to be over seventy years of age, and on the battle day was dressed in splendid style -- with white cap and plume, and a red sash thrown over his shoulder. He had 100 horsemen in the center who retreated to provoke a charge, only to expose his enemies to the deadly cross-fire of his hidden infantry."

A.S.Taylor, Calif. Farmer, June 15, 1860.

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A.S.Taylor, Calif. Farmer, June 15, 1860.

BROTHER OF
SHOOTING OF PIUTE CHIEF, WINNEMUCCA

TRUCKEE MEADOWS, NEVADA

Augustus Moore, who came to Calif. in 1850, in Pioneer Experiences written for the Bancroft Library, justifies himself for shooting the brother of the Piute Chief Winnemucca, for which action he says he was blamed by his neighbors for causing the Piute War.

He writes:
In 1859 Mr. Moore settled in Truckee Meadows. [^] "Among my stock was a valuable mare a great pet and favorite of mine. I one day caught her up to work and in the evening turned her out and before reaching the band she was stolen by an Indian. This Indian was a brother of the Piute Chief Winnemucca. (I shall be very careful in stating the particulars in relation to this affair with the Indians, for I have been severely criticised for my part in it.) The next day after stealing my mare the Indian traded her to a settler in the meadows for a gun and in a few days I came across her picketed near their place. I claimed the mare and they gave her up and got their gun from him. In accordance with an agreement made between the settlers and Winnemucca the Indian should have been arrested and the Chief notified. They however instead of arresting him took the gun and let him go and then coming to me ⁽¹⁵⁾ told me that the Indians who stole my mare was going off across the country towards Peavine Spring probably on his way to Pyramid Lake and that I had better follow him if I wanted anything done about it. Perhaps I should have paid no attention to the matter but after thinking it over I made up my mind that if he got away clear this time it was altogether likely that he would repeat the offence very often. ⁽¹⁶⁾

Consequently I started out with the intention of arresting him.. 16
He got a long way from the settlement before I overtook him. He was about as well mounted as myself, had a good rifle and his squaw to hold his horse and as he saw I had only one arm he felt pretty strong and saucy. I was riding a young horse and had to hold it and my having but ~~one~~ hand gave him a great advantage over me. I tried to get his gun but he came nearer getting mine. Finding I could not arrest him to go to the Chief with me and have the matter settled before his own people. He refused to go and springing the 17
trigger of his gun raised it as if to shoot. I dodged behind my horse and preparing to shoot raised up with my rifle at my shoulder and fired at him over my horse. I hit him in the shoulder and his gun flew off ten or twelve feet and he fell to the ground, but he was up in an instant and had his gun before I could get to it. My gun being empty I mounted my horse and got out of his way as soon as possible. He also mounted and made good time in the opposite direction and therefore I thought it better to let the matter rest until the next day and then I raised a small party and followed him to camp. The Indians were hostile and warned us off but after a while we got parley with them and they said one white man shot one piute man and they were 'heap' mad but they denied the stealing and said their man had been shot without cause or provocation. When the Indian traded the mare for the gun he let them have a braided buckskin halter of his own that he had put on the mare. 18
This halter I produced and the Indians recognized it at once as the property of the wounded Indian. Some of them laughed and they all softened down perceptibly. This I think fully convinced the Indians of the theft but they were unforgiving and I saw I could

not trust them. They asked me to give them a sack of flour for 18
the Indian and I did so but feeling that the matter was not settled
I watched them closely.

There were only about six settlers in the Meadows and they were
greatly alarmed. No Indians were ever seen in the Meadows after that
in the daytime but every morning their tracks were all around my camp.
These were bad signs and kept me constantly on the watch. At last I
saw plainly that the settlers expected the Indians to get me sooner
or later and so one morning I started for California and rode forty-one
miles before noon. The next spring the Piute war broke out and some
have said that this affair of mine had something to do in bringing it
on, but I am certain the war was determined on long before that and
it was ascertained the Indians were gathering arms and ammunition for a
long time before. I was greatly blamed by some for the shooting of
the Indian and I heard some threats against me but looking calmly
back now after so long a lapse of time I cannot think I was in the
wrong... It is very probable that the very gun he traded my mare for
was to have been used in the forthcoming war and as the Indian died
of his wound there was one less to murder and torture the whites."

Augustus Moore, Pioneer Experiences, pp. 15-19, MS, Bancroft Library,
1878

WINNEMUCCA, CHIEF OF THE PIUTES

The Pacific Tourist, a transcontinental guide book published in 1876, gives a picture of Winnemucca and a brief description of him, as follows:

"Winnemucca . . . is named in honor of the chief of [p.191] the Piute tribe of Indians. The name itself means 'chief,' and is given to any member of the tribe who holds that office. The Piutes are divided into several bands, each under a chief they call 'Captan,' thought here to be derived from the Spanish, and to mean the same as our English word, 'captain.' Winnemucca is now about 70 years old, and lives on the Malheur Reservation, in Oregon — a reservation occupied by the Piutes and Bannocks. He is very much respected — almost worshiped by his dusky followers."

The Pacific Tourist, 191, 1876.

note

Williams, Henry T. (ed.)
1876 The Pacific Tourist
293pp. New York

caption of picture: "Winnemucca, the Napoleon of the Piutes."

A letter from Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of Winnemucca, chief of the Piutes, to Indian Commissioner Parker gives some facts about the Piutes. The letter is dated April 4, 1871 and was reprinted from the Gold Hill News of April 28, in some newspaper, the date and name not noted, and this clipping preserved in the Hayes Collection of the Bancroft Library. The letter says in part:

"All the Indians from here (Camp McDermott, Nev) to Carson City belong to the Pah-Utes tribe. My father whose name is Winnemucca is the head chief of the whole tribe, but is now getting too old and has not energy enough to command, nor to impress upon their minds, the necessity of their being sent on the reservation; in fact I think he is entirely opposed to it. He, myself, and most of the Humboldt and Quenn's River Indians were on the Truckee River reservation at one time, but if we had stayed there it would have been only to starve."

This clipping may be found in the Hayes Collection, vol. 40, p. 26, in the Bancroft Library.

PIUTES

NEVADA

A great deal of material regarding the Piutes, in History of Nevada, pub'd by Thompson & West, pp. 145-188, 1881.

Battle of Pyramid Lake described in detail.--148-164.

Chiefs at Pyramid Lake council, before battle.--150-151.

Black Rock Tom, a chief.--174-175.

Capt.Soo (Mo-guan-no-ga), chief of Humboldt River Piute.
--150, 174.

Naches, a sort of chief.--184, 186.

Capt.Charley, successor to Naches.--186.

Piute anecdotes.--184-186.

Piutes in Lincoln Co.--187.

Note,--Spelled Pah-Utes throughout the book.

Conference with Wim-a-muc-ca.

In 1857 the inhabitants of Honey Lake Valley had trouble with the Washo and Pah-ute Indians, resulting in the killing of a Pah-ute brave. A general massacre of the whites was threatened. "Peter Lassen and one or two of the older settlers, with Governor Roop, were despatched to Pyramid Lake to hold a conference with Wim-a-muc-ca, the Pah-ute chief, and, if they could do so, make a treaty with him.

This was effected. We had to give a certain number of head of cattle, several thousand pounds of flour, sugar and tobacco, as well as many other small articles, in order to remain unmolested. It was neither more or less than tribute."

Buckskin Mose [George W. Perrie]: Life from the Lakes to the Pacific, 98, N.Y. 1873.

"One of old Winnemucca's wives (he had three or four) was a daughter of Captain Truckee. This wife was the mother of Sarah, known in Nevada as the 'Princess Sarah.' She was educated at Santa Cruz, Calif., at a Catholic Mission, and reads and writes very well, sometimes writing articles for publication in the papers, concerning her people. She was married to a German named Snyder, and lived with him a number of years. Snyder died while on his way to Germany, on a visit, when the 'Princess Sarah' married Lieut. Bartlett, of the U.S. Army. She lived with him but a short time, when she left him and returned to her people.

When in towns and cities she dresses after the fashion of American ladies, ^{*} but when with her people generally dons the Piute dress. Her Indian name is Sonometa—even a prettier name than Sarah." (p.271)

Of Johntown, Nev., between 1855 and 1860, it is said: "Nearly every Saturday night a 'grand ball' was given at 'Dutch Nick's' saloon. As there were but three white women in the town, it was necessary, in order to 'make up the set', to take in Miss Sarah Winnemucca, the 'Piute Princess' (daughter of Winnemucca, chief of all the Piutes)." (p.29)

Portrait on p.30.

--Dan De Quille (Wm.Wright), History of the Big Bonanza, 29, 30, 271, 1876.

* See page 30 [portrait].

TRUCKEE, INDIAN GUIDE

Carded

Edwards' Tourists' Guide and Directory of the Truckee Basin, edited and compiled by Charles D. Irons, 1883, includes the following account of the Indian known as 'Truckee':

"It will not be inappropriate to append to this chapter of Tahoe the story of the ending of the old Indian known as 'Truckee', who acted as guide for a party of emigrants on their way to California in 1844, and in whose honor the river that forms the only outlet to this magnificent sheet of water is named. He died near Como, Palmyra district, Lyon county, Nevada, in 1860, and was decently buried by white men. Most of the old residents of Dayton, as well as those enterprising people who once constituted the population of Como can point out his grave. He was known to the old prospectors and residents as Captain Truckee and he was a true friend of the white man. About October, 1860, Captain Truckee with other Piutes from Walker River, where he had been living for some time past, were engaged in their annual harvest of pine nuts at Como, which as young Winnemucca, the war chief of the Piutes once told us was the 'Indian orchard', that locality abounding in splendid forests of pine nut trees, which produced extra good nuts. John Felsone,

[98]

[99]

OK [Nelson]

since then a well known resident of Gold Hill, and Superintendent of the South Comstock mine, Lower Gold Hill, together with other prospectors, were at that time engaged in prospecting the promising quartz ledges in and about Palmyra District, and there they became well acquainted with Captain Truckee. The old fellow had two wives with him engaged in the pine nut harvest, and he used frequently to visit Nelson's camp. He showed Nelson and his companions a small Bible presented to him by Colonel Fremont, and with Fremont's name inscribed on the fly leaf; also a copy of the St. Louis Republican and other papers, yellow with age and handling; and, speaking pretty good English, he told them considerable about Fremont and others of the early explorers and emigrants with whom he was connected and acquainted.

One day old Truckee came to their camp and showed them a very bad looking swelling which had suddenly appeared upon the side of his neck, and asked what to do for it. They thought it looked like the effects of the bite of a tarantula, or some other poisonous insect or reptile, and not knowing what was best for it, recommended that he apply a slice of fat bacon to it. Whether he did or not is unknown, but next day they

learned that he was dead. He died at the Indian camp near the spring, a mile or so from Como, where the little town of Palmyra was subsequently built. The Indians brought his body where Nelson and his companions were, and told them that it was the last request of Captain Truckee that he should be buried by white men, after the style of white men. In compliance with the good old Indian's wishes, they dug his grave on a ridge, just west or northwest of Como, on the croppings or surface range of the old Goliah ledge, beneath some shady nut-pine trees, and quite an assemblage of white men and women were present at the burial. Nelson wished to obtain possession of that Bible, and offered the Indians five dollars for it, but they would not sell it, and, together with the papers mentioned, it was buried in the grave with Captain Truckee."

Edwards' Tourists' Guide and
Directory of the Truckee Basin,
pp. 98-99, 1883.

Called

PYRAMID LAKE PIUTES

The San Francisco Weekly Bulletin, Jan. 28, 1860
publishes the following:

"The Pi-Utes about Pyramid Lake.--On 29th
December, George Sturtevant and two other residents
of Washoe Valley returned from Pyramid Lake, whither
they had driven some 600 head of cattle for feed.
Sturtevant reports, says the Territorial Enterprise,
that his party were met at the Truckee Meadows by
old Win-ne-mocker, the Pi-Ute Chief, and a number
of his Indians, who at first forbade them from
driving their cattle below the Meadows on pain of
expulsion. There were some 500 Pi-Utes there, and
the old Chief represented that the grass was needed
for their ponies. The difficulty was adjusted
by presenting the Indians with 4 head of beef
cattle, they consenting that the rest of the herd
should remain on the ground until April 1st."--
San Francisco Weekly Bulletin, Jan. 28, 1860.

A.S.Taylor quoting from the San Francisco Bulletin writes:

"A correspondent of the Bulletin, under date of Pyramid Lake, Dec. 26, 1860, says: "Since my last writing I have journeyed down to this place for the purpose of picking up any items of news that might be found and spending a few days with Winnemucca and his people, now here in full force, quietly engaged in fishing, and other occupations incident to Indian life. . .

The Indians now collected on the Reservation at this place [Pyramid Lake] number about 500 all told. This constitutes the band or tribe who are under the control and recognize the authority of Winnemucca. Of this number about 100 are warriors or men capable of bearing arms. As this is now the fishing season on the Lake, nearly all his people are here, a few, perhaps, being absent amongst the branch of the Pah-Ute family residing at Walker Lake, who, to some extent acknowledge Winnemucca's authority, and between whom and his tribe a constant intercourse is kept up."

A.S.Taylor, Calif. Farmer, Vol. 15, No. 16, June 15, 1861.

Food of the Pah Utes (23)

As to the food of the Pah Utes they will eat every thing that will not prove absolutely poisonous soon after being swallowed.

The various productions of the soil, seeds, ^{roots} leaves, and fruit, either small or great, while all animal life, ^{except fish}, enters into their domestic food supply. I saw them collect grasshoppers, ^{land turtles} lizards, snakes, ^{mice} rats + rabbits, and with out taking off their hides or extracting their entrals throw them on the fire cooked them a little, with their fingers took them out and devoured them with as much avidity as if they where cooked by modern stoves and cleaned

(11)

Pah Utes. (Indians)

Food.

(24)

1877-

The Pah Utes are fast decreasing in numbers. Various bands are scattered over Utah: some hold to the mountains but paying occasional visits to favorite settlements; the other bands reside mostly about the settlements, but their liking for seeds, roots, snakes, grasshoppers & etc. takes them occasionally away to hunt these delicate chosen articles of food, which taste good to them, as that taste is associated with the memories of the free home they possessed before the advent of whites. You will often ~~hear~~ see them eat the coarse articles in preference to more concentrated articles of food obtained from civilized man. They are a good hand

to beg, on which they, to a great
extent, subsist.

Utah Indians (26)

Eat Vermin from off their
bodies.

In their persons, dwellings & habits,
the Utahs are filthy beyond description.
Their bodies swarm with vermin
which they catch ^{and} eat with relish.

Pah Ute Indians (27)

Wasps' Nest as Food.

Pah. Ute Indian boys delight to fasten small lighted straws to wasps. so as to follow them to their holes. With a bunch of lighted straw the smoke out. the old one. then cook the nest with the eggs and eat them.
They also eat ants eggs.

Pah Ute Indians. (28)

Gathering Grasshoppers
for Food.

Beaver, Utah.

During the autumn grasshoppers are very abundant.

When cold weather sets in, these insects are numbed. ^{2nd} can be gathered by the bushel at such a time.

They dig a hole in the sand, heat stones in a fire nearby, put some in the bottom of the hole, put on a layer of grasshoppers, then a layer of hot rocks. ^{2nd} continue this until they put bushels on to roast.

They are left here until cool when they are taken out, thoroughly dried. ^{2nd} ground into meal.

Introduced Vegetables 29
Eaten by Pah Utes

1876 These Indians will now
eat carrots Beets - Turnips
Potatoes and Parsnips all are
alike relished either boiled
or roasted in hot ashes - they
neither remove the skins or
adhearing dirt. All goes the
same way no waste.

Introduced Plants (30)
that have
Become Wild and
are Used by Pah Utes.

Paragonah Utah. The Paronip
^{disseminated}
has de seminated from the gardens
to the fields, sides of fences and
ditches to such an extent as to
be disliked

Indians in the spring of
the year dig the roots for food

Payson Utah. The Paronips
have also gone wild & also
has the White Clover

In the spring the Indians
eat this tender clover.

Goose Lake, ^{NE} Calif. (Prob. Brint)

On August 29, 1849, while strapping through the willows at or near the south end of Goose Lake, Delano's party "found a basket hanging to a tree, which contained perhaps 2 bushels of small fish, dried in the sun - a portion of the winter stores of the savages. In the absence of meat, we roasted some of these on the coals and found them very palatable. A mile from camp, under the mountain, were half a dozen dwellings of the Indians. These were conical in form, about 10 feet in diameter, built of grass thrown over a light framework of willows." - A. Delano, Life on the Plains, 2^d thousand, 207, 1854.

Captain Joseph Aram, leader of an expedition from New York to California in 1846, in a narrative of the journey written from his journal in 1896, and published in the Journal of American History, 1907, writes as follows concerning the Indians of the Humboldt and their food:

"We were guided to the head of the Humboldt, and [627] followed it with little variation with the exception of cutting down the river banks, until reaching the sink of the stream. There are many Indians living near that stream. They are of a very low order of humanity, the most so of any we had met with. They would often come to our camp in a perfectly nude state. We found sugar-cane in large quantities on the swampy lands of the stream. The Indian's mode of obtaining sugar was quite simple. They would split the canes and lay them in the sun to crystallize the sap, then scrape out the pith or pulp, then rub it between the hands and gather it on skins. This work was performed by the squaws.

When we arrived at the point where the Hastings road would meet ours, as we were told by our pilot, we made a halt as there was plenty of grass. We rode one day's ride to see if we could learn anything of the Hastings's

Aram: Piutes

party. All the intelligence we could get was from the Indians. They told us by signs that / they [628] were a long way off, and that they had lost many cattle. We came to an Indian village, they came out in strong force but finding us friendly, they treated us kindly. They were digging roots on a creek bottom. They looked like a small red carrot. They gave us some that were cooked, they tasted like a sweet potato. They also offered us some dried crickets, but those we declined, thinking they would not relish well with us.

We then proceeded to the sink of the Humboldt. . . The Indians there were known as Truckee. . . A 'chief' 'Truckee' was anxious to pilot us into California. We agreed to accept his services. A brother of his went along with him . . . The last night that we remained in that camp the Indians stole 5 of our oxen. . . We pursued the trail where they had been driven until we found where the oxen had been killed. As we approached the Indian village the inhabitants fled and hid in the tules. To get even with them we set fire to their houses and returned to camp . . . Old Truckee denied that they were his Indians that stole them, but said they were Shoshonees.--Reminiscences of Captain Joseph Aram, Journal of American History, Vol. 1, pp. 627-8, 1907.

PIUTE

As an illustration of the intimate acquaintance of some of the early Indian Agents with the habits and intelligence of our Indians, let us quote a paragraph from ~~the~~ a report of J.S. Calhoun, Indian Agent, addressed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in March 1850. Mr Calhoun says:

"Let me remark that the Pah Utahs, who inhabit the country east of the Sierra Nevada, are Utahs proper, benumbed by cold, and enfeebled, intellectually and physically, by the food upon which they subsist--it consisting only of roots, vermin, insects of all kinds, and everything that creeps, crawls, swims, flies, or bounds, they may chance to overtake; and when these resources fail them, and they can find no stranger, they feed upon their own children. Such a people should not be permitted to live within the limits of the United States and must be elevated in the scale of human existence or exterminated."--
Senate Ex. Doc. 1, 31st Cong., 2d Sess., 1850.

INDIAN REMAINS

From a guano cave near the Sink of the Humboldt, Nev.

Isaac P. Richardson, employed by the Standard Oil Co. at Sacramento, Calif, writes me that at a depth of 15 or 16 ft. in a guano cave near Humboldt Sink, a number of Indian things were found. Among these were bodies or skeletons of Indians, parts of baskets and matting, buckskin moccasins, duck decoys. Three of the latter, which he sent me, proved to be the Canada Goose (*Branta canadensis*), Gray Goose (*Anser albifrons gambeli*), and Ring-neck Duck (*Aythya collaris*). These consisted of the skin of the head, neck and fore part of the body with the skull inside. They were stuffed with tules and doubtless when used were attached to floats.

The collection was sold to Dr. A. L. Kroeber, Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco.

(Letters from Richardson dated Dec. 5, 1911 and Feb. 5, 1912.)

PIUTE.

In a journal of a trip across the continent to California, in 1846 Edwin Bryant writes of meeting with Indians. The places of meeting are as follows:

Humboldt River, Nev. about 100 miles east of the Sink, p.205, where no tribal name is mentioned.

Humboldt river, about 20 miles east of the Sink, pp.211-213, where he refers to "Digger Indians."

Truckee river, Nev. p.224, where no tribal name is mentioned.

Bryant, What I Saw in Calif. 1848.

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*Matter of interest in several
of these references -*

Bryant: What I saw in California, 1848.

Snake or Bannock - prob. Snake

INDIANS

Fremont's 2d Expedition

January 15, 1844.-Salmon Trout River [=Truckee River] near Pyramid Lake, Nevada.

"A few poor-looking Indians made their appearance this morning, and we succeeded in getting one into the camp. He was naked, with the exception of a tunic of hare skins. He told us that there was a river at the end of the lake, but that he lived in the rocks near by. From the few words our people could understand, he spoke a dialect of the Snake language; but we were not able to understand enough to know whether the river ran in or out, or what was its course; consequently, there still remained a chance that this might be Mary's lake.

Groves of large cottonwood, which we could see at the mouth of the river, indicated that it was a stream of considerable size; and, at all events, we had the pleasure to know that now we were in a country where human beings could live. Accompanied by the Indian, we resumed our road, passing on the way several caves in the rocks where there were baskets and seeds; but the people had disappeared. We saw also horse tracks along the shore."

Fremont's Expl. Expd. to Oregon & North California, 218, 1845.

Prints of NW Nevada + SE Oregon

C. C. Painter - a visit to Mission Indians of So Calif
+ other Western Tribes 18-27, 1886

[originals on file among Calif. Ethn. publications - can]

PIUTES NEAR SINK OF HUMBOLDT IN 1849

On ~~the~~ Humboldt River, near Humboldt Sink, ^(August 10) ~~1849~~ 1849,
Isaac J. Wistar, ^(wrote in his Journal) ~~in his Autobiography, says:~~ "Three Piutes,
one of whom spoke some Spanish, came into camp tonight,
pretty well used up, having just crossed the desert." ^(they had come from the west.) -Auto-
biography of Isaac Jones Wistar, Vol. I, p.105, Philadel-
phia, 1914.

INDIAN SNOW SHOES

CALIF.

Lt. Fremont while crossing the Sierra Nevada, a little south of Lake Tahoe, on February 3, 1844, met several Indians on snow shoes. "These were made of a circular hoop, about a foot in diameter, the interior space being filled with an open network of bark".

—Fremont: Expl. Expd. to Oregon & Calif. (1844), 230, 1845.

Shoshone of Milt & Rd. Mt.

Ko'-oo small ball of sagebrush
bark wrapped hard with inner ^{green} bark
to be slow (slow) & easy. can

TIVÁTIKA

(Modern arrow-heads among Indians of Nevada & Southeastern California).—

W.J.Hoffman: 14th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1892-93:

p.282, 1896.

Miss { "Tivátika Shoshoni, at Belmont, at Hot Springs canyon,
south of Mount MacGruder, and at Green mountain in
Nevada."

TIVÁTIKAI SHOSHONI OF NEVADA

P

Trail Guide Indications:-- G.Mallery(after Hoffman):

10th Ann.Rept.Bur.Eth.for 1888-89: pp.353-354,

1893.

*See also card
Ti'vatika*

Shoshones of Nevada

H. C. Garrow. Rock-tombs

(Rept. Bur. Eth. for 1879-80: 143, 1881)

ditto — — pp. 153-154.

Carded

SHOSHONE ATTACK, SOUTH FORK HUMBOLDT

The Sacramento Daily Transcript,
February 1, 1851, in a letter from
William Naileigh, reports an attack
by "Shosone Indians" on a party
crossing the plains through the
cut-off in the mountains on the
head waters of the South Fork of
Humboldt River, on August 15, 1850.

TIVÁTIKAI SHOSHONI OF NEVADA

[Tuva-tika]
(Tuba dikka)
= *Yingon mita*

Trail Guide Indications:-- G. Mallery (after Hoffman):

10th Ann. Rept. Bur. Eth. for 1888-89: pp. 353-354,

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During his Third Expedition, 1845-1846 while traveling ^{across} ~~in NE~~ Nevada, Fremont states: "Travelling along the foot of a mountain on one of these [Indian] trails we discovered a light smoke rising from a ravine, and riding quietly up, found a single Indian standing before a little sage-brush fire over which was hanging a small earthen pot, filled with sage-bush squirrels. Another bunch of squirrels lay near it and close by were his bows and arrows. He . . . did not sooner hear us until we were directly upon him . . . Escape for him was not possible and he tried to seem pleased, . . . With a deprecating smile he offered us [435] part of his pot-au-feu and his bunch of squirrels. . . . He was a good looking young man, well made, as these Indians usually are, and naked as a worm." [436]

Fremont: Memoirs, I, 435-436, 1887.

PAH UTAH -- SUGGESTED AS NAME FOR
COUNTY IN CARSON VALLEY REGION

John Bigler, Governor of California,
in his Annual Message, January 1, 1855,
under the heading "Pah-Utah County --
Carson Valley" states that

"The Legislature of 1852, on the
third of May, passed an Act to provide
for the organization of a county, ex-
tending some distance along the eastern
boundary of the State, to be called
'Pah-Utah;' the Act to take effect when
the Congress of the United States shall
have ceded to the State of California
the territory included within the same."

Empire County County Argus [Coloma],
'Extra', January 6, 1855.

(4)

~~PIUTE INDIANS.~~

FARRINGTONS. SEPTEMBER 1, 1900. Vol. I,

There are 2 Piute camps here at Farringtons. Most of their huts are of straw and dome-shaped, with a low entrance in the side. In some the entrance is built out, ~~as in the Eskimo tepeks~~, so one has to crawl to get in. They have also the usual brush shanties supported by poles and covered with brush on top and on 3 sides. Besides these they have conical store houses in which they keep their acorns and other food. One old ^{woman} ~~squaw~~ had a large closely woven cornucopia basket, which they call ka-wo-na, half full of a very fine grass seed.

These Indians carry their baskets across to the Yosemite to sell to tourists and consequently want fancy prices. They also get acorns on the west slope.

These Indians have a large number of rabbit skin blankets-- made by cutting the skins in ~~strips~~ and twisting them and then sewing the twists together. We have seen a few of these blankets in every Indian camp we have struck this year, but in no camp so many as here.

✓
~~PAIUTES~~ ~~Mono Lake, Calif.~~ ⑨
August 5, 1903. Farringtons Ranch. -- ~~Here~~ got a lot of plants

and a vocabulary of the names of plants and animals and other things from the Mono Paiutes here. About five families are here and among them are eleven children, mostly small. The men are working at haying for the Farringtons. Besides those who live here, several from neighboring places are here at work in the hay field.

I am told that a Paiute woman (wife of the Paiute called Poker Bill) died in childbirth a short time ago and was buried here. A fine

basket bowl was put over her head when she was buried.

One of the squaws showed me a sack full of snow white skins of the boreal jack rabbit (*Lepus campestris*) killed here in winter when the animals come down from the mountains.

On Aug. 9, when I passed around the west end of Mono Lake, the water about the margin was swarming with larvae of the Mono Lake fly. There were some adult flies also. The Paiute feed on the larvae which they call koo-chah-be. ~~Through to Calif.~~

August 9, 1903. ~~Mono Lake to~~ Bridgeport. On the dry sagebrush

hills just east of Bridgeport are several camps of Paiutes at which

I stopped a few minutes and picked up a few baskets.

The Paiutes gave me the following names for geographic points about the valley:

"Castle"
Dunderberg peak (SW) Wō-nō-bah-da^h

Twin Lake jagged peaks (sw but nearer) Wau-gun'-e-tah

Bridgeport Valley--Pō-rah and Ye-pug-gi.

~~Painte August 9, 1903~~

(10)

At one camp they were cooking acorn soup in wau-woi and ~~Ø~~-po baskets, with hot stones. Instead of washing off the hot stones in a basket of clean water in the usual way they put them all in a ~~shallow flat-bottom basket containing a little water, and when cool enough two of the very old squaws licked the mush off them.~~

~~LEACHING~~
↑
To leach the acorn meal, the soil not being sandy, they had made a flat heap of saw-dust say six inches or more deep and four feet in diameter over which they spread a cloth. They then made a depression 3 feet in diameter and 3 or 4 inches deep in the cloth covered sawdust and put the acorn meal on it. It was then wetted in the usual manner and baskets of water poured over it until the bitter was ^aleached out.

I asked them where they got the acorns and they said in Hetch-Hetchy Valley--across the mountains. They are the acorns of the Black oak (Quercus californica) which grow abundantly in a picturesque spot near the point where the trail from Crocker's enters the south side of the valley. ~~I have lunched under these very trees.~~ It

is a long, long journey for these Bridgeport Indians .

~~There are not more than half as many Indians here as when I visited this camp several years ago. (See~~

They are drying large quantities of Buffalo berries (Shepherdia argenta) in large open rod scoop baskets (Yad'-dah) just as the Mono Lake Paiutes are doing at Farrington's ranch.

I greatly surprised one of the Indians in the Paiute camp east of Bridgeport. I was talking a little Paiute to him when he told me he understood part but didn't savy Paiute very well as he came from the other side of the Sierra. Oh, I said, you are a Muwa, and talked to him in his own language, whereupon he grinned from ear to ear and was very much astonished.

All of the Paiute women and girls here wear silk handkerchiefs-- usually red or red and gold--on their heads, and red shawls over their shoulders.

Antelope Valley - Aug 10.
Paiute + Mesquit Indians drying buffalo berries (Elaeagnus argentea)
wb from abundantly along west Walker River.

~~PAIUTE INDIANS~~

August 15, 1901. Got a buckboard at Farringtons and visited a camp of Mono Paiutes on east side of Lake. They were living in brush tepees partly roofed over with cloth. I bought a dozen baskets from them, mostly old, including two old flat-bottomed water bottles, 1 large and 1 small. The water bottles they call o-ja-ha or o-sa-ah; the broad snow-shoe like winnowing baskets tá-ma; the pinon nut spoon, che-go; the mush bowl che-da or opa-che-da (opo or opa= basket).

These Indians ~~(Paiutes we visited on east side)~~ are Pinyon Indians--that is, they have no acorns and use pinon nuts as staple food. This is important in connection with their basketry.

BISHOP August 18, 1901. Journal Vol. I, 1901

We visited Dr. McKnight's collection of Indian baskets and also Dr. J. S. McQueen's (dentist) collection, both of which contain a few jems.

Left Bishop at 3 p.m. and arrived at Sherwin's at 6-30 P.M.-- distance 17 miles.

Had clear views of the White Mountains today before the rain. The main peak ^{is} N.E. of Bishop and rises (apparently) only a little above the sustained elevation of this part of the range. The peak and ridge north of it are covered with fresh snow from yesterday's storm.

The entire range is barren and steep, much like the desert ranges, though trees may be seen in a few patches south of the main peak--doubtless nut pines. North of White mountain Peak the range seems particularly steep and barren, the north end rising in a continuous precipitous wall, and ending abruptly.

We are stopping tonight at the ranch of J. C. Sherwin, one of the early settlers and a fine old man. His ranch is in the northernmost in (Round) Valley and is just at the foot of the big rocky

~~hill starting up toward Long Valley. It is 12 miles across the
lava hills between Round and Long Valley.~~

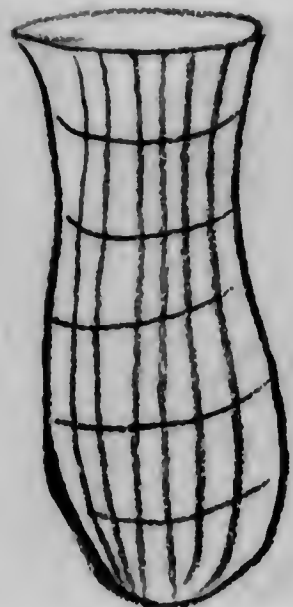
At a Paiute Indian camp at the foot of the hill where the road from Bishop to Round Valley leaves Owens Valley proper, I got half a dozen baskets. The best of these are two good-sized bowls which look much like 'Tulares'. The old squaw of whom I bought them told me she bought them many many years ago from Indians on the other (west) side of the ~~mountains~~ (Sierra)s.

The large flat broadly snowshoe-shaped winnowing baskets which the Mono Lake Paiutes called ~~Te~~-ma or ta-ma, the Bishop Creek Indians called ~~Tu~~-na and pa-so or pa-sa. This is the closely woven kind and the name is applied alike to the much smaller and more deeply scooped ones. The same shapes and sizes in more open weave (like the alternating couplets of the wo-na or burden baskets, only closer and finer) they call ~~de~~-du.

(7) ~~11~~

FARRINGTON'S RANCH. August 20, 1901. PAIUTE INDIANS.

August 20, 1901.--In evening visited the Indian camp on the hill-side above Farrington's and bought a few baskets. Among others they have an open work bag-shaped basket 12-15 inches deep for large white



grubs which come on the nut pines at intervals of several years and drop to the ground. Mrs. Farrington tells me that they dig a trench around the tree and collect the worms that get into the ditch, and prize them for food.

August 21, 1901--Got up this morning at ^{5:30}~~5:30~~ and rode up Rush Creek to an old Paiute camp where there are several old vacant tepees and 2 still inhabited by very old Indian men, one of whom, Na-ha, is the father of Bu-se-una, wife of Paiute Joe. These old men, live alone in the brush tepees on top of a gravel and sagebrush hill between forks of Rush Creek. From Na-ha, a sturdy fine looking old man who was cutting grass in the creek bottom with his jackknife, I bought two old baskets--a large bowl and a burden-basket-(wo-na).

In the edge of the willows at the bottom of the hill is the lodge of Bu-se-una, daughter of Naha and wife of Paiute Joe. From

(8)

~~FARRINGTON'S RANCH. August 21, 1901. Paiute Indians on Rush Creek.~~ (2)

Bu-se-una I bought three baskets--2 small bowls made by herself, and a superb old large bowl basket of exceptional beauty and value, which she told me was made by her mother but which I half suspect was traded or stolen from the Diggers, as it is much like a basket I got from an old Digger ~~Squaw~~ ^{Woman} on Angel Creek near Murphys last year.

The materials however are finer and the basket thinner and more flexible. This basket Bu-se-una told me is a much prized ceremonial basket used for cooking acorn meal on special occasions, when apparently all the Mono Paiutes are present. They get the acorns only on the west slope of the Sierra, in Yosemite Valley, and the nut used is always that of the black oak (*Quercus californicus*). There are no oaks on this (east) side of the Sierra and their place is here taken by nuts of the nut pine or pinon, which is the staple food of the Paiutes. Nut pines cover the higher slopes of the hills immediately above the Indian camp at Farringtons.

The fine old basket I obtained has been burned in two places inside by the hot stones while cooking acorn mush.

Educated Female Piute

MISS SARAH WINNEMUCCA.—Miss Sarah Winnemucca recently passed through Carson, Nevada, on her way to Virginia City. This notable woman is commonly reputed to be the daughter of the old war chief of the Piutes, but this statement is denied, and it is represented that she was born of Diigger parents somewhere in the foothills of the Sacramento valley, and was educated by "The Sisters" at their Catholic academy in Marysville. Still the fact remains that she is enough versed in the Piute tongue to be able to talk fluently with the people of the tribe, for whom she has frequently acted as an interpreter. She is popularly regarded as the virgin queen of the Piutes; is a plain little woman, pretty dark; dresses like an American female, of rustic habits and modest pretensions; and talks English without any perceptible accent. She is a capable person, and reads our language and expresses herself in writing quite correctly, and with considerable force of expression. We have also heard of her writing poetry. As a reputed princess of the Piute blood royal she is a famous character.—[Carson, Nevada, Appeal.]

X - Educ

THE PIUTE PRINCESS.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of Sarah, Chief of the Piutes.

[From the Virginia Enterprise, January 14th.]

Sarah Winnemucca, the accomplished daughter of old Winnemucca, Chief of the Piutes, who, in company with her brother, has been stopping for several days past in this vicinity, gives the following particulars of a somewhat checkered life. From early childhood she had a strong desire to adopt the customs and manners of the whites, and primarily to obtain a mastery of the elements of an English education, in order to carry her purpose into effect. As soon as her father's circumstances would permit, she, together with two of her sisters, was placed in a select school at San Jose, California, where she remained seven years. During the first two or three years, she says, their progress in their studies was very slow, from lack of familiarity with the language; but when they had once mastered the intricacies of the English vernacular, they got along famously thereafter. She modestly added that she was the dullest of the three, and stated that while in school she had a great passion for needle and crochet work, and would often leave her books under the desk and apply herself to the crochet business, meanwhile keeping a sharp eye on the teacher.

During our conversation with her she made use of the very best English, clothing her thoughts in words pure, expressive and classical. Since leaving school she has led an adventurous life, some of the time residing with her father, by whom she is greatly idolized, but often absenting herself from home for a year at a time. For quite a number of years she was employed by the United States Government as an interpreter. She is under the impression that she is about 31 years of age, but does not look to be over 22. Many of our citizens readily recognize, as she passes along the street, the handsome, well-formed, intelligent-looking petite young lady with dark flowing hair, Spanish eyes and complexion, as the daughter of the Winnemucca chieftain. Three years ago she was married to a white man named Bartlett, and went to reside with him in Salt Lake City, where she remained one year, when, for some cause or other, she left her husband, and once more gladdened with her presence the "wick-e-up" of her aged father. She still retains a perfect command of the Piute language, coupled with a love for the people of her tribe, often mingling with groups of them seated on the ground while engaged in playing the traditional game of "poker." On such occasions she never hesitates to partake of their primitive and homely fare, consisting of seeds, pine nuts, roots, game or fish. Her two sisters, on the contrary, she represents as being proud and disinclined to associate with any of the red-man tribe. The friendly feeling manifested by herself towards them has greatly endeared her to the children of the desert. Last week, in company with her father, she visited San Francisco for the purpose of having an interview with Major-General Schofield, commanding the Department of the Pacific. The object of the visit, on the part of the old Chief, was to ask General Schofield not to withdraw any of the troops stationed near the reservation for fear that the Piutes would get to quarrelling among themselves and bloodshed be the result. The father and daughter also pleaded eloquently in behalf of the poverty-stricken Piutes, asking the General to furnish them with farming implements, seeds for raising cereals, and some person to initiate them into the mysteries of farming. General Schofield referred them to the Indian agent, but was assured that he would do nothing for them. Having accomplished nothing from their visit, they returned to Reno, the young lady and her brother taking pains to visit Senator Jones at his residence in Gold Hill for the purpose of talking over their grievances and enlisting his sympathies in their behalf. The honorable Senator received them very graciously, listened to their complaints and promised to do everything in his power while at Washington to aid in ameliorating the condition of the Piute tribe. In conversation with the young woman, the subject of this sketch, we learned that her father was about 80 years of age, also that she has an aunt residing in Silver City, a young son of whom is being educated in the public school of that town.

1879

31

1848

M. Bartlett in 1876

Pah Ute Indians—
The Indian side of the
treatment of Indians by whites.

1870—

THE OTHER SIDE.

What an Indian Girl Says About
the Treatment Her People are
Subjected to in Nevada.

Commissioner Parker yesterday received
the following letter from an Indian girl in
Nevada. It is given as it was written by
the author:

CAMP McDERMOT, NEVADA, April 4, 1870.

SIR: I learn from the commanding officer at
this post that you desire full information in
regard to the Indians around this place, with
a view, if possible, of bettering their condi-
tion by sending them on the Truckee river
reservation. All the Indians from here, to
Carson city, belong to the Pah-utes tribe. My
father, whose name is Winnemucca, is the
head chief of the whole tribe, but he is now
getting too old, and has not money enough to
command, nor to impress on their minds the
necessity of their being sent on the reserva-
tion; in fact, I think he is entirely opposed
to it.

He, myself, and most of the Humbolt and
Queen's river Indians were on the Truckee
reservation at one time, but if we had stayed
there it would have been only to starve. I
think if they had received what they were
entitled to from the agents, that they would
never have left there. So far as their know-
ledge of agriculture extends they are quite
ignorant, as they have never had an opportu-
nity of learning; but I think if proper pains
were taken that they would willingly make
the effort to maintain themselves by their own
labor, providing that they could be made to
believe that the products were to be their
own, and for their own use and comfort.

It is needless for me to enter into details as
to how we were treated on the reservation
while there; it is enough to say that we were
confined to the reserve, and had to live on
what fish we might catch in the river. If this
is the kind of civilization awaiting us on the
reserve, God grant that we may never be com-
pelled to go on one, as it is more preferable to
live on the mountains and drag-out an exist-
ence in our native manner.

So far as living is concerned, the Indians at
all military posts get enough to eat, and con-
siderable cast-off clothing, but how long is
this to continue? What is the object of the
government in regard to Indians? Is it enough
that we are at peace? Remove all the Indians
from the military posts and place them on res-
ervations, such as the Truckee river, (as they
were conducted,) and it will require a greater
military force stationed around to keep them
within their limits, than it now does to keep
them in subjection.

On the other hand if the Indians have any
guarantee that they can secure a permanent
home on their own native soil, and that our
white neighbors can be kept from encroaching
on our rights after having a reasonable share
of ground allotted to us as our own, and giv-
ing us the required advantages of learning,
&c., I warrant that the savage, as he is called
to-day, will be a law-abiding member of the
community fifteen or twenty years hence.

Yours, very respectfully,

SARAH WINNEMUCCA.

INDIAN COURTSHIP.

The Piute Fashion of Wooing and Wedding Young Squaws.

From the San Francisco Call.

The narration by Sarah Winnemucca of how Indian maidens were wooed and won the Piute nation shows the strictness of that people in regard to the mingling of the sexes. The old chief's daughter gave the following account of a Piute courtship to a *Call* reporter a few days ago:

"When a girl reaches womanhood and her family desire to indicate to the tribe that their daughter has reached the marriageable period, she makes her debut, as you say in English, but the Piute girl comes out in an entirely different way from that adopted by her white sister. Just before she reaches womanhood her grandmother has especial charge of her. To that old lady, whose years are supposed to have brought wisdom, the girl is given. She schools her in domestic duties, and explains to her the nature and importance of the wifely relation. The girl then goes with two older female relatives to a teepee, which is a small wigwan, where she remains with them twenty-five days. During this time she performs work which is supposed to be strengthening. It consists chiefly of piling wood. Three times a day, at morning, noon and night, she stacks five piles of wood, making fifteen each day. Every five days her relations take her to the river to bathe, and at the end of the time she gives her clothing to her attendants and returns to the family lodge. Very frequently the wardrobe which she presents her female attendants is quite extensive, and is regarded by them as a valuable present. When the young girl has spent twenty-five days in the teepee, she has made her debut into the society of her tribe, and that is considered as a public announcement that she is ready to marry.

"Of course, a pretty, shapely girl is in great demand, just as a belle is in your society. A girl with a handsome face and fine black eyes and flowing hair as black and glossy as a raven's wing, and a willowy, graceful form, is the object of a great deal of attention from the young men of the tribe, and often of the older men, too. A lovely Indian girl is as much sought after in her circle as a great beauty is in a London drawing room. But, oh, how different the two kinds of courtship are! We have no parties in the wigwams to which young folks go and get acquainted and court. The young men and girls have no theater to attend, and no long walks home after the play is over. They never go riding together nor strolling through the woods along the river bank. They never idle together in the canoe on the water, plucking lilies and flowers. Although they seem to enjoy much greater liberty to roam and wander whithersoever their fancy may lead them, yet they are kept as close as prisoners. Piute courtship lacks freedom, and yet it is not devoid of that intense excitement that attends love-making the world over.

"You may suppose that the girls and young men would steal out of their lodges of moonlight nights and have clandestine meetings, and woo in that way, but they never dare to do it. Indeed, they never speak together. A word never passes between them. But still a girl very soon knows when a young man is inter-

ested in her. He tries to catch her attention by his horsemanship, or his skill with the bow, or his athletic accomplishments. He rides by her at a furious speed, and returns again and again. In this way he attracts her attention and informs her, although he does not speak a word, that he loves her and would like to marry her. But this does not comprise all of his courtship. At night, when the Indians have retired to their wigwams and are sleeping, the young man rises from his bed of leaves and skins and goes to the lodge occupied by the girl he loves. He enters silently and sits down beside her couch. A lodge is circular in shape, and at night, when the inmates go to bed, they heap brushwood and logs on the fire in the center of the tent, and then lie down with their feet toward the fire and their heads toward the outside or circumference of the wigwan. The Indians sleep on leaves and robes, and are covered when sleeping with skins. As the young man enters the lodge he can see by the firelight where the young girl is sleeping, and he goes directly to her side, often stepping over other sleepers, and sits down by her bed. It is customary for the young girl to sleep near her grandmother, who is expected to rest lightly after the girl has made her debut. As soon as she sees the young man enter she awakens the girl, who rises and goes to where her mother is sleeping, and lies down beside her. As soon as she does this the young man rises and goes out as silently as he came in.

"Not a word is spoken. He does not touch the girl while he is sitting by her as she sleeps. Her grandmother does not speak a word of encouragement to him, neither does her mother indicate that he is a welcome suitor. The next night he comes again and takes up his position beside the girl, and keeps this up for a long time. During all the time he is courting in this way he is treated as an absolute stranger by the girl's relations. They may have entertained him before he began his attention to the girl; her brothers may have hunted with him and shared the game with him, but when he once begins to woo the girl all familiarity and friendship ceases. He is never invited to eat of food prepared by the family of the girl, and her brothers never offer him any thing on the hunt. His presence is wholly ignored. If the girl does not like him she tells her grandmother, and when the young man comes again at night, that good old lady rises from her bed, takes a handful of hot ashes from the fire and throws them in his face. That's the mitten. If he persists in his attentions and continues to come again and again, the whole family unite in heaping indignities upon him, but the girl is never a party to this. Her brothers and sisters and father and mother throw ashes upon him, douse him with water, flagellate him with stout switches, and drive him from the lodge. Sometimes an Indian persists in spite of such assaults, and goes again and again to the tent where the girl is sleeping. Sometimes his perseverance wins her heart, but not often.

"If the girl likes him and is willing to marry him, then she tells her grandmother, who informs the girl's father. If the family think it is a suitable match, the father invites the young man to the tent and asks him in the presence of the girl if he loves her and will take good care of her. Then the father asks the girl if she loves the young man, and tells her the duties of a wife. If both say they love each other, the two become engaged, but even after that they do not talk together, neither do they go about together. A day is fixed for the wedding. A great feast is prepared. The relatives of the girl and the young man sit around a great campfire together, the young man and the girl sitting side by side. The food is in baskets. The girl has carefully cooked a basket of food for her intended husband, and as she hands it to him he seizes her wrist with his right hand and takes the basket with his left. That is the marriage ceremony. The girl's father then pronounces them man and wife, and they go to a lodge, where they live together."

Piute Chief as a Pleader in Court.

When Indians take to reading history they are apt to make discoveries that are dreadfully embarrassing at times to white people. Thus, there is an intelligent Piute chief in Nevada who rejoices in the name of Johnson Sides, and who looks carefully after the interests of his people. Not long since he appeared before the Board of Pardons at Carson City to plead the case of a young Indian who killed a witch doctor in Elko county some years ago. He made a long statement of the case in good English, and when almost through was asked by one of the board why the killing took place with such little ceremony. He drew himself up and deliberately replied, "For the same reason that your people used to kill the witches in New England." This sharp piece of repartee took immediate effect, and in a short time the prisoner was free.

San Francisco
Chronicle
July 31, 1892

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NOTES FROM JOURNAL OF VERNON BAILEY, July 13, 1936

July 13, 1936-- Slept near some magnificent buttes in Monument Valley, close to the Arizona line, not sure which side. Navaho hogans and sheep herds near camp. Continued south-west to Kayenta and had dinner at the Agency. Mr. and Mrs. Wetherill were away but the man in charge, Mr. A. C. Coville, knows the country and Indians very well. He says there are about 30 Piute Indians living in Piute Canyon east of Navaho Mountain and (I think he said about 30 miles north of Kayenta by a bad road). He says they came there with the early Mormon settlers from Cedar City, Utah, and are the same as those at Kanab. He says their language is so different from that of the Utes of southwestern Colorado that two interpreters are necessary when they talk to each other. (I guess he meant when you talk to both tribes, but that is how I wrote it).— V.B.

Notes on Mano Paints

MONO PAIUTES.
NORTH OF WEST END MONO LAKE. AUGUST 31.1900. Vol.I.

On the sagebrush mesa by a stream (branch of Mill Creek) a little north of west end of the lake we came upon an encampment of Mono Piute Indians. They had two large circular brush enclosures, each say 20 feet in diameter, for temporary use and plenty of horses. We had the great good luck to find two of the squaws preparing acorn meal mush. They are just returning from a trip across the Sierra gathering acorns. They had dug a large shallow depression in the ground, circular in outline and about 5 feet in diameter by 10 inches deep. Over this basin-like depression they spread two cloths-- a coarse cloth first, and on top of it a sort of cheese cloth. Then they put on the cloth a half bushel of acorn meal which they had already ground very fine by pounding on stones. They next filled the hollow with water and worked the acorn meal into it with their fingers until it resembled thin mush. while thus engaged the water filtered slowly out through the cloth and into the ground, leaving the wet meal. This the squaws gather up in their hands, scraping it up with the outer sides of their hands and making it in roles and piles.

MONO PAIUTES

NORTH OF WEST END MONO LAKE. AUGUST 31, 1900. Vol. I, 2

The had a small fire, full of stones heating--the stones 4--8 inches in diameter. They then took a basket about 2 feet in diameter and filled it 3-4ths full of water and with two sticks picked out several (4 I believe) of the rather large hot stones and dropped them in the basket of water. They put a couple of handfuls of the acorn meal into this water and almost immediately the water began to boil and the mush to thicken.

One of the squaws stirred it mildly with a stick while thickening, and at intervals while cooking. The hot stones were left in about 20 minutes and during the whole time the stuff boiled like hot porridge, throwing up multitudes of little volcanoes and sputtering as if on a hot stove. When done, one of the squaws filled two small baskets with cold water and the other squaw took two of the hot stones out with a stick and dropped them, one in each basket of cold water. The other squaw quickly washed off the adhering mush--doing so with great dexterity before the water got too hot--and then tossed the stones back into the fire. This was

MONO PAIUTES

NORTH OF WEST END MONO LAKE. AUGUST 31, 1900. VOL. I, 3

repeated with the two remaining stones. The object was to save the mush which stuck to the stones. When this was done the mush water in the small basket was poured into the large mush basket in which the mush was now very thick. And it was then stirred again and the whole promptly attained the proper consistency and the job was finished. The process is essentially the same as among the Hoopa and other Indians.

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(2)
(on August 31, 1900)

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Pomo

Folder 1

80/18

C

Huam-fo trails at lower hole (on each side)

Wamfum drill
for drilling shell
money of Washington clam
shells.

Point now made of file;
formerly of flint point.

The drill is called
Hoo-e-yab'-se.

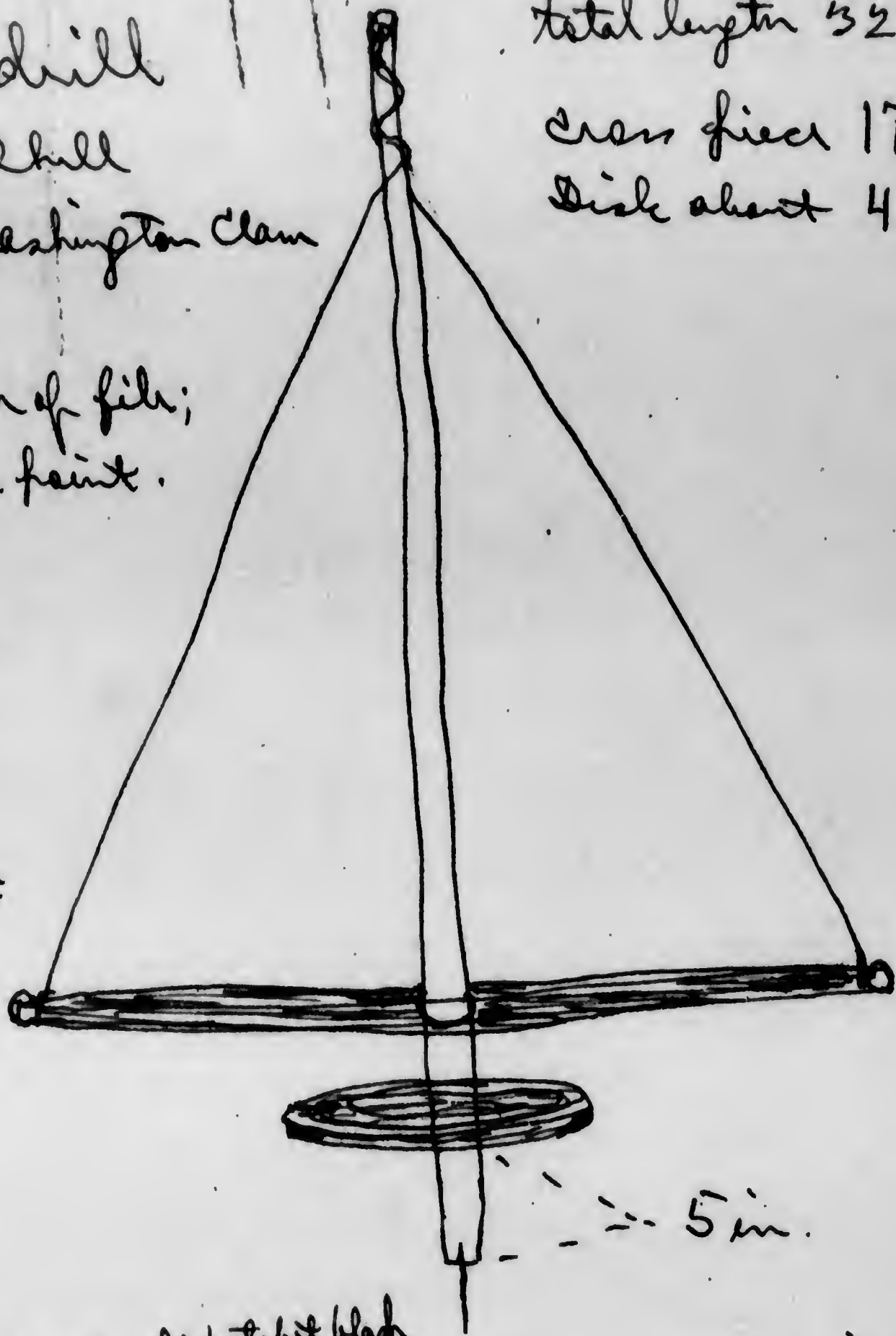
The rubbing stone
is Soo-ko'-kah-be.

Wamfum = Hoo'-e-yah

total length 32 in.

cross piece 17 in.

Disk about $4\frac{1}{2}$ diam.



(with a small hatchet blade)
An old woman chaps the clam shells into
small more or less squarish pieces, which she
afterwards trims into approximately circular
disks by chipping off the corners & angles against a
soft stone. She then does the preliminary
rubbing on a stone to wear off the projecting
ridges or strias. The man then takes each
disk separately & drills a hole through its center
with the drill, by pressing the cross piece & holding it
subseend from the coil of the string. This keeps the
drill whirling rapidly. The disks are then stamped on
a wire (formerly string) about $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long & rounded &
polished on margins by pressing with the hands against a flat
grinding stone & moving like having a large knife. (Aug. 18, 1906.)

Heam-fo. On Cache Creek near Lower Lake.

At time of our visit ^(Aug. 18, 1906) 4 or 5 men + 7 or 8 women + a few children were living in their summer houses among + under the oaks near the river.

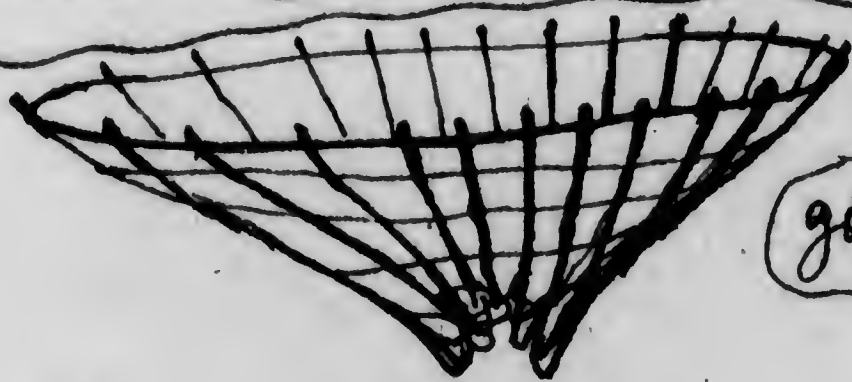
Some were under a large ^{rectangular} canopy about 20 ft. long + 7 ft high, with a flat roof of poles + brush + canvas called Top'-pes-sah.

Others in a nearly circular brush shelter without roof but with tall willows + other brush stuck up to form the sides, enclosing about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a circle perhaps 15-18 ft. in diameter. The brush were ^{set} ^{ing} so as to arch in at the top, affording shade all day - the opening being at the north.

They were roasting whole fish on the coals, + deer meat also, + were making bunches of magenta berries which they had in large quantities in baskets.

They were making + had so hard elegant feather baskets, 'dum-baskets' + other baskets of various kinds -

{ Fish basket }
{ 'Hah'-mü-chä }



(got one)

to set down in muddy water over fish. Had hole in top through which hand is inserted to take fish out.

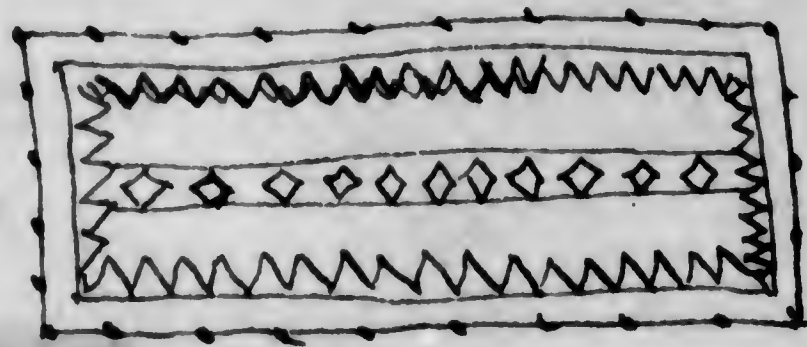
Saw same kind among ^{Kulanapo} Kulanapo at Kelseyville Mission

Wampum at Sulphur Bank, Clear Lake.

was told by men there that the total population, men, women & children is 29.

Several women & one man were making wampum of clam shells as at Round Lake (already described). In drilling the disks, each is held down by the tip of the index or middle finger of left hand while the drill is operated by the right hand, which grasps the cross bar.

There are several graves a short distance east of the settlement (east or northeast). Each is enclosed in a rectangular fence, ^(mostly north & south) & the more recent ones are covered with a sheet or white cloth pinned down on the ground, with or without plants growing up through or around the edges. In one case an extra large plant of the so-called Turkey mullin (Oenothera laticarpa) grows up through the middle of the sheet & spreads out upon it.



In one case the sheet had a border of points cut on a greenish cloth, & a middle strip of same material with diamond-shape holes cut in it.

Lag

NAMES USED BY ME-TUM'-MAH OF LITTLE LAKE VALLEY

For Themselves and for Neighboring Tribes.

Choo-hoo'-lah-kah: All people north of themselves, regardless of tribe.

Me-tum'-mah or Me-tum'-mah Po'-mah: Their name for themselves.

Tribe inhabiting the western and northern parts of Little Lake or Willets Valley, the name of which in their own language is Me-tum'-ki (pronounced 'Be-tum'-ki' by Pomoan tribes on Russian River and Clear Lake). The territory of the Me-tum'-mah extends northwesterly from the site of the present town of Willets to a little beyond the sawmill at Northwestern and thence west to the coast, where it reaches from Cleone Creek (in their language Lă-koo'-nah bě-dah') on the north, south to Caspar River (in their language Cha-tum' bě-dah') including the Noyo and Fort Bragg country. They held Noyo River and all its branches. On the east they did not claim the eastern side of Little Lake Valley from Willets to the mountains, and on the south extended only about a mile and a half beyond the present town.

Sho'-mul' po'-mah: ^{Pomoan} Tribe or subtribe occupying the eastern and

southeastern parts of Little Lake Valley from a little east of the town of Willets easterly to Tomki Creek, and south to the territory of the Walker Valley tribe (the Kah-be-tsim'-me po'-mah). Their principal village, called Bā-hā-peh-tah (meaning 'Pepperwood nuts pounding') was at the edge of the foothills 2-1/4 miles east of Willets.

Another village was ^{K.} Kah-shi'-dā-mal, situated in the low foothills at the head (south end) of Little Lake Valley. Still another, Too'-too-moo'chut-te', was on a small hillside in the southern part of the valley (about a mile east of the highway and a mile or 1 1/2 mile north of extreme south end of the Valley). The people talk like the Me-tum'-mah po'-mah but 'drag' their words, and a few words are different. In early days they were not friends of the Me-tum'-mah although speaking essentially the same language.

Mah-to' po'-mah: Sherwood Valley tribe ^(Pomoan) reaching north to 10-Mile

River, south to Cleone, west to the coast. They occupied Be-shā Ridge and Strong Mountain. Apparently part of their boundary was the old Government trail on the ridge between North and South Forks of 10-Mile River.

Shā-bal-dan'-no po'-mah: ^{a small Pomoan tribe,} Apparently a branch of the Mah-to' po'-mah, extending from Sherwood Bald Mountain westerly toward the coast.

Buk-kow'-hah' po'-mah: ^{Pomoan} Small tribe occupying the upper part of

Outlet Creek, beginning about 4 miles north of Willets and extending northerly to ^{little} a beyond Arnold Station (a little beyond East Creek, now sometimes called Yew Tree Camp).

They had 3 or 4 rancherias, the principal one on the flat 4½ miles north of Willets where the railroad and highway meet. On the north they meet the Nar'-ko po'-mah; on the east ^{called 'Yakean'} the Tah'-to-mah; on the west the Mah'-to po'-mah; on the south probably both the Me-tum'-mah and Sho-mul' po'-mah. They talked like the Me-tum'-mah of Little Lake Valley but faster, and were not friends.

Nar'-ko po'-mah: Said to be a small mixed tribe, apparently the inhabitants of a single rancheria (called Nar'-ko-po chut'-té) situated on Long Valley Creek just above the junction of Dutch Henry Creek, on the old road -- consequently between Sherwood and Long Valley. The people were called Chah-de-lā or 'middle people' and were said to be a mixed tribe consisting of both Sherwood Valley Athapaskans and Round Valley Tah'-to-mah. On the north they were in contact with the Kahto; on the east with the Tah'-to-mah; on the south with the Buk-kow'-hah po'-mah and Mah'-to po'-mah. They lived and hunted on Dutch Henry Creek, which was their territory.

Kah-be tsim'-mē po'-mah: Walker Valley tribe^(Pomoan) occupying Walker

Valley and also the small Valley which they call Ko'-be-dah'

(meaning 'open hole') a mile or two north of Walker Valley.

Bul-dum' po'-mah: Coast^(Pomoan) tribe south of Caspar River, including

the Big River country and reaching south to Navarro Ridge.

Runni bi. 1st

Athapaskan tribes.

(The southern Athapaskan tribe calling themselves)
Ki'po'-mah: Po'-mah name for To-chil'-pe ke'-ah-hahng

(commonly called Kahto). Tribe inhabiting Long and Cahto Valleys, reaching north to Twin Rocks, Cummings, and the junction of Rattlesnake Creek with South Fork Eel River, and south to the extreme south end of Long Valley.

Coast Athapaskan
Yo'-sawl: [^]Tribe occupying the coast from Usal Creek north to Shelter Cove, and in the interior reaching easterly to or beyond South Fork Eel River.

Miyakman tribes (commonly called 'Yukean'):

Carved Kam'-ah-lal'-po'-mah: The Me-tum'-mah name for the Oo'-ko-ton-til'-kah tribe inhabiting the coast region from Usal Creek south to Ten Mile River (some say to Inglenook).

Tah'-to-mah: Tribe commonly called 'Redwoods' and closely related to the Hootchnum of upper South Eel River. Said to reach Outlet Creek from the east in the region of Longvale and Arnold.

Mě-shuk'-ki: Me-tum'-mah name for the Round Valley Oo'-kum-nōm.

The Handgame, Hin'-wah.

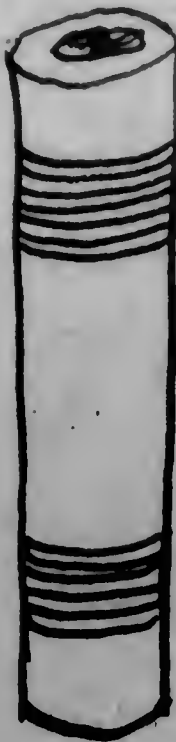
Hā'chana

Game played with 2 bones of mountain lion - one plain, the other wrapped & fitted in a broad strip near each end.

The bones called Put'-tah

The wrapped one Os'-sah (or O-sah) meaning woman

The plain one Mung'-ah, or man.



The counters are called Hil'-lah. They →

consist of 10 slender arrow-like sticks

18 inches in length, & rather sharp at one end.

The original name of the wrapped bone was Hin'-wah which is the name of the game.

A special man acts as counter & sits between the players, a little to one side. He holds the 10 sticks & tosses to the successful player each time.

The players sing all the time, without ceasing.

Various tunes & songs are sung. One of the commonest is

Ho-wen'-nem hā'n-hee'-nah repeated again & again.

One of the players sing - the other side resting.

In this case, there were invariably 2 pairs of players, all men - 2 men on a side squatting side by side.

They sometimes pressed a handful of fine needles from the floor in each hand, & buried the bones among the whisks of needles; at other times (or other players) merely passed the bones back & forth in front & behind the back & then folded the arms quickly while continuing the song & swaying the body.

The head chief announced the game & said they could go ahead & play about noon following the morning of the wash (which concluded the mourning ceremony). The game continued most of the time day & night after this. Many fossil fuel & charged hands. 50 ct pieces were used.

P O M O A N

SHO-TE-AH OR NORTHEASTERN POMO TRIBE AND VILLAGES

Am-ō'-tah-te.--Village on S bank Big Stony Creek 3½ miles W Stonyford.

Synonymy:

amōtatī Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

amōtatī.--Barrett. See Am-ō'-tah-te.

bakamtatī.--Barrett. See Bak-kum'-tah-tā.

Bak-kum' tah-tā.--Shoteah name for former large village on site now occupied by flour mill on south side Stony Creek a little west of Stonyford.-- *cm*

Synonymy:

bakamtatī Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

torodīlaba 'Southerly Wintun' [Choohelmensel] name for bakamtatī. Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

Torode' hlab-be Merriam MS. Choohelmensel name.

Bē-she-chil (Bes-sah-e-chil, Bes-se-e-chil, slurred Bē-she-chil).--

Shoteah name for present village on Stony Creek 2½ miles W of Stonyford.-- *can*

Synonymy:

Bō-de-tā Present Stonyford rancheria.

No-kā-we Name used by Grindstone Win.

nōpnōkēwī Given by Barrett^(Ethnogeog. Pomo, 244, 1908) as 'Southerly Wintun' [Choohelmensel] name for present Stonyford rancheria; called by themselves Bes-se-e-chil.-- *can*

Bō-de-tā.--Same as Bē-she-chil, which see.

Chā-e-te-do.--Given by Barrett as village 3½ miles N of Stonyford and 1 mile W of Big Stony Creek, on NE side "Saltspring valley" near salt-bed. But Chief San Diego says "no village there--name of small lake only."-- *can*

Synonymy:

tceetidō Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

Chok'-hlabe.--Choohelmensel name for Kakōskal' on Big Stony Creek 2½ miles N of Stonyford.

Synonymy:

tcōkLabe Given by Barrett as 'Southerly Wintun' [Choohelmensel] name for kakōskal'. Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

De-leh-ka.--Former small village on S bank Stony Creek about 2 miles W of Stonyford.-- *can*

Synonymy:

ōdilaka Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

Doo-hool-tam-te-wah.--Given by Barrett as old village on N bank Big Stony Creek immediately N of Stonyford. Given me by Chief San Diego as place name only.-- *can*

Synonymy:

dūhūltamtiwa Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

nōminLabe Given by Barrett as 'Southerly Wintun' [Chochelmamsell] name for dūhūltamtiwa. Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, 1908.

dūhūltamtiwa.--Barrett See Doo-hool-tam-te-wah.

Dun-no te-do.--Shoteah name for their former rancheria on south side Stony Creek about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of Stonyford.-- *can*

E-wel-han-nōm.--Yuke name for Stonyford people. Barrett
(written iwil-han-nom) Ethnogeog. Pomo, 254, 1908.

iwil-han-nom.--Yuke name for Stonyford tribe. Barrett, Ethnogeog.
Pomo, 254, 1908. See E-wel-han-nōm.

Kah-ko-skahl.--Given by Barrett as village on Big Stony Creek
2½ miles N of Stonyford (on Bickford Ranch). Given me as place
name only.--*cm*

Synonymy:

Chōk'-hlaba or Cho' klabby, Choohelmensel name. See Chōk'-hlaba.
kakōskal Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

Kah-tak-ta.--Old village on Big Stony Creek ½ mile N of Stonyford,
where road turns in (west) to present rancheria.--*cm*

Synonymy:

katakta Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

kakōskal Barrett See Kah-ko-skahl.

katakta Barrett. See Kah-tak-ta.

Mi-hil-tam-te-wah.--Given by Barrett as old village near foothills
E of Big Stony Creek 3/4 mile NE of Stonyford. Given me as
place name only.--*crum*

Synonymy:

mihiltamtiwa Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

mihiltamtiwa Barrett. See Mi-hil-tam-te-wah.

No-kā-we.--Win name for Stonyford tribe. Same as Bā-sha-chil,
which see.

Nomin.--Choohelmensel name for old village on N bank Big Stony Creek just N of Stonyford.-- *can*

Synonymy:

Doo-hool-tam-te-wah Shoteah name. See Doo-hool-tam-te-wah.

Nomenkla

Nomin' hlab-be Choohelmensel name. Merriam MS 1908.

nominlabe Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.
See Doo-hool-tam-te-wah.

Nomin' hlab-be.-- See Nomin and Doo-hool-tam-te-wah.

No-pno-kā-we (nōpnōkēwī Barrett).-- Choohelmensel name for present Stonyford rancheria.-- *can* See Bē-she-chil.

nōpnōkēwī.--Barrett See No-pno-kā-we.

Nuk-kōn-me (or Nuk-kō-nā-me).--Yuke name for Pomo tribes.

Synonymy:

No-kōn-me: Oo-koṭ-on-tilka name for Pomah. Merriam MSS.

ōdilaka.--Barrett. See De-lah-kah.

Pah-katch-ah-hoo-yah (Pa-kah-chah-hoo-yah).-- Old camp site given by Barrett as half way up SE slope of St. John Mt. Given me as place name only.-- *cm*

Synonymy:

pakateahūya Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

pakateahūya.-- Barrett. See Pah-katch-ah-hoo-yah.

Shā-men.--One of their names for their own tribe.-- *cm*

See Shoteah.

Sho-te-ah.--Name used by the Po-mo-kē-chah (Potter Valley Pomo) for Stonyford Pomo. Name means 'Easterners'.-- *cm*

Synonymy:

To-ro-de-he Merriam, MS 19 Win and Choohelmensel name for Shoteah tribe.-- *cm*

Shā-men One of their names for their own tribe.-- *cm*

To-le-tā-we: Choohelmensel name for Stonyford tribe.

Tah'-tah-shah.--Old village (small) on W bank Big Stony Creek
2 or 3 miles N of Stonyford.-- *cm*

Synonymy:

tataca Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, 1908.

tataca See Tah'-tah-shah.

tceetido Barrett. See Chā-e-te-do.

toōklabe Given by Barrett as 'Southerly Wintun' [Choohelmensel]
name for kakōskal, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, 1908. See Chōk'hlab-ha.

To-le-tā-we.--Choohelmensel name for Stonyford tribe (Shoteah).-- *cm*
See Shoteah and To-re-de-ha.

Too-roo-roo-ri-be-da.--Given by Barrett as old village on Middle Fork Big Stony Creek 1 mile from junction with S Fork. Chief San Diego says it is the name of a small creek on north side Fouts Spring, and that there never was a rancheria there.-- *can*

Synonymy:

tūrūruraibida Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

To-ro-de-he' hlab-be.--Name used by the Win tribes of western Glenn County for the tribe at Stonyford. -- *can*

Synonymy:

torodilabe Given by Barrett as 'Southerly Wintun' [Choohelmemsel] name for Bakumtahta rancheria on S side Stony Creek at site of grist mill just W of Stonyford.--Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, Feb. 1908.

torodilabe.-- See To-ro-de-he' hlab-be.

Tahee-te-do.--See teeetido and Chā-e-te-do.

tūrūruraibida.--See Too-roo-roo-ri-be-da.

Wah'im-moon.--Given by Barrett as old camp site near summit of St. John Mt. Chief San Diego says there was no camp there--merely place name.-- *can*

Synonymy:

waimūn Barrett, Ethnogeog. Pomo, 245, 1908.

waimūn.-- See Wah'im-moon.

Wi-sil.--Klet-win name (meaning 'north tribe') for Shoteah.-- *can*

HAMFO AT SULPHUR BANK, CLEAR LAKE

At Sulphurbank, at east end of Sulphurbank Bay (East arm of Clear Lake, Lake County, California), July 15 and 16, 1907, I visited the Hamfo village on the mainland opposite their old home on Ellem' Island. It is on a low point close to the water.

Most of the people are away picking Yerba Santa (Eriodictyon glutinosum) which they spread out to dry on mats or clean places on the ground, and then put up in sacks and sell for cough medicine. Some are across the Lake picking and drying on the basal slopes of Mount Konokti.

August 19, 1906.

There is a rancheria at Sulphur Bank opposite Klam Island. I asked the people of the lake tribe (Klam-ya--water people) word to word. They said there is a for adobe and found the women drying Yerba Santa (Eriodictyon glutinosum) for medicine.

'Ham-fo

✓ August 18, 1906. Visited a camp of 'Hram-fo Indians on ^{Cache}~~Cash~~ Creek and got a lot of names of mammals, birds, reptiles insects, trees, shrubs and small plants. Also some other material. They are making large quantities of 'pinole' out of crushed manzanita berries. 69

✓ August 19, 1906 Drove from Lower Lake to Sulphur Bank ^{Lower Lake}. ^{On the west side of} ~~About one and a half~~ ^{About a} ^(or a half) ~~mile~~ from the foot of ~~Elle~~ ^{the} Lake ^(South end) ~~and on the~~ opposite side (west side) is a good sized Island known as Indian Island (and by the native Indians called Koi-e island) where the Koi-im-fo had their homes and where they were massacred without provocation by Vallejo and his men during Spanish rule in California. ^{as} [^] Seen from the east side of the lake it is a long grassy & mainly bare hill with willows and tules at the south end and oaks at the north end. There are said to be other trees on the west side. (71)

✓ August 19, 1906.

There is a rancheria at Sulphur Bank opposite Ellem Island-- where the people of the lake tribe ('Hram-fo--water people) used to live. Stopped there a few minutes and found the women drying Yerba Santa (Eriodiction glutinosum ~~ecan~~) for medicine. (73)

KOOMLE BAND OF POMO

Sixty or more years ago an outcast band of Pomo Indians from Lake County (exact location unknown) secured permission from the Yokiah Tribe to establish homes on the east side of Russian River from about opposite Ackerman Creek south to below Sulfur Creek. They were allowed to hunt back in the hills east of Russian River. They are now extinct.

Told me by Stephen Knight, November 14, 1925. *Can*

Pomo - Folder 2

SEE

OVERSIZE MATERIALS

AT

BEGINNING OF REEL

Pomo: Notes on Me-tam-mah Indians

SHERWOOD VALLEY RANCHERIAS

Names given me by Me-tum'-mah Indians.

^{Hand up?}
Tah-nah-shil' chut'-te, meaning 'Hang hand up'. On site of present Sherwood Railroad Station.

^{Bū-te'}
But-te'-ki chut'-te, meaning 'Wild potatoes'. [Another, same name also Sherwood tribe]. On Be-shā' Ridge about 4 miles due west of Sherwood and about 1/4 mile below Silvery's ranch.

^{String flat village}
Te-ki' chut'-te, meaning 'String Valley'. About 3 miles southeast of Sherwood ~~and~~ On Sherwood Creek (Russell Ranch now). In small valley only about 10 acres.

^{Bluejay hill village}
Tsi-kah-dah-no chut'-te, meaning 'Bluejay hill'. At spring 1/2 mile due east of Sherwood station. Former creamery there.

^{Grizzly Bear, water, village}
Boo-tah-kah chut'-te, meaning ^{'Grizzly} 'Bear Falls'. Two miles east of Sherwood station on Charley Underhill's ranch (about 1 mile east of ranchhouse). Big roundhouse there.

^{Tree / leaf / village}
Kah-lā-yo chut'-te, meaning ^{Village} 'Under tree'. Old rancheria on Charley Underhill's ranch about 1 1/2 miles southeast of Sherwood station.

Mah'-chah-tah, meaning 'Between two hills'. 1/2 mile east of Sherwood station. Big rancheria.

^{Earth}
Mah-to' chut'-te, meaning 'Rotten ground'. About 2 miles SSE Sherwood station. Big rancheria and roundhouse there. Gave name to Sherwood Valley tribe.

^{Seed, house}
 { So-chah chah chut-te
^{Savv}
So-chah chut-te, meaning 'Seed house'. On Sherwood Creek on Charley

Underhill's ranch about 3/4 mile east of Sherwood station.

^{Raven} ^{water} ^{village}

Kah-i'-kah chut-te, meaning 'Raven spring'. Summer camp in end of

Sherwood Valley, on county road from Willets. About 3/4 mile from Sherwood Inn. First house on road on site. [Another of same name 2 1/2 miles from Willets.]

^{Rock} ^{middle} ^{village}

Kah-bā'-de-lā chut-te, meaning 'Middle rock'. Old rancheria in hills about 4 miles northwest of Sherwood on Be-shā' ridge—a long timbered ridge running toward the coast.

^{Blue Grouse}

Chā-bo'-tse-yu' chut-te, meaning 'Grouse nook'. Less than 1/4 mile from Sherwood station. (Railroad passes within 100 feet of old rancheria). Big village.

^{Flat tule} ^{flat}
 or ^{cattail}

^{cattail}
Ko-lah'-ki', meaning 'Tule flat'. Summer camp 1 mile above Roses station on Railroad and county road. On Russell ranch 1 1/2 mile south of Sherwood Valley. Belongs to Sherwood tribe. Doubtless Barrett's Kulaki on Kul'-le-kow Bē-dah' Creek (Curley ^{now} Creek of white man).

^{flat}

Ki'-kit-sil chut-te, meaning 'End of valley'. At head of tongue of Sherwood Valley about 2 1/2 miles northwest from Railroad station.

^{flat}
Kah'-mah-do'-ki chut-te, meaning 'Cold spring flat'. North side

Sherwood Valley 1 1/2 mile from station. Louis Bello-deau's house there (now Moody ranch).

^{Madrone, creek | village}
Kah-baht be-dah' chut-te, meaning 'Madrone creek village'. About 1 mile west of Sherwood station on Kah-lā-kow Creek. Big rancheria, 30-40 holes. Big Spanish massacre there. Killed about 25 and stole children to sell. Indian Chief, Kal-pā'-ā'-lan (Calpella) led Spanish there, about or before 1846.

^{Willow, flat | village}
She-kō-ki chut-te, meaning 'Willow flat'. About 6 miles south of Sherwood on county road ~~and~~ near ^{Rowes} ~~Rose~~ station. Two big rancherias and roundhouse there.

^{Roundhouse | tree | village}
Shā-ne'-kal-le chut-te, meaning 'Roundhouse tree' ^{village}. About 2½ miles east of Sherwood and 1½ mile from Outlet Creek (between Outlet Creek and Underhill ranch.)

^{Holly buckthorn | village}
^{Rhamnus ilicifolia}
Kah-shahm' chut-te, meaning, 'Meeting place'. On chaparral flat on Charley Underhill's place about ¾ mile east of Underhill's house and about 2 miles east of Sherwood station. "a meeting place"?

^{Hawk | under? | village}
Che'-ah-po'-yo chut-te, meaning 'Village under Hawk nest'. Main rancheria close by Charley ^{der} Unhill's house. Big spring there. Fair size but no roundhouse.

^{Timber | front | camp}
Kah-lā-kow chut-te, meaning 'Front of timber camp'. Summer camp on small flat in edge of timber about ¼ mile west of Sherwood station and close to present Railroad. Origin of whiteman's Curleycou Creek name.

Nook? flat

Tse'-yu'-ki chut'-te, meaning 'Nook or tongue place'. At west end ✓
of Sherwood Valley about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Sherwood station.

Douglas spruce short (low) village

Kah-wah'tah-ko' chut'-te, meaning 'Short ~~spruce~~ village'. On county ✓
road close to Tse'-yu'-ki about 2 miles west from Sherwood
station. Present Indian ranch ~~land~~^{at} same place (land
bought by Indians.)

So'-le chut'-te, meaning 'small ^{young} timber flat'. Rancheria at head of
Pudding Creek, toward coast, 18 miles from Sherwood,
near Glenblair. Belongs to Sherwood tribe but our
tribes (Me-tum'-mah) go there in summer also. Tribes
meet there -- friends. There are 2 ceremonial houses
there.

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES IN OR NEAR SHERWOOD VALLEY

In Me-tum'-mah language of Little Lake Valley and probably the same in the language of the Sherwood Valley Mah'-to po'-mah.

- Sherwood Creek-----Mah-to' be-dah'
- Curley Cow Creek (tributary of Main Sherwood Cr.)----Kul'-le-kow' be-dah'
- Spring in end of Sherwood Valley about 1/4 mile -----Kah-i'-kah
from Sherwood Inn. On county road. The first house on the road is right there. [Another of same name on same road about 2 1/2 miles from Willits. There is an old orchard there now.]
Name means 'Raven spring'.
- Nook or tongue of Valley about 1/4 mile NW of Sherwood station. Name means 'Grouse nock'.-----Chă-bo'-tse-yu
R.R. passes within 100 ft. of former rancheria.
- Nook at west end of Sherwood Valley about 2 1/2 miles from Sherwood station-----Tse'-yu-ki
- Northwest end of Sherwood Valley about 2 1/2 miles NW of Sherwood station-----Ki'-kit-sil
Name means 'End of valley'.
- Cold Spring Flat on north side of Sherwood Valley-----Kah'-mah-do'-ki
1 1/2 mile from station. On present Louis Bello-deaux's place. Name means 'Cold spring flat'.
- Spring on present Indian land near Sherwood-----Shŭ-tah-kah'
- Place where Sherwood Indians live now (1922)-----Kah-wah'-tah-ko'
- Place where Sherwood RR station now is -----Tah-nah-shil
Name means "Hand hang up".
- Small valley or flat about 3 miles east of Sherwood---Te'-ki
Name means 'String valley'.
- Spring and place 1/2 mile due east of Sherwood station---Tsi'-kah'-dah-no'
Near former creamery. Name means 'Bluejay hill'.
- Falls and place about 1 mile east of Charley Underhill's ranch house. Former large rancheria and roundhouse there. Name means 'Bear falls'.-----Bŭ-tah'-kah'
- Willow Flat, on county road near Rose station-----She-kŏ'-ki
about 6 miles south of Sherwood. There is an old rancheria there. Belonged to Sherwood tribe.

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES IN OR NEAR SHERWOOD VALLEY - p.2

'Little Valley' north of Glenblair (on Upper Pudding Cr.)--Sö-le'

Strong Mountain-----Bu-tah'dan-no
Boo-tah'dan-no

Head of North Fork 10-mile River and its deep canyon-----Be-di-yo
(between Strong Mountain and Tsoo-wě Gap).

Middle Rock. Place in hills on Be-shā' Ridge-----Kah-bā'de-lā'
about 4 miles NW of Sherwood. Former rancheria
there. Name means 'middle Rock'.

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES IN ME-TUM'-MAH PO'-MAH LANGUAGE
(Of Little Lake Valley)

1. In or near Little Lake or Willits Valley:

- Little Lake Valley.-----Me-tum'-ki
(In old time language called Me-tum')
- Outlet.- Place on Outlet Creek 4 miles north of
Willits-----Buk-kow'-hah'
- Outlet Creek (upper part)-----Buk-kah'-hah be-dah'
- Outlet Creek (main part)-----Sho'-be-dah
- Willits. Site of present town-----She'-in-she'-lah-mahl
(Name means wild grapevine hanging. No rancheria there)
- Willits Creek.-----Să-kah' be-dah
- East end Little Lake Valley about 2 miles due
east of Willits-----Sho'-tse-yu (meaning
"East end")
- Bechtal Creek.-----Kah-be-shal'-be-dah,
("Water bubbling cr")
- Davis Creek (flowing by Willits to head Outlet Cr.-Tsam-mōm be-dah'
("Sour Creek"))
- Davis Creek at Willits-----She-ko' be-dah'
- Frost's place about 2 miles west of Willits-----Chă-bo'-che-kah
Site of old Me-to'-mah chut-te' rancheria ("Grouse water")
- Head of Main Outlet Creek (near Muir's old mill)---Dan-no'-yo be-dah'
Name means mountain creek.
- Hayworth Creek-----Pin-ne' be-dah'
- Yellow Pine Flat, 1/4 mile west of Willits (summer
camp). Name means Ponderosa Pine flat.-----Chum'-kah-til'
- Place (old camp site) about 1 1/2 mile S. of Willits---Kah-tse'-yu
(1/4 mile from Bechtel ranch and
Between Bechtel's & Willits. Name means "Water end".
- Rock Pool about 1/2 mile N. of Willits on present--Kah-bā paw-awl
Highway. Former small pool in depression in
big rock now blasted away (in highway construct-
ion.) Used to be a small rancheria there.
Name means "Rock Pool".

1. In or near Little Lake Valley (continued):

Place on present Bechtel Ranch on present Highway----Kah'-bē-shahl'

About 1 mile south of Willits. Meeting place
of 2 subtribes or bands: Kah-shi'-dā-mal po'-mah
and Ten-nā-kum' po'-mah (belonged to both). Over
200 people there and very large Roundhouse.
Name means boiling water—but no spring there.

Place about 3 miles east of Willits-----Tan'-nah-kōm
Name means 'Hand pool'.

Creek in Willits Valley emptying into Outlet Creek---Tan'-nah-kōm be-dah'

Place 1½ miles SE of Willits (in Little Lake Valley) -Yah'-mul
Former summer camp and dance place there.

Place half mile east of Bechtel Ranch about 1-1/4--^{food}Mah'-ah-hi-tum
mile SE of Willits in flat of valley close to
bordering hills. All the Little Lake Valley
tribes used to meet here & camp together for
3 moons (June to end August) for dancing and
good time. Name means 'Food stick standing'.

Ridgewood Place on highway and railroad about 4 miles south ---Ko-shi'-dā-mal
of Willits and north of Woodridge, at or near
south end of valley. Belonged to Sho-mul' po'-mah
of eastern part of Little Lake Valley but ~~can~~
Walker Valley tribe came here also.
Name means young live oak place.

Creek entering Willits Valley from east (from toward
Potter Valley)-----Ten-nā-kum be-dah'

East Creek, branch of Upper Outlet Creek---Sho'-be-dah'
(Traverses Yew Tree Camp.)

Darby Ridge, NE of Willits. (Name means Red Clay Mt.)--Po-dā'-no'

3

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES IN ME-TUM'-MAH LANGUAGE

For places in their own territory,

✓ BETWEEN WILLITS VALLEY & COAST:

Soda Springs, about 1 mile above (east of) North Spur--Bel-li'-kah

[Another Soda Springs, on Harden place, between
Laytonville and Sherwood-----Mah'-shā-ā-mó'

'Shake City' or Inmulco-----Kah-shim'-ki^{flat}

Alpine ----- Name means 'Peppernut cold land'-----Bā-hem'-mah sit-
mah1

South Fork Noyo River -- Old log camp & postoffice---Be-dah'-bah-sah'
Name means 'Forks of creek'.

COAST REGION:

Cleone Creek-----Lā-koo'-nah be-dah'

Caspar River-----Chah-tum' be-dah'

Noyo Creek-----No'-yo be-dah'

Hare Creek (just south of Noyo)-----No' be-dah'

Pudding Creek, near Fort Bragg-----Ki-yan' be-dah'
Name means 'Duck Creek'.

For places in Kahto territory

✓ LAYTONVILLE OR LONG VALLEY REGION:

Sulphur Springs (comes into Tuttle Creek-----Shé-too-lah-kah
from Signal Mt.) Name means 'Bad egg water'.

White's Ranch (at North Forks Long Valley road)-----Ki'-kol
Name means 'Long flat'.

Long Valley Creek---Name means 'Gravel creek'-----Me-chah' be-dah'

Cummings and Twin Rock region-----Kah'-be-se-tě'-mah
Name means 'Forked rock place'

Rattlesnake Creek-----Mut-te' be-dah'

Dutch Henry Creek (rises in Strong Mt. and flows -----Tā-bo' be-dah'
to Long Valley Creek). Name means 'Dry Creek'.

10-mile Creek (just north of Long Valley)-----Be-dā'-to

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES IN ME-TUM-MAH LANGUAGE

For places outside of Me-tum'-mah territory.

She'-o-ki be-dah'-----South Eel River (Hearst region).

Be-dom'-i-to be-dah'-----South Fork Eel River
-----10-mile River.

Kah-bi'-be-dah'-----Middle Fork 10-mile River (south of Bě-shā
Ridge). Heads about 1 mile back of Mah-tō'.

Tsoo'-wě Gap-----In Ridge running NW from Strong Mountain
stamping ground of coast Oo-ko-ton-ti'-ka.

Boo-tah'dan-no-----Strong Mountain. Name means 'Bear mountain'.

Ki'-shal be-dah'-----'Southert Creek' [not located].

Ko'-be-dah'-----Small valley and creek next north of Walker
Valley. Former rancheria there. Belonged
to Walker Valley tribe. Name means 'open
hole creek'.

name forgot

Walker Valley

Sō-le'-----'Little Valley' north of Glenblair (Upper
Pudding Creek). Place where the Sherwood and
Little Lake tribes met as friends every
summer. Belongs to Sherwood tribe. Name
means 'Little Valley'.

Kah'-te-ne'-vah-----Rockport & Cottoneva Creek.

Yo'-sawl-----Usal place and creek.

Bull-dam be-dah'-----Big River.

ME-TUM-MAH -- ADDITIONAL RANCHERIAS MENTIONED BY AUTHORS

- Batem-da-kai-ee . . . Name of ^{Long} Valley (Gibbs).
Athapaskan not Pomoan.
- Chedil-na-Poma . . . Band near Noyo River (Ford, Barrett). ✓
- Chow-e-shak Tribe in Little Lake Valley (Gibbs & McKee) ✓
- Djaw-mo Camp a little back from abrupt cliff on
south bank Pudding Creek, and near ocean
shore-line cliff (Barrett). ✓
- Hog-doo-doo-kah-we. ^{Sho-mul-po-mah} Village about 4-1/2 miles east-southeast
of Willets (Barrett). Sho-mul-po-mah ✓
- Kah-bā-tsit-oo . . . Old camp 100 yards south of Ki-yě-til, on ✓
coast north of Pudding Creek.
- Kah-bā-yo Village probably 3-1/2 miles northeast ✓
of Willets (- indefinite (Barrett).
- Kah-tah-kahl' Village in Little Lake Valley 1/2 mile ✓
south of Willets (Barrett).
- Naboh, Naloh, or Natch . . Old village in Little Lake Valley. ✓
Car-lots-a-po given as chief and also
as name of tribe in Little Lake Valley
(Gibbs & McKee).

Additional Rancherias Me-tum'-mah

Tol'-dahm : ^{Buldam} Camp at edge of redwood forest, 1 mile ✓
from ocean, up ridge between Noyo River
and Hare River (Barrett).

Yah-mo' Village on south shore Little Lake, ✓
north of Willets (Barrett).

Carded

NAMES USED BY ME-TUM'-MAH OF LITTLE LAKE VALLEY

For Themselves and for Neighboring Tribes.

Choo-hoo'-lah-kah: All people north of themselves, regardless of tribe.

Me-tum'-mah or Me-tum'-mah Po'-mah: Their name for themselves.

Tribe inhabiting the western and northern parts of Little Lake or Willéts Valley, the name of which in their own language is Me-tum'-ki (pronounced 'Be-tum'-ki' by Pomoan tribes on Russian River and Clear Lake). ¶ The territory of the Me-tum'-mah extends northwesterly from the site of the present town of Willets to a little beyond the sawmill at Northwestern and thence west to the coast, where it reaches from Cleone Creek (in their language Lă-koo'-nah bě-dah') on the north, south to Caspar River (in their language Cha-tum' bě-dah') including the Noyo and Fort Bragg country. They held Noyo River and all its branches. On the east they did not claim the eastern side of Little Lake Valley from Willéts to the mountains, and on the south extended only about a mile and a half beyond the present town.

Sho'-mul' po'-mah: Tribe or subtribe occupying the eastern and southeastern parts of Little Lake Valley from a little east of the town of Willets easterly to Tomki Creek, and south to the territory of the Walker Valley tribe (the Kah-be-tsim'-me po'-mah). Their principal village, called Bā-hā'-pah-tah (meaning 'Pepperwood nuts pounding') was at the edge of the foothills 2-1/4 miles east of Willets.

Another village was ^{k.} Kah-shi'-dā-mal, situated in the low foothills at the head (south end) of Little Lake Valley. Still another, Too'-too-moo' chut-te', was on a small hillside in the southern part of the valley (about a mile east of the highway and a mile or 1½ mile north of extreme south end of the Valley). The people talk like the Me-tum'-mah po'-mah but 'drag' their words, and a few words are different. In early days they were not friends of the Me-tum'-mah although speaking essentially the same language.

Mah-to' po'-mah: Sherwood Valley tribe, reaching north to 10-Mile

River, south to Cleone, west to the coast. They occupied

Be-shā Ridge and Strong Mountain. Apparently part of their

boundary was the old Government trail on the ridge between

North and South Forks of 10-Mile River.

Shā-bal'-dan-no po'-mah: Apparently a branch of the Mah-to' po'-mah ✓

extending from Sherwood Bald Mountain westerly toward the coast.

^{Dam, mouth of}
Buk-kow-hah' po'-mah: Small tribe occupying the upper part of

Outlet Creek, beginning about 4 miles north of Willets and

extending northerly to or beyond Arnold Station (a little

beyond East Creek, now sometimes called Yew Tree Camp).

They had 3 or 4 rancherias, the principal one on the flat

4½ miles north of Willets where the railroad and highway

meet. On the north they meet the Nar'-ko po'-mah, ^{a band of Yukean Tah'-to-mah} on the east

the Tah'-to-mah; on the west the Mah'-to po'-mah; on the south

probably both the Me-tum'-mah and Sho-mul' po'-mah. They talked

like the Me-tum'-mah of Little Lake Valley but faster, and

were not friends.

Nar'-ko po'-mah: Said to be a small mixed tribe, apparently the inhabitants of a single rancheria (called Nar'-ko-po chut'-té) situated on Long Valley Creek just above the junction of Dutch Henry Creek, on the old road -- consequently between Sherwood and Long Valleys. The people were called Chah-de-lā or 'middle people' and were said to be a mixed tribe consisting of both ~~Kahto~~ ^{Long} Valley Athapaskans and Round Valley Tah'-to-mah. On the north they were in contact with the Kahto; on the east with the Tah'-to-mah; on the south with the Buk-kow'-hah po'-mah and Mah'-to po'-mah. They lived and hunted on Dutch Henry Creek, which was their territory. ✓

Rock hair (moss) tribe
Kah-be tsim-mě po'-mah: Walker Valley tribe, occupying Walker

Valley and also the small Valley which they call Ko'-be-dah' (meaning 'Open Hole') a mile or two north of Walker Valley.

Bul-dum' po'-mah: Coast tribe south of Caspar River, including

the Big River country and reaching south to Navarro Ridge. ✓ *Little River*

✓ Later. - Have learned that the Nar'-ko-po-mah are a band of the Yukean Tah-to'-mah. The name Nar'-ko-po-mah is in the language of the Sherwood Valley Mah-to' po'-mah. - com

Me-tum'-mah name for Athapaskan and Yukean neighbors:

Athapaskan tribes:

Ki'po'-mah: Po'-mah name for To-chil'-pe ke'-ah-hahng

(commonly called Kahto). Tribe inhabiting Long and Cahto Valleys, reaching north to Twin Rocks, Cummings, and the junction of Rattlesnake Creek with South Fork Eel River, and south to the extreme south end of Long Valley.

Yo'-sawl: Tribe occupying the coast from Usal Creek north to Shelter Cove, and in the interior reaching easterly to or beyond South Fork Eel River.

Yukean tribes (commonly called 'Yukean').

Kam'-ah-lel'po'-mah: The Me-tum'-mah name for the Oo'-ko-ton-til'-kah tribe inhabiting the coast region from Usal Creek south to Ten Mile River (some say to Inglenook).

Tah'-to-mah: Tribe commonly called 'Redwoods' and closely related to the Hootchnum of upper South Eel River.

Said to reach Outlet Creek from the east in the region of Longvale and Arnold.

{ A band of Yukean Tah-to'-mah occupies the valley of Dutch Henry Creek, west of Outlet Creek, and is called Nari-ko-po'-mah by the Sherwood and Willits Valleys Po'-mah.

Mě-shuk'-ki: Me-tum'-mah name for the Round Valley Oo'-kum-nōm.

ME-TUM-MAH (Little Lake Valley)

Me-tum-mah or Me-tum-ki Po-mah. . . Their name for themselves.

Pomoan tribe inhabiting Little Lake or Willits Valley, the name of which in their own language is Me-tum-ki (called 'Be-tum-ki' by Pomoan tribes on Russian River and Clear Lake).

The territory of the Me-tum-mah extends northwesterly from the site of the present town of Willits to a little beyond the sawmill at Northwestern, and thence to the coast, which it reaches at Cleone Creek (in their language Lă-koo'-nah bě-dah'), or possibly at Pudding Creek, extending thence south to Little River, thus including the Ft. Bragg, Noyo, Caspar, and Big River coast region, which was called Bul'-dam or Bool'-dah.

The Me-tum-mah proper did not claim the eastern part of Little Lake Valley from Willits to the Mountains and Tomki Cr.; this was the territory of a closely related band called Sho-mul' po-mah. Neither did they claim the northern part of Little Lake (now a tule marsh) and adjacent northern part of the valley, for these belonged to the band known as Buk-kow'-hah, regarded by the Me-tum-mah as a distinct tribe. -- *Cum*

The name Me-to'-mah chut'-te was applied to all Me-tum-mah villages in Me-tum-ki or Little Lake Valley.

There were four important permanent winter villages containing about 600 people. These were: Chă-bó-chă-kah chut-te, Pó-kah-chil'-chut-te, She-ó-kah-lan' chut'-te, and Tsah-kah' chut'-te.

Cum

The nose stick

(cc)

The Redwood 'Hoi-let' nah tell me that their tribe never perforated the nose during life, but when a person died they ~~bored~~^{chared} a piece of poison oak to make it sharp, & sharpened it & bored a hole with it through the septum of the dead person's nose & then put handsome dentation shell money in the hole before burying the person.

The Tok-lo-wah of Crescent City and the Karok of Upper Klamath River (Orlean Bar to Haffy camp) were the only Indians the Redwoods knew who dared wear the nose shell when alive — the other tribes were afraid to do so.

Carded

ME-TUM'-MAH RANCHERIAS

In Little Lake Valley:

The name Me-to'-mah chut'-te was applied to all Me-tum'-mah villages in Me-tum'-ki or Little Lake Valley.

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Blue Grouse / water / village

✓ Chă-bo'-chă-kah' chut'-te, meaning 'Grouse water village'. A very large rancheria with roundhouse, 2 or 3 miles west or northwest of Willets, between Willets and Northwestern Mill (just above Frost's ranch) and about a quarter mile from Po'-kah-chil chut'-te. Between 40 and 50 households could be counted on the site of this village.

Po'-kah-chil' chut'-te, meaning 'Red clay hanger rancheria'. About 2 miles west of Willets and a quarter mile southwest of Chă-bo'-chă-kah' chut'-te.

Side hill

She-o'-kah-lan' chut'-te, meaning 'Side hill village'. About a mile west of Willets. Big roundhouse there.

Green

Tsah-kah' chut'-te, meaning 'Green village'. On Willets Creek near Northwestern Mill on road to Sherwood. Big roundhouse there. Northwestern limit of Me-tum'-mah tribe. My informant, Joseph Willets, was raised there.

^{Indiana Pine / water edge?}

Chum-kah-til, meaning 'Pines on edge of water'. Summer camp less than a quarter mile north of Willets. Formerly small pond there.

^{water}
Kaht-se-yu or Kah-tse-yoo; name meaning 'End of water'. Old summer camp about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of Willets and about a quarter mile from Bechtel Ranch, between Bechtel's and Willets.

^{cascara}
Buts-ah-tsa chut-te, meaning 'Cascara village'. Summer seed gathering camp about a mile west of Willets and the same distance south of She-o'-kah-lan', on a hillside on the road to Ft. Bragg.

^{Crow or Raven / water}
Kah-i'-kah chut-te, meaning 'Raven spring village'. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Willets on the road to Sherwood; an old orchard there now. The old village was 200 or 300 yards south of the first house (going from Willets toward Sherwood). There was another village of the same name on the same road farther north, in Sherwood Valley.

^{Rock}
Kah-ba-paw-all chut-te, meaning 'Rock pool camp'. Summer camp about a half mile north of Willets on new highway. Formerly there was a little pool or pot-hole in a big rock there, which was blasted out by the highway.

Kah-be-shal chut-te, meaning 'Boiling water village'. About a mile south of Willets on Bechtel Ranch, on present highway. Two bands or divisions of the tribe met here, the Kah-shi'-da-mal' po'-mah and the Tan'-nah-kom po'-mah.

Yah'-mul chut'-te, meaning 'Friendly Village'. Summer camp and dancing place in the Valley $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile southeast of Willets. Shared by both the Me-tum'-mah and the Sho-mul'po'-mah.

^{Hand}
Tan-nah-kum chut'-te, meaning 'Hand pond village'. About 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Willets. There was an extra large roundhouse here holding more than 200 people. Belonged to Sho-mul'po'-mah.

^{East}
Sho'-tse-yu chut'-te, meaning 'East end'^{camp}. About 2 miles east of Willets. Belonged to the Sho-mul'po'-mah.

^{Food} ^{stick}
Mah-ah-hi-tum chut'-te, meaning 'Food stick standing village'. Big summer camp a half mile east of Bechtel's place and 1 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile southeast of Willets, in the flat of the valley close to the hills on the east side. There was a big dance-house here consisting of a brush fence 5 or 6 feet high without roof. Several tribes met here to dance and have a good time, camping here for 3 months -- from June to the end of August.

^{Dam} ^{mouth}
Buk-kow-hah chut'-te, meaning 'Dam mouth village'. At extreme north end of Little Lake, close to present highway. Belonged to the division called Buk-kow'-hah po'-mah (of upper Outlet Creek).

Tsam-mom'-dah chut'-te, meaning 'Sour creek village'. On Davis Creek 5 miles westerly from Willets on the road to Big River. Permanent all the year rancheria, belonging half and half to the Me-tum'-mah and the Bul-dom'po'-mah. A white man named Bob Ralston took up a ranch there and poisoned the Indians by putting stricknine on meat. Those who were not killed removed to Me-tum'-ki Valley.

(Copy for field use
for correction)

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in Little Lake Valley,

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Ralston took up a ranch there and poisoned the Indians by

~~poisoning meat with~~ ^{further} ~~strickniner~~ ^{on meat}. Those who were not killed

removed to Me-tum'-ki Valley.

ME-TUM'-MAH -- ADDITIONAL RANCHERIAS MENTIONED BY AUTHORS

Batem-da-kai-ee Name of Little Lake Valley (Gibbs).

Chedil-na-Poma Band near Noyo River (Ford, Barrett).

Chow-e-shakTribe in Little Lake Valley (Gibbs & McKee).

Djaw'-moCamp a little back from abrupt cliff on
south bank Pudding Creek, and near ocean
shore-line cliff (Barrett).

Hoo-doo-doo'-kah-we. Village about 4-1/2 miles east-southeast
of Willets (Barrett).

Kah-bā'-tsit-oo Old camp 100 yards south of Ki-yě'-til, on
coast north of Pudding Creek.

Kah-ba'-yoVillage probably 3-1/2 miles northeast
of Willets -- indefinite (Barrett).

Kah-tah-kahl'Village in Little Lake Valley 1/2 mile
south of Willets (Barrett).

Naboh, Naloh, or Natoh . . Old village in Little Lake Valley.
Car-lots-a-po given as chief and also
as name of tribe in Little Lake Valley
(Gibbs & McKee).

Additional Rancherias Me-tum'-mah

Tōl'-dahm Camp at edge of redwood forest, 1 mile
from ocean, up ridge between Noyo River
and Hare River (Barrett).

Yah-mo' Village on south shore Little Lake,
north of Willets (Barrett).

THE WHITES KILL LITTLE LAKE VALLEY INDIANS

Joseph Willits, a Me-tum'-mah born and raised in Little Lake Valley, tells me that when the whites began to come into the Valley they took possession of the land and shot lots of the Indians. His own grandfather had the calf of one leg and front of the foot of the other leg shot off; still he lived to be an old man and did not die until about 1907. - *can*

TANNING DEER SKINS

The Me-tum'-mah of Little Lake

Valley tan Deer skins with brains

and ashes. - *can*

THE BITE OF THE TARANTULA

The Me-tum'-mah of Little Lake Valley tell me that Tarantulas occur in the Valley and sometimes bite persons. Informant's sister had a 3-months old baby which was bitten on one side by a Tarantula and died. The Tarantula was found in the baby's blanket. *Chm*

MOUNTAIN LIONS

Mountain Lions have one or two
young at a birth. They have been seen
walking on rough ground carrying their
young in the mouth as a cat carries
her kittens.-- Told me by Joseph Willets
of Little Lake Valley. - *claw*

BLACK BEAR

A Me-tum'-mah Indian from Little Lake Valley told me that a Sherwood Valley Indian was once carrying a sack of mussels on his back when he met a Black Bear. The Bear smelled the mussels and took them from the back of the Indian and ate them. - can

Calif. Grizzly BEARS in Little Lake Valley region

Grizzly bears (Boo-tah-yu) were common in the land of the Me-tum'-mah. Ordinarily they were let alone. But there were brave men, called Chah-bah', who used to fight them with clubs. My informant, when young, remembers several men who were badly scarred in combats with grizzlies and several who had one hand and wrist bitten off. Also 1 or 2 with one side of the face torn off. The grizzlies if suddenly disturbed always charged, but if given the trail or seen at a little distance would usually move off without molesting the man. When met on a trail the bear always stood up and kept his eye on the man. If the man ran, the bear chased him; if the man backed away quietly the bear moved on without pursuing.

¶ Grizzlies are a kind of human being: they sit down like ^a man and stand up like a man. They get up and walk on their hind feet like a man and take things in their hands like a man, and they have been seen catching salmon with their hands. ¶ A long time

ago one of the old people saw 4 grizzly bears playing the grass game. They were on a small flat; it was in early spring. They were sitting 2 on each side. They clapped their hands together and pointed their fingers, first on one side and then on the other, like so many men. — com

FATE OF CLEAR LAKE INDIANS FORCED BY KELSEY TO WORK IN DISTANT MINES

I have been told repeatedly by Clear Lake Indians, and also by a Yo-ki-ah named Stephen Knight, that Kelsey, who lived near what is now known as Kelseyville, a few miles south of the main body of Clear Lake, forced the neighboring Indians to work for him and treated them in a very brutal manner. The story of his treatment of Augustine is told elsewhere and need not be repeated here.

At one time Kelsey took a large number of Indians to a distant point to work in the mines. The mines gave out and the Indians each rewarded by a long shirt (the only payment received for their labor) were turned loose to find their way home. On the way they had to traverse territory of the Wintoon tribe or one of its branches. These people set upon them and killed nearly the whole number so that only a few ever returned to Clear Lake.

Pueblo

1883-1928

Folder 1



Self-Poisoned?

See Page 58

to imply that unsanitary living conditions were the only thing that brought the Pueblos to their present low estate. In anything so complex as the course of a human civilization, there are always numerous factors at work. One of the idlest occupations of the amateur historian is the search for "the" cause of the Fall of Rome. Similarly, it were idle to speak of "the" cause of Pueblo decline. Nevertheless, among the things that brought about the decline, crowded living and the diseases of poor sanitation must be reckoned as well toward the top, the Arizona archaeologist believes.

Pueblo architecture has always had a strangely glamorous attraction for white men. In the very earliest days of Spanish settlement in Mexico, wonder-tales of the shining Seven Cities of Cibola,

windows. If they lack these things, they are not dignified with the name of apartment houses but are called tenements, and slum clearance agencies size them up speculatively and reach for an ax.

But the Indian pueblo, stripped of all its romance, has even fewer conveniences than a city tenement. It is a "walk-up" of the most primitive type, with ladders instead of stairs. It is as innocent of plumbing as it is of windows. Water has to be brought in from a distance in earthenware jars, and household wastes of all kinds are simply thrown out on the ground nearby. If it didn't stand in a desert, where sun and wind quickly render such slops as nearly innocuous as possible, the place would be simply intolerable.

This is not in any way an indictment of the people who built it and have

it for centuries. They have within the limits of their primitive knowledge, and within those limits, done a really remarkable job. Probable men, planted in a similar environment, with no more materials or better tools, could not have even as good an answer to the problems of their surroundings. Nevertheless, disease germs are no respecters of humanity or effort, unless these are ingeniously applied to the task of prevention. This gap in the Indian knowledge is a weak place in his armor. And he has paid the price.

Rains Add Hazard

Pueblo Indians only dwelt in the desert, rainless the year round, and their unsanitary way of throwing out household wastes would not constitute a particularly bad health menace. Dried by strong sun and wind, the mud and household litter lock up germs and hold them fast. Germs find a watery medium to live in, and are free to develop their evil powers. Pueblo-land is visited by more regular rainy seasons. Water accumulates in puddles around the houses, and its bacterial count must be does require much imagination to picture. If to make the operation of the place doubly sure, the Indians attach ceremonial value to water that has been given directly from on high, others give it to their children, and they grandly reject suggestions by the white men that it may not

be very good for the little ones.

In 1934, says Dr. Colton, almost all the children in two large pueblos in northern Arizona died. The agent of the Indian Bureau blamed it on too much watermelon!

The population of Pueblo-land was not always kept at its present low level by such suicidal community self-poisoning. Dr. Colton has worked out an estimate, on the basis of archaeological evidence, that about the year 1000 A.D. there were some 23,000 Indians living in northern Arizona, in place of the present 2,800. That is a really large number of mouths for so arid a land to feed, yet they seemed to be well supported by their irrigated patches of corn, pumpkins, beans, and peppers. Even more remarkable is the fact that they had built up this large population

and the Pueblo people soon began to live in messy accumulations rather than in boys.

ARCHAEOLOGY

America's First Slums

Ancient Indians in the Picturesque Pueblos of the Southwest Suffered From Crowding and Unsanitary Homes

By DR. FRANK THONE

See Front Cover

SLUMS, and the manifold evils that they breed, are no new thing under America's sun. Slum-like conditions obtained among the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest when white men first saw them—had existed, indeed, for nearly half a thousand years before the first exploring parties of Spaniards penetrated into what is now the state of Arizona.

And these same ancient-American slum ways of living have been in large measure responsible for the decline of the Pueblo population, once ten times more numerous than it is today in the uplands of northern Arizona. So at least declares Dr. Harold S. Colton, director of the Museum of Northern Arizona, at Flagstaff.

Slum life killed off the Pueblos in exactly the same way it kills off the wretched poor who house miserably in the East Sides of the white man's cities, Dr. Colton charges. Crowded indecently together, ignorant of the elements of sanitation, lacking the means to practice it even if they had the knowledge, the people swallow disease-polluted water. And so they die—especially the children.

A Major Cause

Of course, Dr. Colton does not mean to imply that unsanitary living conditions were the only thing that brought the Pueblos to their present low estate. In anything so complex as the course of a human civilization, there are always numerous factors at work. One of the idlest occupations of the amateur historian is the search for "the" cause of the Fall of Rome. Similarly, it were idle to speak of "the" cause of Pueblo decline. Nevertheless, among the things that brought about the decline, crowded living and the diseases of poor sanitation must be reckoned as well toward the top, the Arizona archaeologist believes.

Pueblo architecture has always had a strangely glamorous attraction for white men. In the very earliest days of Spanish settlement in Mexico, wonder-tales of the shining Seven Cities of Cibola,

built all of silver, lured Coronado and his hardy band into their magnificent but disappointing quest, that carried them as far as Kansas before they owned their defeat and went home. They saw and marvelled at these piled-up cities of the Indians, unlike any other native architecture and far advanced beyond the unpretentious dwellings of neighboring tribes. But they weren't built of silver, and their inhabitants had no gold, so the Spaniards passed them up and pushed on after their Midas-mirage, that mocked them over horizon after horizon.

Later comers, Spanish and Saxon alike, have felt the fascination of these strange houses, and have become romantic about them. They have come to dominate much of Southwestern architecture, from artist's studio at Taos to humble hot-dog stand by the highway. Recent Americans have taken a curious pride in pointing to their piled-up rooms on rooms as this country's first apartment houses.

Nothing to be Proud Of

As if apartment houses were something to be proud of at all! Even at best, our city apartment buildings are a concession to necessity, and are made tolerable only by all the expensive modern improvements that can be built into them: elevator service, plumbing, electric lighting, good ventilation and ample windows. If they lack these things, they are not dignified with the name of apartment houses but are called tenements, and slum clearance agencies size them up speculatively and reach for an ax.

But the Indian pueblo, stripped of all its romance, has even fewer conveniences than a city tenement. It is a "walk-up" of the most primitive type, with ladders instead of stairs. It is as innocent of plumbing as it is of windows. Water has to be brought in from a distance in earthenware jars, and household wastes of all kinds are simply thrown out on the ground nearby. If it didn't stand in a desert, where sun and wind quickly render such slops as nearly innocuous as possible, the place would be simply intolerable.

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E FIELDS

ARCHAEOLOGY

Bricks Help To Trace Early Western History

ADOBE BRICKS from ruins of a Dominican mission in Lower California have preserved evidence of a smallpox epidemic that ravaged the Indian population in 1781.

Two California scientists who have been examining bricks from old missions made the discovery of bones in bricks from San Vicente mission. It is supposed that builders of the Mission must have shoveled in bone fragments from unmarked graves of smallpox victims when they were getting earth to make the brick.

Mission bricks are yielding many clues to early western history, according to the two brick investigators, Prof. G. W. Hendry of the University of California, and M. K. Bellue of the State Department of Agriculture. On some bricks are footprints of men, dogs, coyotes, birds; and in other bricks have been found nut shells, leather trimmings, pottery, copper fragments, and seed of plants grown in early days in the west.

Science News Letter, January 23, 1937

MATHEMATICS

Famous Mathematical Problem Solved at Chicago

HAILED as one of the greatest recent advances in the science of numbers, Prof. Leonard Eugene Dickson of the University of Chicago has produced the first rigorous proof of an extension of one of the problems that has wrinkled the brows of mathematicians since the Middle Ages.

Ranking with the famous and impossible trisection of the angle as a brain puzzler, the task Prof. Dickson set himself and solved is what is called "additive number theory" or the "Waring problem."

In its simplest form, the one that was discussed during the middle ages, the problem concerns the fact that every whole number is either an exact square or the sum of two, three or four squares. By a coincidence, the famous mathema-

nominated by
tician Fermat in 1636—the year of the founding of Harvard which is now being celebrated—first discovered the general theorem.

Many of the best brains in the world have set themselves the task of working out the rules, formulae and proofs, and as early as 1772, a mathematician named Euler—son of a more celebrated mathematician—worked out the formulae for any power.

Amateur mathematicians may wish to ponder over it. Here it is. To express any number as the sum of two other numbers raised to any selected power, for convenience designated mathematically by the small number n , the maximum number needed of numbers so raised to the selected power is found by raising two to the selected power, subtracting two and then adding the fraction three over two raised to the selected power, discarding the decimal fraction.

For squares the answer is four, for cubes it is nine, and for fourth powers it is 19, for fifth powers it is 37, and so on.

Mathematicians know and have confidence in this rule but it had never been rigorously proved for any but squares and cubes.

Proved For all Powers

Prof. Dickson's achievement is to prove it rigorously for all powers from the seventh power to infinity powers.

How did he do it? He did not even try to tell in the one lecture he gave. He explained that it would take 120 lectures to mathematically-trained listeners to give full proof.

There are still three powers in additive number theory that have not yet been conquered, the fourth, fifth and sixth powers. Prof. Dickson believes that, given time, he will work out the proof of these also.

Prof. Dickson glories somewhat in the impracticality of this particular branch of mathematics. It has been useful in the mathematics of the new quantum theory of physics, wave mechanics, and so on. But it hardly is useful as yet to practical chemists, physicists and engineers who apply science to everyday life. That does not mean that it will not be useful in the future.

Going back to the formula for a minute, Prof. Dickson on the back of an envelope worked out the maximum number of terms in a series of seventh powers that will add up to any number. It is 143. Got a pencil and paper? You can work it out for yourself.

Science News Letter, January 23, 1937

PUBLIC HEALTH

Pointed Lollipop Is a Death Weapon

PPOTENTIALLY a lethal weapon, the pointed lollipop stick must be outlawed, believes Dr. William A. Schonfeld, New York physician.

Lollipops on blunt sticks may be permitted to a child but he should be cautioned against running about with one in his mouth.

Following the recent death of a two-year-old patient, Dr. Schonfeld becomes a militant crusader against the pointed lollipop stick. He describes the little boy's sad death from infection following a lollipop injury in the forthcoming issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association (Jan. 16).

The little boy fell down with a lollipop in his mouth and the sharp stick penetrated the hard palate. He cried but there was no bleeding and the parents never discovered the site of the injury.

Eight days passed, and the little boy fell ill. Six days later he was dead, in spite of medical treatment. Infection, Dr. Schonfeld discovered, spread along the pterygopalatine canal, causing inflammation of connective tissue. This spread to the brain, producing local meningitis, encephalitis and abscess of the outer membrane of the brain.

Some candy manufacturers favor the pointed lollipop stick because it speeds up production, Dr. Schonfeld states. Parents should forbid the purchase of these lollipops at all times.

Although injuries from lollipop sticks are frequent, they are usually innocuous, the physician finds. Only occasionally do they lead to serious complications and death. Most of them are preventable.

Science News Letter, January 23, 1937

MEDICINE

Acid Destroys Gallstones Dog Experiments Show

GALLSTONES apparently can form and survive only by "staying on the alkaline side," it appears from the report of researches by Dr. Maurice Feldman and associates of the University of Maryland School of Medicine. They implanted human gallstones in the gallbladders of dogs. The stones dissolved, apparently because dog bile is more acid than that found in the human gallbladder. Gallstones similarly implanted in guinea pigs, which have alkaline bile, failed to dissolve.

Science News Letter, January 23, 1937





HOLY

The puddle in the middle of this Pueblo street is holy water to the Indians although filth makes it deadly to drink. This photograph was taken by the National Geographic Society's Pueblo Bonito Expedition.

from a beginning of perhaps 3,000 persons in 600 A.D.

But after this high peak in their fortunes, the Pueblo population began to decline. By 1400 A.D. there were only 7,400 of them, and in 1890 the lowest point was reached, with a remnant of 2,000 souls. Since then they have held their own, and increased very slowly against the handicaps that beset them.

Why should the very peak of their good fortune mark the beginning of their decline?

Changed Their Ways

Dr. Colton thinks that a sudden revolution in their way of living had a good deal to do with it. It was just after they reached their point of greatest numbers that these tribes gave up their old, scattered, one-family dwellings and began to crowd into the swarming, tenement-like pueblo type of houses, with their deadly lack of sanitation.

The earliest ancestors of the Pueblo Indians lived in houses radically different from those their descendants now occupy. They were more or less nomadic hunters, and like all hunting populations their total number was relatively small and probably fluctuated a good deal, in response to abundances and scarcities in game. Their houses were of the type known as pit dwellings, a kind of habitation still used very widely by Indians throughout the West, from the earth lodges of the Mandan in the Dakotas to the "hogans" of the Navajo who are nextdoor neighbors to the Pueblo tribes.

At some still unknown date before 600 A.D. agriculture was introduced and the Pueblo people soon began to

increase in number, as always happens when a dependable cultivated food supply replaces an undependable one obtained by hunting. But the people still continued to live in their pit dwellings for another 400 years, while their numbers increased to the 23,000 mark.

Then some one invented or imported the new type of house, the pueblo—and shortly the fatal decline began.

Why should the Indians have remained healthy so long as they lived in the pit dwellings, only to get into serious trouble as soon as they moved into what looked like much better quarters?

Why, for that matter, do the pit-dwelling Navajo thrive and increase today, while their "apartment"-dwelling neighbors barely manage to hold their own?

The Hogan Better

The answer is plain, Dr. Colton thinks: for life under primitive conditions, a pit-dwelling, such as a Navajo hogan, is really better than the more pretentious-looking pueblo type of house.

The Navajo isn't a bit neater in his ways than the Pueblo; he throws his slops out in front of his house, too, and lets the mess lie right there. But the hogans are scattered, one-family dwellings; there isn't any crowding, and the garbage concentration is consequently much lower. Water is always brought from a distance, so that there is little chance of pollution. Being roughly built, the hogan has an effective automatic ventilating system.

Moreover, the Navajo gets away from his messy accumulations rather fre-

quently. He is a shepherd by principal occupation, and so must keep moving along with his flocks. So old hogans are abandoned and new ones built, possibly many times in one man's lifetime. Contrast that with the generations of persistent life in the pueblos—with Great-grandma's garbage still lying in front of the door.

Another thing makes for occasional change of living quarters among the Navajo. It is a part of their fixed tribal custom that if a person dies in a hogan, that hogan must be torn down. The Navajo do try to carry dying members of their families outdoors, if they are not in the mood for moving at the moment; but sometimes a relative will play them the ill trick of dying in the house, thereby automatically evicting the rest of the family and necessitating the building of a new hogan on clean ground.

In Modern Times

On a somewhat more sophisticated scale, we Caucasians have been repeating the story of the Pueblo. To be sure, the traditional farm boy who leaves the old home isn't migrating from a hogan—though some of them, at that, did come from prairie dug-outs or sod-houses, which were pit-dwellings learned directly from the Indians. If he makes good in the big city, he is privileged to live in a very superior pueblo, with clean water piped in, and sewage piped out, and regular removal of garbage, and nightly janitor service, and all that kind of thing. His dooryard stays clean and he lives.

But if he doesn't do so well, or if a depression hits him, and he has to house himself and his family on the wrong side of the tracks—

"Nearly a fifth of our urban population live in dilapidated houses, generally crowded, and typically lacking private indoor toilets and bathtubs. Nearly half of these substandard homes are also without electric lights and about a quarter of them have no running water," is the grim summary of a recent Government report.

Indians living under conditions more or less analogous to these suffered a 90 per cent population loss in about 25 generations.

The illustration on the cover of this week's SCIENCE NEWS LETTER shows a cliff dwelling at Mesa Verde.

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Science News Letter, January 23, 1937

Teeth erupt earlier in girls than in boys.

WHAT TO DO DURING INFLUENZA EPIDEMICS

No sure way of preventing an attack of influenza is yet known to scientists. There are, however, certain precautions which health authorities and physicians agree should be followed during influenza outbreaks.

For Protection

Make more than the ordinary effort to increase your well-being when influenza, colds and upper respiratory infections are prevalent.

Here are eight rules useful in guarding against the disease:

1. Secure adequate sleep and rest (eight to ten hours' sleep every night with windows open, but under enough covering to keep warm).
2. Eat a moderate, mixed diet and partake freely, at regular periods, of pure water (six to eight glasses daily).
3. Wear clothing to suit the environment, particularly clothing which prevents chilling of the body surfaces and which keeps the body dry.
4. Avoid people with colds, especially those who are sneezing or coughing. There is more danger from contact with those just beginning to feel sick than from those ill enough to be confined to bed.
5. Keep out of crowds as far as possible, especially crowds in closed places.
6. Avoid the use of common towels, wash basins, glasses, eating utensils, and toilet articles.
7. Wash the hands thoroughly before eating.
8. Avoid alcohol and stimulants of all sorts.

For Treatment

If you get the disease, follow these four recommendations to prevent becoming seriously ill.

1. If you have a cold, feel badly, or are feverish, go to bed at once, send for a physician and follow his instructions.
2. Do not take any so-called cures. There is no specific cure for this disease.
3. If you cannot get a doctor, remain in bed, eat a simple diet, take plenty of fluids, such as water, fruit juices, milk, bouillon, hot soups, at frequent intervals. Use a mild cathartic if constipated.
4. Remember that the most important measure for preventing pneumonia or other serious complications is to remain in bed until all symptoms have disappeared and then, under the physician's advice, to return very gradually to your usual physical activities, being sure to rest before you get tired.

PUBLIC HEALTH

Flu Cases Triple in U. S. During Week

INFLUENZA cases more than tripled in number during the week ending January 9, reports from state health officers to the U. S. Public Health Service show. During this week, the latest for which nation-wide figures are available, 12,145 cases were reported as against 3,993 cases for the previous week.

The Middle West was hardest hit, it appears from the reports, though South Carolina reported over seven hundred cases and New York City nearly two thousand. New York State outside of New York City does not require reporting of influenza cases and there was no influenza report from Pennsylvania.

The number of cases, although greater than last year at this time, is still so low that public health authorities do not consider that the disease has reached epidemic proportions as yet in this country. In Europe the situation is apparently more serious. Dr. F. G.

Boudreau of the Health Section of the League of Nations has informed the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service that influenza "was showing an unusually early tendency to assume epidemic proportions in Central and Northwestern Europe, especially in Berlin, Copenhagen and London."

Science News Letter, January 23, 1937

MEDICINE

Biggest Accident Risk for Front Seat Passenger

THE GIRL in the front seat runs the big risk in motor accidents.

Seventy-five per cent of the severe, crushing facial injuries sustained in automobile accidents occur to the person riding beside the driver, in the experience of Dr. Claire L. Straith, Detroit plastic surgeon. The majority of these victims are young women.

Lacking the support of the steering wheel, which often saves the driver, the guest-passenger is thrown forward more violently at the impact. The passenger's head strikes the instrument

board, where projecting handles, knobs and cranks add to the hazard.

Elimination of projecting objects from the passenger's side of the instrument panel should be attempted by motor car engineers, Dr. Straith declares in an article on facial injuries caused by motor accidents. (*Journal, American Medical Association*, Jan. 9.)

The use of "crash padding" on the instrument panel might do much to minimize the seriousness and extent of this type of injury, believes Dr. Straith.

Facial disfigurements resulting from such accidents often cause psychologic handicaps that ruin social and business careers, the Detroit surgeon states. He says:

"The ranks of the unemployed and unemployable are already large enough without adding to their numbers persons physically and mentally handicapped by preventable or curable facial defects."

The plastic surgeon cannot expect good results in face injuries unless the first aid treatment has been carefully done, asserts Dr. Straith.

Plastic procedures, such as correcting scars, crushed facial bones or lost eyebrows, ears and nose, should not be undertaken until two months after every trace of infection has disappeared. He tells physicians how he replaces severed noses, using skin grafts from the forehead of a woman patient and from below the ear of a man patient.

In the same issue of the medical journal, Dr. Lowell S. Selling, also of Detroit, discusses tests for automobile drivers. His recommendations are based on studies made at the psychopathic clinic of the Detroit Recorder's Court, traffic unit.

"Licensing drivers by means of physical and mental tests will be more or less of a farce," Dr. Selling states, "until physicians themselves give examinations to motor car drivers and until they compile data showing just where the line must be drawn between adequate and inadequate physical capacities."

A man with two artificial arms has been driving a car for twenty years without an accident or a violation of the law. But it requires the decision of an experienced and highly trained individual to determine whether such a handicapped person is capable of safe driving, in Dr. Selling's opinion.

A doctor's certificate as to organic soundness can be easily requested by licensing officials, Dr. Selling says, even though the law does not demand it.

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stand atmospheric degradation very long, and there is abundant evidence of this character testifying to the recent occupancy of these cavate dwellings. Above the cliffs, on the mesas which have already been described, evidences of more ancient ruins were found. These were pueblos built of cut stone rudely dressed. Every mesa had at least one ancient pueblo upon it, evidently far more ancient than the cavate dwellings found in the face of the cliffs. It is then very plain that the cavate dwellings are not of great age; that they have been occupied since the advent of the white man, and that on the summit of the cliffs there are ruins of more ancient pueblos. Now, the pottery of Santa Clara had been previously studied by Mr. Stevenson, who made a large collection there two or three years ago, and it was at once noticed that the potsherds of these cliff dwellings are, both in shape and material, like those now made by the Santa Clara Indians. The peculiar pottery of Santa Clara is readily distinguished, as may be seen by examining the collection now in the National Museum. While encamped in the valley below, the party met a Santa Clara Indian, and engaged him in conversation. From him the history of the cliff dwellings was soon discovered. His statement was that originally his people lived in six pueblos, built of cut stone, upon the summit of the mesas; that there came a time when they were at war with the Apaches and Navajos, when they abandoned their stone pueblos above, and for greater protection excavated the chambers in the cliffs below; that when this war ended, part of them returned to the pueblos above, which were rebuilt; that there afterward came another war, with the Comanche Indians, and they once more resorted to cliff dwellings. At the close of this war they built a pueblo in the valley of the Rio Grande, but at the time of the invasion of the Spaniards their people refused to be baptized, and a Spanish army was sent against them, when they abandoned the valley below and once more inhabited the cliff dwellings above. Here they lived many years, until at last a wise and good priest brought them peace, and persuaded them to build the pueblo which they now occupy—the village of Santa Clara. The ruin of the pueblo, which they occupied previous to the invasion of the Spaniards, is still to be seen, about a mile distant from the present pueblo.

The history thus briefly given was repeated by the governor, and by other persons, all substantially to the same effect. It is therefore evident that the cavate dwellings of the Santa Clara region belong to a people still extant; that they are not of great antiquity, and do not give evidence of a prehistoric and now extinct race.

Plans and measurements were made of some of the villages with sufficient accuracy to prepare models. Photographic views and sketches were also procured, with which to illustrate a detailed report of the subject, to be published by the Bureau.

After the investigations made in company with the Director, Mr. Stevenson proceeded with a party to the Province of Tusayan, in Ari-

Taos ART THAT BLOOMS AT THE DESERT'S RIM

BY ROSE HENDERSON

Outlook - August 1, 1923.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago two young painters, Bert G. Phillips and E. L. Blumenschein, were traveling through the Southwest in a covered wagon and came upon the ancient Spanish-Indian town of Taos, New Mexico, lying in the Rio Grande Valley beneath the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. Desert plains glowed beyond the narrow strip of irrigated land to the west, blue shadows lay under the cottonwoods along the brown-walled streets of the town, and the mountains flamed crimson in the sunset. The Taos Indians were gathering their crops of beans and maize, and dancing their picturesque harvest dances.

Two miles north of the white man's town of Taos towered the two great Indian pueblos, or community houses, of adobe, as primitive as when the Spaniards discovered them over three centuries before. The air was dry and invigorating and the sky the bluest of turquoise. Waterfalls plunged through pine-scented canyons and white-trunked aspens grew along mountain trails. The scenery, in short, was such as to make a painter's fingers itch to catch some of it on canvas.

Phillips and Blumenschein, just out of Paris art schools, were fascinated by the prospect. They sold their horses and camping outfit, and settled down to paint. And they soon discovered other features aside from the unique beauty of the place. Here in the isolated valley at the edge of the desert many of the lawless characters of the old Wild West still lingered. It was the last rendezvous for the Southwest "bad man." Thirty-five miles from a railway, before the days of motor stages, the little town drowsed indolently in the desert sunshine, and under its sleepy exterior harbored a cut-throat gang that had intimidated the few respectable citizens and gained control of community affairs. Gambling was a chief diversion and shooting a common occurrence. Men slept behind barred windows and bolted doors, with their guns conveniently near. It was not safe to go to the post office alone after dark.

The charm of the country grew upon the painters, however, especially Phillips, who was willing to undergo the hardships of frontier life for the sake of the fresh, colorful world that glowed before his palette. He had never before seen such brilliant lights and colors or such a variety of things that he wanted to paint.

There were the Pueblo Indians with their picturesque native dress and

traditions; lithe, stalwart figures in beaded moccasins, red head-bands, and flowing blankets, they were strong and brown and primitive, like their ancient adobe houses. There were the mesas, the deserts, the canyons, as well as the old town with its grassy plaza, its narrow streets, its mission churches and gnarled orchards of apple and pear and peach planted by the early Franciscan friars.

In the fall Blumenschein decided to go on to Mexico, but Phillips said he would stay in Taos until Christmas, and then perhaps join his friend farther south. He was very busy that autumn, painting, writing, making friends with the Indians, and feeling out the sentiment of the better citizens of the town. And when Christmas came he was not ready to leave. Instead, he was more anxious than ever to stay on. And he had made up his mind not to be scared out by a gang of ruffians.

He wrote, urging his friend to return, and began making preparations for a permanent studio. J. H. Sharp, the veteran Indian painter, had visited Taos a year or so before, but had gone on East to where living was a little less strenuous. He now returned and built himself a studio in the old Penitente Church, which served both as workshop and a sanctuary. Blumenschein came back from Mexico, and a little later E. Irving Couse, who

had been painting the Oregon Indians, joined the group, and this quartet formed the nucleus for the Taos art colony, of which Phillips had begun to dream.

A year or so after this O. E. Berninghaus came out from St. Louis. And so the colony grew. But, while the other men usually went away for the winter, Phillips stayed the year round, and it was largely due to his enthusiasm and perseverance that Taos is to-day a recognized art center, with its society of artists sending out annual exhibits to the chief cities of the country, from New York to Los Angeles, and giving frequent exhibitions at the Art Museum at Santa Fé. Accustomed to the comforts and refinements of city life, these artists learned to rough it like cowboys; they made friends with the Indians, and eventually succeeded in cleaning up the town, until to-day it is as peaceful and law-abiding a spot as one could well hope to find.

The Phillips home and studio is one of the most attractive in Taos, which is now becoming famous for its artist homes. Hidden away among rustling cottonwoods, the gray-walled studio is cool and restful and indescribably remote. Passing through the tall wooden gate that shuts away the dusty Taos street, the visitor feels instant and beautiful seclusion. Patches of desert-bright sun lie on the garden

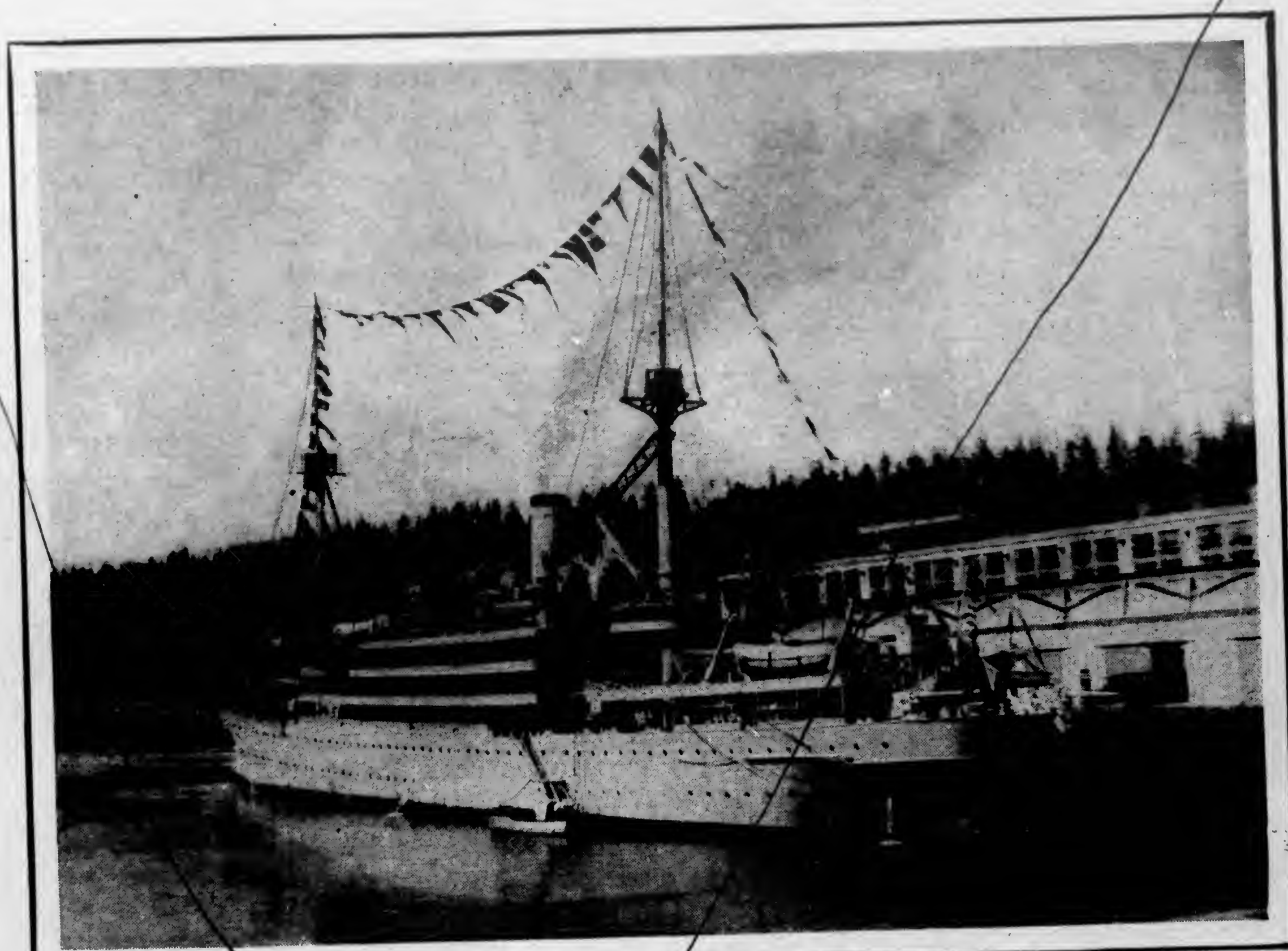


From the Painting by E. Irving Couse.

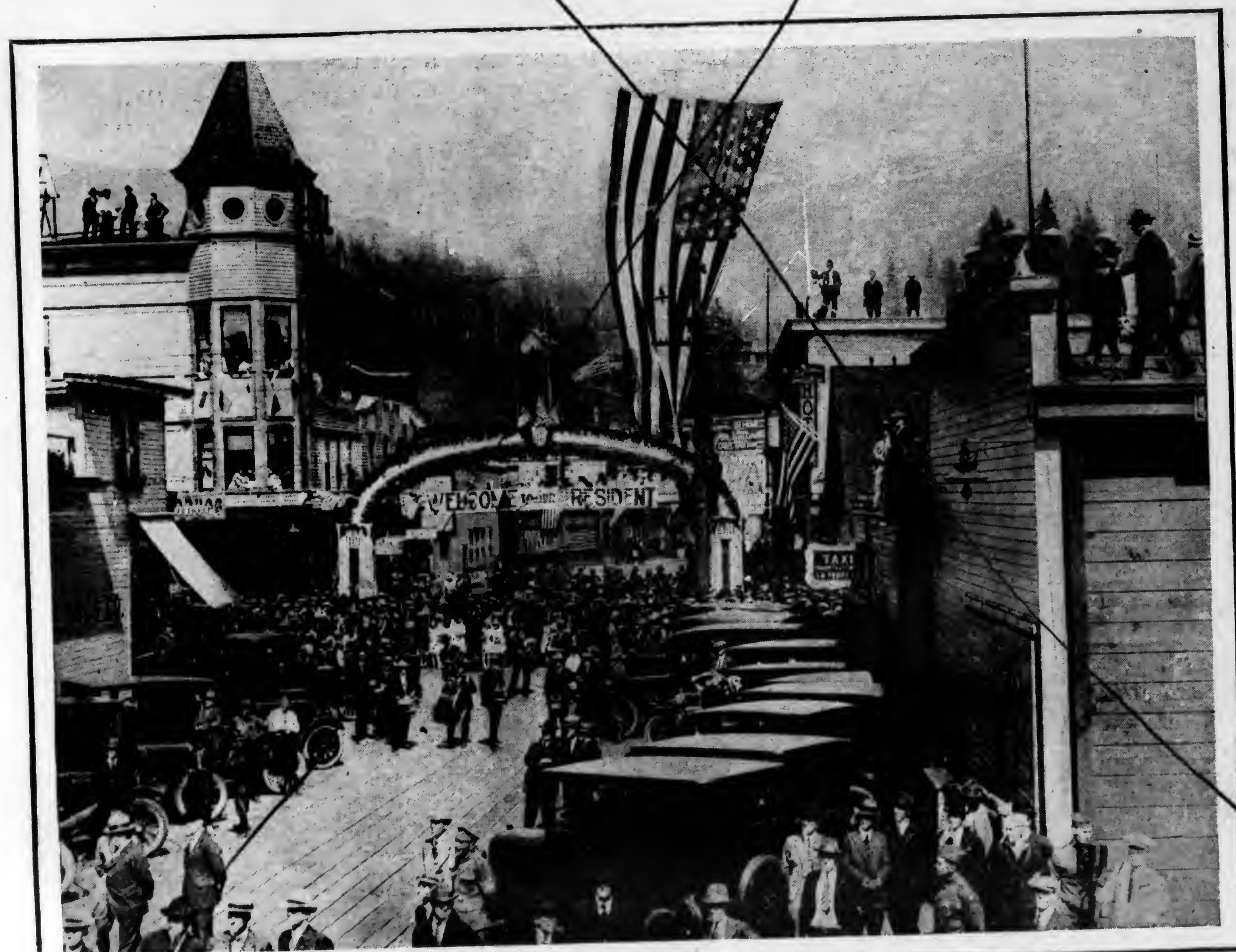
SAN ILDEFONSO POTTERY

THE PRESIDENTIAL PROGRESS

The United States S.S. Henderson, which carried President Harding and his party on their journey to Alaska for the purpose of looking over the most northern Territory of the United States



Wide World Photos



This scene, taken from the Henderson just after its arrival in Alaska with the Presidential party aboard, shows Market Street, Ketchikan, with the street and houses decorated in honor of the President's arrival

P. & A. Photos



From the Painting by J. H. Sharp

CRUCITA—TAOS ISLAND GIRL

grass. Hollyhocks glow against soft adobe walls. Water trickles, birds flash blue wings through sleepy shadows, and the pinon-scented wind steals in from the near-by canyons.

The fascinating sense of withdrawal pursues one in the long living-room with its books, pictures, and rare old rugs; in the studio with its Indian wall-bed and fireplace, which appear in the background of some of Phillips's best-known paintings. It was the desire for just this high-walled, sunlit seclusion that kept Phillips in the face of all sorts of difficulties when he first came to Taos. He felt that he could do his best work in a retreat like this in the midst of desert and mountains, with the old adobe town outside his door.

Phillips goes East occasionally to visit friends and art exhibits, but he does not paint there. The sunlight seems dull and the shadows gray and cold after the vibrant, high-keyed New Mexico coloring. Besides, though Phillips paints exquisite landscapes, he is most interested in Indian figures, and his work reflects an intimate and sympathetic approach to

Indian and Mexican types. In his Taos studio he has none of the distractions that worry a painter in noisy cities. And he can laugh now as he recalls his pioneer experience in his comfortable studio, but at the time it was no laughing matter. Death from quick-shooting fellow-townsmen or from slow starvation because of Eastern indifference to Western art lurked around Taos for the pioneer artist twenty-five years ago.

It is largely through the influence of the art colony that Taos has retained its unique charm while losing its frontier abandon. The town is still Spanish-Indian in architecture and atmosphere. New studios have been put up in the style of the ancient adobes, modified to suit modern convenience. The town is still twenty-five miles from a railway. The nearest route leads from Taos Junction, on the narrow-gauge Denver and Rio Grande. Alighting at this stop in the scrub-pine hills, the traveler finds three evidences of human life: the wooden station that seems something like a large-sized piano box turned on its side, the pleasant-looking cottage

where the station agent lives, and the motor stage for Taos. Everything else is scrubby pine woods, yellow-brown sand with sparse grass and gay desert flowers, and empty, sunlit solitude. A tall, weather-beaten man seizes your baggage as you inquire for the Taos stage, and while packing you in between mail-bags and boxes of freight he tells you that you really ought to have wired the Junction that you were coming, as there are sometimes too many stage passengers for one car.

Off across a descending plateau the car speeds by a trail that is sometimes all but lost in the dun sand and the gray-green pinon. Not a house or a sign of life for miles at a time. Then, perhaps, some Mexican wood-haulers or a lonely adobe hut as the road winds down to the canyon. Five miles of canyon trail take you to a level plateau just west of Taos. But such a hair-raising route as you follow in that five miles of canyon going! Down, down, you drop, the road clinging to the edge of the cliffs in a narrow shelf just wide enough for the stage. The cliffs tower higher and higher, the river roars louder, and, though the sun is still shining brightly, there are twilight shadows down among the canyon rocks and pines. Up again, around the shelving road, with the water gurgling fainter, you rise above the tops of the tall pines growing below the sheer drop just beyond the outside wheels.

Even the driver sighs with relief as he strikes the level road again, and he has been making the canyon trip twice a day for twenty years. Every bit of freight for Taos must be hauled the twenty-five miles from the Junction. Pictures sent out and art supplies brought in must travel the precarious canyon route. In winter, when the ice is on, the road is really dangerous, the driver observes. It seems a bit wild at any time to the tenderfoot who is making his first journey over it, but the artists do not seem to mind the tortuous trail.

A dozen or more painters now have permanent homes in Taos, and dozens more visit the town for a part of the year. The Taos Society of Artists has made an enviable name for itself, and has carried to thousands of Easterners glowing glimpses of New Mexico's purple mesas and yellow plains. The group is made up of independent, highly individual workers, and does not represent any particular school or theory of art. Extreme modernists as well as conservative academicians find Taos alluring.

E. Irving Couse, N.A., is widely known for his Indian paintings, which are distributed all the way from the

Metropolitan Museum to the Pacific coast. He has made a charming studio and summer home out of an old Spanish convent that was once owned by Kit Carson. The adobe walls are deep and cool, the *patio* porch is curtained with vines, and a mission bell in an open belfry over the arched Spanish doorway announces the arrival of visitors just as it did in the old convent days. Heavy plank shutters and doors recall the pioneer period when it was wise to bolt these protecting barriers at nightfall. From an ancient stone bench on the open porch you may view the valley and mountains stretching away for miles, and on evenings in late summer you may find a wood fire blazing in the Mexican fireplace, as the nights are always cool at Taos on account of the high altitude.

The studio of J. H. Sharp is just across the *patio* in another wing of the convent, and here the visitor is shown one of the finest collections of Indian products outside a museum. There are stacks of gorgeous blankets, bags, dresses, moccasins, basketry, and implements. Many are rare and valuable specimens. There are squaw dresses bordered in exquisite embroideries and worth hundreds of dollars. A bride's gown is made of cotton that was manufactured from the Indians' own product before the coming of the Spaniards. What is probably the only genuine buffalo-skin teepee outside a museum is a treasure of Mr. Sharp's collection. Pitched in his *patio* garden, it provides an appropriate background for Indian models.

Sharp pays the penalty for being one of the most successful and prolific of Indian painters. He likes to paint landscapes occasionally, but he says that nobody will buy a picture of his "unless it has one of those darned Indians in it somewhere." The artist's eyes twinkle as he tells you this. He doesn't seem to be worrying about the landscapes. He shows you an exquisite thing full of desert sky and sunshine. "Just clouds and sage," he observes. It is golden, feathery, and alluring, a poem in line and color, speaking the beauty and freedom of wind-swept hills.

O. E. Berninghaus, another of the pioneers, paints cow ponies with the discerning eye of a connoisseur. Horses seem to him characteristic of Western life, and he makes them "belong" in his landscapes. He has a fine new studio-home at the west edge of town and spends much time at Taos. Herbert Dunton, the cowboy artist, who has done hundreds of illustrations for Western stories, is known as well for his Southwest paintings. He punched cattle over the plains from Wyoming to Mexico, and so knows the old West of the open ranges. He lived

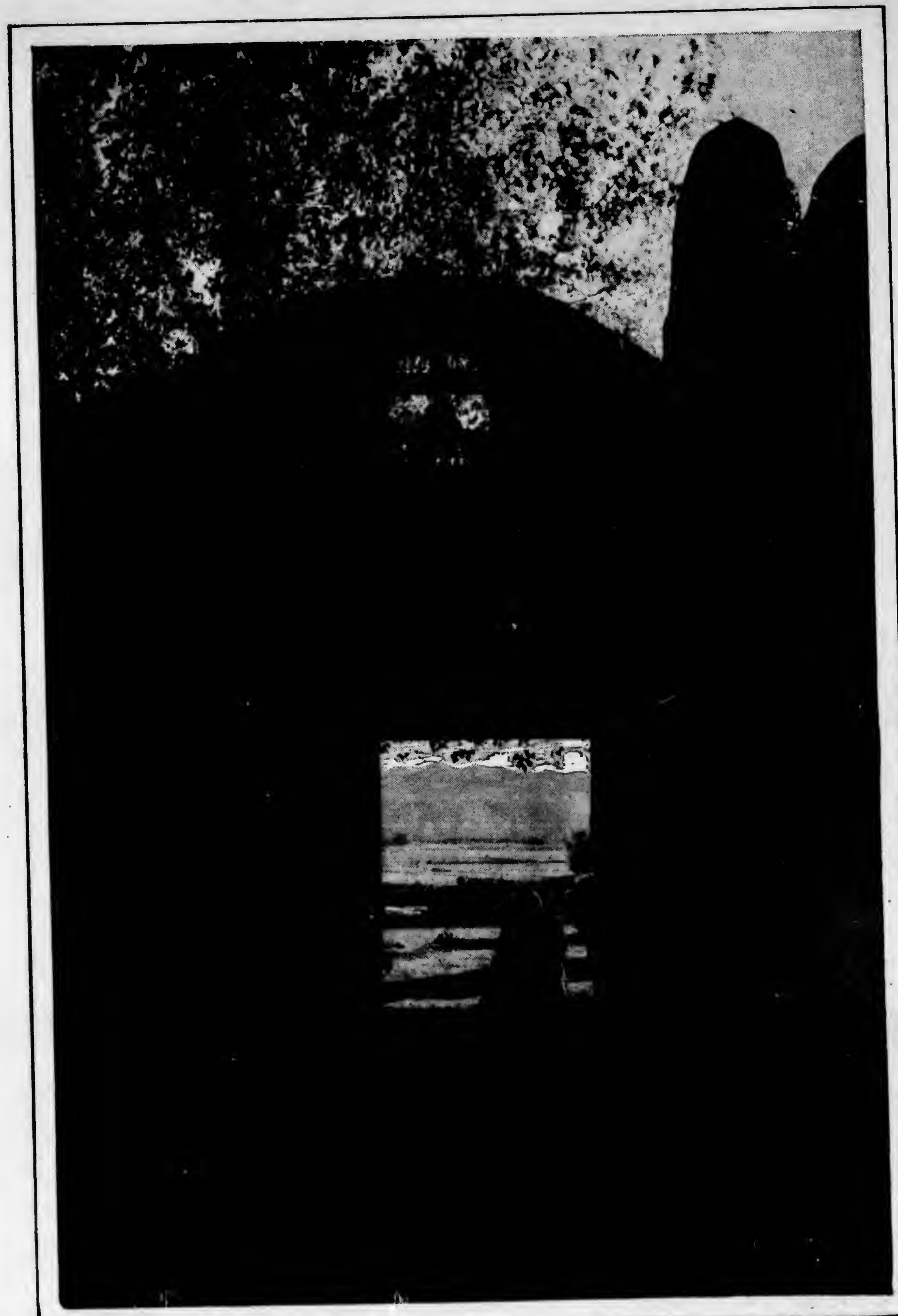
in New York City in the early part of his art career and did many illustrations for O. Henry's stories.

"You can't paint cowboys," says Dunton, "unless you know how to throw a rope and hog a calf." O. Henry, he declares, was "a regular guy" and knew the West intimately before he tried to write about it.

All of the Taos artists have realized the need for intimate, first-hand contact with the locality in order to reflect more than surface observations. They have delved into the history of the Southwest, studied Indian life and customs, and absorbed the peculiar qualities of the place and the people. They have given the town a cosmopolitan air, in spite of its primitive aspects. If you attend a masked ball in one of the spacious Taos studios, the frontier life that Phillips and Sharp and Blumenschein encountered

a quarter of a century ago seems ages remote. But if you linger around the Indian pueblos, watch the bread baking in primitive clay ovens outside the door, see the blanketed women climbing ladders on the terraced rooftops, you begin to feel as if you were back in the days of the Spanish conquest.

Indian harvest dances, prayers for rain, and sunset ceremonials are performed as of old. Secret rites are carried on in the underground *kivas*, or council chambers. Drovers of burros carrying packs of wood meander down from the mountains, followed by leisurely Mexican drivers. Blackshawled women pass through narrow-walled streets on their way to mass at the crumbling mission churches. The sun shines with its peculiar desert brightness over the flat adobe houses clustered around the plaza. Exquisite



Courtesy School of American Research

GATEWAY TO HOUSE OF E. IRVING COUSE, N.A., TAOS, NEW MEXICO

purple mists cling about the mountains, and the sky flames with the most brilliant of sunsets. The color

and atmosphere make the place seem a painter's paradise. It is like a sunny corner of old Spain, with a dash

of Parisian art life, and the desert and Indians thrown in as a distinctly American asset.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD COURT

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

AMID all the controversy, pro and contra, over the Permanent Court of International Justice, or World Court, as it is commonly called, it will perhaps be worth while to recall the facts and circumstances of the origin of that scheme, for the sake of correcting some misapprehensions concerning its authorship and development, and also of giving credit where credit is due. It is a commonplace of history that the principle of international arbitration in its modern form was first broached in our Revolutionary era by Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and John Jay. In 1780 Franklin wrote: "We daily make great improvements in natural, there is one I wish to see in moral, philosophy: the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this?" Fourteen years later John Jay answered Franklin's question by embodying the principle of arbitration of boundary disputes in his famous treaty with England—a treaty which marked the definite line of separation between the age of force and the age of reason and law in international controversies. In supporting that epochal convention Alexander Hamilton said: "It would be a horrid and destructive principle, that nations could not terminate a dispute about the title to a particular piece of territory by amicable agreement, or by submission to arbitration, but would be under an indispensable obligation to prosecute the dispute by arms."

Every rational American citizen today, I suppose, regards with patriotic pride that record of America's leadership in the substitution of reason and law for war. Yet it is humiliating to remember that it was for that provision in it that Jay's treaty was most denounced and its ratification opposed, that Jay was hanged and burned in effigy all over the country, and the streets of New York were emblazoned with the inscription: "Damn John Jay! Damn everybody who doesn't damn John Jay! Damn everybody who won't sit up all night to damn John Jay!" and that Hamilton was mobbed, stoned, and narrowly escaped lynching. Despite such popular atrocities, however, the principle of arbitration

was then adopted, as an American contribution to international law and practice, and was thereafter repeatedly utilized by this country for the settlement of disputes, notably culminating in the Geneva Arbitration of the Alabama Claims in 1872. For a full century that principle prevailed, though it contemplated nothing more than arbitration before a tribunal specially created or an umpire specially selected for each case. It was not until more than a hundred years after Jay's treaty that a permanent international tribunal was established for arbitral purposes, or that the further advance from arbitration to adjudication was attempted. It is true that the State Senate of Massachusetts as early as 1832 expressed the opinion that some organized method should be established for settling international disputes without war, and a few years later the Legislature of Massachusetts and Vermont adopted resolutions recommending the calling of an international congress for the purpose of creating an international court of arbitration; and in 1872 Charles Sumner introduced into the Senate of the United States a resolution proposing the creation of an international tribunal which should be "a complete substitute for war" and refusal to abide by the decisions of which should be regarded as hostile to civilization. All these, however, were mere proposals, which were not put into effect, and they aimed at nothing but arbitration, and not adjudication.

A new era, comprising the real story of the World Court, began in 1898, the year of our war with Spain. Dr. David Jayne Hill had two years before resigned the Presidency of the University of Rochester and had gone abroad to study the public law of Europe, thus preparing himself for his subsequent distinguished career in diplomacy. As a partial result of his studies he had written a little book on "International Justice." And then he had come home to be, at Washington, Assistant Secretary of State. His book came to the attention of Sir Julian—afterward Lord—Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, who was equally distinguished as a warm and loyal friend of the United States and as an earnest advocate of arbitration and adjudication as substitutes for war or as preventive of it. He was so deeply impressed by

Dr. Hill's book that he promptly sought conference and counsel with him on its subject, and particularly on its relation to the then prospective First Peace Conference at The Hague, for which the Czar of Russia had issued invitations a short time before, in August, 1898.

One day in November, 1898, while the American and Spanish Peace Commissioners were still at work on their Treaty of Paris, Sir Julian Pauncefote went to John Hay, Secretary of State, at the latter's office, and asked the privilege of an interview with Dr. Hill. He had a copy of Dr. Hill's book in his hand, and stated that he wished to discuss its contents with its author, and also to discuss its bearing upon the manner in which the Czar's call to an international conference should be answered. Secretary Hay at once conducted him to Dr. Hill's office, and said to the latter: "I am bringing you a visitor, who wants to talk with you about the little book which he has in his hand and about the response which is to be made to the Czar's call for a congress."

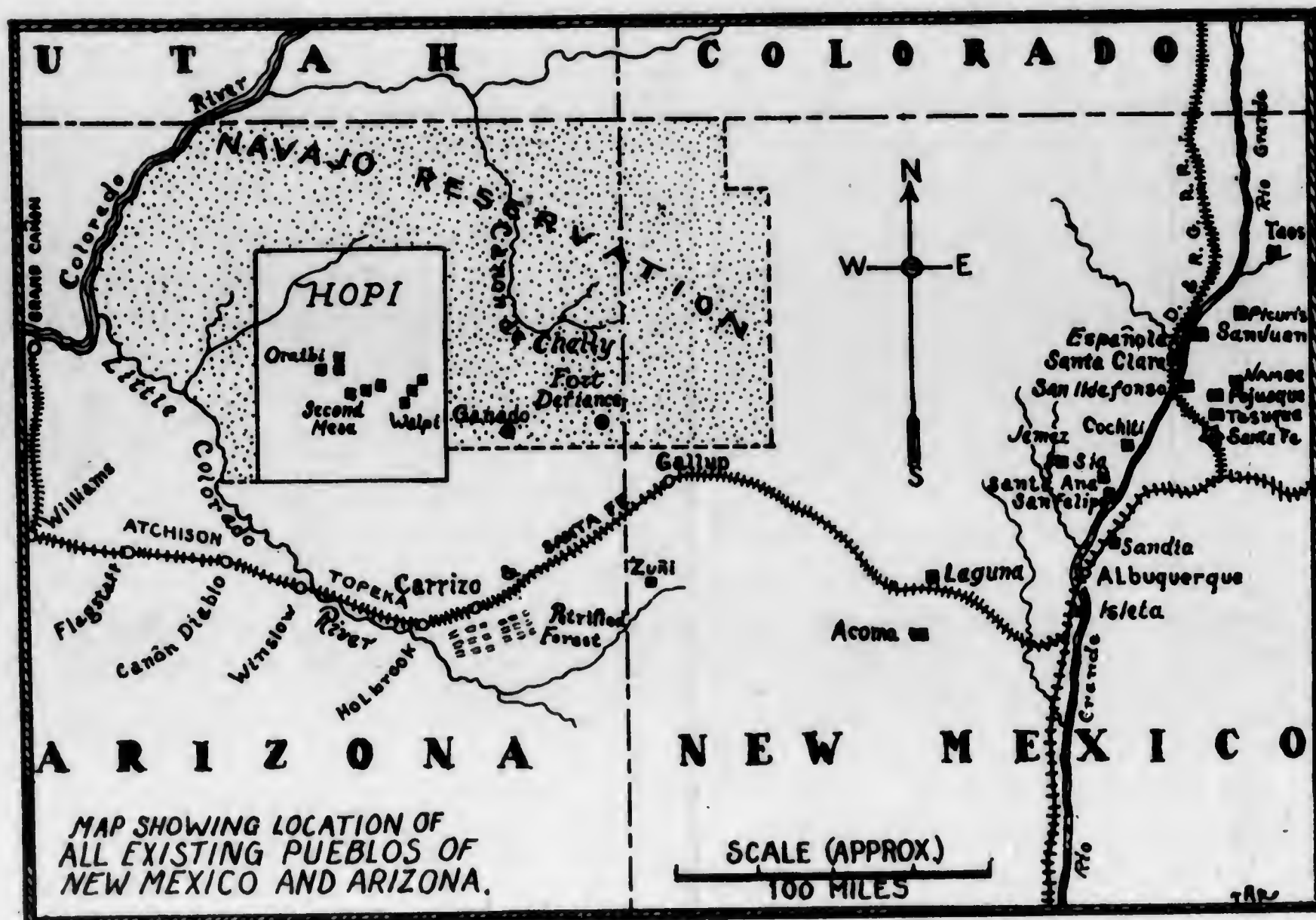
A long interview thereupon took place between the Ambassador and Dr. Hill, in the course of which, it is not too much to say, the policies of both the United States and Great Britain toward the Peace Conference were substantially formulated. Sir Julian Pauncefote told Dr. Hill frankly that, in his opinion, it would be quite useless to try to get the Powers to adopt a scheme or policy of disarmament or limitation of armament, such as was proposed in the first four items of the Czar's agenda, but that something should, and probably could, be done to promote international arbitration by means of a permanent tribunal, such as was vaguely hinted at in the final item. All that was said at that interview was of course reported by Dr. Hill to Secretary Hay, and by Sir Julian Pauncefote to Lord Salisbury, and we may regard the result as appearing a little later in the instructions which were given to the American and British delegates to the Peace Conference.

Secretary Hay directed the American delegates to have nothing to do with the first four items, concerning reduction or limitation of armament, unless following the initiative of the other Powers. But concerning the eighth item of the agenda he said:

PUEBLO INDIANS

By William Duncan Strong
Anthropologist, Bureau of American Ethnology

1936



PERCHED high on their great mesas in the colorful "land of little rain," the Hopi village of Walpi and the Keresan village of Acoma are probably the most picturesque and oldest occupied towns in North America. These, with Zuni and the other Pueblos of northern Arizona and New Mexico, gave rise to the Mexican legend of the "Seven Cities of Cibola". It was this tale that led to their discovery in 1540 by the Spanish expedition of Coronado and, a year later, led indirectly to the death of the conqueror of Guatemala, Alvarado, as he sailed north from Salvador for Cibola! Compared to the great Aztec and Mayan cities to the south the Pueblos of the north were small affairs, but they were and still are remarkable in many ways.

In the 26 surviving pueblos of the southwestern United States are congregated the remnants of an advanced Indian people whose domain formerly extended from north-central Utah and eastern Nevada, south to northern Mexico. The Pueblo Indians are a composite people, different Pueblos speaking different languages, but they held in common an economy based on skilful agriculture and an elaborate religious and ceremonial life. Despite centuries of Spanish and American domination, they still cling to both of these at the present time. The American traveller who visits the Hopi, Zuni, Acoma, or Rio Grande Pueblos near Santa Fe can today see authentic Indian corn dances

and rain-bringing ceremonies that were ancient in the time of Columbus.

Change has come to the Pueblos it is true. They are too intelligent a people not to take over certain convenient features of modern life, but they have been very slow and cautious in their choice. Their habitations, their skilful methods of raising corn in an arid country, and their highly developed religion are the products of a unique and long-occupied environment, and to these they still cling. Being farmers and town dwellers, they long ago developed the arts of weaving cotton and making beautiful pottery. These ancient and modern Pueblo handicrafts are today one of the most unique American artistic achievements. More than any other people, the Pueblo Indians have furnished that peculiar charm and interest which time and again draws the perceptive visitor back to the southwestern United States.

Pueblo religious life centers around two fundamental ideas, procuring rain that the life-giving corn may grow and curing ceremonials for the sick. Of the first type are the so-called corn or rain dances, of which the great August ceremony at Santa Domingo is world famous as an example of group costuming and soul-stirring rhythmic dancing. Equally famous is the Hopi Snake Dance, in which members of the various secret societies dance with live rattlesnakes in their mouths. Important in Pueblo mythology are a vast number of gods and other mythical beings who are impersonated at various ceremonies by masked dancers called kachinas. The well-known kachina dolls are replicas of these mythological figures which are believed to return to earth during the ceremonies. Most sacred of all Pueblo objects are the corn ear or stone animal fetishes which, as gifts of the gods to mankind, give supernatural powers to priests and societies. Equally interesting is the social organization of the western Pueblos, where descent is in the mother's line. Women own the houses, and husbands live at their wives' homes as guests rather than as masters of the household.

Excavation in ancient pueblo ruins has traced the history of these peoples back as far as 500 A.D. By correlating the tree-ring growth recorded in historic and prehistoric house beams it has proved possible to give actual dates for these ruins. Southwestern archeology can now demonstrate the development of Pueblo life from the small, scattered villages of Basket Maker times, through the Great Period of huge, communal Pueblos (such as Pueblo Bonito), up to the gradual retraction of Pueblo territory prior to the Conquest. This, however, is a story in itself and can only be mentioned here. Truly the Pueblo Indians are a fascinating people with a fascinating past.

FROM THE HEAD MASTER OF PITMAN'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ENGLAND:

"I have listened with intense interest to your Broadcast Talks on Sunday afternoons and consider that you are giving a service of international importance. If you are sending any of the literature to European listeners, I shall be very pleased to see and use it in my educational work.

Powell, Major J. W. - Pueblo Indians.

1880.] Am. Nat. Vol. 14, *Anthropology*. No. 8. August 1880.⁶⁰³

developed on the same plan as in *Bothriopolys*, and so far as we see, the myriopodan brain corresponds more closely in its general form and histology with that of the insects than the Crustacea. The large, thick optic nerve arises from the upper side of each hemisphere. The median furrow above is deep, and on each side is a mass of small ganglion cells; also a mass in the deep fissure below the origin of the optic nerve, and another mass on the inferior lobe extending down each side of the œsophagus, probably near or at the origin of the posterior commissure. These masses, *i.e.*, those on the upper and under side of the brain, connect on each side of the median line, and in this respect the brain is as in *Bothriopolys*. There are no large ganglion cells as in Crustacea, including *Limulus*.

There is then, no very close resemblance in form or histology, between the eye and brain of *Limulus* and the myriopods, the two types of eye being essentially different.—*A. S. Packard, Jr.*

ZOOLOGICAL NOTES.—A communication by Dr. W. J. Hoffman, on a supposed hybrid between the lynx and domestic cat, was lately read before the Zoölogical Society of London.—The second example of *Archæopteryx*, with the head, is now on deposit in the Geological Museum of Berlin. It was bought, according to *Nature*, for about \$5000, by Herr Siemens, of Berlin, in order to save it from importation to the United States.—M. Viallanes finds that the heart of insects is at first a simple tube open only at its two ends. So long as it has no lateral orifice it is completely arterial.—Undoubted alligators have been discovered in the Yang-tse-Kiang, the first of this genus to occur in the Old World. In the same river occurs the *Polyodon*, the only other existing species of this ganoid living in the Mississippi.—Prof. E. Van Beneden has discovered the existence of a double circulatory apparatus and two kinds of blood in parasitic Copepoda (*Clavella*, *Congricola* and *Lernanthropus*). The leaf-like lamellæ growing from the end of the body of *Lernanthropus* are true gills, like those of Annelids. There is no true heart; the circulation of the two fluids being caused by the contraction of the body. In certain worms, the closed vessels contain a red blood without corpuscles, while the connected lacunæ of the body (not true vessels) contain colorless blood with white corpuscles.—The use of the swimming bladder of fishes is to regulate the migration of fishes, according to M. Marangoni. They have to counteract its action by their fins. It produces a double instability, one of level, the other of position.

ANTHROPOLOGY.¹

PUEBLO INDIANS.—The Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona are towns or villages inhabited by Indians of various races and speaking different languages. When we omit the Indians inhab-

¹ Edited by Prof. ORIS T. MASON, Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

iting the Middle Gila river, who are also sometimes spoken of as Pueblo Indians, the languages of the others are divisible into four families.

Shinumo.—The *Shinumo* (sometimes called *Móki*) speak a language of the *Sho-sho-ni-an*, considerably differing, however, from the neighboring *Pai-Ute*, *Uta* and *Californian* dialects of this family. They occupy six of a group of seven Pueblos—the seventh speaking a language of the *Téwan*—each under its own chief. These are the only Pueblos in Arizona, the remainder being within the limits of New Mexico.

The following authors are known to have written or left manuscripts on this language:

PALMER, DR. EDWARD.—Vocabulary of about 200 words (MSS.).

PALMER, CAPT. A. D.—Vocabulary of about 200 words (MSS.).

SIMPSON, J. H.—Vocabulary of the Moqui, 38 words. (In *Journal of a Military Reconnaissance &c.*, Wash., 1850, 8vo.)

BUSCHMANN, J. C. E.—“*Völker und Sprachen Neu-Mexicos.*” Akad. der Wissenschaften, Berlin, 1856, 4to.

LOEW, OSCAR.—Vocabulary of about 200 words and some elements of grammar. In A. S. Gatschet “*Zwölf Sprachen*,” Weimar, 1876, 8vo.

POWELL, MAJ. J. W.—Vocabulary of the *Shinumo*, taken at Oraibi, one of the Pueblos (MSS.).

Zunian.—*Zuñi* (pron. *Súnyi*), a comprehensive name given to three inhabited and as many ruined Pueblos in Northwestern New Mexico, south of the Navajo Reservation: *Zuñi*, Old *Zuñi* or *Cibola* (ruined).

The linguistic literature is as follows:

SIMPSON, J. H.—Vocabulary of *Zuñi*, about 40 words in *Journal of Military Reconnaissance, &c.*, pp. 140-144, Wash., 1850, 8vo.

EATON, CAPT. J. H.—Vocabulary including numerals. (In *Schoolcraft*, Vol. III, pp. 416-432.)

WHIPPLE, LIEUT. A. W.—Vocabulary in *Pacific R. R. Rep.*, III, 2, pp. 91-93.

BUSCHMANN, J. C. E.—“*Völker und Sprachen Neu-Mexicos.*” Akad. der Wissenschaften, Berlin, 1856, 4to.

PALMER, DR. E.—Vocabulary of about 60 words (MSS.).

KLETT, FRANCIS—The *Zuñi* Indians of New Mexico. In *Popular Science Monthly*, N. Y., 1874, pp. 580-591 (illus., Ethnological).

STEVENSON, J. S.—List of names given to *Zuñi* pottery, 1879 (MSS.).

Kéran.—*Kéra*, Span. *Quera*, plur. *Queres*, an ancient name of unknown signification given to Pueblo Indians west of the Rio Grande. Locally they are divided into two branches: 1. A northeastern branch on the Rio Grande, embracing San Felipe, Santo Domingo, Cótchiti, Santa Aña and Cia (Silla, Tse-a); 2. A western branch on the Rio San Juan, embracing Kawaikome, Laguna, Povate, Hasatch and Mogino.

The linguistic literature is as follows:

SIMPSON, J. H.—Vocabulary of *Kéra*, about 30 words. (In *Journal of Military Reconnaissance, &c.*, Wash., 1850, pp. 140-143, 8vo.)

DAVIS, W. H. H.—“*El Gringo, or New Mexico and her people*,” N. Y., 1857, pp. 157-159, 8vo.

WHIPPLE, LIEUT. A. W.—Vocabulary of *Kiwomi*, about 200 words, and of *Cochitemi*, about 60 words. (In *Pacific R. R. Report*, III, 2, pp. 86-89.)

BUSCHMANN, J. C. E.—“*Völker und Sprachen, Neu-Mexicos.*” Akad. der Wissenschaften, Berlin, 1856, 4to.

LOEW, OSCAR.—Vocabulary of Santa Aña, about 200 words and a few sentences. (In A. S. Gatschet “*Zwölf Sprachen*,” Weimar, 1870, 8vo.)

LOEW, OSCAR.—Vocabulary of Laguna. (*Ibid.*)

KLETT, FRANCIS—Vocabulary of Acoma, about 60 words, 1873 (MSS.).

MENAU, JOHN—Teacher in Laguna. Specimens of Laguna primer and catechism, with interlinear English translation (MSS.).

Téwan.—The largest number of Indian towns in New Mexico, along the Rio Grande, speak dialects of the *Téwan*. It seems that in former times these dialects extended far into Texas and Chihuahua, along the same river, though only a few scattered remnants of them are now remaining there.

Of this family five main divisions may be made, these being mutually unintelligible:

1. Taño: Isleta; another Isleta near El Paso; Sandía.

2. Taos: Taos (Indian, Taxé); Picuni.

3. Jemes: Jemes (old Pecos is consolidated with it).

4. Tewa or Tehua (“house, houses”): San Ildefonso, San Juan, Pojoaque, Nambe, Tesuque, Santa Clara and one of the Moki Pueblos. Of these Pueblos, Santa Clara is the only one located on the western bank of the Rio Grande.

5. Piro in Sinecú, south of El Paso.

Linguistic literature:

SIMPSON, J. H.—Vocabulary of Jemes, etc., 30 words, pp. 140-143, reprinted in Davis, “*El Gringo*.”

WHITING, DAVID V.—Vocabulary of Tesuque, about 400 words. (In *Schoolcraft*, III, pp. 446-450.)

BUSCHMANN, J. C. E.—“*Völker und Sprachen*,” Berlin, 1856, 4to.

LOEW, OSCAR—Isleta, Jemes, San Ildefonso, San Juan, vocabulary of about 230 words each, and sentences from Tesuque (about fifty). (In A. S. Gatschet, “*Zwölf Sprachen*,” Weimar, 1876, 8vo.)

PALMER, DR. E.—Vocabulary of Taowa (MSS.).

BARTLETT, J. R.—Vocabularies of Piro, of Sinecú, of Tigua (viz: Téhua, Tewa) (MSS.).

YARROW, DR. H. C.—Vocabulary of Los Luceros (MSS.).

Vocabulary of Los Taos. In A. S. Gatschet’s “*Zwölf Sprachen*,” Weimar, 1876, 8vo.

KANTZ, AUG. V.—Vocabulary of Isleta, 1869 (MSS.).

GIBBS GEORGE—Vocabulary of Isleta, 1868 (MSS.).

—J. W. Powell.

PRE-ADAMITES.—This designation is the external title of a volume just issued in Chicago, by S. C. Griggs & Co., of which the full title is as follows: “*Pre-adamites; or a demonstration of the existence of men before Adam; together with a study of their condition, antiquity, racial affinities and progressive dispersion over the earth, with charts and other illustrations*, by Alexander Winchell, LL.D.” The paper, press work and illustrations are

excellent, and reflect great credit on the publishers. The work consists of 478 pages, and may be considered under three very different aspects, the biblical or exegetical, the ethnographical or descriptive and the ethnological or deductive.

From an exegetical point of view, the author states that the account of Creation in Genesis has long been interpreted to mean, 1. That the world, with all it contains, was created by God; 2. That this occurred 4000 years B. C.; 3. That it was accomplished in six days; 4. That Adam was created on the sixth day; 5. That Eve was formed from a rib of Adam; 6. That Adam and others lived over 900 years; 7. That the creation of man occurred in Western Asia; 8. That about 1656 A. M. a deluge destroyed the whole race save Noah and his family; 9. That all existing races came from Noah; 10. That the black races descended from Ham.

On the contrary, Prof. Winchell holds, and defends with a great deal of learning, that the three dispersions of the posterity of Noah refer to the white race alone, embracing the blonde family (Japhetites or Aryans), the brunette family (Semites) and the sun burnt family (Hamites). The brown races, both Mongoloid (Tartar, Turanian) and Dravidian, and the black races, including Negro, Hottentot, Papuan and Australian are extra-Noachic and extra-Adamic.

All the legitimate and logical results from such a position are fully and freely admitted by the author; such as the rejection of the old chronology, non-inspiration of the narrative portion of the Old Testament, the application of apparent names of individuals to tribes or nations.

In the ethnographic portion of the volume, the author has done his best work. It is not too much to say that there is no single work in our language which brings together so much of the latest investigations concerning the tribes of men inhabiting our planet, and their distribution over the continents. Much of this is provisional. If the work of Mr. Keane, lately mentioned in these notes, demonstrating a large infusion of Aryan blood and language throughout the Polynesian group, should hold good, Prof. Winchell would have to review his Adamic, or rather his Noachic, studies to find the limit of mixture between the Adamite and the Pre-adamite.

The discussions of ethnological problems show that the author is cognizant of the latest phases of the subject. The one to which he devotes the most space and in which he gives loose reins to his glowing style, is the question of racial distinctions and the possibility of degeneracy. Some of his reflections upon Negro inferiority in answer to Drs. Strong, Whelan and others, will, doubtless, bring down upon him no little castigation. Apropos of degeneracy, Prof. Winchell makes a very neat distinction between *structural* and *cultural* degradation, pp. 274-282, main-

CURRENT NOTES ON ANTHROPOLOGY.

LATER CRIMINOLOGY.

A FEW years ago most of us had considerable faith in Lombroso's 'criminal type.' We looked at ear-lobes and finger-nails, and thought we detected in them the 'stigmata of degeneration.'

This illusion was lost when it was found that in fact the criminal was about as well formed as the jury or the Judge. The 'criminal type' fell into oblivion.

But the 'criminal mind' remained. The psychology of evil doers must have something in it radically different from that of 'respectable people.' We forgot the force of the Rev. John Newton's saying, when he saw a thief led to the gallows: "There goes John Newton, but for the grace of God."

Now, however, such authorities as Näcke and Baer and Dallemagne have pronounced the whole edifice of 'criminal psychology' a phantom and a delusion. Criminals are just like other people of their sex, age and condition in life. They are tempted, fall and are caught (especially the last), and that is the only difference.

Such is the summary of the case in the *Centralblatt für Anthropologie*, 1898, Heft II.

THE DELUSION OF 'ATAVISM.'

'ATAVISM,' or 'reversion,' in the dialect of the evolutionist means a recurrence to a more or less remote ancestral type, and in theory it is brought about through the 'immortality,' as it has been boldly called (by Lapouge), of the germplasm (*Keimplasma*).

Some years ago (1894) I urged in a paper before the American Association that most so-called reversions in the human skeleton have other and better explanations. Now comes a Dutch physician, Dr. Kohlbrugge, and maintains that all alleged atavistic anomalies are merely neutral variations due to ordinary causes (mal-nutrition,

use, disuse, etc.); and, as they vary from a mean in one direction or the other, they assume a deceptive appearance of regressive or progressive variation, the former reaching to what has fallaciously been considered reversion and atavism. For this he brings considerable evidence. This book is published at Utrecht by Scrinerius, and is well reviewed in the *Centralblatt für Anthropologie*, 1898, Heft. 2.

ORIGIN OF THE CLIFF DWELLINGS.

IN the *Bulletin* of the American Geographical Society, No. 2, 1898, Mr. Cosmos Mindeleff has a thoughtful article on the origin of the cliff dwellings.

He shows with satisfactory clearness that they are 'the direct result of the peculiar geographic environment.' Like the Pueblos, they are completely adapted to the country in which they are found. Only the 'kivas' or estufas may be regarded as a transplanted feature. These are 'undoubtedly a survival from the time when the people lived in circular lodges, like the Navahoes of to-day.' Many of the sacred ceremonies could be properly performed only in a circular chamber. The cliff ruins exhibit a long sequence of time, but not a development.

He concludes with the general maxim: "The study of an Indian art is the study of the conditions under which it was developed."

In this connection I should mention a carefully prepared article in the *American Anthropologist* for May, by Walter Hough, on 'Environmental Interrelations in Arizona.'

D. G. BRINTON.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

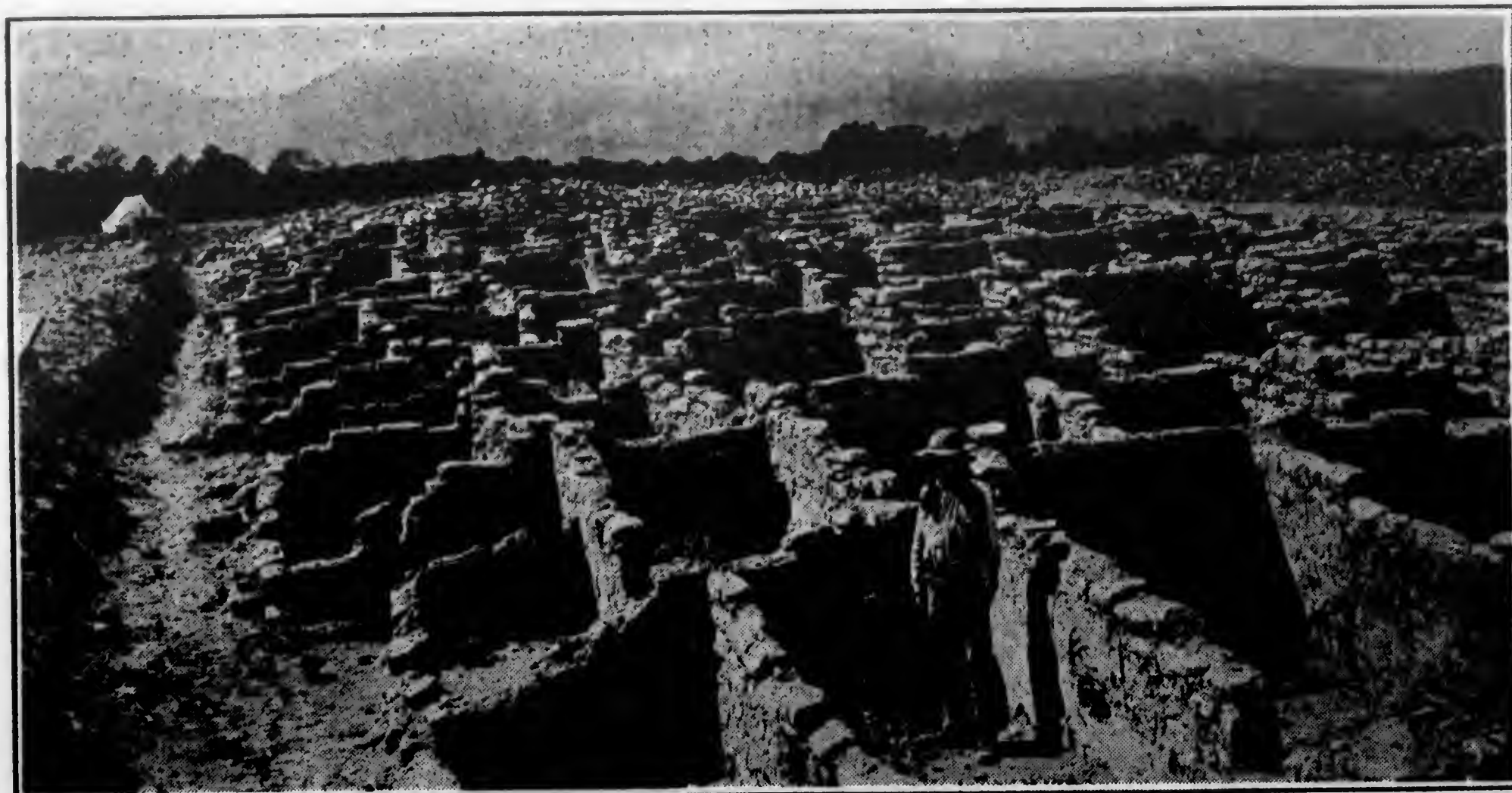
SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND NEWS.

EXTENSION OF THE WEATHER SERVICE.

THE Weather Bureau has decided to make an important extension of its service by establishing ten or more stations on the Caribbean



Ancient Indian Civilization Found in New Mexico



THE EARLY PUEBLO LEARNED how to pile up rock into standing walls and built such community dwellings as this on the top of Puye mesa.

On the eastern shore of America the Plymouth Rock stands witness to the arrival of the English settlers come to make their home in the new world. Along the California coast runs the chain of mission churches erected by the colonizing Spanish priests. To the average American these are the oldest tangible relics of the early history of his country.

The Pueblo Indian who sells pinyons and pottery to curious tourists along New Mexico and Arizona highways takes small stock of such newcomers as the Pilgrim Fathers and the Franciscan Missionaries. "My people," he says with pride, "have been living in this country for more than four thousand years. See. There are the houses my ancestors built. The walls are still standing. We came up from under the earth to this spot which is the center of the world."

The Indian has it from the priests of his clan about his origin. The legend has been handed down to him by word of mouth for centuries and he believes it. Students of ethnology are able to tell him nothing more certain about where his ancestors came from but his boast of long residence in the southwestern corner of the United States is a proven fact. Archaeologists who have excavated the ruins of pre-historic villages have assured the Pueblo of the present day that the people from whom he descended were living on these sites at least two thousand years before the coming of Christ, perhaps thousands of years previous to that date.

From the ruins which are found scattered extensively over nearly the entire area of the four southwestern

states it is evident that a primitive race at one time occupied the high plateaus with an enormous population. From the similarity of the bones, pottery and implements unearthed in the graves and ruins of houses it is found that the Pueblo culture spread to all parts of this great area in the same general periods. The direct descendants of the aborigines, numbering now not more than eleven thousand, are living today in a score or so mud villages strung through northern New Mexico and Arizona.

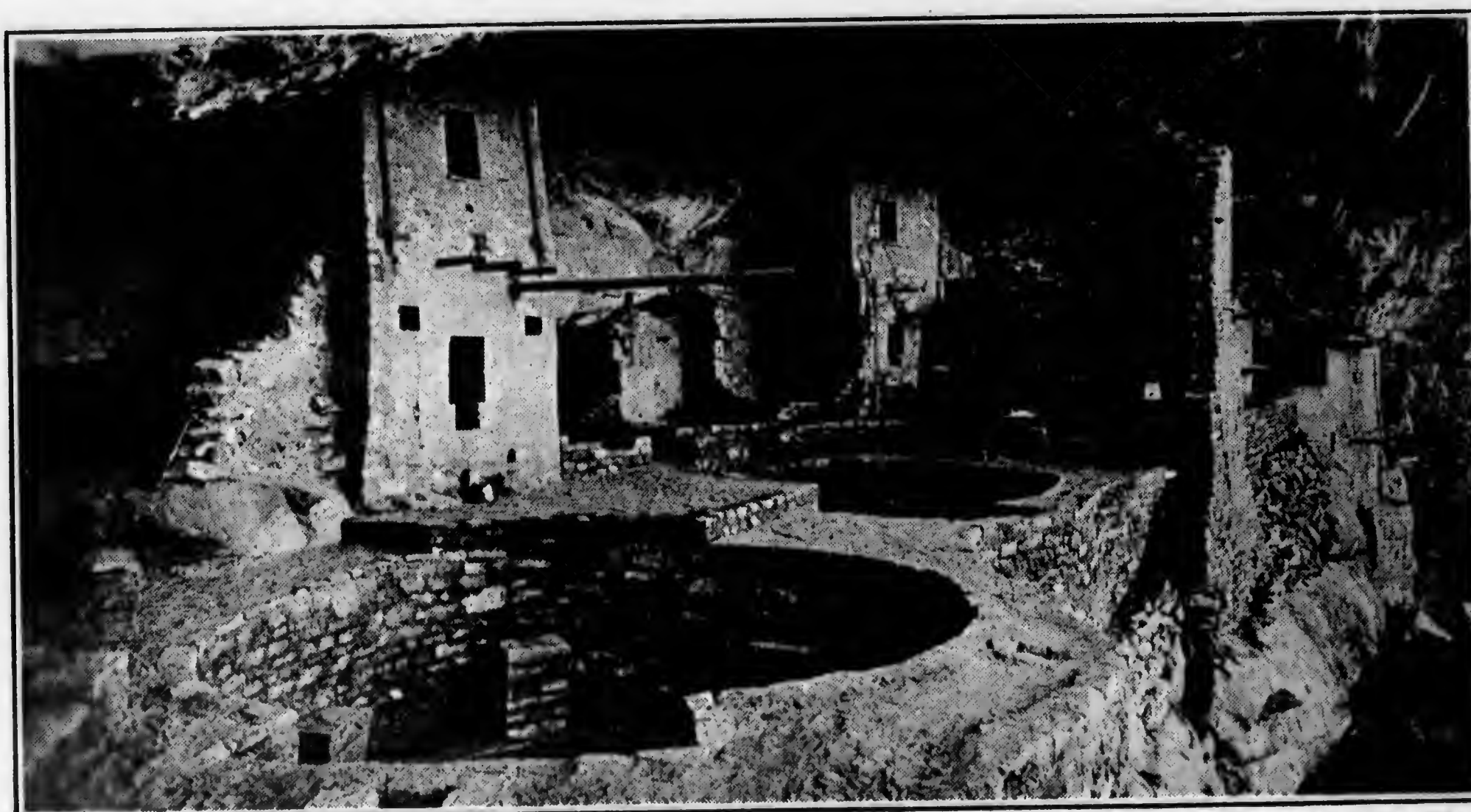
The historic period in the lives of the Pueblos began with the coming of the Spaniards up from Mexico in 1540. The chroniclers of the various expeditions reported the Indian tribes living in great communal villages struggling to protect their food supplies from their nomadic enemies and with none of the gold which the Span-

iards sought. The invaders learned little of the earlier history of the natives they found for they had no written language with which to record events. Nor have students today anything to work upon but the legendary tales which have come down the succeeding generations and the remains of the early cultures to be found in buried cities.

It is possible that there may have been older civilizations in America than that of the Indians of the Southwest but nowhere in the country are to be found relics which seem to date back so far. The dry climate of the high plateaus the aborigines occupied is most favorable for the preservation of their remains. Excavations of the prehistoric village sites reveal whole skeletons surrounded by articles of food, pottery and ceremonial objects which had been placed in the grave at the time of burial. From these objects the student can estimate the age, stature, habits, occupation and culture of the earlier peoples.

The pottery found in the excavations at the pueblo of Pecos, New Mexico, has proved that site to be a valuable stratigraphical key to the culture development of the Pueblos through a long period of prehistoric times. The village, of which only a few walls are still standing, covers a low tableland that has been occupied in the various quarters for hundreds of years, successive layers of houses having been built upon the ruins of older ones. In the rubbish heaps which border the mesa have been found pottery representing all stages in the development of ceramics from

(Just turn the page)



TWO KIVAS, or underground ceremonial chambers of the prehistoric cave dwellers at the Mesa Verde ruins partially restored by archaeologists.

Ancient Indian Civilization

(Continued from page 19)

the earliest corrugated ware to the high glazes and intricate design of the historic period. These fragments were found in clearly definable strata, the earliest types in the lowest depths of excavation and the later types at higher levels in the mounds of debris.

The first Southwesterners of whom no traces have been found as yet, are thought to have been nomadic people who wandered in bands over the country living on such small game as they could kill with their primitive weapons and upon the wild plants and berries they found. They apparently did not know how to farm or to manufacture pottery for their domestic uses.

As long ago as 2000 B.C. farming was begun in the Southwest, according to the beliefs of Dr. Alfred V. Kidder, eminent archæologist of the Phillips Andover Academy. The Basket Makers, as he calls the first agriculturists, learned to cultivate a heavy seeded grass that resembled corn. Discovering that this crop could be harvested and stored as a reserve food supply, the former nomads gave up wandering to some extent and settled down near their fields. It is doubtful if they built permanent homes, for their first concern in the way of

shelter was a safe storage place for their grain.

The Basket Makers built temporary shelters for themselves somewhere near their food supply which they usually hid in holes in the floors of caves. With their increased leisure from hunting they were able to devote more time to their domestic handicrafts, perfecting crude stone and wood implements and weaving baskets and sandals of dried grasses. They apparently raised no beans or cotton and were ignorant of pottery making.

As the people depended more and more upon their cultivated food they became more sedentary in habit. From the protective walls of slabs which they built about their storage cists for grain, they conceived the idea of enlarging them into homes for themselves. They raised higher walls of stone around the pits and provided them with roofs of poles and brush. These crude, half underground shelters from the weather marked the beginning of domestic architecture in America. Then began the making of pottery. Whether the Indians discovered for themselves that clay dried in the sun upon their baskets resulted in a more useful receptacle, or whether they were taught the craft by more advanced tribes from Mexico is unknown.

A still more extensive spreading of a later culture covered almost the whole of Utah into southern Nevada, the southwestern corner of Colorado, practically all upper New Mexico and the northeastern corner of Arizona. In this great area are found ruins of horizontally coursed masonry or adobe with the closely grouped rectangular rooms in which are found corrugated and black-on-white pottery. It is believed by Dr. Kidder that this early Pueblo culture was diffused from the San Juan basin, where it reached its highest development, and spread rapidly among other tribes which had not previously been agricultural.

The evolution of houses from the first pit dwellings into units of rectangular rooms grouped together with the round chambers segregated for ceremonial purposes, and the banding together into villages were important developments of the Pueblo period. The first villages were small and located in sites not easily defended from enemies. In time there was a gradual abandonment of the unprotected settlements on the outposts of the great area. The increasing inroads of the nomadic tribes in search of easily gained food resulted in a concentration of the farming people into larger

settlements toward the center of the area and the building of the great communal houses in cliffs, caves and canyon heads.

Today the Pueblo Indian lives in the same type of adobe communal dwelling which his ancestors developed out of their necessity. He pursues the same peaceful occupation in the corn fields, worships his gods with the same ceremonies, and with the exception of tin pans and sewing machines, orders his domestic routine in much the same way as did his primitive forebears. The European occupation of the Southwest has merely continued the crowding-in process begun by his nomadic enemies millenniums ago.

Science News-Letter, January 8, 1927

Fleas have very poor eyesight.

About one person in 3,000 in India has leprosy.

A new European automobile has a transparent top.

American women patent over 500 inventions a year.

The egg of California condor is valued at about \$1,500.

Oil of catnip is used as bait in catching bobcats and lynxes.

Wooden helmets for miners are being manufactured in England.

Some Indians of the North have believed for centuries that a bear will come out of its lair to be killed if plead with courteously.

Only about one-half per cent. of the coal reserves of Missouri have been exhausted, leaving some 78 billion tons to be mined.

A wind tunnel to be installed at New York University is said to represent the most up-to-date equipment for testing airplane models.

Depth finding apparatus has been used to trace more exactly the boundaries of the continent which sank in the Atlantic millions of years ago.

A long continued spell of dry weather in Victoria allowed films of dust to collect on power lines, and "flash-overs" or short circuits resulted.

A photograph taken at Panama from an altitude of 12,000 feet shows both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the entire width of the Canal Zone between.

Old age preventable,
says U. S. Public
Health Surgeon.

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June 1910

The Prince of Pueblos and Its People

By Edwin L. Sabin



O the traveler in northeastern New Mexico, approaching it by horse or vehicle, 'tis scarcely visible although when only a mile away—this prince of pueblos, the peer of all the pueblos of the southwest, its dun adobe face blending perfectly with the sagey plain before and the hazy sacred mountain behind. But there it stands, almost as described—quien sabe?—in 1540 by the doughty Capitan Hernando d' Alvarado, and a few months thereafter by the capitan who followed him—Francisco de Barrio-Nuevo.

The Braba of the ancients; the Valladolid of the Spanish explorers; the Taos of today.

The first chroniclers list it as a "grand et puissant village;" the glory of population and power has somewhat departed, yet still it is recognized as the type absolute, out-rivalling even the famed Zuni. The eight-foot wall which once completely encircled, pierced with loop-holes for defence, has crumbled to two feet; but the twain casas grandes—the great houses—are intact, the one, on the north, of five terraced stories, the other, on the south, of four. They are as staunch as when, according to tradition, they once repelled the attack of 2500 Spanish soldiers, and again of 3000 Apaches and Comanches.

The location is as beautiful as ever; perhaps it has become more beautiful. The sacred Pueblo mountain, of the Taos range, forms the back-ground—dark green in spring and summer, yellow-blotched in the fall, white-capped in the winter; separating the two casas grandes, and crossed by foot-bridges, flows down the Taos valley the sparkling Pueblo creek, uniting with the other streams; and around-about lie the fields and pastures, wavy with grain and alfalfa and dotted with grazing horses.

The origin of this Taos people is of course fixed by tradition. In their own tongue they are the "red willow people," and the Pueblo creek is the "red willow stream." When the Creator made the Indian, he gave to some the bow-and-arrow and the buffalo horn. They were to be hunters. To the others he gave grains of corn, and the rude plough. They were to be farmers. On this latter were the Taos tribe. Somewhere, were they told, awaited them a stream, coming out of a rift in the mountains, and there grown about with wild plum and red willow. Upon this spot they were to settle, and found their home. Years of roaming, from the north southward, ensued, until they came into the Taos Valley—and here at its head they discovered the rift, and the stream, and the plum and the red willow. And strange to relate, this is the one place in New Mexico, 'tis claimed, where are to be encountered, in natural state, the wild plum and the red willow!

A kindly, friendly folk are the folk of Taos; the men muffled all in blankets, red, blue, gray, white, managed with consummate skill; the women covered head and body with shawl and blanket likewise, and hardly to be differentiated from husband and brother save by the footgear—the white legging-moccasins which cannot be mistaken.

With these enshrouded figures so prevailing, with here and there a costume of vivid yellow, and with the terraces rising like battlements, narrow embrasured by window and door, to the romantic there is about the pueblo an element of the Moorish—accentuated when, at dawn and at eve, upon the battlements stand motionless forms, facing, in contemplative adoration, the arriving or departing sun.

Five hundred and ten, according to the last local census, is the population

Taos

State Fish and Game Commissioner, W. G. Henshaw

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State Fish and Game Commissioner, William G. Henshaw

of the Taos pueblo. An increase this—thanks to a lapse in the various epidemics, measles, scarlet fever, etc., which have cruelly persecuted the children. Now the crop of children is very satisfactory. The occupation of the male portion of the pueblo is farming, and stock raising; that of the feminine, household duties. Bread must be baked in the conical adobe ovens which are handy before the ground-floor thresholds, meals must be prepared, water brought from the creek, and interior and exterior of the home be kept immaculate.

Through all these generations the pueblo has been maintained marvelously clean. No debris litters the grounds. Without every doorway the women sweep assiduously, with wisps of stiff reeds, gathering loose particles, dirt and refuse, to burn them, or to deposit them back of the *casas grandes*, where, one for each side of the stream, is a vast heap thirty yards long, twenty feet high, the relic of more than a century.

Out of what lesson of the ages has grown this rigorous system of policing?

But the pueblo is not all work. Particularly in the fall and the winter is it merry; for the harvests are in, the graneries are filled, the sun has been good, and there should be the hunt, the dance and the feasting.

Commencing with the festival for the patron saint, Geronimo, on September 30, comes a whole series of fiestas, dances, races and ceremonials. And time is found in which to strew upon the graves in the old church-yard tokens of corn, red, blue and yellow.

The old church has been succeeded by a new one; but the tower and the battered walls still endure, reminiscent of that February, 1847, when General Sterling Price, his American soldiers and his volunteer scouts almost were repulsed by the thick, time-hardened adobe. Aye, reminiscent of days much farther back—back even to that August, 1556, when from the tower site Spanish authority granted to the Taos Pueblos all the land for a league about, north, south, east and west.

So many, many Pueblos have been

laid to rest in the yard, that ever the ants are busy bringing to the surface the beads which obstruct subterranean progress.

To know the folk of Taos one should have Mexican in one's vocabulary; but one may never know them even approximately as they know each other, unless one be able to converse in the soft, murmurous Taos tongue—and that is a talent possessed by few aliens. However, the stranger who will realize that the Pueblo Indian is human and has his conventionalities will find himself welcomed into the cool, white-washed interiors, and maybe (in time) the shy, lightly clad children will sidle to him and smile when he addresses. It will be observed that the pueblo, in his home, is neither taciturn nor solemn. He laughs freely; he jokes with his wife and his off-spring. He loves his family, he is proud of his babe, he handles it and croons to it. His household is co-operative.

Great gossips are the women; and, old and young, not at all unlike their *Americano* sisters are they. Upon fiesta days, when the Mexican vendors throng in, with laden wagons, bearing fruits and trinkets for sale, with spontaneous delight, arrayed in her best, the Taos woman goes shopping, making of each wagon a bargain-counter; picking, pricing, joking, bridling.

And at such times, as at other public occasions, the maidens, comely, neat, black-eyed, giggling cast side-wise glances at the young men, as they pass. The veriest dullard, comprehending not the laughing words, can read in the giggles and the glances many a little romance.

Fair names do these Taos Pueblos have, when one may learn their Indian appellations. These appellations they themselves may not know, until out of lass-hood and stripling-hood; but there is White Deer, Buffalo, Rising Day, Laughing Stream, Young Eagle; and the christening given by the priest is not unmusical; Domingito, Francisco, San Diego, Geronimo Mirabel; Lucia, Mercedes, Juanita, Ester Gonzales.

English is spoken, by a few of the elders, and by the majority of the

boys, a number of whom have been away to school at Santa Fe. Yet upon the pueblo grounds they are not to be distinguished, in appearance, from the stay-at-homes their fellows, for it is the law of the place that after two weeks, at the most, the returned prodigal must resume pueblo dress, or leave and be of the pueblo no more.

The government of the pueblo is both civil and tribal. There is the governor, who is elected by vote, annually; inasmuch as the Taos Indians are citizens of the United States, his election is certified by the election board of the county, sitting in the neighboring village of Fernandez. There is the lieutenant-governor. There is the cacique—titular ruler, appointed by lineage. There is the capitan de guerra—the war chief, whose duties today concern festivals, and the trespassing Mexican rancher and herder. There is the fiscal, of office more obscure. There is the council, advisory to the governor.

To the edge of the highest roof mounts the governor, or his lieutenant, or other functionary, and by proclamation of word of mouth summons to council-meeting, to dance-practise, and to ceremony. The voice reaches all parts of the pueblo. Access to the roof-top is gained by the various ladders and by trap doors. The very dogs become experts at ascending and descending, story to story, ground to apex and down again.

Within the pueblo precincts is stationed by the Indian Department of the United States a resident agent; of slight authority (for, must be remembered, the pueblos are free citizens of the Republic and Taos owns its site), but loaned, as it were, to instruct and to act as intermediary when requested. The Roman Catholic church and the local school are aids in education. The pueblo has a jail, fitted with venerable stocks which are presumed to exert by their presence a salutary influence.

Mass is held frequently in the white-plastered little chapel, but the centuries of priestly rule have by no means eradicated from the pueblo heart the pueblo fetishes.

Behind that pueblo rises boldly the sacred mountain, into whose fastnesses go periodically young men and maidens, fathers and mothers, and whither the alien must not follow. Far among the crags and the cedars is the sacred lake, scene of vigil and inexplicable performance. Close in the rear of each casa grande are the estufas—sweat houses, thus designated erroneously by the early Spanish—or kivas. Council chambers, and gathering places for the men, are they, and into them no outsider is willingly admitted. Custom invests them with a hallowed significance. "In this village were seen estufas the very largest and the most extraordinary in the whole country," declare the old chroniclers. The seven extant, supposed to represent the pueblo clans, are to be remarked chiefly by their boxing of cement, or by the rude palisading protecting the entrances to the underground room. The poles of ladders project into the air above.

Clans exist among the Taos pueblos—as among all pueblos; the ancient Chivonetti, or delight-maker, venerated through widely spread legend, being of the strongest. And the witch-doctor is still a power.

The tribal history is in the keeping of a tribal historian, by him to be communicated, orally, to chosen youth.

Such, in outline, is Taos, which so strenuously resisted foreign aggression; which so closely has clung to its independence; which yet, because of its comparative isolation, remains genuine, of itself, unique. And every morning, from its moccasin-worn roofs, somebody watches toward the sunrise for the descendant of Montezuma, child of the sun, who shall relieve the land of the stranger and shall bring back the golden days of old.

INDIANS RETAIN

Wash. Star ASIATIC ASPECT

Feb. 10, 1929.

Taos Tribe in New Mexico Preserves Traces of Re- mote Ancestry.

By the Associated Press.

The great Aztec civilization has perished, but a contemporary culture resembling it in many ways and at the same time showing clear traces of extremely remote Asiatic ancestry has been preserved throughout the modern development of America by the proud, handsome, conservative tribe of Indians that has lived for countless generations in the Taos pueblos in New Mexico.

J. P. Harrington of the bureau of American ethnology, who studied the Taos Indians last Summer in the course of an effort to record the languages, cultures and histories of the Southwestern tribes before the aged members carry with them to the grave their vanishing lore of the past, found that they have retained their primitive culture in much purer form than any of the other pueblo groups.

"Most of the Pueblos," he observes, "are getting to follow the white way, and such Indians are looked down upon by the Taos. They are the most Northern of all the Pueblo Indians and are the largest, tallest and finest looking. They keep themselves and their houses and town very clean and are a handsome group of people."

North of Santa Fe.

The town, which attracts artists and tourists as well as scientists from all parts of the world, is 60 miles north of Santa Fe in the hart of the Rockies and has a population of about 900 Indians, who still observe the customs of their ancestors most rigidly, wearing white blankets, leggings and long hair.

They have two communal dwellings of abode, separated by a beautiful, clear creek spanned by primitive bridges of foot logs hewn with old Indian axes.

The houses are relatively new, having been constructed after a fire destroyed a similar group early in the seventeenth century.

The northern pueblo retains its original five stories, but that on the southern side of the creek has been reduced to three by falling in of the upper part. The Indians like to loaf on their roofs, always wearing their white blankets.

Wall Surrounds Village.

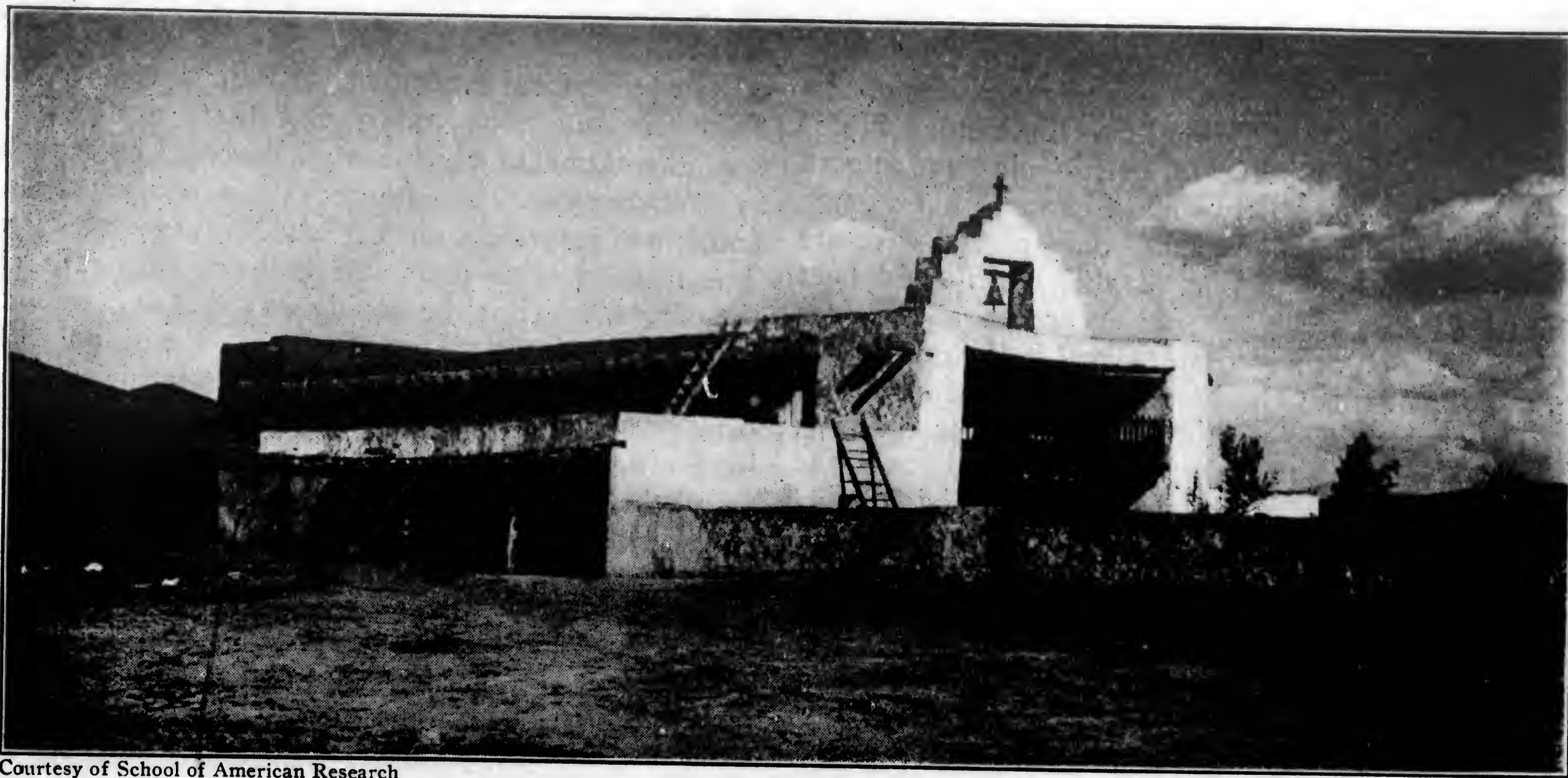
A mud wall surrounds the village, and outside are the fields and the places where the Indians obtain their clay, paints and various roots and herbs. To the northeast rises a magic mountain called by an Indian name which means "the high one," and far to the west rises another known as the "Coyote's Ears" because of its two little peaks.

The Indians, Mr. Harrington found, know all the surrounding places by curious old names in their own languages, "some of which are certainly many centuries old."

"The civilization of these Indians," he says, "resembles in not a few points that of the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Asiatic aspect of their life impresses one vividly.

"It is perfectly clear that Eastern Asiatic peoples spilled over into America, crossing the Bering Strait without even knowing they were leaving Asia. They followed the coast southward, bringing their old Asiatic languages and customs with them, but taking on variations in their way of life as they came into the environments dominated by the mountains, the buffalo or the coast.

"Nevertheless the Indians, being Asiatics, may be expected to have a rich and ancient civilization, and this is precisely what is being found among them."



Courtesy of School of American Research

The great white face of the adobe church at Santo Domingo

Survey Graphic
Dec. 1923

Christmas in the Pueblos

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

THE fires that blaze on the hills above Santa Fe on Christmas Eve had died down into darkness as we drove out of town.

The pungent smell of burning piñon followed us a little way, a real Christmas smell. But beyond the outpost of the government Indian boarding school, the sagey-cold aromas of the desert night were waiting. Here the Indian universe seemed to begin. The heavens so infinitely high above us were pricked in a fantastic star pattern, and the icy dark poured like mercury against our faces. By day this road is a shadow drawn across the empty land. In the night-mystery it was an inevitable path in which our bodies, one with the swift movement of the car, with the revolutions of earth and firmament, with the sculptural line of the mountains, flowed on toward the southern pueblos.

When we reached the stupendous drop of La Bajada we saw our first lights: a tiny Mexican cluster under the cliff, and another a few miles west at Peña Blanca, where live the Franciscan Fathers, who minister to the Catholic souls of the region, including our Pueblo friends. Further south a fire raised a column like a pyre. That must be at Santo Domingo. So already they were preparing the mass

The priest chanted his Latin prayers. . . . A young Indian boy, with his head bound in a purple fillet like an ancient Greek's, lifted the sacred book and swung the censer. . . . Four young Buffalos, with black painted bodies and horned skins on their heads and shoulders, ran in and danced before the altar.

and the ceremonies—San Felipe pueblo, our first objective lay a dozen miles south of that. Off we dropped into nothing, moving in jagged streaks, like the lightning, only so slowly, down the

naked face of the cliff, and blinking as the river deep below swam up to meet the stars. We had a rented Cadillac and a young poet held the wheel.

Again on a level, a thousand feet below the cliff, we were flowing south along the desert trail. The dark was less aerial than on the upper mesa. After we crossed the railway at Domingo station, the sandy roadsides loomed above to right and left. But there was always the crystalline path of the stars shining above. And somehow the poet knew the turn when we reached it: a gorge of several miles; a suspension bridge spanning the Rio Grande and we were almost at the aboriginal village with the Christian name, sheltered under a lava cliff on the western bank.

By night a Pueblo village puts on a much more ancient and inscrutable mask than it wears by day. The last time I had approached San Felipe, on an ordinary October evening two months before, the great white face of the adobe church, lighted by a giant fire, stood out from the enveloping blackness like a picture on a screen, and an Indian voice,

The pages of his "Lee's Guide" became completely worn out, and he had to buy a new copy.

To watch him play out a game is fascinating. His mind is wholly on the business in hand. He is enthusiastic, keen, accurate, swift—mind and fingers move quickly and deftly, and he can play out a game in about three minutes. He once played checkers with the chess champion of the world—and beat him. He is a checker fan incarnate and quotes Edgar Allen Poe's dictum, "Chess is the more complicated game, but checkers the more profound."

One habit clung to him: his newspaper reading; and the sporting pages of newspapers all over the country were printing the story of "Big Six's" fight, along with the ball scores and the ring bouts.

It was amusing to me, to read that my condition was considered hopeless. One writer said that I was in a pretty bad way because one of my lungs had collapsed. That was amusing, too. About a month after I came up here, a newspaper man made a trip over from Boston to find out how much wood I was cutting and how many miles I was walking in a day. I sent word for him to come up, but after that they couldn't come in for a year or so. The strain was too much for me.

Hundreds of letters poured in to him from patients who had read the newspaper accounts. Patients told him about their cases and begged him to help them get well. He would talk these letters over with his wife, and together they tried to answer all of them. He also received letters filled with well-meant but useless, and sometimes humorous advice. "Sleep in a livery stable," urged an admirer. And, wrote another, "let us send a calling horn (the sort that is used in the south for hunting) and blow it every day for an hour." Matty thoroughly enjoyed these letters, and appreciated their underlying kindness and desire to be of help. "They gave me something to think about," he says. "At least a hundred of them were worth keeping."

The tally of his fight was not the score board back of center field, but the temperature chart. Gradually, by absolutely obeying the rules of the game, he began to see results. The thermometer went

down from 102 to 101, then to 100. When he began to put on weight he gained rapidly, but this did not encourage him as much as the lowered temperature. When the mercury reached 99.2 and 99.1 and remained there for days, and then ran up to 100, he grew impatient at the slowness of his progress. He wanted to see more people, but even at 99.1 a game of checkers with another player would bring up his temperature, and the doctor and Mrs. Mathewson would have to call a peremptory halt. Then Matty would lie back again against his pillows. "All right,"

he told himself, "I guess it's a case of wait a little longer."

The recognized treatment for tuberculosis is rest, fresh air and good food. But there are several special treatments which are administered by experts in certain cases. Pneumothorax is one of these, and it was resorted to in Christy Mathewson's case. The method is to pump air between the walls of the pleura, which is the double sack that encases and protects the lung. This air forms a cushion that prevents the affected lung from breathing, thus forcing upon it absolute rest, so that nature may have every possible opportunity to build new tissue over the tuberculosis area. The treatment is generally used only if one lung is affected. Both of Mathewson's lungs were involved, though one only slightly. This greatly increased the dangers of the operation, for the lung that was nearly normal had to perform not only the work of two, but had to heal itself as well. The air that is pumped into the pleural cavity leaks out frequently and must be renewed, and the operation, though not a painful one, is very uncomfortable. In some cases a fluid forms in the cavity, causing a rise in temperature and increased weakness. This, too, happened to Mathewson, and later on it became a complication that

brought him nearer death than he had ever been before.

At length his temperature chart recorded "normal," and he was permitted to sit up in a cure chair for half an hour a day. His meals were still brought up on a tray, and with deep longing he looked forward to the day when he could go downstairs to the main dining-room. Mrs. Mathewson prepared whatever there was in addition to the regular bill of fare, a bit of pheasant or partridge in the kitchenette, to tempt his appetite. He could not understand how a person could lie in bed and eat three

meals a day. He waited eagerly for the time when he would be put on "exercise."

I felt then that I was improving. It was quite a task just to put on shoes at first, or to dress, to walk around the apartment, or to sit in a chair. But that happens in every sickness. The next thing, in nice spring weather, was to put on a good overcoat and to take a (Continued on page 296)

SARANAC LAKE, June 22, '22.
Jack-in-the-Pulpit or Indian Turnip
Shunk Cabbage
Bellwort
Dorothy Violet or Adonis Tringue
Clintonia
Wild Spikenard
Canada Mayflower or False Lily of the Valley
Purple Trinitate Stalk
Solomon's Seal
Indian Cucumber-root
Purple Trillium or Wake Robin
Painted Trillium
Larger Blue Flag; Blue Iris; Flounders
Blue-eyed Grass
Pink Lady's Slipper
Marsh Marigold
Common Buttercup; Anemone
Tall Meadow Rue
Wood Anemone; Windflower
Hepatica; Liverwort
Dutchman's Breeches
Crimsonroot; Toothwort
Common (Black) Mustard
False Mitrewort; Foamflower
Wild Strawberry

As soon as he was able to take short walks Matty developed the hobby of studying wild flowers. These names in his own hand writing are part of a list that has now grown to a yard or more long

chanting in a sort of authoritative monotone, as it were a priest's, drew out of the houses many jostling human shapes whom one divined, though one could not see them. And after all, that was just a Teniente, summoning all San Felipe men to pick corn for the Cacique tomorrow. Doubtless the preparations for this feast we were about to witness had begun several days ago, for so it is with Indian ceremonies. Doubtless—since they are almost always thus heralded—the Crier had appeared on a flat roof and chanted a traditional song very close to the one literally translated by Fewkes as follows:

All people awake, open your eyes, arise,
Become children of light, vigorous, active, sprightly.
Hasten clouds from the four world quarters;
Come snow in plenty, that water may be abundant when summer comes;
Come ice, cover the fields, that the planting may yield abundance,

Let all hearts be glad!
The knowing ones will assemble in four days;
They will encircle the village dancing and singing songs—
That moisture may come in abundance.

Yet now that the day had come, this Christmas Eve which was to show us, we hoped, such a strange mingling of pagan and Christian creeds and ceremonies—well, tonight there was no fire, no light, even in the houses, no stir in the streets as the car

wound through. The village might have been a prehistoric place, dug out of an archeologist's trench. Dead. Uncanny. Silent. It was only the brightness of the heavens that illumined the cube-like shapes of the houses, the long blocks, with low flat-roofed upper stories, terraced back, built as by a child's fancy about the small plazas. The poet driving the car felt his way along. Here was the church at last, a long rectangular bulk of white adobe, with two oddly molded towers on the front, lit by the stars. No light in the door. No candles shining out—

We came to a stop by an orchard wall, and the boys took the wood we had brought and made a little fire on the mesa. With thermos bottles and sandwiches and blankets, Pueblo fashion, over our heads, we might hope to keep warm till midnight—by the flash light, not so long away. It was incredible that just in this frosty spot, two years ago, seeking the shadow from the intolerable glare of the first day of May, I had watched the Corn Dancers moving down toward the church. The apple blossoms were sweet in the air, and the sun burned so fiercely that every red-gold cottonwood along the Rio Grande seemed a flame lighted by its rays. Sandia mountain, a dim cloud-like thing tonight, over there across the river, was blue as a jay's wing that morning—



Courtesy of Museum of New Mexico

"STRIKE YE OUR LAND WITH CURVED HORNS"

The Buffalo dance, like other Indian ceremonies, is almost always held sacred from the white man's camera. This is one of the few photographs ever taken

But now a small Pueblo form had emerged from obscurity into our circle of brightness. (One person awake anyhow.) Its head and shoulders were hidden in woolly folds. It held into the fire-light a silver object, set with turquoises.

"Will you buy? I—me needs pants for school."

We bought and proffered a sandwich. In return, we were presented after a scurry in the direction of the wall, with a net bag embroidered in red wool and full of apples: evidently straight off the school Christmas tree. The child opined "pretty soon Father come and we have mass." That was encouraging. Meanwhile it was bitter cold. We would venture into the pueblo.

San Felipe has the name of being the most closed and reactionary to white influence of the Pueblo villages, and the Indians' friends had learned as much by experience. It was the only place where they had not been welcomed to the councils of the *Principales* for the discussion of the Bursum Bill. I had heard myself the word of the deaf governor, repeated like a sort of fatal chorus by a series of interpreters, and long it rang in my shamed ears:

White men come. They promise all.
White men go away again.
What they do for Indian?
Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.

So walking softly, these white ghosts veiled in blankets saw no friendly door to knock at. Perhaps it was as well. They were so much the more aware of mystery, of the nameless primordial life that now at last was beginning to stir inside the house fronts.

A dancer in the Hopi snake dance



Soft drum beats, unaccented and monotonous, sounding from hidden kivas. Piñon smoke curling into the sky. A lighted pane. A woman's laugh. The shadow of an aged head, like a Roman profile, on a door. Suddenly a rolling drum echoed — out-of-doors this—an American rat-tap-tap. That must be the call to mass. Back we hurried to the church.

The double door stood open now



The snow and rain dance

and alight, and tiny slits, like medieval dungeon windows, threw flickers of radiance down the long expanse of the side wall. In the ineffably cold, clear starlight, this church-shape looked as fundamental as a pottery jar. It was an Indian shape, built by Indian hands, smoothed into soft angles, sculptured these centuries ago, when the friars first came to New Mexico, as a shrine to the God of the Christians to be sure, but out of the very substance of the ancient Earth Mother. It was as much a part of New Mexico as the sculptured cliffs. Its front formed a sort of portico, below a carved wooden balcony set in the plaster, and as we crept in we could look down the long nave, empty and white-washed, and high ceiled, glimmering with candles in tin sconces. Cold, how cold and beautiful. In the twinkling distance, an altar, with a tall screen behind, as in some primitive church of Spain or Italy, painted by Indian artists with a crude archaic grace. Christian symbols. Indian horses, prancing in frescoes on the side walls. But no congregation. None but a silent and rather grumpy Pueblo guard at the door, and the little poetess who, with veiled head like a Spanish woman, sank on her knees.

The air of the small hours, at six thousand feet and Christmastime, is keen as a Damascus blade. It cuts into every rib and bone. We had been in and out of the *portal* a half dozen times, while the drummers continued their unsuccessful attempts to beat up a congregation, before we discovered that such occasional Pueblo arrivals as there were—all masculine—went forward and disappeared near the altar. On investigation we found a little door at the left, where a handsome youth with scarlet-bound head invited us into the sacristy. "More warm," he said hopefully.

Indeed the sacristy was a very cheerful place. A large fire was burning in the three-cornered fireplace. And before it, on a bench, three or four distinguished pillars of the San Felipe Mission, with other brown faces shadowed with long black hair, overlooking them, were playing a gambling game, in a blue cloud of cigarette smoke—quite as if it were not after one o'clock and getting later. The young Father, hovering in the background, all dressed in his stiff silken robes, looked only too miserably aware of the hour. As soon as we ap-

peared he seemed to take a resolution. Whispering to his Indian acolyte, he seized the Host, and walked out into the church. But in a few moments they were back again, a discomforted procession. The Father set down his sacred burden rather hard and I certainly heard: "Nothing doing!"

The pillars of the mission were smiling to themselves. The central one, whom I took to be an official of some sort put in his truly Pueblo word: "Humm. Plenty time. *Poco tiempo* we have mass."

The Father drew aside the poets for a confession. If the truth were told, this was his first Indian mass, and he was fairly stumped. They just wouldn't begin. He had been a few minutes late himself, not knowing the way over these black roads in the desert. And when he did get here, the Indians were not ready. He told them—stretching a point because he had to get back to officiate again at Santo Domingo, another twelve black miles—that



The eagle dance

The paintings on these two pages are by the Pueblo artist, Awatsireh, of San Ildefonso

it was already one o'clock. But the chiefs went out and looked at the stars and came in, shaking their heads. "Not so late. *Poco tiempo* we have mass." He could not budge them. Sending out the drummers was no good, either. The flock would not be herded—

Just then one of the drummers looked in and motioned to the priest. He listened to some sort of message, with growing wonder in his face. Then he drew the poets aside again: "They say—they are waiting for a Child to be born in the pueblo—"

When at last the Child Was Born we slipped up into the carved balcony at the back of the church, where, if we had less share in the service, we could strangely feel, in the pictures that flashed before us, the age-old continuity of all ritual and all religion. The congregation was slow in gathering, even now,

and scanty. First came a few Spanish Mexicans, the women slim as the Indian women are solid, with black shawls draped over their heads, the men squeezing their black sombreros under their arms, the children trailing after. Then the Indians, women in cerise, in cardinal, in azure, in purple and pumpkin yellow, with white deerskin boots, with silver chains hung with silver squash blossoms, carrying their babies turtle fashion on their backs. The men, walking so softly in their moccasined feet, had their gaily striped and patterned blankets drawn high over head and mouth, like the prophets, and each child had its own little blanket, furled against the cold and worn with instinctive elegance. Down the long nave they formed scattered kneeling groups, more beautiful in the candlelight than the dreams of the youngest poets. And that was saying much, this night when everything from the cold stars to these exquisitely brilliant figures seemed

part of some immemorial dream. The priest, going through his traditional gestures

and genuflections, chanting his Latin prayers to people who understood them not, except in the language of the spirit, was another mystic figure. A young Indian boy, with his head bound in a purple fillet like an ancient Greek's, lifted the sacred book and swung the censer. At last the Host was raised, and the heads bowed to the tinkling bell, and mass was over. There was no sermon. But before the congregation had risen from its knees, we saw a marvellous sight. Four young Buffalos, with black painted bodies and horned skins on their heads and shoulders, ran in and danced before the altar.

The wild strong cry with which they entered seemed in itself to carry the ceremonial back many thousands of years. In an instant, the Spanish people had vanished, the priest was gone, and the Indians whom the mass had not drawn began to slide into the church like a surge on a tidal beach

I have seen the majestic Buffalos, with their Buffalo maidens, dance in the sun or the snow on the plazas of Tesuque or San Ildefonso—bringing with them something of the spirit of the plains with which the southwestern Indians, in their arid and mountainous solitude, always maintained a mysterious connection. But this ceremony was a much more perfect and stylistic performance. Four incredibly skilful dancers, the virtuosi of the tribe most surely, were the chief protagonists. The drums, the glimmering lights, the throaty chant, the bold sharp animal rhythms were all created for the glory of the black leaping male creatures, slim fierce fighters of the wilds, claiming primordial rights before the throne of Heaven.

Yet every movement, every rhythm was just as definitely traditional and studied as the priest's. Every one, before it had reached this mold of concentrated perfection, had been fused in the furnace of time. Now facing this world quarter, now facing that, the Buffalos seemed, as Alice Corbin puts it, to strike the land with curved horns. Her interpretation of a Buffalo dance song, though not based on a Pueblo original, comes as close to the spirit of the San Felipe ceremony as anything I have heard among the Pueblos.

Strike ye our land
With curved horns!
Now with cries
Bending our bodies,
Breathe fire upon us;
Now with feet
Trampling the earth,
Let your hoofs
Thunder over us!
Strike ye our land
with curved horns.

When the Buffalos had vanished, another small group of dancers came before the altar. Here the girls were foremost: they wore flowers bunched on their ears, and the song that attended them was full of joyous sweetness. A nativity dance? We never surely knew. For as the celebrants filed up to kiss the image



Francisco (right) with his daughter and one of the friends who shared in their Christmas celebration

on the altar, we passed the governor at the door—what a benevolent salute he gave us after all—and slipped after the priest into the desert. We, too, would go back to Santo Domingo. What we should see there might be less highly finished than these San Felipe cameos, but it was certain to be full of an intense and powerful beauty and symbolism.

As we drove by the stars of the wise men, we talked of the Pueblo gift to Christ. It was characteristic of the Indian blend of realism and mysticism to wait till the human child was born—and then to pour out as a symbolic offering to love and gentleness this fresh, liberating life stream that surges up from the earth's center at the pound of an Indian's feet, and the sweep of his disciplined body. Such ceremonies as the Buffalo Dance, as distinguished from the more familiar rain and fertility rites and prayers of the growing season, are, of course, hunting rites which go back to the not-so-distant day when the Pueblo lived wholly by his own powers of subjugating and controlling his universe. They are intended to capture and propitiate the

creatures of the wild in the winter season. That they should now be entwined with Christian ceremonial is a tribute to the Franciscans, who knew how to tolerate as well as to censure. Perhaps the Pueblo has taken Christianity as just another sort of magic, destined to placate this Unknown which still lies so formidably about him. At all events he is baptized and married by Christian sacraments, Christian saints are precious to him as his fetishes, and in the daily truth of Christianity the white man might often pattern by the red. No one knows better than a Pueblo the tenderness that fills the house when a child is born. For all our years of white man dominance, no one lives more by (Cont. on page 288)

floated out from their shoulders as they danced. All wore feathers on their heads, and their black hair was cut square and heavy over the forehead, bobbed over the ears, and hung long and shiny—loose behind. All had many silver necklaces and chains of turquoises and wampum, which rattled as they moved, and their legs were wrapped in snow-white deerskin puttees or loose boots. The other and more spectacular two-thirds of the dancers were men, nude but for a short kilt or loin cloth, their strong bodies—for the most part much more finely proportioned than the women's, at least by white standards—painted in diverse crude colors and designs of the type now popularly called cubistic, though the cubists, of course, originally borrowed them from primitive art. Their faces, too, were stencilled in weird geometrical fashion, in cunning harmony with the color scheme of the body and with the silk head band or war bonnet, and had curious tinselly marks scratched straight across the cheeks, near the eyes, to indicate the clans. Heavy silver belts and wrist shields, rattles of turtle shells or bear claws hung below the knee, tomahawks and spears and sometimes shields completed the accoutrement. Long hair was the rule: Santo Domingo is far too traditional to allow boys who come home from government schools with clipped heads a place in the ranks of dancers. There were men of all ages; white-headed elders, evidently the warrior priests of the tribe, who directed the religious aspect of the ritual, men in the prime of life, virile lithe young bucks. The women ranged equally from the portly, not to say monumental elder matrons, full of the dignity and esteemed conviction of their Pueblo beauty, with thick square bodies enlaced by hand-woven belts of red or green, to slim young girls, scarcely adolescent, with down tied in their hair like snow, and charming little round spots of vermilion on their cheeks, behind which their shyness seemed to hide.

In the two long lines which formed down the nave, the older men and women balanced side by side, the middle-aged were fittingly companioned, while youth was matched with youth. But the most agile and horrific of the young warriors, who carried spears and had war bonnets slithering down their backs, made a perpetual weaving, darting pattern in and out among the rest, as if in menacing pursuit of ambushed enemy. Some quaint little devils—at least they were painted black as the ace of spades—with helmet-like caps perched on their heads, like tropical islanders, and long black spears and shields, made lunges on the side to keep the crowd in place.

As the Priest Stood with Upraised Hand

The rhythmically dancing war folk filled the nave as water fills a vessel, and the high walls, lighted by candles in high sconces, reflected every movement in gigantesque shadow, as they reechoed every pounding foot and rattling necklace. Before the raised altar the young priest in his robes stood this time through the whole Indian ceremony with upraised hand, like the image of a saint on a decorated missal. And when the red man swooped and threatened with his spear his eyes grew round with wonder. Now and then a high screaming war cry sounded, like a sharp note of punctuation of the monotonous choral song, on which the color and thrilling balance of the ceremony were embroidered. The voices, chanting in unison, gave a rich resurgent sound, which merged with the iteration of the rhythm, and with the repetitive action of the bodies, swaying and turning this way and that, the women so quiet and muted, the men so swift and free.

What the exact words of the Domingo war song were I do not know: it would have taken many days of Indian conference to discover their substance, in this pueblo where even the ethnologists have learned few secrets. But here is a similar war song of the pueblo of Zuni, which Matilda

(Continued from page 256)

the harmonies of love and less by the jars of hate. Arriving at three in the morning in an Indian village, one recognizes kindness when it is given. Before our car had really stopped in front of the Santo Domingo church, where the remains of the pyre we saw from La Bajada were still smouldering, a friend rose out of the dark. It was Santiago, the tribal interpreter.

"I know you. Lady come Bursum Council. Glad to see you. Come my house after mass. You bring friends, too. Don't forget, you spend night my house."

So he ushered us into another candle-lit nave, not quite so grandiosely lovely as at San Felipe—for this church is a modern replica of an older one destroyed by flood—and found us a place to stand on a narrow adobe bench built against the wall. Here at least the shepherd did not lack for a flock. The whole population of nine hundred souls seemed to be in the church, men, women, children with babies on their backs. Mass was just over and as one bright colored stream swept out, another, the dancers, swept in.

Perhaps one-third of them were women, some dressed in garments of fringed or beaded skin, traded from the plains, some in the regulation Pueblo woman's dress, full short black skirt and bodice crossing diagonally to one shoulder, these last with many colored mantas of gorgeous silk which

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the mud floor. We sit, cross-legged, while the children gather round and the grandfather, smiling, accepts our gift of cigarettes. With a tortilla, or a piece of blue corn wafer bread, in color and consistency like a wasp's nest, we scoop up meat and chile. We accept a tart made of white flour and dried melon rind. Then we go on to Patricio's, and Francisco's, and Juan Cate's, the governor's. Juan's wife is brushing his hair—no Pueblo male ever does this for himself—with something that looks like a hearth brush and tying it into a queue. He will sing later, in one of the dance choruses, as a leader should. Francisco's handsome daughter, Maria, has her head in a foaming bowl of suds. This rite invariably precedes the dance. The ceremonies begin again immediately after breakfast, in the plazas. Not the Christian ceremonies. They are over. The Indian ceremonies will go on for three days more at least.

They had, in fact, begun before we left. Our last Santo Domingo vision was of the warriors, a hundred strong, sweeping down the length of the plaza. Their spears, their crouching running bodies, their streaming feather bonnets shone and glittered in the winter sun. One look, one more deep breath of joy and power. Then, regretfully, we cranked the car and turned white faces toward an orthodox Christmas dinner.

Coxe Stevenson records. The peaceful Pueblo artist and farmer has never been a warrior from choice. But till fifty years ago he lived in constant terror of the nomad, raiding Navajo. And what are fifty years in the life of men whose instinctive memories are so close to the Stone Age still? The Pueblo must keep his weapon sharp, at least in symbolism, he must be ready for the lurking danger.

To you of the six regions
Whose homes cover the earth
I give shells.
Yellow ant, blue ant, red ant, all color ant
U-hu-we-u-hu-we-
U-hu-we-u-hu-we.
To you whose homes
Are covered with mountain tops
I give shells
Yellow, blue, red, white, all color, black.
When we meet the enemy
A little arrow storm will arise.
When we meet him on the road near by
He will never more inhale the sacred breath of day.
I inhale the sacred breath of day.
All come quickly,
The enemy comes from ambush.
A Navajo is killed,
We inhale the sacred breath of day.
You have met the enemy.
He will never more inhale the sacred breath of day.
The enemy is destroyed.
Who will be our great Bow priest?
Who is to become a Bow priest?
Well! who will kick the scalp?
His younger mother, his elder sister.
Who will wash the scalp?
His younger father, his elder brother.
Well!
Good!

To the spectator, as surely to the participator in Indian ceremonies, comes afterward the most relaxed, harmonious release of soul and body. The night, or what remained of it, in the Indian house, was peace itself. In the long room, quiet and dark, but for the ruddy firelight under the beamed ceiling, many tired folk are lying on their rugs. There in the corner a group of Santa Fe artists. Here by the fire our young poets and poetesses, steeped in joy and imagism. At the other end, the Indian family, immobile on its sheep skins—all but our tall host; he sits upright on a little wooden stool, tending the fire of his guests. I slept and waked and floated off again, keeping ever the sense of that stern, unchanging profile, bent on its task, patient as the seasons, the watcher of a timeless fire, which nourishes the very spark of life.

Christmas Morning

In the morning we are awakened by an opening door: an Indian woman, speaking soft words and vanishing again. At quick intervals, another and another. Santiago, throwing on a log, announces: "Christmas morning Pueblo woman asks friends to breakfast. Say—you eat first me and my wife. Then you go eat my friends."

So, after due formalities and courtesies we start for a round of morning breakfasts. This great, spread out, and so vital village of Santo Domingo, in the valley of the Rio Grande, below the Jemez mountains, is never so beautiful as in the lurid, mauve-pink light of winter dawn. Women carrying great water jars on their heads, above shawls that fall from crown to heel in noble silhouette, are moving toward the river. The animals are stirring in their rustic corrals. Piñon smoke scents the air. And at the door of every house is watching the stout and radiant Christmas matron.

The decorated food bowls stand ready in the middle of

National Physical Laboratory, has continued the series of tests for the committee on hardness tests, with special reference to the effects of variations of load and speed on rate of wear. A series of wear rings of varying widths has been made from material supplied by Sir Robert Hadfield, who has also undertaken their hardening. Another holder for these rings has been constructed of a form which will considerably facilitate regrinding. A series of specimens has been prepared and the tests are now in hand. The work was delayed for some months owing to some of the apparatus being required for war work. In addition to the grant of £100 made by the institution, a sum of £100 has been received from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, Sir Robert Hadfield has placed in the hands of the institution a sum of £200 to be awarded as a prize or prizes for the description of new and accurate methods of determining the hardness of metals, especially those of a high degree of hardness, but the council regret that as yet few such descriptions have been received.

The work of the committee on wire ropes, to which a grant of £450 was made by the council, has been much delayed by war work and the prolonged illness of the chairman. Nevertheless a design for a testing machine has been approved in principle for giving a somewhat wider range of tests than was originally contemplated, in the direction of providing for more bends both simple and reverse, and also for bends in planes at right angles. The choice of a site for its erection has been deferred.

In connection with the offer of a gift of £500 from Mr. Richard Williamson in aid of engineering research, a number of suggestions for subjects were received. The one which the council selected was on the best form and material for pistons and piston-rings, especially for internal combustion engines, and they are awaiting the approval of the Department of Scientific Research through which Mr. Williamson's offer was transmitted.

A PREHISTORIC PUEBLO INDIAN RUIN

THE American Museum of Natural History, in the summer of 1916, entered upon the

largest single piece of scientific excavation ever undertaken in the United States. This was the systematic excavation and reparation of one of the finest and best preserved examples of prehistoric Pueblo architecture in the Southwest. The ruin is located in the Animas Valley in northwestern New Mexico, a few miles below the Colorado boundary and directly across the river from the town of Aztec, and is popularly, though inaccurately, called the "Aztec Ruin." It is the property of Mr. H. D. Abrams, of Aztec, who has given the Museum a concession to clear out and investigate the entire ruin. The funds for carrying on the work have been contributed by Messrs. Archer M. Huntington and J. P. Morgan.

The "Aztec Ruin" was once a typical pueblo, or great fortified house and village, comparable in the number of people sheltered to the modern American apartment house, but differing from it in that the principle of the pueblo was close communal cooperation. The buildings were so joined as to enclose three sides of a rectangular court whose fourth side was protected by a low, outcovering wall. Only one entrance led through the outer wall into the pueblo, which was, therefore easily defended. The three buildings, rising sheer from the ground on the outside, with very small windows, rose within the court by receding steps, each a story high. Interior stairways were not in use, access being gained to upper levels by movable ladders. As a military contrivance, this plan could hardly have been improved upon, since an enemy would be forced to make not one, but a series of attacks, to get possession of the building.

Although the work of investigation has as yet been only partially completed, the features of the ruin itself, and the surprising finds which have been made within the crumbling walls, have proved of sufficient importance to surpass the most sanguine expectations of the investigators. Necklaces of shell and turquoise, agate knives, pottery vessels of varied form and ornamentation, cotton cloth and woven sandals are among the gems of prehistoric Pueblo art which have recently been

unpacked in the laboratories of the American Museum. The work has been supervised by Assistant Curator N. C. Nelson, under the immediate direction of Mr. Earl H. Morris, also of the American Museum.

The seventy thousand specimens already recovered from the Aztec Ruin constituted one of the most complete collections representative of a prehistoric North American culture which have thus far been obtained. Trained preparators are working with the material, and in the near future a representative selection will be placed on exhibit in the Museum's Southwest Hall.

One of the most important phases of the explorations at Aztec is the repair and preservation of the ruin. As fast as the walls are uncovered, masons replace the stones which have disintegrated, and strengthen the portions of the structure which threatened to collapse. The intention is to make of the ruin a permanent monument to the aborigines of the Southwest rivalling in importance the Mesa Verde National Park.

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY AND THE MCKAY BEQUEST

PRESIDENT RICHARD C. MACLAURIN in his annual report to the corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in referring to the recent decree of the Supreme Court with reference to the agreement between the Institute and Harvard University says that this agreement marked an epoch in the history of educational progress in this country. The end sought was to build up an educational machine more useful to the community and to the nation than anything that could be maintained by either the institute or the university, acting independently. Dr. MacLaurin writes:

The plan adopted by the two corporations nearly three years ago has in the meanwhile been put to the actual test of experience and has met that test well. Most, if not all, of the difficulties that were anticipated by some have either not presented themselves at all or have been easily overcome. The educational power both of the institute and the university has been greatly strengthened and the cause of science that is applicable to the service of man greatly promoted by this combination

of forces. . . . Unfortunately, however, the funds that the university has at its disposal for the promotion of the great science of engineering are almost wholly dependent on the income from the Gordon McKay Endowment, and the Supreme Court has decreed that this income can not be applied in the manner indicated by the agreement. . . .

It remains to be seen whether another plan can be drawn up that is equally or nearly equally, workable and effective as an educational instrument and that accords with the view of the court regarding Mr. McKay's intentions. We should be false to our educational trust if we did not give this matter due consideration and earnestly seek a satisfactory way out. If intimate cooperation between these two institutions was demanded by the exigencies of the situation before the war, it is still more urgently demanded now. With the serious problems that this nation must face during the war and the equally serious problems that must be dealt with in the period of reconstruction thereafter, needless duplication of effort and needless dissipation of energy would be in a high degree reprehensible. . . .

As far as the institute is concerned in the near future the abandonment of this agreement would be much less serious in its financial aspects than seems generally to be supposed. This arises from the fact that the actual amount of income available from the Gordon McKay Endowment has been greatly exaggerated in certain quarters. According to the testimony before the court, all that the university has available at present is the income from less than two and one quarter millions. Under the agreement Harvard does not turn any of this income over to the institute, but appropriates a portion of it for the maintenance of courses leading to Harvard degrees, these courses being conducted at the institute. The amount thus appropriated since the agreement went into operation has been \$100,000 annually, the major part of this having been employed in paying the salaries of the university's professors and instructors. The whole amount is less than one tenth of the annual expenditure of the institute. It must not be supposed, therefore, that the institute will be crippled financially if the agreement with the university is abandoned.

THE GENERAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE American Philosophical Society will hold its annual general meeting at Philadelphia on April 18, 19 and 20. Dr. William B.

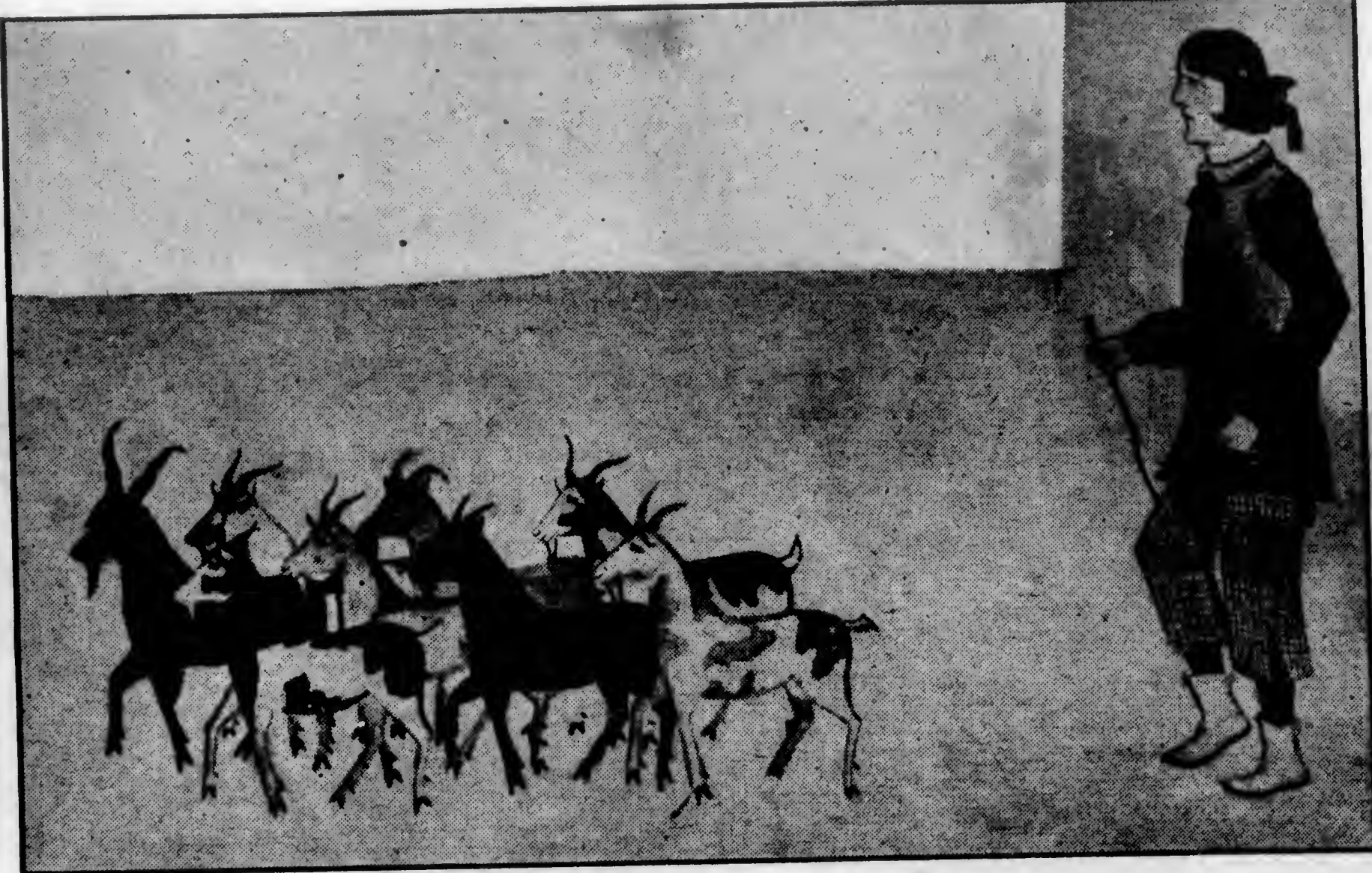
Literary Digest, 44-46, Oct. 17, 1925

AN INDIAN GOYA WHO AMAZES ARTISTS

AS GOYA SPLASHED THE LIFE OF SPAIN on his canvases, so a Pueblo Indian youth, Awa-Tsireh, is turning out paintings that are acclaimed by white critics as a new departure in Indian art and a marvelous interpretation of the life of the artist's people. And not the least astonishing

thing about his work, we read, is that it shows not a single trace of white influence. In fact, the same remark is made of a whole group of younger Pueblo artists, "in spite of the fact that a large share of their encouragement has undoubtedly come from the painters living in Santa Fé." The art of Awa-Tsireh and his contemporaries, "irrespective of all the examples of our 'alien' art about them," has remained purely Indian, declares Alice Corbin Henderson. She describes the young painter as "an Indian boy wearing a gay pink serape and riding a sorrel pony," who stopt one day at the gate in front of her adobe. He announced his name as Alfonso Roybal, and it is explained that all the Pueblo Indians have Spanish as well as Indian names, and generally use the former. In recounting her meeting with the leader of the new "movement" in Pueblo art, Mrs. Henderson tells us in the *New York Times*:

My acquaintance with the work of Awa-Tsireh dates from one day in the summer of 1917, when Colonel and Mrs. A. J. Abbott, who were then custodians of the Rito de Los Fripolles Cliff-Dwellings, showed me two water-color drawings—one of a Pueblo buffalo dance, and the other of the deer dance, which they said a young Indian had left with them to sell. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, the Hindu art-critic, was a companion on that trip to the Rito, and we were both imprest at once by the surprizing quality of the drawings. Silhouetted against the white paper, the figures had the clear precision of any fine



Illustrations by courtesy of the *New York Times*

"THE GOAT-HERD," A JOYOUS PIECE OF WORK



THE RED PAINTER, AS SEEN BY A WHITE ONE

This portrait of Awa-Tsireh was made by William P. Henderson, whose wife writes the story.



THE BASKET DANCE, BY AWA-TSIREH

example of primitive art, and it was natural that Dr. Coomaraswamy should appreciate this quality, so closely allied to the pure contours of East Indian or Persian drawings. We both wanted the water-colors, and we both tried to be gracious; but I finally

persuaded him to take them, and asked Mrs. Abbott to tell the artist to make me some others and bring them to Santa Fé.

It was a week later that the sorrel pony was halted at the gate, and the youth in the pink serape announced that he had some pictures to show her. The writer continues:

These, when unrolled from a neat cotton cloth, proved to be another deer dance, and eagle dance, and two Indian ponies with tiny eagle feathers on their manes—the latter particularly with that alert vitality which only primitive artists, or the Orientals, seem able to give to the drawing of animals.

I thought, as I looked at the drawings, that they pointed a new di-

rection; and, indeed, Alfonso's example proved to be the start for a genuine new development of Pueblo art. Other Pueblo artists, turning from the decoration of pottery, began to record their more realistic impressions of the life about them, and soon there was veritably a "new school" of aboriginal water-color artists, whose work was exhibited side by side with that of their white confrères in the Art Museum at Santa Fé.

These young artists of the Pueblos had simply, with a fine consistency, carried their distinctively Indian vision into a new field of expression. This new development, in fact, represented no "break," but was merely an extension of the centuries-old art tradition of the Pueblos. The transition, that is from the incised hieroglyphs and deer hunts, on the walls of the cliff-dwellings, through the symbolic pottery designs, to these more realistic but still highly conventionalized drawings of human forms was a purely natural progression and sequence.

What Awa-Tsireh did, by his example, among the Pueblos was simply to release a whole store of latent visual impressions not previously recorded in any purely visual way. One reason for this delayed development may have been the fact that it was, if not tabu, at least out of the usual order, to record the ceremonial dances in any non-ceremonial way. Or a deeper

reason may be found in the curious and unexplained fact that primitive races are always slower to record human than animal forms.

The disparity between the excellence of the animal drawings and the lumpy formlessness of the human figures of the Dor-

dogne and Altamira paleolithic artists in Europe has been noted by the historians, but never, so far as I know, psychologically explained. There is the same difference to be noted in the drawings of our plains Indians, where the animals are perceived through lines of vital flesh and blood in action, but the men are mere combinations of sticks, such as one might make out of matches.

We are warned, in fact, that the work of these Pueblo artists must not be confused with that of the less highly civilized plains Indians; and even among the Pueblos "a distinction must be made between work that is genuinely the production of artists and that which is merely amateur—a distinction which some enthusiasts for the 'naive' in modern art may be inclined to overlook." We read further:

A New York art critic, fully appreciative of the water-colors of Awa-Tsireh and his associates, nevertheless spoke of the surprising achievements of these naive, untrained artists in a completely new medium! The Pueblo Indians have been using water-colors for centuries—not water-colors neatly packed in a tin box, of course, but native earth, mineral or vegetable pigments mixed with water; and the training of the Pueblo artists is based upon a centuries-old tradition and technique—a technique so highly sophisticated that the word "naive" as used by this critic was a misnomer.

What is naive in the work of these artists is simply the unspoiled purity of their vision—the naïveté, that is, not of the amateur but of the genuine primitive, whose vision is still uncorrupted by any false canon of art, shop talk or commercial end.

Awa-Tsireh's drawings are, in their own field, as precise and sophisticated as a Persian miniature. He is a mature artist, able to compete in his own field with any other mature artist of his own or another race.

W. A. Y. E. R.

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

American Indian Life

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ISSUED BY THE
Indian Defense Associations of California

BULLETIN No. 3
September-December, 1925

THE VISIT OF THE PUEBLOS

Last summer Will Irwin, one of the keenest of present-day journalists, spent several months among the Navajos and Pueblos of the Southwest. What he saw aroused his sympathy, his anger and his sense of justice. Upon his return to the East he prepared a series of most interesting articles setting forth his observations. But no publication wanted them. "Our readers do not care for material about the Indians," said the editor of a powerful weekly. "The American public has no interest whatsoever in the Indian problem," said another editor. So Will Irwin's material is still unpublished.

Were those Eastern editors right? If the visit of the 12 representatives of the New Mexico Pueblo tribes in California and Utah is a criterion, they were as badly mistaken about the temper and inclinations of the American public as the Democrats when they nominated a candidate against Calvin Coolidge. For these twelve representatives of aboriginal America aroused unprecedented interest wherever they appeared, an interest that was not only sympathetic but intelligent as well, an interest that extended from the spacious palace of the millionaire to the humble home of the child who, the day after an appearance of the Pueblos, brought two hundred pennies to be added to the Land Defense Fund.

There can be no better proof of the well nigh universal interest in the American Indian and his problems than the reception that was accorded the twelve Pueblo visitors by the thousands who heard their story and listened to their plea for justice. The beauty of their ancient ceremonial dances and songs, the sincerity of their simple words, their patient helplessness in the face of hideous injustice made so powerful an appeal, aroused the sympathies and stirred the indignation of their white American audiences to such a degree that in several instances tradition was disregarded, rules were cast aside and spontaneous appeals for financial assistance made by members of organizations like the Burlingame Country Club and the Bohemian Club.

It was the first time that representative Californians had the opportunity to meet dignified representatives of the Indian race on a dignified plane. The delegation

from the Pueblos was in truth an embassy and it was received as such. Not the faintest trace of the sideshow atmosphere was discernible during the entire month of the visit. The audiences heard the ancient Pueblo songs, watched the ancient Pueblo dances with intelligent curiosity, not as a vaudeville show, but as examples of the art and the ritual of an old, old civilization that is making its last stand against forcible extinction. And they unmistakably voiced their opposition to those who would hasten the breaking up of the tribes and the extinction of their culture by taking from the Pueblos even the hope of ever recovering the land that was taken from them.

The delegation from the Pueblos came to California and Utah under the auspices of the Indian Defense Association of Central and Northern California. The following outstanding personalities with their Indian and Spanish names and their positions in the Pueblos comprised the delegation:

SOTERO ORTIZ (*High Heaven*), acting governor of San Juan Pueblo and chairman of the Council of all the Pueblos.

SANTIAGO NARANJO (*Snow-on-the-Mountain*), many times governor of Santa Clara Pueblo.

JUAN GONZALES (*Journeying Star*), governor of San Ildefonso Pueblo.

MARTIN VIGIL (*Rainbow*) acting governor of Tesuque Pueblo.

CANATO SUAZO (*White Snow*) of Tesuque, dancer of the Eagle, the Snowbird and the Buffalo.

MERCED VIGIL (*Eagle Tail*), of Tesuque, dancer of the Eagle, the Snowbird and the Buffalo.

ALVINO LUJAN (*Red Beads*), War Captain, Master of Ceremonies and Keeper of the Sacred Objects of Taos Pueblo.

ANTONIO ROMERO (*Antelope River*), Taos Pueblo, Secretary of the Council of all the Pueblos.

ANTONIO LUJAN (*Willow Deer*), one of the founders of the Council of all the Pueblos and leader of song at Taos.

JUAN I. CONCHA (*Little Star*) RAFAEL PANDO (*Deer of the Rain*) and JUANITO LUJAN (*Deer of the Snow*), Dancers of the Shield, the Hoop, and of War and Peace of Taos.

The delegation came to California and Utah in order to show those able to appreciate its beauty and significance a sample of the colorful civilization preserved by the Pueblos almost unchanged for five thousand years and to explain why this remnant of prehistoric culture must be saved now or disappear forever. Condensed, this is the story of the Pueblo Indians and their lands:



Santiago Naranjo, the patriarch of the visiting Pueblo delegation. Despite his 86 years he never missed a meeting.

They are twenty-one tribes—10,000 individuals. They are our most civilized Indians—a two-fold civilization, which was theirs before the White man came and was enriched by four centuries of contact with Europe through Spanish influence.

Never before, until this present struggle on which their existence depends, have these Indians asked charitable aid. They have always been self-supporting; their struggle now is to remain self-supporting.

They ask our help to recover enough of their ancient farmlands to make self-support possible. The petition under the necessity created by an Act of Congress passed in 1924—the Pueblo Lands Law—under which *now* they must recover their lands or be forever debarred.

Briefly, this is the background and the present fact.

These tribes were found by Spanish explorers four centuries ago, living in walled towns on the desert and growing their crops by irrigation farming. They were independent republics then; they are semi-independent, democratic little nations under United States guardianship now. They embraced Christianity, but they kept and still keep their very ancient customs and notably their ceremonial dances and songs, their pottery art and architecture. Today they are living links with a past that was old when Rome was young.

America's Oldest Titles

Spain granted to these tribes, in fee simple title vested in the communities, their farmlands and grazing commons. Mexico succeeded Spain and the Indians were not driven from their homes. The United States succeeded Mexico, and in 1850 these Pueblo tribes became wards of the government—wards of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

By treaty with Mexico, the United States guaranteed the property rights and the liberties of these Indians. Then Congress confirmed the land-grants of the Pueblos by special enactments, and President Lincoln signed these renewed pledges and gave to each Pueblo governor one of the silver-headed canes, engraved with his signature, which the tribal envoys from five Pueblos carry during their present visit—their first visit and perhaps their last.

Finally the Court of Private Land Claims once more confirmed these, possibly the oldest real estate titles in the United States.

But the Indians were minor wards under the United States. Their guardian permitted seizures, fraudulent sales, gradual encroachments on the Pueblo farm lands. The Indian protest was as ceaseless as it was vain. Today these are typical facts of the Pueblos.

Taos Pueblo has lost 3,500 of its 5,000 irrigated acres.

San Ildefonso has left but 180 incompletely irrigated acres from the 2,000 to which it holds title.

San Juan has been deprived of all save 558 of its 4,000 irrigated acres.

Living on Sixteen Dollars a Year

The official findings of the Indian Bureau three years ago gave \$16.68 as the total per capita consumption of Tesuque Pueblo for that year; \$32.58 as the total for Santa Clara; \$31.01 as the total for San Juan; \$13.11 as the total for San Ildefonso. The researches of Dr. Richard Shevsky, of Leland Stanford University, at Taos in the same year, indicated that the Indian Bureau statistics, incredible as they may seem, were in error in the direction of over-stating the income and consumption of these tribes.

Such was and is the condition. In 1922 an effort was made to cancel the Pueblo titles by Act of Congress. A two-year struggle defeated this notorious new raid and advertised the facts of Pueblo distress to the country. Then in 1924 the new Pueblo Lands Law was passed.

This new law was designed to settle forever the conflict over Pueblo titles and lands. A Lands Board is now at work. More than 3,500 disputes as to possession and boundaries must be adjudicated. The findings of the Lands Board will be appealed to the Courts in many instances, perhaps through test cases in all. The individual and corporate interests adverse to the Pueblos are served with legal talent, excellent and numerous.

Now or Never!

What are the Pueblos going to do? Can *they* present their claims, with lengthy verbal and documentary evidence, before the Boards and Courts? Can *they*, unaided by lawyers go before the Court of Appeals and demonstrate, against the opposition of the ablest legal talent, that their lands have been lost to them through the negligence or delinquency of the Indian Bureau? This is what the law necessitates. The answer is manifest. Without the help of lawyers the Pueblos will lose their last chance. There will be no other chance—all future contest is outlawed. And unless they make substantial recoveries, many of the Pueblos must perish by starvation or dispersal.

The Indian Defense Associations have pledged this legal aid.

A detailed discussion of the decisions and policies of the Lands Board will be given in a later issue. Present indications point to the necessity for a severe, prolonged and very skillfully managed legal struggle which may have to be supplemented by renewed political activity designed to bring about curative Congressional action. It is patent that the fund raised through the Pueblos visit will have to be largely increased before all needed land is finally restored to the tribes.

As will be seen from the statement printed below, the Pueblos' visit was a moderate financial success. But from the intellectual, artistic social and political standpoints, it was a most brilliant, almost unprecedented success. Every significant element in the Bay Cities and in Santa Barbara was reached by the delegation. The exclusive homes of social leaders opened their doors hospitably and received the Pueblos. Nor were they disappointed in the quality of their guests. Despite the nervous strain engendered by the torrent of new impressions constantly assailing the simple farmers from the New Mexico mountains, the innate dignity and poise of the red race never deserted them; despite the fierce light of publicity turned upon them day and night they never lost their charm, their good humor, their lack of self-consciousness for a single moment. They were ideal guests and through their personalities gave their understanding hosts an entirely new perceptive of the Indian race, its character and culture through personal contact. Among those who entertained the Pueblo delegates as dinner and house guests were the following:

Mrs. William Denman
Mr. Jay B. Nash
The Faculty Club of the University of California
Mrs. Chauncey S. Goodrich
Miss Alice Griffith
Mrs. John Collier
Dr. Jaime d'Angulo
Mrs. Ruth K. Roberts
Mrs. Charles de Y. Elkus
Dr. Esheref Shevsky
Mrs. Rudolph Scheville
Mrs. A. M. Salinger
Mrs. Duncan McDuffie
Mr. George Batchelder (Santa Barbara)
Mr. Franklin Price Knott (Santa Barbara)
Mrs. James A. Hogle (Salt Lake City)

At every private affair given in their honor, like those at the homes of ex-Senator James D. Phelan or former Congressman William Kent, the visiting Pueblos left a lasting impression. Many of the public meetings arranged by numerous organizations turned out to be veritable triumphs. The Commonwealth Club's Pueblo lunch meeting was attended by more than 800 members and guests and the interest was so intense that the meeting was prolonged far beyond the rigidly adhered to closing time. At the Beresford Country Club, at the Oakland Forum, in the Wilkes Theatre, in the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, at the Berkeley Playhouse the sympathy of the audiences went out to the Pueblos in waves so powerful that they could be sensed even by the dullest. They were welcomed heartily by the Mayor of San Francisco who asked the city's Board

of Supervisors to pass a resolution insisting upon justice for the Indians in their fight for their land.

At their own request and in order to help the friends who helped them, the Indians went to Santa Barbara where they appeared before an audience so large that hundreds had to be turned away. The entire gross proceeds of the meeting amounting to over a thousand dollars, were turned over to the Mission Restoration fund.

The high point in artistic value was reached at the Fairmont Hotel concert given by the Pueblos under the patronage of:

Miss Lena Blanding, Mrs. William Powers Bourn, Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. Herbert E. Clayburgh, Mrs. C. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. John S. Drum, Mrs. Charles N. Felton, Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker, Mrs. Chauncey S. Goodrich, Miss Alice S. Griffith, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Mrs. Marcus S. Koshland, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. Laura McKinstry, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Dr. Aurelia H. Reinhardt, Mrs. Harry H. Scott, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Miss Lucy Ward Stebbins, Mrs. Willis J. Walker.

Nothing will better illustrate not only the interest taken by renowned artists but the character of the performances as the program reproduced here:

FAIRMONT HOTEL
San Francisco, November 11, 1925.



PART I.

1. The Music of the Pueblos ERNEST BLOCH
2. The Moonlight Song . . . THE TAOS PUEBLO SINGERS
A traditional song, without the drum, sung on the bridge above the Pueblo River by the Taos boys.
3. The Eagle Dance THE TESUQUE DANCERS
A fragment of one of the ceremonial dramas, The Eagle is a symbol of life and power; the dance is a prayer.
4. The Significance of the Pueblo Dances . . JOHN COLLIER
5. The Peace Dance of Taos . . . THE TAOS DANCERS
6. Song Composed by Martin Vigil.
Two Navajo Songs.
Navajo Song with Dance.
Humorous Navajo Song—"Hello John!"
MARTIN VIGIL, of Tesuque Pueblo
7. Comanche War Dance THE TAOS DANCERS

PART II.

1. A Greeting from the Pueblos
SANTIAGO NARANJO, of Santa Clara Pueblo
Translated by SOTERO ORTIZ, of San Juan Pueblo.
2. What the Indian's Religion Means to Him
SOTERO ORTIZ, chairman of the Council of All the Pueblos
3. A Day In the Pueblos
MARTIN VIGIL, acting governor of Tesuque Pueblo

4. The Snow Bird Dance THE TESUQUE DANCERS
A prayer that the snow may be heavy on the mountains.
5. A Group of Songs ANTONIO LUJAN
6. The Hoop Dance JUANITO LUJAN
A dance from the plains, anciently ceremonial, now a fine art expression.
7. The Buffalo Dance THE TESUQUE DANCERS
A prayer that the buffaloes may be healthy, numerous and friendly to man.

Furthest reaching of all, however, was the publicity obtained, not through press agent work, but spontaneously in the news columns, editorial columns and from the musical and other special writers in all the newspapers. This publicity not only was dignified but was informing and accurate.

The Indians did their own best talking, but at all meetings the spoken word was subordinate to the song and the

dramatic and ceremonial dancing. These tribes who live through rhythmic speech and even through wordless rhythm and mass action in rhythmic drama effectively spoke to the people of San Francisco in this manner and language of theirs which existed in completeness a thousand years ago and which have not been corrupted through 400 years

of contact with European and modern American civilization.

The message these Indians brought was not a complaint; no bitterness was ever voiced. There was sorrow in it, but no despair; and they consciously and effectively presented the cause of the whole American Indian race and not merely that of their own tribes. In their slow speech through a language medium only half known they proved intellectually capable of knowing their own situation and of making it known and of seeing their own problem not only as one of oppression at the hands of a dominant race, but as a problem of the regulation of Indian community life from within and the development in a creative way of Indian capacities blended with white capacities.

Were it possible for these men, or men as authoritative and adequate as they, to go to all of the large cities in America, an overwhelming public opinion would be created and the solution of the Indian problem would become possible.

PUEBLO INDIAN ART OBJECTS ON SALE

Pieces of pottery shaped by the skilled hands of pottery-makers of the Pueblo of San Ildefonso can be purchased at the *Post Street Circulating Library*, located in the John Howell Open Book Shop, 434 Post Street (ground floor).

Paintings by a Pueblo Indian artist may be found for sale At the Sign of the Lantern, Gelber-Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter Street.

The proceeds of these sales, which will be forwarded to the Pueblo, will lighten to some extent the bitter burden of poverty that the people of San Ildefonso bear as a result of the loss of almost all of their land. These earnings will contribute to that independent self-support which they so seriously and proudly desire.



The Pueblo Delegates at Bolinas Bay.
The ocean was a source of perennial interest to them.

Financial Results of Pueblo Visit

December 31, 1925

San Francisco, Bay Cities and Vicinity:

Total receipts\$12,076.15
Unpaid pledges in hand..... 953.00

Total, receipts and pledges..... \$13,029.15

Total expenditures in connection with Pueblo visit and campaign, including all transportation, and maintenance expense while here, of the 12 Pueblo delegates, expense of advertising and publicity work, printing tickets and programs, renting halls, issuing printed appeals for contributions, etc.....

\$ 3,556.06

Net returns, held by Central and Northern California Branch, I. D. A., for use on behalf of Pueblo Indians in land fight and to meet conditions of destitution, all overhead and salaries being paid out of other funds

\$ 9,473.09

Santa Barbara:

Total receipts\$ 2,333.50

Total expenses of visit...\$ 525.38

Gift of Indians to Old Mission Fund 1,002.00 1,527.38

Balance, subject to disposition by Santa Barbara Branch, I. D. A.....

\$ 805.12

The Indian Defense Associations have a united National Program. They are governed locally by autonomous Boards of Directors. They invite members within their respective areas. The officers of the American Indian Defense Association, Inc., are Haven Emerson, M. D., President, John Collier, Executive Secretary and Robert Ingersoll Brown, Treasurer. The treasurer of the Pueblo Legal Aid Fund and the Fund for California and Southwest Indian Work is Max L. Rosenberg, Treasurer of the Central and Northern California Branch.

Indian Defense Association of Central and Northern California
1010 Mills Bldg., San Francisco

Indian Defense Association of Santa Barbara
P. O. B. 274, Santa Barbara

Indian Defense Association of Southern California
Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles

Wisconsin Indian Defense and Development Association
520 Grand Avenue, Wauwatosa, Milwaukee

Branches of
The American Indian Defense Association, Inc.
67 Morton Street, New York



COURTESY SUNSET MAGAZINE

The Delegation of Pueblo Indians being entertained at Montalvo, the country home of ex-Senator James D. Phelan.

The NATIVE AMERICAN

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO INDIAN EDUCATION
Entered as second-class matter, January 13, 1900, at the post office at
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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—50 CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Vol. 29

Phoenix, Arizona, October 5, 1929

No. 15

Fitting the Indian to the White Man's Civilization

MRS. HENRY L. TAYLOR

Indian Room - East Globe School, Globe, Arizona

(Reprinted from the Arizona Teacher and Home Journal.)



HAVE had charge of a room for Indian pupils in the East Globe public school for the past five years, and for several years prior to 1924 I had Indian pupils in the rural school at Wheatfields, near Globe.

The aim in my teaching has been to fit the child, as best I could, to take his place in the white men's world and fill it satisfactorily, as the only hope for the Indian is to adopt the white man's civilization and ways.

The Indian child must be taught, not only book knowledge, but to play and work as the white child does. As he grows older, he should receive special training in the work for which he is best fitted so that when he leaves school he will be able to get a position and hold it against white competition.

Secretary of the Interior, Wilbur, has announced that he intends to revise and completely change the policy of the Indian Bureau to the end that the Indians may cease to be wards of the Government and will become self-supporting citizens.

One of the main things to be kept in mind when we start to teach the Indian is that from an anthropological view-

point he was in the late Neolithic period when Columbus discovered America and made him known to the world. He had many stone implements; had developed considerable agriculture; he was an accomplished worker in clothing and home comforts made from the skins of wild animals, but he had no domesticated animals, no system of records and very little self government except of the family or tribe.

The white race had reached this stage of development about 5000 B. C. This would mean that our own ancestors have taken more thousands of years to reach our present level of civilization than we allow the Indian hundreds of years to accomplish this same level. *** And what is civilization as we apply the term to this great problem, and is the Indian capable of assimilating it so that he may be amalgamated into the body politic of the nation?

Among the things he must receive if he is to take his place in the world are scholastic training, habits of industry, better understanding of health problems and more knowledge of his local rights and obligations. I have found in my teaching experience in all eight grades that the Indian is capable of

mastering the common school course almost on an equal with other races, except for the handicap of acquiring a new language during the first year at school.

I had my first Indian pupil in September, 1918, when I was teaching the rural school at Wheatfields about fifteen miles from Globe. This was John Baker, a boy fourteen years of age who had never been in school a day in his life. His father could speak a little English and as John associated with white children he learned very rapidly. He came to school three years, then had to quit to support his widowed mother, but he has always been able to get a good position and is a credit to the community in which he lives.

When school opened in 1919, five Indians, four boys and one girl, applied for admission and now an interesting thing occurred. The girl, Mary Moraga, was fifteen years of age and had never been in school. Indian boys dress much as white boys but as you all know, Indian girls and women do not dress as white women do. Mary came to school in regular Apache Indian dress, moccasins on her feet and her hair hanging over her shoulders. As Indians are very sensitive, I said nothing about it but the third day of school Mary asked, through John Baker if she might stay away from school the next day as she wanted to go to Globe. I was greatly surprised and pleased Friday morning when Mary appeared wearing good black shoes and stockings and a pretty gingham dress. She never wore her Indian dress to school again. She attended school four years, learned rapidly and was a great help to me in teaching the younger Indians. She married an educated Indian who works steadily and they live in a good lumber house in Miami.

During the three years from 1920 to 1924 I had five Indians in school every year and as the school was quite large and there were several nationalities, the Indians got along very well. In 1924, when City Superintendent of Globe Schools, Mr. F. E. Webb, consented to open a room in the East Globe school for Indian pupils and placed me in charge, the main object was to provide a place where the Indian children, whose fathers worked in and around Globe, could live at home and attend school and not have to be sent away to boarding school.

Accompanied by Willie Stevens, an Indian who acts as court interpreter, I visited every tepee in the Globe district and enrolled twenty pupils, every one of whom was present when school opened. Four Indian boys who had attended the school I taught at Wheatfields were among the number and were a great help to me in showing the ones that had never been in school how to go to work. As cleanliness is the first problem with the Indian pupil, the school nurse, Mrs. Rose, and I used one of these Wheatfield boys to show the other pupils how to clean their hair and heads and keep them clean, and another Wheatfields boy, Frank Neal, assisted by Edward Gascor, took all the Indian boys to the Hill Street school gymnasium for a shower bath every week that year. Thus I gave my first lessons in cleanliness and today you will not find a pupil in my room whose head is not clean, while most of them have at least a weekly bath.

When they were weighed and measured we found many of them were underweight, but when it was explained to the parents that they could buy the half-pint bottles of milk for five cents, they gladly paid for it and at the close of the school year every child was up to

normal. This year I had very few underweights and all of them are drinking milk. Every child has a Health Record card and each child keeps his own record, if he is able to write. They take a great interest in these cards and try to make a good record. All of my pupils have tooth brushes and use them; when the school nurse finds a cavity in one of their teeth it is filled promptly if she advises it.

Health habits are taught every week and there is a wonderful improvement not only in the pupils themselves but in their attitude towards cleanliness and the school life and routine.

Last year Dr. Sawyer of the Indian Service, with the consent of the parents, vaccinated ten pupils against smallpox and six went to the hospital at Rice and had their tonsils removed, so it seems the parents as well as the children are adopting modern health habits.

We are always on the watch for symptoms of trachoma, tuberculosis or impetigo, and start treatment at the first sign. The pupils are very willing to be doctored and never complain or cry even when I know it hurts them. The Indian pupils have always taken a great interest in the annual track meet and the athletic sports in general. In 1925 Edward Gascor won first place in the shot-put. In 1927 Frank Neal won first in the shot-put and running broad jump. Last year Wilson Jackson won second in the shot-put and standing broad jump, while this year I expect Jay Antonio to win first in the shot-put and Paulina Gatso a ribbon in girls' basket ball throw. In the athletic badge tests they have always met the requirements for their grade and seem to be proud of the pins and buttons.

Jay Antonio played on the boys' volley ball team that won the city championship this year as they were not defeated

by any other team in Globe. In 1926 and 1927 I took exhibits of work done in our room to the State Fair in Phoenix. They consisted of wooden toys, leather work, bead work, dressed dolls, art work and educational work, and were placed in the Indian Building. In 1926 they received three prizes and in 1927 a first and second from the Indian Department and four firsts, one second and one special prize from the Industrial Arts Department where the articles in competition were made by white children.

Paulina Gatso, a sixteen-year-old girl in the seventh grade, has learned to make her own dresses, as well as her underwear, and looks as neat and clean as most white girls. Most of the Indian pupils do neat, clean work and write nicely, while I have had three with marked artistic ability. I would like to show you the work of a fourteen-year-old boy who used his first water colors in September, 1927. The Indian boys do not seem to have much trouble in finding work when they have finished school, as all the boys who have finished the sixth grade in my room have obtained good positions and are self-supporting, but so far there does not seem to be much opportunity for the Indian girl to obtain work for which she has been trained, so she is more apt to drift back to the life of the camps than is the boy. One of the greatest needs of the Indian youth is positions where they can earn enough to be self-supporting.

During the last ten years 500,000 Mexicans have been admitted into the United States and have gone to work on railroads, in the mines, and other rough work, farm and construction work. If this work had been given to our Indians it would have gone a long way towards putting them on a self-supporting basis.

If the young educated Indian returns to the reservation he remains a ward of

the Government. His children after him are born to be wards of the Government. His present status is perpetuated, just as it has been through the past 105 years. If on the other hand, he goes to work in the mines or on the roads, marries an Indian girl who is working as nurse maid or housekeeper, they develop themselves a home among the whites, educate their children in the public schools and become citizens, who contribute to the national wealth and share in it. The Indian should be given every opportunity to make the most he possibly can of himself.

In closing, I wish to say again that it has been my aim to teach the children in my charge not only the educational subjects but habits of health, the great benefits of cleanliness and the duties and responsibilities of citizenship; to develop any special talent they may have and fit them, so far as I can, to take a respected place in the life of the community in which they reside.

Putting That Message Across

WILLIAM HENRY SPENCE

(Reprinted from The Rotarian)



WE had a painful experience at the club the other day. We assembled at luncheon to hear a speech by a young man who had made a brilliant record of achievement in a distant continent. He was introduced neatly and effectively by the chairman and we gave him a sympathetic and encouraging reception. But he sorely disappointed us. His speech was an abject failure and we were bored. When he got through we knew little of his story and less of what he was trying to say. The speech was a disjointed list of inept sentences that began nowhere in particular and then ended in precisely the same area.

On my way home I fell to thinking of the vast amount of speech-making we Rotarians hear, the greater proportion of which is so poorly done. We are supposed to be a high-strung nervous people lacking in patience and endurance, but surely the way in which we sit through hours of dull and dreary oratory is a refutation of the charge. It can only be explained by our high appreciation of good public speaking which prompts us to keep on hoping that the next speaker will surely give us the expected thrill.

With the great and seemingly increasing demand for men and women who can speak effectively before an audience one wonders why more do not perfect themselves in the art. A person never knows the day or hour when he will be asked to appear on some program to "make a few remarks." The farmer in his grange, the business man at luncheon, the professional man in his association, the laborer at the meeting of his union, the woman at her club, the suburbanite at the neighborhood improvement league, the citizen at a political rally—each is liable at any time either to be asked or want to make a speech. Many turn such opportunities aside because they feel themselves incapable, whereas if they studied the matter a bit they would realize that the art is not so difficult as it would seem. Of course, according to the old saying, "Orators are born, not made." No one could deny that there are some who are apparently endowed by nature with the gift of eloquence. Anyone who listened discriminately to the late William Jennings Bryan realized that the training which he undoubtedly received did not give him all his power. He began with large natural endowments of temperament, physique, voice,

Secretary Work at Taos

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Did Dr. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior, come to the Taos pueblo last Good Friday as "an apostle of health to the trachoma- or tuberculosis-stricken Indians"?

Or did he come to take a crack at those American artists in Taos who signed en masse the protest against the first Bursum bill?

At all events the Taos Indians had worked hard all day to make their roads passable for the advent of Secretary Work, Indian Commissioner Burke, and other notables representing the Great White Father. The old men of the council were gathered together to do honor to their visitors, to hear the white man's wisdom and present their own. Then up rose Secretary Work, and through his interpreter advised the council of old men not to let the Indians on any account have anything to do with artists. This was not for the reason that artists might infect them with trachoma. No. The artists were to be kept away from the pueblo, and not visited in their studios, because the artists desired the Indians to be half-animals, and to be kept half-animals, so that the artists might make thousands of dollars yearly out of them by painting their pictures. The artists would advise them not to be white men, not to wear citizens' clothes, not to cut their hair, for thus the artists could keep them in subjection and grow rich upon them as their self-styled friends.

When the spokesman of the Indians, Señor Juan José Archuleta, rose to respond to the Secretary's speech, and to present the views of his people, he was commanded to sit down, as the commissioner and his party had heard enough and were on their way.

A signed statement of these facts was then made by Señor Archuleta and Señor Juan Mirabal, Lieutenant-Governor of the Pueblo, and corroborated by two white men who had heard the Secretary's words in English.

Now it may be that the Taos colony of artists occasionally sell their pictures, and it undoubtedly is true that they admire the Indian most when he dresses as an Indian, wears his hair as an Indian, and otherwise preserves the ancient customs of his race. They do not want to see his dances abolished, nor his hair cut by a barber, nor himself garbed in blue denim overalls working in the road gang. They prefer to pay, and they do pay, the Indians who pose as models a return which attracts the Indian away from overalls and the road gang; or the attraction may be partly that the artists like the Indians as human beings and the Indians also find the artists human. In any case I submit to the eminent Secretary two suggestions: that jumping on the artists does not get one very far with trachoma or tuberculosis; and that the Indians themselves would like a chance to make a speech to the Secretary of the Interior.

Taos, New Mexico, April 22

WALTER UFER

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY

597TH MEETING

The 597th meeting of the Society was held in the United States National Museum on April 20, 1926.

Program: Dr. WALTER HOUGH: *Fifty years of Pueblo Archeology*. Exploration during the past fifty years in the Pueblo region forms an interesting history. Veterans of the discovery of the cliff-dwellings in 1874-75 are still with us, W. J. JACKSON, who discovered and photographed, and W. H. HOLMES, who first sketched and pictured them in oils. As this work on the Southwest archeology was carried on by the U. S. Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology almost exclusively until recent years, it is observed that more than half of the investigators were members of the Anthropological Society of Washington.

In the period of reconnaissance beginning in 1869 the names of HOLMES, JACKSON, YARROW, POWELL, STEVENSON, BANDELIER, and CUSHING stand out prominently. Beginning in 1879 work in all the branches of anthropology was actively prosecuted by the Bureau of Ethnology. In 1886 the MINDELEFFS studied the architecture of the ancient and modern pueblos over a wide region, furnishing invaluable data. Exploration in the sense of excavation of ruins began in the 80's. CUSHING carried on exploration work on a large scale in the lower Salt River Valley and also collected archeologica at Zuni. Historically, the first ruin explored was at St. George, Utah, in 1869-70 by EDWARD PALMER, a most indefatigable collector. The St. George specimens are in the National Museum and the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass. In 1894 NORDENSKIÖLD published the results of his exploration of Mesa Verde cliff-dwellings. This work is a landmark. In the 90's Dr. J. WALTER FEWKES entered the field, exploring a ruin called Skyatki on the Hopi Reservation. Dr. FEWKES continued his researches for many years and is still active. In this period came HOUGH, HEWETT, MOOREHEAD, DORSEY, OWENS, PEPPER, HRDLICKA, PRUDDEN, and others.

The period of more intensive exploration presents the names of KIDDER, NELSON, MORRIS, JUDD, CUMMINGS, SPIER, GUERNSEY, JEANCON, sent out by different institutions. In this period methods depending on a classification of sherds, the presence or absence of pottery, stratification and superposition, have cast much light on the history of the ancient peoples of the southwest. We have here a good example of the normal development of research in the past 50 years. The order of culture in the ancient pueblos is now tentatively *basket maker*, *post-basket maker*, *pre-pueblo*, *pueblo*, and *recent*. Much is to be expected of the active and enthusiastic workers of the present in clearing up the problems of Pueblo archeology, and the best wishes of the Old Guard go with them.

The modern phase of pueblo exploration which was formerly impracticable in the vast field to be covered is seen in the National Geographic Society's work at Pueblo Bonito under the direction of NEIL M. JUDD, and Dr. A. V. KIDDER's work for Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., at Pecos. It is seen that great financial resources are necessary to uncover and explore thoroughly one relatively large ruin. This, however, is the only way to elicit the further story of ancient Pueblo Indian life.

JOHN M. COOPER, *Secretary*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND NEWS

Dr. A. S. HITCHCOCK attended the International Congress of Plant Sciences recently held at Ithaca, where he gave a paper by invitation and led the round-table discussion on nomenclature. He was appointed a member of the International Committee on Nomenclature.

Mr. T. A. SPRAGUE, of the Kew Herbarium, London, England, spent a week at the U. S. National Herbarium studying the *Dilleniaceae*, after attending the International Congress of Plant Sciences at Ithaca.

MODESTA, for lemon belton setter bitch puppy, whelped April 1, 1883, by Jester—Modjeska.

REF. OAK, for red Irish setter dog puppy, whelped April 27, 1883, by Irish Chief—Pride.

LADY TRISS, for red Irish setter bitch, whelped April 27, 1883, by Irish Chief—Pride.

Mr. R. B. Williams, Central City, Col., claims the name

SLEEPY CAP, for blue fawn and white greyhound dog puppy, by Chandos—Flash.

BALDY, for blue fawn and white greyhound dog puppy, by Chandos—Flash.

BLUE BESS, for blue fawn and white greyhound bitch puppy, by Chandos—Flash.

FLY CATCHER, for blue fawn and white greyhound bitch puppy, by Chandos—Flash.

MISS TRUMP, for blue fawn and white greyhound bitch puppy, by Chandos—Flash.

Mr. N. W. Ware, West Point, Miss., claims the name

BANG, for lemon and white pointer dog puppy, whelped December 26, 1882, by champion Bow—Fancy.

BOW II, for liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped December 26, 1882, by champion Bow—Fancy.

BOUNCE, for liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped December 26, 1882, by champion Bow—Fancy.

Mr. H. Bailey Harrison, Tilsonburg, Can., claims the name

PERICLES, for blue belton setter dog puppy, by Dick Laverack—Countess Adele.

BRANDON, for blue belton setter dog puppy, by Dick Laverack—Fausta II.

CANADA, for lemon and white setter bitch puppy, by Dick Laverack—Fausta II.

COLONEL VAUDRY.—New Orleans, La.—*Editor American Field*.—As Mr. Vie, of St. Louis, Mo., claims a prior right to the name of Colonel V. for his setter puppy, I will change the name of my Gladstone—Flossy puppy to Colonel Vaudry. J. K. RENAUD.

Mr. Jesse Williams, Chicago, Ill., claims the name

BONFIRE, for blue belton setter bitch puppy, whelped June 19, 1883, by Judge—Bute.

BOSTON, for blue belton setter dog puppy, whelped June 19, 1883, by Judge—Bute.

Mr. E. Garvin, Bluffton, Ohio, claims the name

DUKE OF BLUFFTON, for liver and white setter dog puppy, whelped May 6, 1883, by Ponto—Fanny.

Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, Ohio, claims the name

DUMONT, for liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped March 17, 1883, by Sensation—Devonshire Lass.

Mr. T. E. Smith, Providence, R. I., claims the name

MAIL BOX, for blue belton setter dog puppy, whelped May 1, 1883, by Cashier—Flake.

Mr. I. M. Dewey, New Haven, Conn., claims the name

TONY LAVA ROCK, for blue belton Laverack setter dog puppy (late Frank Lava Rock), by Lava Rock—Lady Beaconsfield.

Mr. A. L. Semple, Louisville, Ky., claims the name

BONNIE, for lemon and white setter bitch puppy, whelped April 21, 1883, by Dashing Rake—Marilou.

Mr. John Carkeek, Darlington, Wis., claims the name

CLARA, for pointer bitch puppy, by champion King Bow—Grace.

SALES.

SALES, NAMES CLAIMED, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting sales, names claimed, visits, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. John Bolus, Wooster, Ohio, has sold

BLUE DICK—BUCKEYE BELLE, black, white and tan setter dog puppy, to Mr. E. Snively, Wooster, Ohio.

BLUE DICK—BUCKEYE BELLE, black, white and tan setter dog puppy, to Mr. H. N. Rankin, Paducah, Ky.

BLUE DICK—BUCKEYE BELLE, blue belton setter dog puppies (a brace), to Mr. John B. Doris, Great Inter-Ocean Circus.

BLUE DICK—BUCKEYE BELLE, black, white and tan setter dog puppy, to Mr. Theo. Gray, Allegheny, Pa.

BLUE DICK—BUCKEYE BELLE, blue belton setter dog puppy, to Mr. Kit Clark, with Haverly's Minstrels.

BLUE DICK—BUCKEYE BELLE, blue belton setter dog puppy, to Mr. Clark, Springfield, Ohio.

BLUE DICK—BUCKEYE BELLE, black, white and tan setter dog puppy, to Mr. J. S. Smith, with Great Inter-Ocean Circus.

BLUE DICK—POLLY BELTON, black and white setter bitch puppy, to Mr. J. S. Smith, with Great Inter-Ocean Circus.

BLUE DICK—POLLY BELTON, black and white setter dog puppy, to Mr. Jacob Woss, Wooster, Ohio.

Mr. J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind., has sold

HINDOO—FLIGHT, liver and white pointer dog puppy, to Mr. John W. Houston, Chicago, Ill.

HINDOO—FLIGHT, liver and white pointer dog puppy, to Mr. W. Dubois, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HINDOO—FLIGHT, liver and white pointer dog puppy, to Mr. H. Rust, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HINDOO—FLIGHT, liver and white pointer dog puppy, to Mr. H. J. Thomas, Neilsville, Wis.

HINDOO—FLIGHT, liver and white pointer dog puppy, to Mr. W. B. Allen, Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. E. S. Shultz, Danville, Ill., has exchanged

YOUNG FAUST, liver and white pointer dog puppy, by Clipper—Bow Queen, for Rival Jr., liver and white pointer dog puppy, by Croxteth—Countess Rival, with Mr. T. Donoghue, La Salle, Ill.

QUEEN'S BEAUTY, liver and white pointer bitch puppy, by Clipper—Bow Queen, for a champion King Bow—Chess, liver and white pointer dog puppy, with the Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. T. F. Spencer, Sandusky, Ohio, has sold

ROYAL LOTHAIR—NONIE, black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, to Mr. J. Keller, Detroit, Mich.

ROYAL LOTHAIR—NONIE, black and white setter dog puppy, to Mr. J. Keller, Detroit, Mich.

ROYAL LOTHAIR—NONIE, black and white setter bitch puppy, to Mr. H. L. Kyles, Oxford, Ohio.

Mr. E. W. Jester, St. Georges, Del., has sold

QUITTO, Italian greyhound dog puppy, by Snap—Pearl, to Mr. A. E. Britton McKee, New York City.

NEBO, Italian greyhound bitch puppy, by Snap—Pearl, to Mr. R. M. Brown, Amherst C. H., Va.

VERO, Italian greyhound bitch puppy, by Snap—Pearl, to Mr. F. L. Woodbridge, Newark, Ohio.

Mr. C. M. Munhall, Cleveland, Ohio, has presented

SENSATION—DEVONSHIRE LASS, liver and white pointer bitch puppy, to Mr. H. C. Craft, Kensington, Ohio.

TROUBADOUR, liver and white pointer dog puppy, by champion Donald—Devonshire Lass, to Mr. G. W. Short, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. S. S. Brewer, Maywood, Ill., has sold

LADY PEMBROKE'S BOY, black, white and tan setter dog, by Judge—Lady Pembroke, to Dr. W. G. Moore, St. Louis, Mo.

JUDGE—LADY PEMBROKE, orange and white setter bitch puppy, to F. J. Toothaker, Litchfield Plains, Me.

Mr. E. S. Shultz, Danville, Ill., has presented

CLIPPER'S BOY, lemon and white pointer dog puppy, by Clipper (Faust—Clytie)—Bow Queen (Sleaford—Dawn), to Mr. W. H. Andrews, Danville, Ill.

Mr. J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind., has presented a

HINDOO—FLIGHT, liver and white pointer dog puppy, to Mr. T. H. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.

Mr. F. W. Chapman, Darlington, Wis., has sold

CLARA, pointer bitch puppy, by champion King Bow—Grace, to Mr. John Carkeek, Darlington, Wis.

Mr. C. M. Dickey, Ellsworth, Iowa, has sold

JACK, black and white ticked pointer dog, to Mr. J. H. Keifer, Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. A. C. Krueger, Wrightville, Pa., has sold

SPORT, orange and white beagle dog, to Mr. Henry Smalley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. F. W. Rothera, Simcoe, Canada, has sold

SHEILA, rough-coated collie bitch puppy, by Marcus—Lassie, to Mr. Geo. Sanderson, Moncton, Canada.

Mr. Jesse Williams, Chicago, Ill., has sold

BRIC A BRAC, English setter dog puppy, by Badger Boy—Bute, to Mr. Geo. H. Knowles, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. T. E. Smith, Providence, R. I., has sold

NANNIE BELLE, English setter bitch, by Cashier—Flake, to Mr. John Wilbur, Providence, R. I.

WHELPS.

WHELPS, SALES, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting whelps, sales, names claimed, visits, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. James H. Goodsell's

PETREL III, Laverack setter bitch, by Carlowitz—Petrel, whelped June 8, six—four dogs and two bitches, by Don Juan (Tam O'Shanter—La Reine). Three black and white, two black, white and tan, and one liver and white.

FAIRY II, Laverack setter bitch, by Victor—Daisy, whelped July 8, seven—four dogs and three bitches, by Prince (Pride of the Border—Petrel). Five black and white and two lemon and white.

Mr. J. H. Kraft's

FLIGHT, liver and white pointer bitch, by champion Bow—Madge, whelped July 1, thirteen—eight dogs and five bitches, by Hindoo (Faust—Devonshire Lass).

Mr. Walter H. Beebe's

BLUE BELLE, blue belton setter bitch, whelped July 10, eight—two dogs and six bitches, by Plantagenet. Three black and white, the rest pure white.

Mr. J. K. Renaud's

TRUE LAVERACK, Laverack setter bitch, by Carlowitz—Princess Nellie, whelped six—two dogs and four bitches, by Coleman's London.

Mr. Jesse Williams'

BUTE, English setter bitch, whelped June 19, eight—six dogs and two bitches, by Judge.

Mr. Edward Odell's

GYPSY QUEEN, liver and white pointer bitch, by Faust—Queen, whelped July 10, fourteen—five dogs and nine bitches, by Bow.

Dr. T. B. Legare's

VIDEAU, English setter bitch, whelped July 3, eight—five dogs and three bitches, by Dashing Monarch.

The Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennel's

LADY, Irish water spaniel bitch, whelped six—three dogs and three bitches, by champion Barney.

Mr. E. Orgill's

YOUNG JUNO, pointer bitch, by Sensation—Juno, whelped June 12, eight—four dogs and four bitches, by champion Rush.

Mr. G. O. Goodhue's

NETTIE, black pointer bitch, whelped June 22, six—three dogs and three bitches, by Chipps. Four black and two liver-colored.

Mr. C. Tucker's

LAVLETTE, English setter bitch, by Druid—Princess Draco, whelped July 10, six—one dog and five bitches, by Gladstone.

Mr. O. H. Clark's

POOSCH, red Irish setter bitch, by Bright—Gypsy C., whelped June 8, nine—six dogs and three bitches, by King II (King—Queen).

VISITS.

VISITS, WHELPS, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting visits, whelps, names claimed, sales, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. John Bolus'

BURLESQUE, English setter bitch, by Belton—Rose, to Blue Dick.

DIXEY, English setter bitch, by Belton—Breeze, to Blue Dick.

BUCKEYE QUEEN, English setter bitch, by Blue Dick—Buckeye Belle, to Pride of Killbuck (Belton—Belmore).

BLONDE II, English setter bitch, by Britton—Blonde, to Buckeye Boy.

BONNIE, English setter bitch, by Buckeye Boy—Buckeye Queen, to Britton.

Mr. J. P. Swain's

GRACE, lemon and white pointer bitch, by champion Rush—Nan, to champion Sensation.

The Westminster Kennel Club's

BELLONA, lemon and white pointer bitch, by champion Bow—Beulah, to champion Sensation.

Mr. Luke White's

GRACE, liver and white pointer bitch, by Match—Nell, to Trump (Sensation—Psyche).

Mr. S. B. Dille's

FAUST FAN, pointer bitch, by Faust—Minnetonka, to Ranger Croxteth (Croxteth—Royal Fan).

Dr. T. B. Legare's

LEESBURG, lemon and white pointer bitch, by Beaufort—Fanny Turner, to Prophet (Rab—Bellona).

Mr. E. I. Martin's

REETA, red Irish setter bitch, by Elcho—Fire Fl., to Glencho (Elcho—Noreen).

Mr. A. C. Krueger's

RENA, black, white and tan beagle bitch, by Ringwood II—Spider, to Rattler II.

The Excelsior Irish Water Spaniel Kennel's

MOLLIE, Irish water spaniel bitch, June 26, to champion Mike.

DEATHS.

Mr. E. S. Shultz, Danville, Ill., has lost by death

LIGHTNESS, lemon and white pointer bitch puppy, by Clipper—Bow Queen.

Mr. L. Gardner, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has lost by death

PRINCE OF VERNON, English setter dog, from distemper.

DUKE OF EASTCHESTER, English setter dog, from distemper.

Travel and Emigration.

ZUNI AND THE MOUNTAIN OF THUNDER.

From Nutria Spring to Zuni is a distance of about thirty miles. Two miles of the road is along a valley much of the soil of which is fairly good by nature and which has been cultivated in irrigated fields with water from the spring, but is now lying fallow for recuperation. My belief is that much of this ground might be made to produce good crops of hay without irrigation. At the end of the two miles is the curious old town of Nutria (Las Nutras, I believe, the Spaniards called it), which is a strange old-fashioned circular fortress of stone, bearing evidences of great antiquity, and having a very distinct family likeness to Zuni itself. The litter, sweepings and other refuse in the court, the gradual accumulations of centuries, is nearly level with the roofs of the one-story houses. From the town for about a mile and a half a cultivated field was upon our right. It was divided into numerous holdings, and it was watered by a ditch containing the liquid life which the little spring sends forth for the farmers of Nutria. High cliffs wall in the valley on either side. A little below the lower end of the field we turned to the left over a projecting point, and continued our southward descent, the walls constantly increasing in height as we approached Zuni; excepting only at two or three places where we went over ridges which separated the head of one valley from another, or enabled us to avoid a long curve. The valley was apparently not more than two or three miles across at the widest, and in some places it was so narrow that I could trace the many strange interesting forms of erosion on its perpendicular cliffs. In one position was the form of a colossal red goddess, standing inaccessible some seven hundred feet or more above, and presiding over a gateway of the valley. I stopped the ambulance to have a good look at her majesty. Her form was symmetrical excepting a little deformity of bust, just enough to tell one that the sculptors were goblins and water sprites that could not be expected to produce a perfect work. Near by was a great bastion joined to the massive wall at the top and bottom, but with a huge orifice between; and this is the way it happened:

Many generations ago, say the Zunis, the god of the blue-green jewels of stone, and his wife, the goddess of salt, became angry at the encroachments of mortals, and flew away from their home on one of the high table mountains of Zuni. Heated with anger and the exertion of rapid flight, her fast-flowing perspiration was the alkaline salt that destroys their vegetation, while his was a shower of the rough turquoise that is strewn among the rocks. He, as it would appear, flew without harm, but his old lady, of alkaline fame, was unwittingly crowded close to the wall, and before she was aware of any impediment to her flight, she struck her head plump against this bastion, where it joins the massive wall. This huge orifice was made by the impact, the earth trembled at the shock, but the old lady survived with only a headache and the loss of a single plume, which, broken from her pinion and wet with her perspiration, fell into the valley below, where it remains to this day, a huge pillar of salt. The geologists would tell us, however, that this alkaline pillar in the valley is identical in stratification and color with the base of the table mountain near by, and that it stands in the same position that it has always held since a period ere these mountains were brought forth, and long before the floods bore away in particles the vast mass of kindred stone which united it to that which remains a solid wall.

Below this gateway the valley becomes eight or ten miles, perhaps more than that, in width, and its strangely eroded parti-colored walls attain a height of over a thousand feet. We came across a lava bed, erupted since the valley had assumed very nearly its present shape, and I was curious to know whether the Zunis had any tradition of its origin; but in the short period of my visit I was unable to learn. The lights and the shadows of the setting sun on the red and the parti-colored rocks, and on the valley below, gave some strangely beautiful effects, among which a crooked ribbon of bright crimson in the dark background of the valley almost startled me, till I discovered, what was not apparent at first sight, that it was the glint of red sunlight from the bright sandy perpendicular wall of a little dry ravine.

It was getting dusk when I espied Zuni on a little knoll ahead. Bright red fires were in the streets, and as we drew nearer we saw figures of women and children around them. In these open fires of sticks and the dried droppings of animals these people were burning their pottery. The ambulance driver had been there before, and he soon made his way to a house in the southeast corner of the town, where I at once made the acquaintance of its owner, Te-na-tsa-li [Medicine Flower], priest of the bow and war chief of the Zunis.

Among this Oriental people of the Occident this is the name and these are the titles of Mr. Frank W. Cushing, a student who is likely to reap, in reputation, at least, a rich and well-deserved reward for the intelligent enthusiasm, perseverance and pluck which he has evidently brought to the elucidation of the occult science of American ethnology. With Mr. Cushing were his newly married wife and her sister, Miss Magill, from Washington, and a third lady, the wife of his brother, Dr. Cushing. Captain Mathews, surgeon U. S. A., was also there from Fort Wingate, to ply the healing art for the benefit of Mr. Cushing and his wife.

Mr. Cushing is young in years and slight in form; he was dressed in a unique tight-fitting costume bespangled with bell buttons of silver; his face was burned, his nose was large and red, and he was decidedly under the weather from hard work and exposure, worry, and the bad liquor which he was in the habit of taking neat. I flavored mine with a dash of whisky, but nothing could make this vile liquid fit for human drink. It was fraught with organic poisons, and it came from a covered well or spring, a perpetual fountain of death, behind the town. Mr. Cushing was ill, doubtless suffering from the poison of this dangerous spring. With Dr. Mathews and Mr. Cushing I examined this and the other sources of water for domestic use, and they all were pronounced by the Doctor dangerous on account of seepage from the town, a judgment in which common sense must necessarily join. I doubt not, however, that if a tank were sunk in the Zuni River just above the town, so as to catch the morning flow, the water thus obtained would be moderately good, but of course what is really wanted is the conveyance of water in pipes from some considerable distance above for the supply of the town.

Zuñi is closely built, with narrow streets and alleys, and it has 1,600 inhabitants, and corrals for cattle, horses and sheep. It is an old garrison, and if its people have had from time immemorial the burial habits that I found in Accomma, its underground inhabitants are probably a hundred to one of the living, while its drainage is toward the river bed and toward the springs. The river had about twenty miners' inches of water in it, at most, in the mornings when I was there, and at sundown it did not run at all. There is no reason to wonder because the people do not increase in numbers; it is really strange that some pestilence does not come along and leave but a tenth of their numbers alive.

For Mr. Cushing and his family Dr. Mathews laid an embargo on the bad liquor from the fountains of death, and he prescribed pure water from a spring some five miles away. A tow-headed, light-eyed Zuñi, a sort of aboriginal Swede in appearance, good-natured and trustworthy, was employed by Mr. Cushing as the bearer of water from the distant spring, which, if not exactly the fountain of youth of the Spaniards, is the fountain of life for these American people now living in Zuñi.

Mr. Cushing's house was very different from what I expected to find it; larger, better, more comfortable, free from the odors of the town. Bright-colored blankets from aboriginal looms, skins, Zuñian pottery and knickknacks, some Oriental wares and some inexpensive American goods strewn about in the rooms with artless art, presented a unique and attractive *tout ensemble*. Some people fresh from the fine houses and the high living of a big city might affect to despise this inexpensive five-roomed house of aboriginal sundried brick, and the simple fare which the isolated position of the town allows; but for Mr. Cushing, after three or four years' experience as a boarder in the hotel of Lau-lit-sa-tuh-sit-sa, this establishment, with a nice little wife all the way from Washington to preside over it, and to see for him to the proper preparation and the regular consumption of his meals and his medicine, it must be a little paradise.

Miss Magill was kind enough to pilot me through the town for the first time and to take me to the old dilapidated church, which was scarcely worthy of note; but I got a good view from the belfry, and in a little square I saw the one solitary tree that adorns the town. Miss Magill has caught the Zuñi fever, and in a quiet way she is quite enthusiastic. She is learning the language from a lad whom she is at the same time instructing in English.

To the school, supported by Uncle Sam and the Presbyterians, I went twice. The first time I found no one, either at the school or the residence; the second time I found the parson, who is supposed to preside over the educational needs of these poor townspeople, but I did not find any pupils. I examined the school-room and its facilities, and I interviewed the parson with some very pertinent questions, which he answered with great reluctance. As a result I would like to interview his employers and say to them that he and they must look to their laurels, or this young, inexperienced girl, in her free exchange of lessons with this one lad, will do more for the cause of education among these poor townspeople than he and they will do in their school in ten years, with denominational funds to back them, and with seven thousand two hundred dollars from Uncle Sam. If he has few pupils and no success, it is due to the method and the man, and not to the want of natural intelligence among these poor people of Zuñi.

In the course of the morning following my arrival Dr. Mathews, Mr. Cushing and myself drove across the valley to the Mountain of Thunder, the seat of the Zuñian Jove. This is in some respects a more suitable habitation of deity than the seat of the Olympian god. On all sides it is a precipice and its height is over a thousand feet. Large boulder slides and debris make slopes for a portion of that distance, and in some instances nearly to the top, yet it is almost wholly inaccessible for anything but a bird, a colossus, or a god. At the corner nearest to Zuñi, where we left the ambulance, the slide and debris extend to an elevation of three or four hundred feet. Thence two tall shafts rear themselves to the level of the mountain top. Of these the outside one has an overhanging mass in one direction for hundreds of feet of its height, so that looking up from that side you are apparently under the walls of a leaning shaft to which the tower of Pisa is a trifle. And yet this tall, well-proportioned shaft does not seem large till you take time to examine it, and measure and figure it up in various ways. Add when you have compared it to that little spire of Trinity Church, that little obelisk on Bunker Hill, or other works of man with which you are familiar, and thus taking in something of its immensity, you project it against the mighty mass of the perpendicular wall of the Mountain of Thunder, and it is lost in comparative insignificance.

Without a great deal of figuring the mountain itself does not seem a fifth of a mile high, or even half that distance, till you attempt to climb it. When you get a third of the way up and look backward and forward, when you get two-thirds of the way up and find that you are stuck, when your feet stand on a shelf, whence, as you stood below, it seemed that you could almost jump to the top, and you find on looking up once more that the sheer precipice still rears its wall a hundred feet above your head, and you cannot get up from this point, but you must walk along your little shelf and then on the side of a sloping rock, and then cling to a crevice and climb away, then hold by a bush in a crack, then go down a slope and up a crag, and along a little ledge to find a cleft that will lead you to the top, then you realize definitely and decidedly that this big wall is a pretty tall climb.

In our ascent we followed a well-defined path over the slide and rough boulders at the bottom. A long way up this we came to a level place at the mouth of a great cleft in the mountain. Here was a little peach orchard in a patch of soil, which, on account of unseen seepage from the mass of the mountains or from other cause, sustains its luscious fruit without irrigation. Another halting place was a shrine, a natural temple of worship for the matrons, the expectant mothers of Zuñi. It is a secret place of worship, but its secrecy is in its seclusion, and not in guards or gates. To the limited extent that we could understand its symbols, hieroglyphics, and votive offerings, we penetrated its mysteries without scruple, and then we proceeded on our way.

It was after passing this shrine that the real difficulties of the ascent began. Beyond this also we found some pictures graven in the rock. The ascent was tedious and fatiguing, and there were places in which a slip or a misstep would have been attended with something of danger. Nor could we always ascend by the way that seemed most

feasible at first. We had to go back on part of our course more than once and hunt up a less difficult ascent.

But we arrived at the top in safety at last, and then we sought the temple of the God of War. Without some clew or guide this would have been a difficult search, for the top of the mountain is a slightly undulating desert of cactus and sand, and stunted cedar trees, and the various plants of a desert land. The cacti were numerous and of several species, three or four of which were exceedingly beautiful. I was hot and very thirsty. I robbed a fat cactus of its thorns, and got access to the interior with my knife, and then I sucked out a portion of the juice, very much to my relief.

We found the War God in his glory and majesty standing alone in the sacred arena. He was made from the trunk of a tree about four inches in diameter, and he stood about two feet high. Behind him lay his scepter or his sword of might, adorned with emblematic carvings. Among them was the sign of the cross and that of the Zuñian Jove. The others I have forgotten. In the sacred arena, which was five or six feet in diameter and roughly surrounded with stones, before and around him were a ball and a string, and various Zuñian playthings to amuse his leisure hours; while behind him lay, like a pile of cordwood, a big heap of his predecessors in the sacred office of deity. For these Zuñis are withal a sensible people. They do not propose to become the slaves of a god of their own manufacture, so they regularly depose him at the end of each year and install a successor with imposing ceremonies, while they lay up the old god on the pile of cordwood composed of his numerous predecessors. For his sacred majesty there is no chance of dodging the question of deposition at the proper time. He cannot be his own successor, like a Chicago deity with four thousand saloonists to coral the suffrages of his subjects. They made him a year ago, they unmake him now, and he must "git" without fail. But if he will only lie still on the pile of cordwood, like a sensible ex-god, they will treat him with great respect, while they continue to pay divine honors to the long line of his successors. This, as far as it goes, is a sensible religion; it is something like business.

The reader can easily gather, from the little that I have already told him, that, while these Zuñis are superstitious, there is yet no coarse idolatry among them. They make their little graven images, it is true, they cover them with mystic emblems, and before them they perform in secret the secret rites of a very ceremonious religion; but when they lay aside this personification of the divine attributes every year and substitute another, it is very evident that the divine honors are not paid to the image but to the mysterious powers which are thereby signified. It is not unlikely, therefore, that there was less idolatry in their pantheistic religion at the advent of the Spaniards than there was among the vulgar herd of the conquering Christians. What is the Zuñian cross? is it older than our religion, coeval with that of the old worshippers of the Orient? was it invented by the ancestors of the Zuñis, or was it adopted among their emblems from the Spaniards? Time, patience, and the labors of Mr. Cushing should afford us the answer.

Any one who, like myself, has some smattering of what little is known of the most ancient religions, will note a striking surface resemblance between them and that of the Zuñis. They are worshippers of the sun and the ocean, fire and water, and the powers of generation and life. They have no written language formed from arbitrary symbols of the cold elements of the articulate sounds which give us the names of things, and they must therefore perpetuate their lore, whether of religious or of other tradition, entirely by word of mouth, or partially by direct symbols of the things themselves. Hence their picture-writing, hence their images, rudely embodying the wisdom and the superstition which they have received from their fathers, and which they wish to transmit to their children. If the people of a sedentary race had no such means of perpetuating ideas they would be most likely to invent them. Are these things among the Zuñis independent inventions of aboriginal Americans or are they derived from the Cushite or other races of the Orient? In such a question as this, it takes time and much patience to elucidate the bottom facts.

I would have been glad to have borne away, as a trophy of my visit and for future meditation and improvement, one of the ex-gods of war in the cordwood pile, but, considering the great respect of the Zuñis for their discarded symbols, I could not afford to make the attempt.

From the War God's shrine we made our way to a ruined pueblo or town on the top of the mountain. It was built of rough stone, and it had been deserted about two hundred years. It was here that the Zuñis retired in their revolution against the tyranny of the Spaniards. I saw no water, but it probably exists in a spring or a tank somewhere in the side or on the top of the mountain. The animals were kept on the wide valley by day and secured in well-nigh inaccessible places in the mountain side at night. Sometimes, doubtless, they were brought to the top along the one burro trail at the farther side, and there, on an emergency they could be sustained several days on the desert herbage of the mountain. With these precautions the Zuñis felt secure. They were certain that no Spanish force would attempt to scale the rugged cliffs in the face of the weakest foe, and a night ascent by Spaniards by any way save the burro trail they deemed impossible. They nightly retired within their little fort, took the habitual, though seemingly quite unnecessary, precaution of pulling the ladders up after them, and they slept in security and peace. But one fine morning there were the hated oppressors on the top, drawn up in battle array, masters of the situation. It was a most unwelcome proof of the oft demonstrated fact that no possible defense is of itself absolutely impregnable; eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

There were other curiosities to be seen on the wide top of the mountain, but time would not permit us to hunt them out, and we determined to return at once. Should we descend as we came up, or should we go to the further side and take the burro trail? We decided on the shorter course, and after searching for a starting point we commenced the descent. We visited a large and interesting cave in the face of the rock, and without much difficulty we attained the top of a ledge or table more than half-way down. There we were stuck, and we were compelled to follow this ledge along the face of the rock for a matter of half a mile, as I thought, at least, before we found a good way by which to reach a lower level. Then our descent was rapid and easy. We were a long way from the ambulance, but seeing a smoke curling up from behind some rocks in the base of the mountain, we made for that point. Mr. Cushing was ahead and I was a very

good second. As I came over a little ridge in a little ravine a few yards in front, the cause of the smoke was revealed to my view. Several fires, carefully attended by silent women, were burning under as many thin flat stones split from a particular stratum on the mountain side, and shaped and polished with the greatest care. There was one man with the female crowd, and Mr. Cushing called to him in the quick, rather loud tones of one who is pleased, in haste and surprised. The old man placed his fingers on his lips, and the old lady, wife of the governor, and apparently mistress of the ceremonies, glowered like a thunder cloud as she did the same. I was taken all aback. I expected lightning to strike, but fortunately for Mr. Cushing the old lady was dumb, and she made no further demonstration. Mr. Cushing signed to me to keep my mouth shut, and when the Doctor appeared we both signed to him.

The trouble was soon explained. These people were making and tempering bread-stones. This is a religious ceremony as well as an industrial art. While the process was going on no one must speak aloud, because the gods would be angry and the stones would be shivered by the sound. There was not even a whisper in all that bery of women, pantomime sufficed for everything. They performed their offices as tender nurses do by the bedside of a sleeping and much loved patient who is grievously sick. What do you think of that, ye organizers of sewing societies and of the various benevolent co-operative labors of the ladies? And what do you think of the long-headed old priest who first invented a way to prevent the clatter and clamor, and expedite the work of a lot of women engaged in the tedious labor of making and tempering bread-stones?

Blessed be the man that first invested such a silence! May he leave these townspeople of the desert and come East!! May he take out a patent at Washington, become a decem-millionaire and be happy!!!

EDWIN A. CURLEY.

Rifle.

Fixtures.

Upper Mississippi Rifle Association Tournament, Davenport, Iowa, August 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. E. Berg, Davenport, Iowa, Secretary.

National Rifle Club, Fall Meeting, South Vernon, Vt., September 4 and 5. Norman S. Brockway, Bellows Falls, Vt., Secretary.

DR. SKINNER TO MAJOR MERRILL.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

EDITOR AMERICAN FIELD:—I have read and studied Major Merrill's article, "Muzzle-Loaders to the Front—No. 3," in the AMERICAN FIELD of June 9, and although some things are made very plain and conclusive, yet a great deal is left in the dark. I will omit all about the Gove-Brown targets, and come at once to the question of muzzle and breech-loaders. I would like to have Major Merrill answer a few questions for the benefit of the rising generation of riflemen. As his article is ostensibly written to clear up a mystified subject, I am sure he will not refuse to do still more.

1st. Is a very high velocity, and consequently a flat trajectory, up to fifty yards, together with extreme accuracy, the only requisite of a good hunting rifle?

2d. Are not very destructive bullets and bone-crushing force qualities worthy of consideration in selecting a rifle for large game?

3d. If I can draw a field-cleaner through a breech-loader and take all the dirt out at the muzzle, instead of pushing it down on to the powder, and then load in less time than you can load a muzzle-loader, is it not just as well?

4th. As you commonly load an average Kentucky rifle with a round ball, what is its curve at 200 yards?

5th. If your Kentucky rifle is sighted for fifty yards, with round ball, and you shoot at a deer at 200 yards, holding on the center, about where would you hit it?

6th. If your Kentucky rifle were sighted point blank at 1,200 yards, how far over a buffalo bull's back would the bullet be at 650 yards, the aim being on his center? (This question is intended for an eye-opener.)

7th. How much more or better powder can you use in an ordinary muzzle-loader than 120 grains of Curtis & Harvey's No. 6? That is what I have used in my breech-loaders, and I am still whole.

8th. If 110 grains of powder is all or more than can be burned in a thirty-two inch breech-loader, with a heavy, slow, lumbering bullet, how much more can you burn in a muzzle-loader, behind a light, swift, round ball?

9th. You have told to a hundredth of an inch the curves of thirteen different breech-loaders at 200 yards, also one at 1,200 yards, and of the remarkable velocities and flat curves of the muzzle-loaders up to fifty yards, and under; now will you please tell what you know about the curve of a round ball, sixty to the pound, from a muzzle-loader (any amount of powder), from 200 up to 1,200 yards; also something about its air resistance, or sustaining power, and striking force?

I ask these questions for my own and other riflemen's benefit; for if I could only know the whole truth, instead of half, which I learned from your last article, I might again turn to my old first love.

Now, let us look at the eight "inside track" points in favor of the muzzle-loader:

1st. "In a light bullet, and the lightest of any—of equal bores." Yes, but a very mild bullet.

2d. "In a high velocity, and the highest of any—of equal bores and powder charge." Yes, but the least sustaining power and striking force.

3d. "In a flat and low curve, and the flattest of any—of equal bores and powder charge. Yes, up to fifty or seventy-five yards; but how about 300 or 400 yards.

4th. "In the least recoil, and much the least of any—of equal bores and powder charge." Yes, owing to a very light bullet; 'twould be lighter if there were nothing in but a wad.

5th. "In using more and stronger powder than the breech-loader, for equal bores." Possibly more, but not stronger.

6th. "In cleanliness, and better cleaned than the breech-loader." If you prohibit a breech-loader from being cleaned, it is.

7th. "In steadiness of shooting, and much steadier than the breech-loader." Possibly a little, at very short distances.

Mr. C. R. Squire's
COLLEEN BAWN, red Irish setter bitch, by Rory O'More—Pearl, June 22, to Glencho.

Mr. W. Johnson's
CRITIC, black spaniel bitch, by Brush II—Blackie II, July 2, to Obo II (Obo—Chooe II).

Mr. F. Rothera's
LADY ABBESS, imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, to Priam.
NOVICE, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, to Priam.

Mr. H. P. Dortch's
JOLLY DAISY, English setter bitch, by Druid—Jolly May, to Duke of Calvert (Belton—Belmore).

Mr. D. C. Sanborn's
ROSALIND, English setter bitch, by Leicester—Nellie, to Count Noble.

Mr. Fred Waterman's
BESS, red Irish setter bitch, by Chief—Tillie, June 4, to Glencho.

Mr. E. I. Martin's
REETA, red Irish setter bitch, by Elcho—Fire Fly, June 13, to Glencho.

Mr. T. L. Husted's
LASSIE, imported Irish setter bitch, June 16, to Glencho.

Mr. A. C. Waddell's
DORR, pointer bitch, by Sleaford—Fanny, to Clipper (Faust—Clytie).

Mr. J. J. Snellenberg's
QUEEN LAVERACK, Laverack setter bitch, to American Dan.

Mr. John Henderson's
PRINCIE, Yorkshire terrier bitch, to Hennessey's Sport.

SALES.

SALES, NAMES CLAIMED, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting sales, names claimed, visits, whelps, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. W. B. Williams, Nyack, N. Y., has presented
MONK, black spaniel dog puppy, by Black Prince—Princess, to Mr. J. A. Gargino, New York city.

Mr. J. A. Gargino, New York city.
JET, black spaniel bitch puppy, by Black Prince—Princess, to Mr. McPherson Kennedy, New York city.

Mr. J. A. Gargino, New York city.
NELLIE, liver cocker spaniel bitch puppy, by Black Prince—Princess, to Mr. A. H. Combs, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. J. A. Gargino, New York city.
FLIRT, liver spaniel bitch puppy, by Black Prince—Princess, to Mr. O. F. Browning, New Jersey.

Mr. Henry Sturtevant, Medina, N. Y., has sold
COUNT NOSER—XANTIPPE, blue belton setter dog puppy, to Mr. Isaac Weighel, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Henry Sturtevant, Medina, N. Y.
COUNT NOSER—XANTIPPE, lemon belton setter bitch, to Mr. Isaac Weighel, Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. R. B. Carothers, Newport, Ky., has presented
RACKET—NANCY LEE LAVERACK, black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, to Mr. W. H. Cox, Newport, Ky.

Mr. R. B. Carothers, Newport, Ky.
RACKET—NANCY LEE LAVERACK, black, white and tan setter dog puppy, to Captain D. R. Lock, Newport, Ky.

Mr. R. B. Carothers, Newport, Ky.
The Sioux City Kennel, Sioux City, Iowa, has sold
HUNTER, liver and white pointer dog, to Mr. John White, Worthington, Minn.

Mr. R. B. Carothers, Newport, Ky.
SAM BOW, pointer dog puppy, by champion King Bow—Queen Chess, to Dr. B. A. Gnyton.

Mr. H. L. Goodman, Chicago, Ill., has sold
TUG—JUDY III, pug dog puppy, to Mr. C. E. Scott, Freeport, Ill.

Mr. H. L. Goodman, Chicago, Ill.
TUG—JUDY III, pug dog puppy, to Mr. E. C. Walker, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. C. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., has sold
PAUL GLADSTONE, English setter dog, by champion Gladstone Lavelette, to Mr. W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. C. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn.
LARY—FLOATY II, Irish water spaniel bitch puppy, whelped April 9, to Mr. W. R. Barton, Iowa.

DEATHS.

DEATHS, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting deaths, sales, names claimed, visits, whelps; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich., has lost by death
NOVELTY, English setter puppy, by Count Noble—Dashing Novice.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.
JOE BOWERS, English setter dog puppy, by Count Noble—Dashing Novice.

Mr. H. L. Goodman, Chicago, Ill., has lost by death
TUG—JUDY III, pug puppies (three).

Mr. H. L. Goodman, Chicago, Ill.
UNSER FRITZ II, dachshund dog puppy, by imported Faust—Flora.

Mr. H. L. Goodman, Chicago, Ill.
The Sioux City Kennel has lost by death
NEPTUNE, Irish water spaniel dog, by champion Mike—Blondy, from heart disease.

Mr. C. N. Post, California, has lost by death
LADY GALE, English setter bitch, by McGregor—Lulu Laverack.

Travel and Emigration.

American Field, 37-39, July 14, 1883

THE LAND OF THE ZUNI AND SENATOR LOGAN.

I have visited the land of the Zunis, a remnant of the townspeople aborigines who once covered wide regions of arid New Mexico and Arizona with the most dense population they were capable of supporting by the use of the rude appliances of an old-fashioned civilization, destitute of iron and steel and beasts of burden. I came by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway to Albuquerque, thence by the Atlantic and Pacific Railway to McCarthy Station, in the land of the Accomas, who inhabit a curious old town on the top of an immense perpendicular rock. After devoting two days to these strange and interesting people, I came by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad to Wingate Station, three and one-half miles from Fort Wingate, whence I proceeded to Zuni, a distance of forty-five miles by ambulance, through the kind courtesy which I have never asked at a military post in vain, and which in this case was extended to me by Colonel Crofton, commanding, in the absence of General Bradley, to whom I bore an introduction which was deemed satisfactory.

From Fort Wingate, the road proceeds southwardly, rising somewhere about a thousand feet in a distance of less than three miles. To the right of the road is an immense and curious erosion, called the Devil's Punch Bowl. If filled with good liquor, its imputed owner would need at least a hundred political bosses, well brayed in a mortar, to flavor one brewing of punch. At the top of the ascent we are on the crest of the Zuni Mountains, about 8,000 feet above sea level. At the crossing, the top of the mountain has a gently undulating southward incline for about eight miles, through a sort of park region with large grassy openings, the wooded portions of which have the trees generally detached like

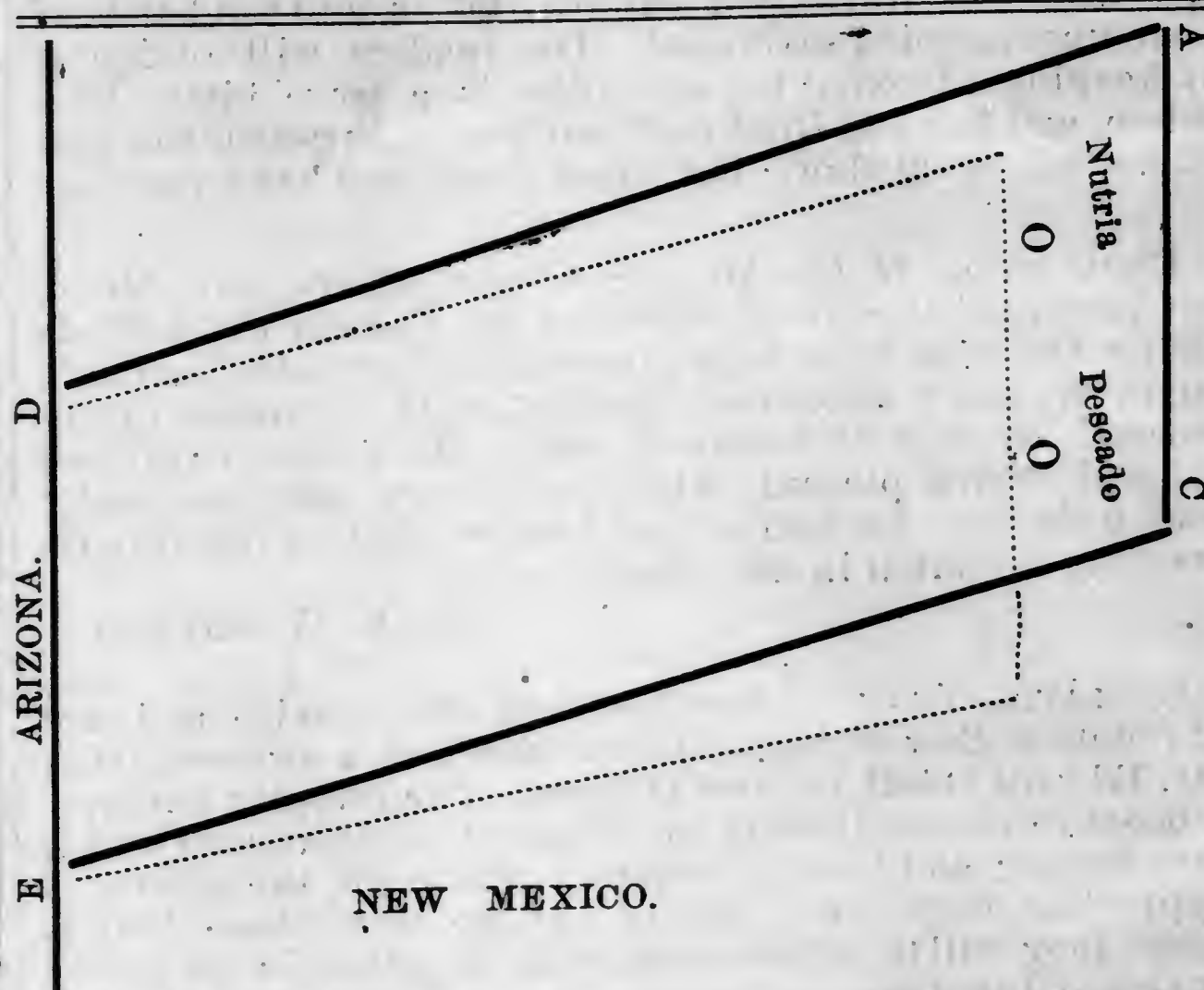
those of a young orchard, thus affording sufficient sunlight for a beautiful carpet of grass. The principal trees of the mountain are *Pinus ponderosa*, *Pinus contorta*, many of them making excellent saw-logs; piñon or nut pines, cedars and "Alligator" junipers. From a deserted saw-mill camp, about ten miles from Fort Wingate, the descent becomes steeper and steeper, till it finishes, at the end of about six miles more, with a sharp but not dangerous declivity, which brings us to the mouth of Nutria Cañon. Here are the spring and the little creek, and here begins the valley, which has tempted the cupidity of General John A. Logan, Senator of the United States, and chairman of the senate committee on military affairs. It is true that he now denies the fact, but according to the statement of the *New York Times*, he distinctly told its Washington correspondent that he would get them if he could; and I understand that previous to the public discussion which has been commenced in the press, Senator Logan, in Santa Fe and other places where I have followed his footsteps, made no secret of his intentions in that regard. He then had no idea that these poor townspeople of Zuni had any rights that Senator Logan would be compelled to respect. The attempted location of these lands is not in the name of Senator Logan.

Senator Logan asks us triumphantly how much land a soldier is entitled to if these Zunis are entitled to hold a thousand acres apiece. Why does he not ask us how much land General Logan, General Grant, General Sherman, and General Sheridan are entitled to, if General Fremont was entitled to Mariposa? The truth is, the people do not estimate services in that way. But these distinguished gentlemen are by no means the only soldiers that are left us. There is a certain Mr. Tucker, who has served his country well, by living in Chicago, and more especially by marrying the daughter of Senator Logan. He had received from the government, for his self-sacrifice and devotion, the miserable reward of a commission as a major in the army. Anybody who understands the distinguished character of his services will be ready to acknowledge that he deserved something more. There is a certain Captain Lawton, whose pay and emoluments are no doubt a miserable reward for his distinguished devotion to his country. And there is a certain Mr. Stout, who has distinguished himself as a clerk to one or the other of the distinguished gentlemen just mentioned. These people have seen the land of the Zunis. Senator Logan has twice traveled over and examined it. They have hunted out the Nutria Spring and the Nutria Valley. These are not much, but they are something to reward distinguished services. Tucker, Lawton, and Stout each filed a "desert" location of 640 acres, and a "homestead" location of 160 acres. These six pretended locations include the spring, the creek, the town, and the valley. Their chief value for the purposes of the distinguished locators is on account of the water, which is undoubtedly sufficient for four or five thousand head of cattle, and I should judge that number could be sustained on the neighboring lands of the railroad, the government and the Zunis. There is no location in the name of the distinguished Senator. He is "not interested." But it was the avowed intention of the locators to raise capital in the states for stocking "the ranch." For that purpose the services of the distinguished and highly disinterested Senator might at the proper time have been made exceedingly useful had the opinions of other people as to the rights of the Zunis been identical with those of Senator Logan.

It happens, however, that, in the intention of the people at least, the government of the United States is not one of either confiscation or robbery. These pretended "desert" locations would take in the Zuni village of Nutria, and all the water and land by which its people exist. It is absolutely certain that the Zuni lands were incorrectly described in the executive order of President Hayes, which, with a rough diagram, I subjoin:

"Beginning at the 146th mile-stone, on the western boundary of New Mexico, running thence north 61 deg. 45 min.; east 31 8-10 miles to the crest of the mountain, a short distance above Nutrias Spring; thence due south 12 miles to a point in the hills, a short distance southeast of the Ojo Pescado; thence south 61 deg. 45 min.; west to the 148th mile-stone on the western boundary line of said territory."

When the land office undertook to lay off the land on a map it was found that 31 8-10 miles in the direction indicated did not reach "the crest of the mountain;" the proclamation described two tracts, one by metes and bounds, and another by angle and distance, thus:



The dotted line represents the plat as recorded by the land office, taking the angles and distances of the executive order as a guide. This put the Nutria and Pescado Springs outside the reservation. The lines D, E, C, A represent the plat, as President Hayes evidently intended it to be, to include the springs.

But I find upon examination, that the Zunis' rights do not depend upon this order in the slightest degree. It merely recognizes their vested right to hold the land which they had cultivated and pastured for centuries unknown, and the springs of water from which they have irrigated such small portion of that land as is possible, and with which they have watered their flocks. President Hayes in making this order acted on the information conveyed to him by Indian Agent Thomas, who again depended upon a guess-work plat, made by a surveyor without an actual survey. The surveyor, the agent, and the president all intended to include these lands. Not being thus included, the United

States survey was run over them just as if they were public domain. But they were not so, in fact. No executive order, not even an act of Congress, could lawfully make them so, any more than it could relegate to the public domain the city of Santa Fe or San Francisco. They were the private lands of a particular community of civilized but not very enlightened people. Three hundred and forty-two years ago the Spaniards found these people there. They afterward established themselves as rulers of the country, but they always recognized the right of the Zuni pueblos or townspeople to the land. They introduced, however, oppressive exactions, and a sort of slavery called peonage, against which the townspeople successfully rebelled. The last man of the Spaniards was driven out. They afterward re-established themselves, partly by war, partly by compromising. They made a solemn compact with the townspeople to recognize their lands, possessions, and liberties, and never to reintroduce the detested system of peonage. The exact date of the expulsion of the Spaniards was 203 years ago, and the compromise and reconquest by which they returned occurred a few years later. The Spaniards seem to have faithfully observed the compact, and they not only continued to recognize the rights of the townspeople to their lands, but in most cases, the better to assure their undisturbed possession, they gave to the owners formal deeds. The lands about Nutria, of which these townspeople are now sought to be deprived, were thus deeded to one Jose Francisco Palla, nominally for services in the "revulsion," but doubtless in actual intent, as the grant was treated in fact, in trust for himself and the other Zunis. This deed has unfortunately been lost, but there seems to be abundant evidence that it was given, and that it included this particular land. But the rights of these townspeople do not depend upon the Spanish grant. They depend upon "possession immemorial," with the exception to be hereinafter mentioned; upon the Spanish knowledge and recognition of their rights, about eighty years before the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and from that time to this; and they depend upon the statutes and common law of the United States, in which such rights as these are recognized by every decision bearing upon the subject which has been given in the courts of the individual states, or in those of the United States. In fact, if I recollect aright, there is no state that requires more than twenty years' undisturbed possession to give a solid title, even against a former owner, while these townspeople can prove such possession for seventeen times that period without an opposing claimant, by the testimony of whites; and by monuments and ruins which I have seen, a possession which dwarfs all of our antiquity into insignificance. The one exception to their undisturbed possession is a period of raiding and ravaging by the Navajos, from 1860 to 1868. The Navajos never attempted any permanent occupation. They came for the purposes of plunder, and more particularly at harvest time. But these raids of the Navajos cannot in any degree affect the rights of these townspeople. If every deed on Manhattan Island should be utterly destroyed in a day, it would by no means affect the titles of the several owners, although in some cases it might render it difficult to establish the actual facts. The title of these townspeople is precisely the same, only that it can undoubtedly be established for a somewhat longer period than history renders possible for the oldest Knickerbocker family of New York.

The associated jumpers, however, rely upon the incorrect description of these lands, in the executive order of President Hayes, and upon the survey, as government land, of the portion of these townspeople's land which happens to fall outside of the measurement lines of that order. Practically, they claim that those lines and the surveyor's chain have made these lands public lands of the United States, subject to be taken up by citizens for their private uses, on compliance with homestead, pre-emption or desert land laws. If this land were in the same possession of white Americans as it is in that of these townspeople, the associated jumpers would never have the temerity to make any such claim; and what they say for themselves practically amounts very nearly to this: "Indians have no rights that we are bound to respect."

Near this same place, in April last, a couple of whites shot an ox belonging to one of these people. They then cut out a few pounds of the meat for eating, and left the carcass to rot. This act is of a like character with that of the associated jumpers, but it is an outrage insignificant in its consequences as compared with theirs. Both were dictated by the same theory: "Might makes right." "These townspeople [Indians] are defenseless, and we can do what we please; therefore they have no rights that we are bound to respect."

But if it were really the fact that the ill-considered executive order of President Hayes made the Nutria lands of these townspeople public lands of the United States, could the associated jumpers take the lands under the desert land act and the homestead act, and lawfully (I cannot say equitably) hold them for their private use? Here comes in at once a question of water right. The water on these lands has every drop of it been appropriated, and is in present occupation and use by the townspeople. They utilize it in their cultivated fields, and all of it is not one-fourth of what they really need. The United States courts recognize water rights upon the public domain. Therefore, if this were public domain which the associated jumpers had a right to enter, they would have no right to take any portion of the water that is upon it. That by law belongs to the townspeople.

Poor people! They are ignorant, superstitious, and intensely religious. The very grace which they say at meals, and which I understand is never omitted, shows their desperate need of water. I heard it as follows:

"Accept, O, my all-fathers, have of [this] to eat [a small portion is thrown to the ground, or into the fire, if there is one]; thus adding unto your hearts, give unto us rain that our corn may grow old [ripen]."

As I heard this ever recurring invocation, I pitied, from my very soul, this remnant, in a thirsty land, of a civilized race whose greatest works have departed forever.

The associated jumpers do not care very much for the land, merely as land. They want the limited water supply that is upon the land. It is essential to them that they should rob the townspeople of their springs and their ditches, as well as the land on which they have made their pretended locations; a thing which they could not do if these ancient townspeople had any rights whatever that white jumpers are bound to respect. If it should be decided that the townspeople have the same right to a ditch which they have laboriously constructed, that is universally conceded

in California, even to an alien Chinaman, then the jumpers would have no use for the land. The water is the controlling consideration.

But again, even supposing that the surveyor's chain, and the executive blunder, destroyed all of the immemorial rights of these townspeople, still at the time that the associated jumpers filed their pretended claims, the land was not subject to the operation of the desert land or of the homestead act. The homestead act applies only to the *unoccupied lands* of the United States, and these lands being in occupancy, no matter by whom, could not be appropriated to their own use by the associated jumpers, under the homestead law. They would simply be occupied lands of the United States, subject to any laws or legal regulations which may be hereafter made, and till such laws or regulations were made the townspeople now in possession would lawfully hold as against all the world. It happens that this very question has been the subject of much litigation, and has been finally decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. This state of the law cannot but be well known to Senator Logan.

The desert land act, if it were possible, would be still worse for the associated jumpers. It applies only to unoccupied desert lands of the United States. San Francisco, California, is *occupied* desert. If the title to the soil were fully vested in the government, even Senator Logan would have some difficulty in taking it up under the desert land act, because it happens to be *occupied* by a city. It is really desert, but not within the meaning of this law. Nutria is also occupied by a town or village, and by cultivated fields, and, therefore, it is not a desert within the meaning of the law.

There are exactly forty distinct owners of the lands of Nutria who have their separate allotments, and who live with their families in separate houses, in the village of that name, every year during the time of necessary labor in the fields. There are also others that assist them for hire, taking a share of the produce. Now it is this poor village, and the poor little farms of the villagers, which are to be gobbled by this association of distinguished jumpers under the aegis of the mighty Logan.

The first water of Nutria comes out of a very rough, narrow cañon, at the head of the valley. The amount of running water will not exceed four miners' inches. In less than 200 yards above its mouth, the cañon is at this time of writing entirely dry. In the course of a dozen rods it increases considerably. Two of the little springs where it rises can be clearly seen. Altogether, before it reaches the spring, there are perhaps a dozen inches of the water, and the spring increases it by about the same amount, making perhaps twenty-five miners' inches of water just below Nutria Spring. This is so well taken care of in the Nutria ditch that about three-fourths of it is available at the beginning of the cultivated fields, about two miles below. These fields extend down the valley for a mile and a half, and this very small quantity of water has to suffice to irrigate them all. The space intervening between the fields at present cultivated and the spring, being a distance of about two miles, has all been cultivated with the exception of barren patches at the sides of the valley, and one small barren patch in the center. It is now left fallow to recuperate by natural causes.

On a patch of the best of it, I measured standing stalks of volunteer grass six and one-half and seven feet high. Nearly all of it was probably fair meadow land before cultivation, and it could undoubtedly be made such again without irrigation. For this reason, also, it is not subject to entry under the desert land act. My measures of distance were made by counting the revolutions of an ambulance wheel, and they are approximately correct.

If these townspeople have the same right to a ditch that they have constructed, which is freely conceded to a Chinaman in California, there is another insuperable difficulty in the way of the appropriation of this valley under the terms of the desert land act. There is no water available with which to irrigate and improve the land, according to the manifest intent of the law. I carefully examined the village of Nutria. It was clearly built by the same race that lives in Zuñi. Zuñi antedates the Spaniard, no one knows how long, and Nutria is very evidently much older than Zuñi. The land of the Nutria valley is not very valuable, but it is by far the best of all that I saw on my trip. That through which flows the Zuñi River is a desert of drifting sand.

Senator Logan, who is "not interested" in this jumping business, says: "The Zuñi River, fed from numerous little mountain springs and the Pescado and Savoyo Springs before mentioned, becomes quite a large stream for that section near the Zuñi villages, and affords a quantity of water sufficient for many times the number of inhabitants, and much larger herds than belong to the Zuñi Indians." The inference is that the townspeople have a great deal more than they can possibly need, and therefore they should lose what these distinguished gentlemen choose to take away from them, providing only, of course, that they have a sufficiency left. And the jumpers are the judges of the sufficiency of the remainder.

In my view, right and wrong are the same thing, whether applied to the copper-colored or the white. Will Senator Logan consent to the application of the same law to his possessions in Chicago? He should let these townspeople take what they think is right, and judge for him of the sufficiency of the remainder. I fear, however, that he would scarcely allow them to deal in that manner, or even with the miserable reward that Major Tucker receives from an ungrateful country; much less would he allow that they should judge of his own vested rights and actual possessions, although his prescriptive right thereto is far weaker than the right of these townspeople to the lands which they have actually cultivated for centuries.

But notwithstanding the visits of Senator Logan to Zuñi, and the vast amount of information he has obtained in his "hunting trips" and otherwise, there are a less number of clauses and of phrases in his words which I have quoted than there are of inaccuracies of statement. To mention one of the number: the reader should bear in mind that "Rio," too generally translated "river," is applied to any petty stream. The Zuñi may be, and undoubtedly has been at some times, a roaring torrent. It was not so when visited by Senator Logan, and when I saw it, it was, at the town of Zuñi, a brook not to exceed twenty miners' inches of water in the morning, and at night it did not run at all. This is the stream that affords "many times the amount of water" needed by more than 1,600 people, who are trying to cultivate as best they can a sandy desert; for the land about the town of Zuñi is a desert of drifting sand. As the

railroad people build snow fences on the plains, so the poor people of Zuñi, on a smaller scale, build sand-breaks in their little desert, and even to every hill of corn they plant a bush or a bunch of straw, to hold the drifting sand.

If Senator Logan, under a like sentence to that imagined of a certain Jew, were compelled to wander till he could find one hundred families of white people who would accept as a gift the Zuñi River, its town, and its desert, and all they could buy with these, as their sole possessions for life, he would have no rest in his longed-for grave till that millennial day when the murdered Montezuma shall return to claim his own again.

EDWIN A. CURLEY.

they agree with the French, is "an assumed name." It happens that Mr. C. H. Mason is mistaken in presuming that D. B. is not legally entitled to so subscribe himself. Mr. C. H. Mason will discover also, that he is wide of the mark, misses it like thunder, when he exclaims against D. B.'s "attempt to shoot him from behind a haystack." D. B. comes forward and reiterates the judgment of many American and Canadian sportsmen in indorsing the awards made by Major Taylor, who has never had a protest entered before any tribunal against them. I am certain that D. B. had no intention of interfering with Mr. C. H. Mason's attempt to win notoriety here in a cheap way. D. B. has already a reputation throughout the United States as a gentleman and as a good judge of dogs. As his position is unequivocal, he does not feel the necessity for bolstering it up by efforts to detract from Mr. C. H. Mason's fame (if he has any) as either the judge of a dog or as a gentleman. All who know Major Taylor will indorse me in saying that he is one of the last men who would accept applause won through Mr. C. H. Mason's advice, without according to him full justice, for he is too confident in his own position to feel the need of such shallow support. He thinks for himself, and acts. Major Taylor has the ability, as well as the will, to fight his own fights; and I imagine that Mr. Mason will regret that he did not take a friend's advice and win his way up by a slower but more meritorious route.

W. R. F.

NOTES.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Permit me to urge those of your readers who intend competing for the valuable prizes at Grand Junction this Fall to let out another link, leave no field unworked, and never permit their youngsters to make an error uncorrected, so as to enable them to win the gun donated by the Pittsburgh Fire Arms Co., and made to order of the owner of the Derby winner. Calling this morning at the store of the Pittsburgh Fire Arms Co., I was met by the smiling Colonel, who remarked: "Our highest quality have arrived; come and see them, for it will be one like this (handing me a beautiful No. 12) that we donate to the National American Kennel Club for their Derby prize." I shall not attempt to describe it, for it appeared to have that indescribable something all over. It strikes me the joy this gun will give the lucky winner will be somewhat counteracted by the feelings of the owner of the runner-up when he hears the doleful sound of, "Gentlemen, take up your dogs. So-and-so wins the heat and race."

B. F. WILSON.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—I have had the misfortune to lose my dog, Harry II, by a railroad accident. He had strayed off about a half mile from home, where he was found beside the track. I brought him in on a stretcher, when a careful examination showed a fracture of the right humerus at the shoulder and right femur at the hip. He had evidently got on the track, and charging at the approach of the train, was struck broadside and hoisted over the embankment, where he lay during a storm of two nights and a day. We concluded that if he ever recovered from his injuries his legs would be of no service to him, so he was given morphine, which put him out of his misery. He was a splendid fellow, gentle, affectionate and good in the field.

T. R. S.

LOST.—During Thursday night, last week, our English setter bitch Gift jumped the fence of our yard, and although we have advertised her in the Chicago daily papers we have not been able to get her back. We have reason, therefore, to believe that she has fallen into the hands of some unprincipled scoundrel. Our readers will oblige us by keeping a lookout for her. She is a large bitch, blue belton, and has one front teat swollen. At present the hair on her tail is cut short; but when grown she has a fine flag.

ENGLEWOOD, N. C.—Mr. J. S. Cooper, Cheboygan, Mich., has presented Darkness, winner of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby in 1882, with a beautiful silver collar, suitably engraved, and a handsome blanket, with her name nicely worked on it with letters of gold. Mr. Cooper expressed himself so well pleased with her victory, and the trophy which she won for him as her breeder, that he felt like rewarding the bitch in the manner he did.

B. S. WANMAKER.

GALLATIN, TENN.—I have received the handsome brace of pointers, Bow String and Bow Steel, as a present from Mr. Edward Odell, of New Orleans. The puppies are magnificent representatives of the strain of noble dogs to which they belong, and being a staunch friend of the pointer, I appreciate them very highly. If no misfortune befalls them, they will try conclusions with the setters in the Derby at Grand Junction.

E. S. CARR, M. D.

THE ONTARIO KENNEL CLUB.—Mr. William Davidson, breaker for the Ontario Kennel Club, will take a brace of dogs to break and run in the coming field trials. This club propose to keep on hand, for sale, broken and unbroken dogs, and to take dogs to break and run in field trials each season. A number of broken and unbroken dogs of good breeding are offered for sale in their advertisement in this issue.

DEATHS.—Mr. D. C. Sanborn has had the misfortune to lose, by death, his young setters Novelty and Joe Bowers, by Count Noble out of Dashing Novice. Both were entered in the Derby, and were considered by Mr. Sanborn, his most promising puppies.

JESTER'S RELIEF.—Our readers are referred to Mr. E. W. Jester's advertisement of a specific, which he claims is

a sovereign remedy for coughs, pneumonia, distemper, and general debility in dogs.

WANTED.—We refer our readers to Mr. L. Shuster Jr.'s card in our Wants and Exchange column, inquiring for back numbers to complete his files.

NAMES CLAIMED.

SALES, NAMES CLAIMED, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting sales, names claimed, visits, whelps, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., claims the name
CHIPPEWA, for black, white and tan setter dog puppy, whelped May 13, 1883, by Gladstone—Fawn.
PATRICK HENRY, for black, white and tan setter dog puppy, whelped May 13, 1883, by Gladstone—Fawn.
TENNESSEE DAVE, for blue belton setter dog puppy, whelped May 13, 1883, by Gladstone—Fawn.
RAPID ANN, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped May 13, 1883, by Gladstone—Fawn.
ZOE, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped May 13, 1883, by Gladstone—Fawn.
The Detroit Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich., claims the name
CROXTETH'S BEAUTY, for liver and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped March 26, 1883, by Croxteth—Lass.
CROXTETH'S ABBIE, for liver and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped May 15, 1883, by Croxteth—Countess Rival.
Mr. W. B. Williams, Nyack, N. Y., claims the name
SNAP II, for black spaniel dog puppy, whelped February 9, 1883, by Black Prince—Princess.
MILKED II, for black spaniel bitch puppy, whelped February 9, 1883, by Black Prince—Princess.
Mr. A. C. Waddell, Topeka, Kan., claims the name
QUAIL, for lemon and white pointer dog puppy, by Phil Jr.—Dolly.
QUEEN ALICE II, for black, white and tan setter bitch, by Laverack Chief—Queen Alice.
Mr. L. T. Patterson, Bainbridge, Ga., claims the name
BLACKSTONE, for black and white setter dog puppy, by Roy—Gretchen.
OZARINA, for black and white setter bitch, by Roy—Gretchen.
Mr. McPherson Kenedy, New York city, claims the name
JET, for black spaniel bitch puppy, whelped February 9, 1883, by Black Prince—Princess.
Mr. A. H. Combs, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name
NELLIE, for liver spaniel bitch puppy, whelped February 9, 1883, by Black Prince—Princess.
Mr. O. F. Browning, New Jersey, claims the name
FLIRT, for liver spaniel bitch puppy, whelped February 9, 1883, by Black Prince—Princess.
Mr. H. Clay Ewing, Jefferson City, Mo., claims the name
DOUGLAS, for Scotch deerhound puppy, by imported Oscar—Bye-Bye.
Mr. Bayard Pierce, New Albany, Ind., claims the name
VALEMO, for black, white and tan setter bitch puppy, whelped March 16, 1883, by Dashing Rake—Marilou.
Mr. Charles W. Beck, Cheyenne, Wyoming, claims the name
VIM, for pug dog puppy, whelped June 2, 1883, by imported Punch—Judy (Sooty—Coral).
Mr. J. A. Gargino, New York city, claims the name
MONK, for black spaniel dog puppy, whelped February 9, 1883, by Black Prince—Princess.
Mr. W. H. Shuster claims the name
COUNT NOSE'EM, for black and white setter dog puppy, by Thunder—Annie.

WHELPS.

WHELPS, SALES, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting whelps, sales, names claimed, visits, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. H. P. Dortch's
GLADYS, English setter bitch, by Prince Royal—Vic, whelped June 13, eight—four dogs and four bitches, by Duke of Calvert (Belton—Belmore).
GYPSY QUEEN, English setter bitch, by Gladstone—Clip, whelped June 22, eleven—two dogs and nine bitches, by Blue Drake.
SWAZE, English setter bitch, by Rake—Fanny, whelped June 30, eight—one dog and seven bitches, by Rake.
Mr. John Henderson's
LUNA, black, white and tan setter bitch, by Maquoketa—Beauty, whelped eight, by Duke Gladstone.
MAGGIE V., liver and white pointer, by Vandal—Maggie G., whelped two, by Faust.
SPIRE, greyhound bitch, whelped eight, three dogs and five bitches, by imported Young Pilot.
Mr. J. K. Boyd's
CLARA R., English setter bitch, whelped June 23, seven—four dogs and three bitches, by champion Emperor Fred.
Mr. R. M. Boyd's
IOWA QUEEN, English setter bitch, by Rake—Daisy, whelped June 27, eight—one dog and seven bitches, by Rake.
Mr. B. Hempstead's
MAY B., English setter bitch, by Rake—Fanny, whelped January 11, nine—by Druid.
Mr. Henry Sturtevant's
BEAUTY, imported English setter bitch, whelped June 22, eleven—three dogs and eight bitches, by Perfection.
Mr. C. N. Post's
DIDO, red Irish setter bitch, by champion Ben—Jessie, whelped nine—seven dogs and two bitches, by Race Jr.
The Detroit Kennel Club's
REIGN, English setter bitch, by Belton—Breeze, whelped June 25, ten—seven dogs and three bitches, by Count Rapier.
Mr. D. C. Jones'
DONNA J., English setter bitch, by Belton—Bramble, whelped June 29, seven—three dogs and four bitches, by Gladstone.
Mr. H. W. Fawcett's
BERTIE, English setter bitch, whelped thirteen, by Gladstone.

VISITS.

VISITS, WHELPS, ETC.—We make no charge for inserting visits, whelps, names claimed, sales, deaths; and all owners and breeders of dogs are requested to send them in.

Mr. Walter B. Peet's
BUTTEBURY, red Irish setter bitch, by Con—Jessie Plunket, June 18, to Glencho.
Dr. G. S. Royce's
LADY VIXEN, white greyhound bitch, June 29, to Max Adler.

people these days seem to prefer natural acting to the tearing to tatters of passions and emotions. After a long and bitter fight theatricalism is giving way to naturalism—praise be.

The American stage contains no figure of more interest than that of Alla Nazimova, the Russian player who has for the past two seasons given Ibsen a vogue in New York such as the Norseman's plays have never known. Madame Nazimova has presented three Ibsen plays in New York for runs that have averaged many weeks each and has repeated each play time and again. Her performances have brought forth many criticisms and have been steadily attended by the highest class of playgoers. This season she has left New York for the first time in twenty-four months and is making a tour that extends to the Pacific Coast, where her remarkable art will be seen for the first time.

Nazimova first came to the United States as a member of the Russian company under the direction of Paul Orloff. Later, she

learned English in five months, and her success at her first performance in "Hedda Gabler" was so instantaneous that a theater was at once found for her. In succession she offered three of Ibsen's plays, "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler" and "The Master Builder," and also presented Owen Johnson's serious dramatic play, "The Comet," and Roberto Bracco's comedy, "Comtesse Coquette."

Charles Frohman will soon give San Francisco his entire original production of "The Right of Way," in which Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts are featured in the leading roles. It is one of the greatest attractions of the year and like Clyde Fitch's "Girls" and Lillian Russell, its engagement is limited to one week owing to other bookings made for the Van Ness season. Richard Carle, one of the successful comic opera stars, is to appear in San Francisco during April with his newest hit, "Mary's Lamb." Carle will play an engagement at the Van Ness theater and will have with him Harry Montgomery, Cecelia Rhoda, Julia Ralph, Nellie Brewster, De Witt Mott and Sylvain Langlois.

IN HAPPY ZUNI

By CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

Decorations by Elisabeth Hollowell Saunders

FAR from the trail of travel there is in our Southwest an ancient community, where the strenuous life has no place and the old-fashioned virtue of simple happiness reigns supreme; where wholesome labor is lightened with song; and where a right heart and childlike joy in elemental pleasures, kindness to the aged and cheerful hospitality to all are considered more worth while than money getting or crowding one's neighbor.

Though the sun shines upon New Mexico three hundred days on an average out of the three hundred and sixty-five, it was raining on the October evening when we arrived at Zuni. The next morning, the rain still descending, we decided it would be more comfortable out in the real thing than in our adobe room, where from a variety of leaks in the roof an intermittent drip fell emphatically upon the floor unless intercepted by some part of our bodies. So, clad in rubber, we went forth to investigate the old pueblo.



There was a streak of light in the west, where the sky bent down to Arizona, but in the east, Towa-Yalleni—Mountain of the Sacred Corn—was still wrapped in mists, out of which diverse winds blew shrewdly—one colder than its predecessor now and again turning the rain to short-lived spits of snow. The tortuous little streets were gummy, as only adobe can be on a wet day, and deserted of life. Even the pigs, dogs and burros were hidden away under lee walls, and the turkeys lurked disconsolate in the covered alleys. But human Zuni was as gay as though the sun shone. Its good humor was but increased by the wet, which meant the showered blessings of the gods, filling the springs and making the earth fruitful.

A dusky face beneath a crown of glossy black hair, filleted about with a bright magenta headband, looked out at us from a half-opened doorway, and the smiling Zuni man said:

"You happy? Where you go?"

We stopped and smiled back.

"I Zuni Dick"; continued the Zuni. "You no hully? You come in my houses."

The door was hospitably opened; one puppy was lifted by the nape of its mangy neck and deposited out-doors, while another was shunted under the table, and we were invited to sit down in the household's two cherished American chairs. It was a typical Zuni interior, with clean whitewashed walls and a beamed ceiling of unhewn logs. At one end of the great room were the mealing stones—a half dozen square slabs of malpais, dipped to the floor at an angle of forty-five degrees and boxed about with stone. At one of them a young girl knelt and with a smaller stone was rubbing corn up and down as on a wash-board and crushing it to meal. The air was fragrant with the sweetness of the bruised grain and musical with the hum of the stones in contact. About the room at the base of the walls ran a low bench of whitewashed adobe, which served as a seat as well as a shelf for the blankets that by night were spread on the floor for beds. Tacked to the wall, beside a bundle of gourd rattles and a leather pouch for sacred meal, was a row of colored covers of magazines and weeklies whose publishers little suspected the extent of their circulation. A row of water jars with decorations in red and black gave a bright touch to their corner, and a gaily colored blanket still in the loom flamed out from one of the walls. A triangular fireplace built into the corner near the door was aglow with a

leaping fire of juniper wood set on end, while in a pot cocked against the blazing sticks roasting piñon nuts were being stirred by Dick's wife, who with a deft toss of her head as we entered had caused her long hair to fall modestly over her face to veil it. It was a scene in our twentieth century America not essentially different from what the old conquistadores of three centuries ago were familiar with. Zuni is conservative.

"I all a time busy," remarked Dick complacently, as he rubbed bits of turquoise beads upon a flat stone in his lap to make them smooth. Then, as he prattled on, we gathered that he was local policeman, by the grace of the Indian agent at Black Rock, and wore a blue coat with brass buttons and a Kossuth hat with gold cord. The duties of this office consisted principally in conveying to the Government school truant little Zunis who, preferring sunshine and freedom to pale-face knowledge, vanished from sight when the school bell rang. It was a busy life, this of rounding up these luckless young savages, involving not only exercise of leg but nimble argument with conspiring matrons who wanted to keep their progeny uncontaminated by influences which made for bad manners and for skepticism regarding the red gods of their fathers. Saturday and Sunday, however, were holidays, and Dick was then free to follow his own devices—one of which was to cultivate the acquaintance of white visitors to Zuni, and let them into such of its mysteries as he thought suitable for white folk to know.

Perhaps, then, he could take us where we could watch a Zuni silversmith at work? We wanted to see a Zuni man make a bracelet.

"Ye-es," he said, "I show you. When you want to go, you come to my houses."

When we came out of Dick's "houses" the clouds had parted and the sun was shining gloriously in the blessed blue. Doors stood open that had been shut against the rain; men were astir catching donkeys to ride, on one errand or another; the turkeys and the pigs and laughing children were abroad again. A bright faced woman was patiently leading a blind man to a warm corner where he might bask in the sun while she went to the town well to fill her jar, the gourd dipper clinking within it as she walked.



The silversmith was a young man with the face of an angel and huge turquoise earrings.



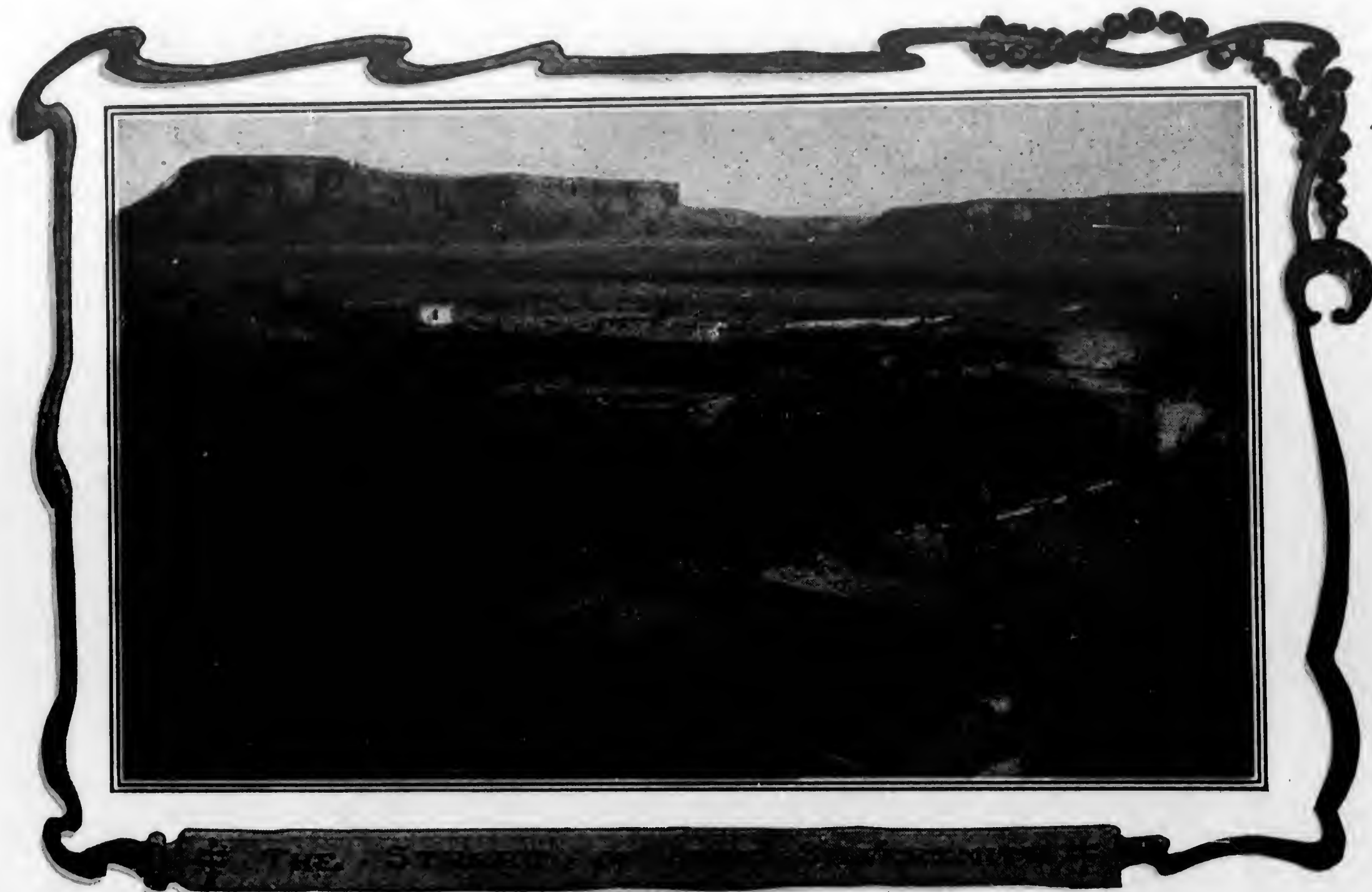
His shop was set up in the one room of his house, for, excepting Nick, the storekeeper, who wears white man's clothes and a hat, and lives out of his shop, no Zuni man divorces business and home.

"You want 'im make lil' closses like ol' time?" asked Dick, to whose Zuni heart the characteristic double-barred crosses of his people were very dear, "or necklace of beads

with piece of moon on end, or you want 'im blacelet with pictu' put on?"

We explained that what we desired was a bracelet with ornaments stamped on it.

"You want 'im make blacelet," pursued Dick. "you give 'im money—dolla—half dolla—I dunno—you know. Pully quick he make blacelet—you see—you give 'im all same money again—you take blacelet."



We understood enough of this to realize that it was needful to supply the craftsman with the raw material at the outset; so we produced a Mexican silver half dollar and taking two proffered chairs sat down to abide the issue.

Said Dick: "You stay and see—no be afraid—all same home—goodby," and departed.

The silversmith blew up the fire in a little forge which stood against the wall, and into a small crucible which he picked from the ashes of a previous fire he dropped our coin to its melting. Then he poured the puddle of molten metal into an oblong depression of the forge hearth and the result was a short pig of silver. This he placed upon an anvil and hammered patiently, heating and reheating it as it cooled, until it had become a flat narrow strip of bruised and blackened silver, which, bent into a circle until the two ends all but touched, would fit the wrist. (Unlike the bracelet of civilization the Indian bracelet has a gap in its circle, through which the wrist is passed.) The blank surface was then ready for decoration. Our smith took from a basket a handful of small iron punches each of which bore at its tip a die of different design from its fellows—dots, variously arranged, combination of slashes, crescents, stars and what not. With these he composed an elaborate ornamentation, punching it upon the silver with hammer taps. Finally, the bracelet was dipped in boiling water in which a lump or two of a cleansing white earth,

gathered in the neighboring hills, had been dissolved, and was handed to us unsoiled and fresh as from the mint. We paid another half dollar for the work and the negotiation was completed.



At Zuni temporary sojourners have the choice of three ways of existence. The Government school may take you to board, but as it is not a boarding house that is not to be counted on. Almost any Indian family would harbor you—the Zunis not yet having been civilized out of the primitive virtue of hospitality—but unless the ways of civilized life rest as lightly upon you as they did upon Cushing you could not stomach that. The third way is to hire a room—the missionary may accommodate you—and board yourself. We did that and prospered. The Indian trader will provide most of the necessities of life at rates as a rule not exceeding one or two hundred per cent over the prices of civilization—he must live—and some luxuries may be had from Gallup, forty-five miles away, when a team comes thence. Fresh meat is to be had of the Indians, as also eggs. As two sparrows in Biblical times were sold for a farthing, so it is the unwritten white law of Zuni that three eggs sell for a nickel. Thus forewarned, and provided with a borrowed egg which, held up, should make known our



need, for we talked no Zuni and few Zunis speak English, we had no trouble.

The quest of meat proved a more serious matter, and we decided to call on Dick for assistance. He was not at home when we knocked at his door, but his wife smilingly gave us seats, made some matter-of-fact remark in Zuni, and went on dyeing wool. We sat expectant for three quarters of an hour; then, our Caucasian impatience getting the better of us and the sun being low, we said goodbye and left. Two corners away we found Dick passing the time of day with a neighbor.

"You want sheep meat or cow?" he asked.

If sheep meat was not goat, we should like that, we thought.

Dick meditated, then said:

"You come—mebbe some Zuni man have cow meat—I dunno—we see."

We filed across the great plaza, through a black, covered passage into the little north plaza, clamorous with dogs all a-tongue at our intrusion, then zigzag by one lane and another till we were quite lost. The evening fires were gleaming in the houses, and through doors ajar we could hear the pleasant voices of the inmates gathered about their suppers. It occurred to us then that, though we had been three days in Zuni, we had not heard a cross word spoken by man or woman, or seen a

child harshly treated. After a stay of seven weeks, we could say the same. The gods of Zuni have no ear for rough speakers.

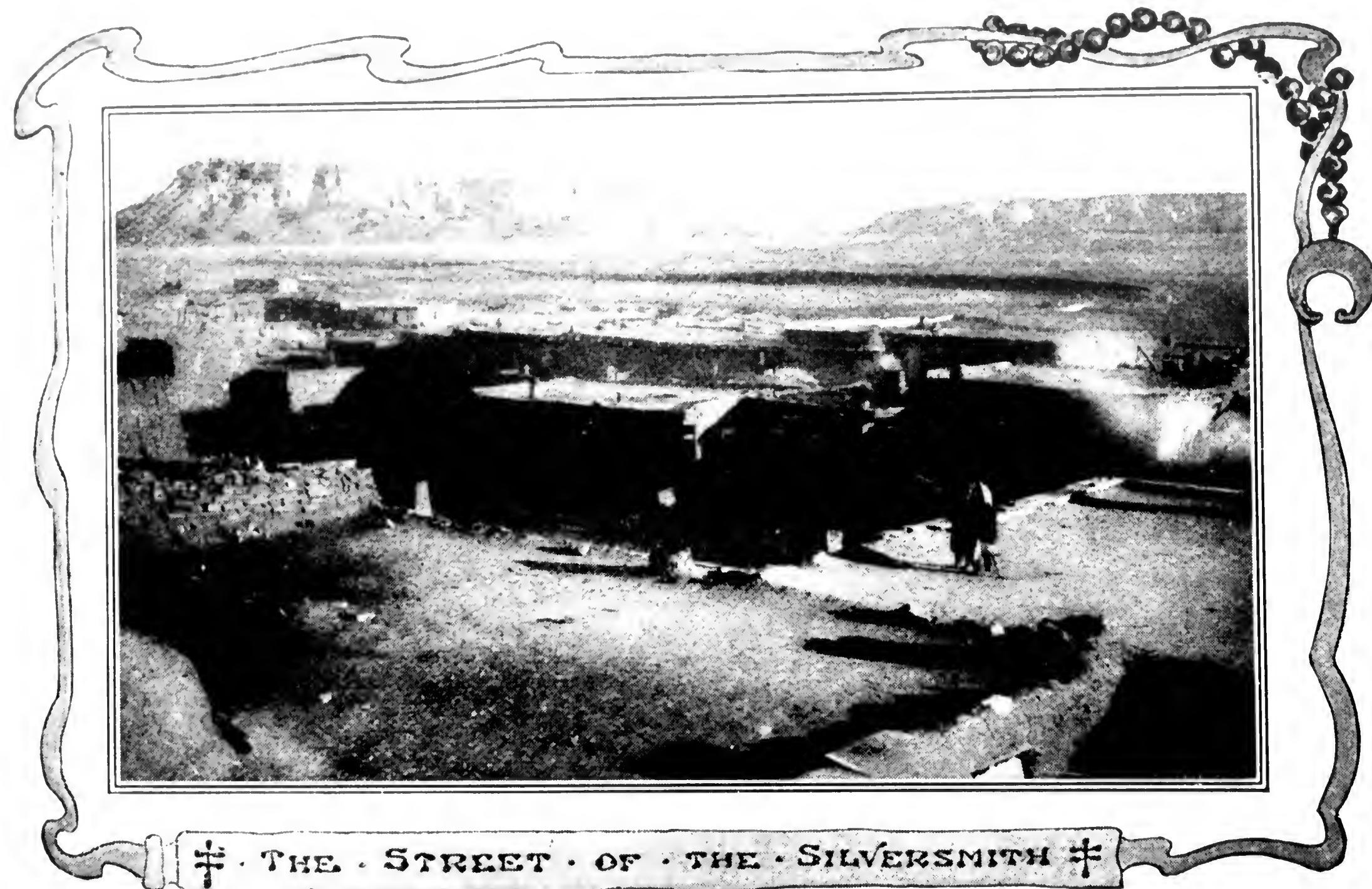
Dick knocked at a door and we all entered. A murmur of welcome greeted us, and an elderly Zuni man alertly came forward and shook hands. In the dim twilight we could distinguish seven or eight people in the room, collected about a little cook stove in the center. Our host set three stools for us. "Long time ago, same as 'Melican sit down chai's," explained Dick.

A few minutes' decorous silence and then all the Zunis joined in a leisurely conversation; now and then a cigarette was lighted and enjoyed, and there was an occasional musical laugh at some witticism of Dick's, who seemed to be a humorist. Through a window we saw the moon beginning to flood the street with radiance, and so far as we could judge the meat was as far from us as ever. By and by, three cups and a pot of coffee, a pan of meat and a basket of bread were placed on the floor in front of us.

"You eat," said Dick, "it no cost you nossing."

Then more talk, and finally our host went to an inner room and reappeared with a fore leg of beef which he deposited upon the floor.

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THE STREET OF THE SILVERSMITH

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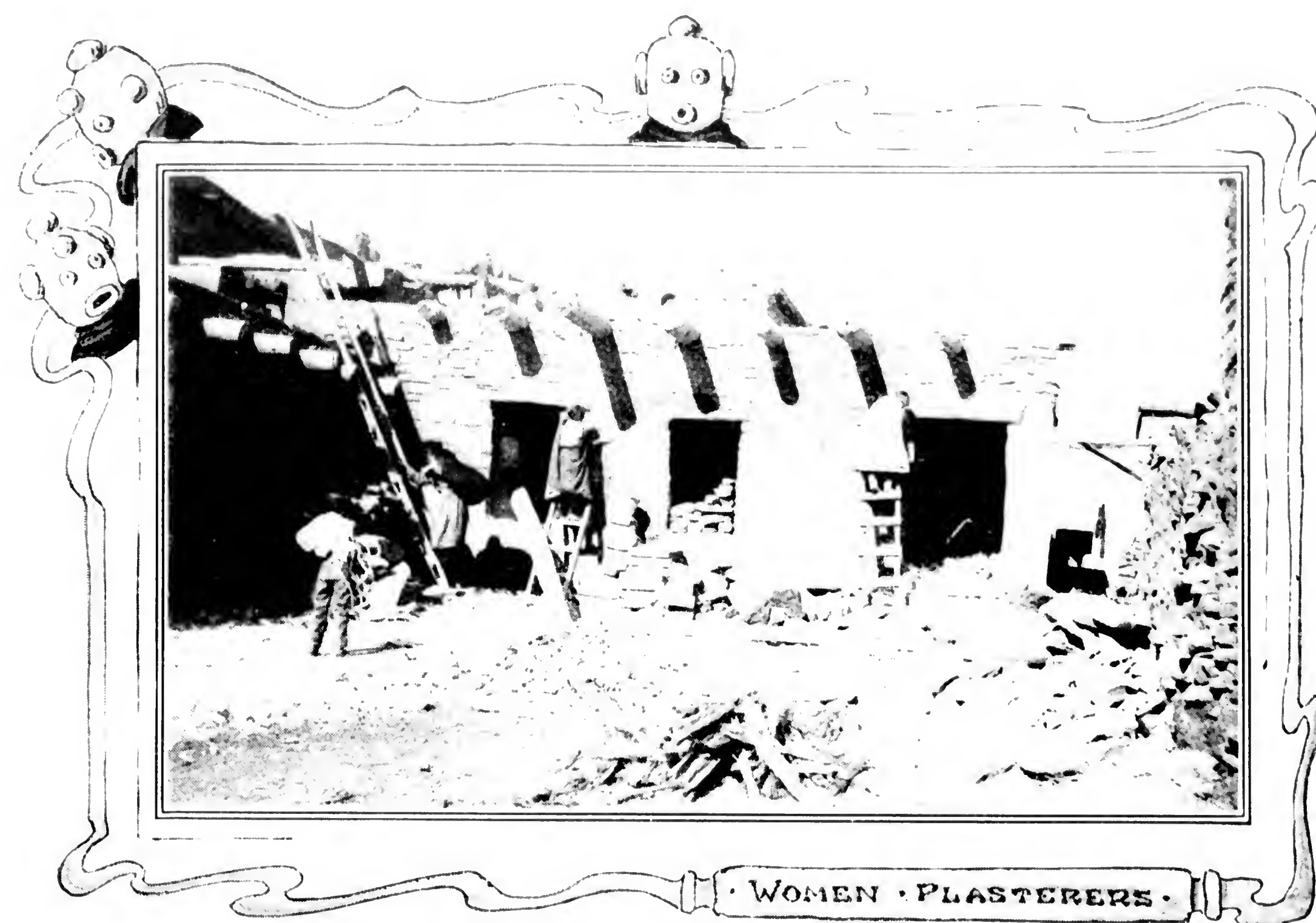
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WOMEN PLASTERERS

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"You want 'im meat," said Dick, "you take."

"How much for fifty cents?" we asked. "I dunno," said Dick; "you got scales? Mebbe you weigh some."

We explained that we did not carry a butchering outfit in our pockets, and they must cut off fifty cents' worth. Whereupon a saw and axe were brought, and with these and the assistance of most assembled a piece was hacked off and placed in our hands *au naturel*.

We tendered our benefactor half a dollar. He glanced at it and said something in Zuni. We looked appealingly at Dick.

"He say seventy-five cents."

"But we ordered only fifty cents' worth."

Another outburst of Zuni, and then Dick observed, as though shedding new light upon the subject:

"He say seventy-five cents."

"But we only ordered fifty cents' worth. Tell him to throw in a soup bone and we will give sixty cents."

And on this basis the negotiation was concluded with a handshake all around.



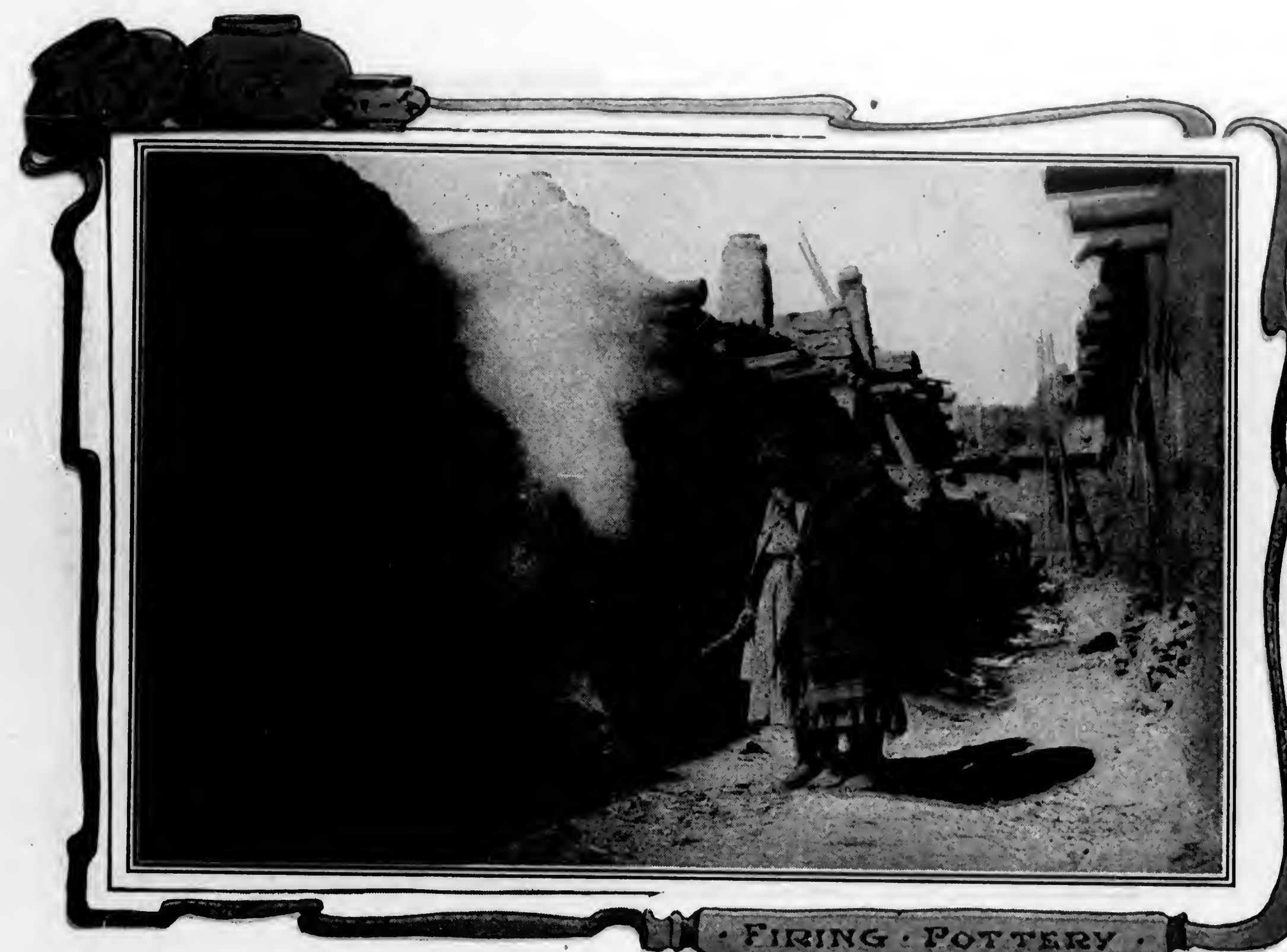
Deep in a hillside at the foot of the pueblo is the great well of Zuni. Here sometimes we would sit of a morning to watch the fashion in water jars. The Zuni water carriers are invariably women or girls, and Rebecca at her well was not a fairer sight, we fancied, than some of those Indian maidens in their picturesque pueblo dress. Here all day they came and went, singly or in couples, pausing for a moment's gossip in the cool cavern of the shady well before settling their brimming jars upon their heads. Then, erect as arrows and without touching hand again to their burdens, they mounted the broad stairway and climbed the hill to home.

The making of pottery is to the Zunis what blanket weaving is to the Navajos. It is their characteristic industry. The material used is a bluish clay which is obtained from the summit of Towa-Yalleni, several miles distant, and brought laboriously home slung in a blanket upon the potter's back. The clay is powdered on a stone metate to the fineness of meal, mixed with water and kneaded until the mess resembles blue corn mush. The building up of the jar is done entirely by hand, excepting the base, which is molded upon the bottom of an old pot. There is a concavity in the bottom which just fits the head of the carrier and helps hold it steady there. Upon this base coil upon coil of the

plastic mud is built up, the creases of conjunction being smoothed away with a bit of gourd. The jar is then set away to dry thoroughly.

One day we saw one in this unfinished stage in Sa-wi-etsi-tsita's house, and asked her if she would let us watch her decorate it, to which she consenting, we came with candy for the babies and spent an afternoon. The colors used in decoration are made from minerals found in the hills about Zuni, and are white, red and a brown that is almost black. Sa-wi-etsi-tsita is an artist and feels the inspiration of appreciative visitors, her face glowing with content and the joy of creation as she works. She sits flat upon the floor, and after covering the jar with a coating of white, and polishing it with a smooth stone until the surface shines, she lays on the figures of the decoration with a sliver of yucca leaf shredded at the end to make a brush of it. Out of the storehouse of her memory the design grows without an error, and is balanced in all its parts as perfectly as though the jar had first been measured and sectioned off for it with rule and compass. The design may be purely geometrical, symbolic perhaps of clouds and rain; or it may be of conventionalized leaves and flowers; or it may be—and her Zuni soul loves this above all—representative of swimming ducks and of deer with visible hearts; but whatever the design, once started, it is worked out on certain conventional lines which have come to her by tradition and cannot be arbitrarily varied. Sa-wi-etsi-tsita made several pieces of pottery for us during our stay at Zuni, and of one the pattern was so exceedingly plain, in severe lines of brown on white, that we asked her not to do that for us again but always to put in some red decoration, too. Our American ignorance disappointed her, for did we not know what every Zuni knows, that that design never permits red?

The final stage of pottery making is the firing, and when this is reached the entire female portion of the household is agog. The decorated jar is carefully borne into the street, a place protected from wind and travel is chosen, and the jar is set mouth down upon a circle of small stones or scrap iron. Then a cylinder of dry sheep manure chips is built up around the jar. Kindling of cedar shreds is laid within, together with a sheep shank or head (why, *quien sabe?* Sa-wi-etsi-tsita only knows it makes the fire burn better) and the whole is fired. Little by little the flame



FIRING POTTERY

spreads and fattens upon the unpromising fuel, and through the open chinks of the chips, one may see the pot brightening in the intense heat, as safe as Daniel in his fiery furnace. When the fuel is consumed, the jar is carefully lifted out and set aside to cool, when it is ready for service.



Woman's invasion of man's time-honored vocations has not yet reached Zuni. There the old-fashioned partition of life's labors between male and female is as it was in the days of the ancients. Men plant the corn and harvest it; the women grind it and make the bread. Men tend the sheep and cattle and go rabbit hunting; the women cook the meat. The women are the potters and blanket weavers; the men are the silversmiths, and do the knitting and moccasin making and most of the sewing. The men build the houses; the women plaster them and build the ovens, and bitterly disappointed would they be if they should not be allowed to put these finishing touches to houses to be consecrated at Shalako time by the presence of the Tall Gods and their attendant maskers.

As to the babies everybody has a care of them. Their lives are one round of pleasant

happenings. When they are not sleeping, they are eating, and when they are doing neither of these, they are taking the air—so runs their infant world away. To the little girls and the grandfathers falls the lion's share of nursing the little folk; but it is no unusual sight to see smiling middle aged or young fathers striding along about their business, with a baby in a blanket swung upon their backs. The men cannot bear to hear a child cry, and we have seen them stop their work to pick up a fretting baby and take it out for a walk. How the babies got on the back was as much of a puzzle to us, until we saw the deed done, as was the apple in the dumpling to the old philosopher. The man humped himself as for leap frog, swung the delighted infant so that it lit lightly on its stomach upon the broad of his back, its arms and legs spread out like a swimming frog's, and then the blanket was caught under and around the child so as to hold it as in a sack.

In Zuni, the baby is never in the way—of all the blessings of the gods it is the most desired and the most cherished. High up on the Mountain of the Sacred Corn is a double spire of rock, which according to Zuni folk lore represents the metamorphosed bodies of two children sacrificed in ancient days to



save Zuni from a flood. Dick pointed them out to us one day.

"Zuni man and woman," he remarked, "they get malled. Bimeby, no have any chillen. They solly. They come to mountain, climb 'way up—put on player plumes—way up. Then next year mebbe have chillen, and all happy."



One afternoon a knock came at our door and there stood Dick.

"You no busy?" he inquired. "You want listen 'em sing song? You come with me."

So we went. It was the week before the great annual festival of the Shalako gods, a time of thanksgiving held about the same date as our Thanksgiving day, and Zuni was all preparation for the joyous feast. For weeks, by wagon and burro back, the corn had been coming in from the distant fields, and housetops and yards were piled high with the rustling harvest. Women and old men were sitting in the sun stripping the husks from the ears, which were of a score of colors—red, yellow, blue, white, black, magenta, orange, lilac, pink—and tossing them into kaleidoscopic piles. There would be no hunger in Zuni this year, for the harvest was

abounding and even the burros shared in the general good humor, feeding and fattening knee deep in corn husks.

We ascended a ladder at the sun priest's house and, crossing a number of roofs, came to a door from which the sound of a drum issued. The small room, dimly lighted by three windows under the roof, was thronged. Two moustachioed Navajos were trading silver trinkets with a little soft-voiced Zuni man behind the door; a cluster of women was cooking at the fire, and through the door others came and went bearing baskets heaped high with meal or corn. In a dusky corner was a choir of eight young men singing to the accompaniment of a primitive drum—a large jar with a skin stretched tightly over its mouth. Across the room, where from one of the windows the light fell upon them, were five or six young women grinding corn upon as many mealing stones, their lithe bodies rising and descending in unison and keeping time with the music of the men. As one would tire, her place would be taken by another in the room. So the grinding never ceased, and would not till the sun set. The faces of the grinders were half hidden by the veil of hair that hung down before them; but their dress of many colors, their brown arms encircled at the wrists with silver bracelets, the flash of shell or silver necklaces

swinging as they knelt over the mealing bins—made an animated scene.

As for the music, it, too, never flagged. The air changed from time to time; one singer or another might pause to puff a cigarette or drink from a gourd of water, but the stream of the music suffered no stoppage. It was a Zuni grinding song—a song of thanksgiving, it might be, or an invocation for rain and good crops—the words of which had come down from father to son for generations. Sometimes the singers turned reverent faces upward; sometimes they lifted their hands as in supplication; never was there a sign that they held the performance as otherwise than of the most solemn import. Indeed, the vim, the precision, the religious fervor which these eight serious men put into the music, made us feel that we were in a household of faith, where the dependence of humanity was realized and the daily gifts of God to men were received not as matters of course but with thankfulness of heart.



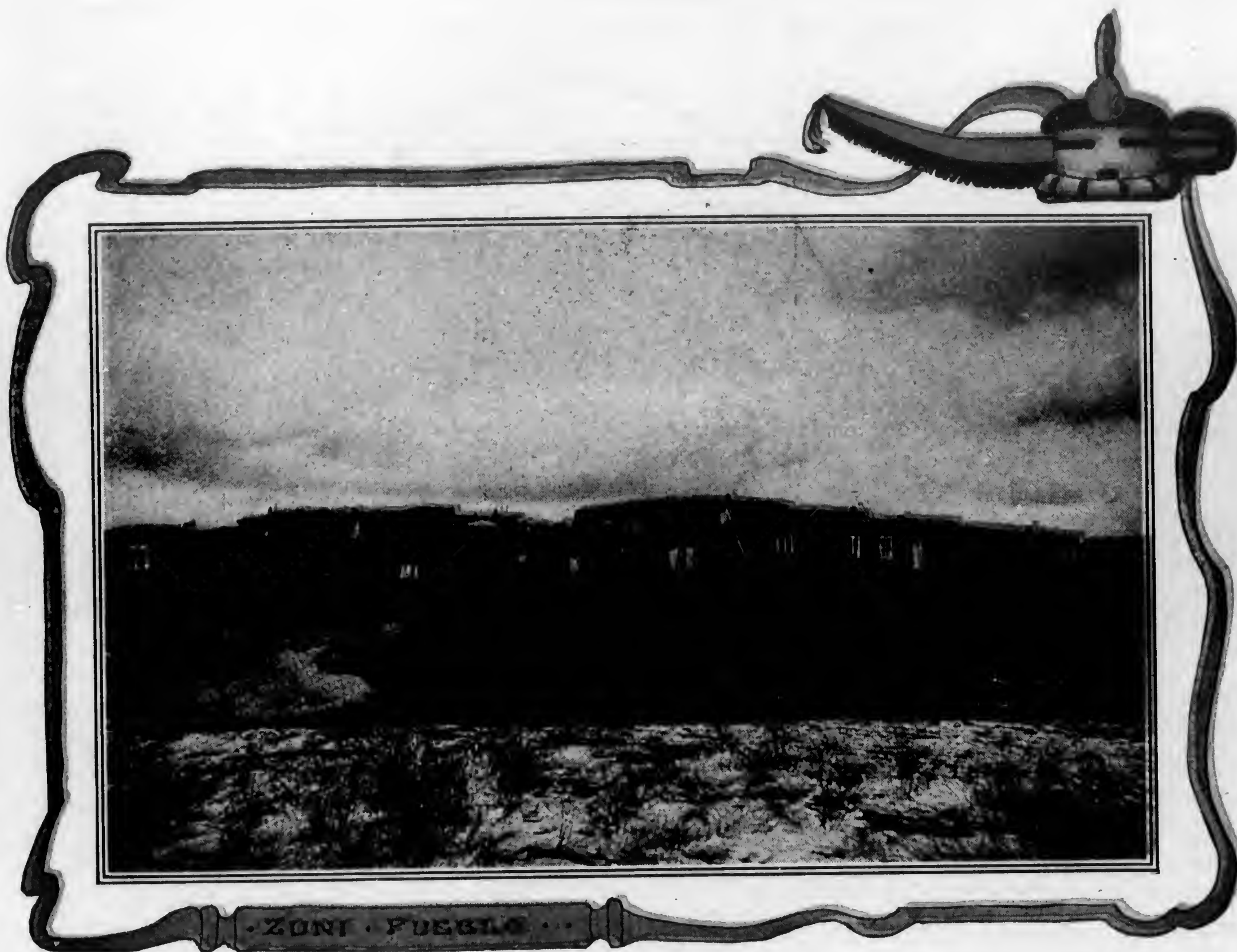
It was heathendom's testimony to the power and goodness of God, and we felt humbled as we stepped into the air. We passed one of the Government teachers on the way to her Christian home. "Hello," she remarked, "been visiting the savages? Find 'em pretty dirty, don't you?"



Zuni's prayers are breathed to little bunches of feathers, set in the earth or laid in the recesses of certain stone shrines of the valleys and the hills, one of which on the great plain just outside of the pueblo marks the spot known in Zuni geography as the center of the earth. We used

sometimes to see men walking silently from one house to another, carrying in their blankets wooden boxes with sliding lids, of which one projecting end was carved in the terraced shape that symbolizes to Zuni the rain cloud. One day in Dick's house, we saw one of these boxes open, out of which our dusky friend was solemnly taking





feathers of various kinds—turkey's, hawk's and blue bird's—and making them up into prayer plumes—fastening them with cotton string to short painted sticks, and laying them in a ceremonial basket by his side.

"By and by, do you say prayers to them?" we asked.

Dick nodded.

"What do you pray for?"

"Oh, lots of lain to fill up wells and make plenty corn for Zuni man and white man, too, so everybody all happy; and lots chillen for everybody; and plenty lil' sheep and goat and

lil' cow"—a kindly prayer, we thought, which in its inclusiveness put us to shame, who had not always been so mindful of those not of our own household.

Later in the day we saw Dick and four of his clan, their red blankets wrapped about them and the tips of prayer plumes peeping from the folds, wending their way in single file with grave, downcast eyes, out to the plain where Zuni's sacred places are; and a little prayer was born in our hearts that the God whom these children of His ignorantly worshiped would incline His ear to their prayer, now and forevermore.

IN LENT

By LUCIA LORING SMITH

A leaden rain incessant weeps,
The gray-garbed earth with moisture steep,
The Easter lily hidden sleeps
In lowly prison.

The penitential season run,
The warmth of Heaven's uplifting Sun
Draws heart of Man and flower as one;
For Christ has risen.

It is of extreme importance to have the scientists determine definitely the relation of the amount of radiation given out by the sun to the climate of the earth. If this relation can be definitely established, it will be possible to predict the kind of weather we are going to have three to four years in advance, and accurate foreknowledge of this kind will be invaluable to agriculture and industry.

If the scientists determine that another ice age is on the way, pull up stakes, come to the Pacific Coast and keep warm. Science has proved that the sequoia forests have flourished in their present location while glaciers hibernated on the present sites of Chicago, Buffalo and Omaha. The redwood trees flourished because the climate did not change. Therefore come to the redwood belt before the rush begins and lot prices go up.

U U

Are the Pueblo Indians Saints or Moral Lepers?

In July Commissioner Charles H. Burke of the Bureau of Indian Affairs officially gave the Taos Pueblo Indians permission to withdraw two boys from school for a year that they might receive instruction in the traditions, the ethics, the history and religion of the tribe. In the statement accompanying this decision Commissioner Burke declared this instruction to be harmless from a moral standpoint and necessary if the unwritten traditions of the tribe were to be perpetuated.

In September Commissioner Burke circulated mimeographed copies of a letter from "Pussyfoot" Johnson, the prohibition advocate, in which Pussyfoot makes startling and unbridled assertion of the grossest and most repellent immorality against the Pueblos, an immorality never noticed or mentioned by the numerous anthropologists who have studied the Pueblos. Among other things Pussyfoot wrote that the education of the boys withdrawn from school amounted to nothing better than a course in sodomy.

In July Commissioner Burke put the seal of his approval on the withdrawal of the Taos boys for instruction he declared to be harmless; in September Commissioner Burke with public money manifolded and circulated a document whose author declared that the instruction permitted by Mr. Burke was largely a course in sodomy.

When was Commissioner Burke right, in July or in September? If he was right in July, why did he use public funds to circulate a contemptible slander of his wards in September? What were his reasons for broadcasting Johnson's attack on those whom the commissioner is paid to defend?

Perhaps Commissioner Burke likes the fulsome praise Johnson showers on the Indian Bureau. A sample of Pussyfoot's regard for known facts is his statement that the Indian Bureau after great effort had succeeded in practically eradicating infectious diseases like trachoma and tuberculosis among the Indian population. Of course every one except Johnson knows that the medical service of the Indian Bureau has been and is now shamefully underpaid, understaffed, inefficient and so negligent that almost every state health department and almost every medical association in

the Indian country from Montana to New Mexico has condemned it and demanded its transfer to the U. S. Public Health Service. Every one except Pussyfoot Johnson knows trachoma and tuberculosis have increased until they became a menace to the white population, that nothing effective was done to check their spread until the revelations made by SUNSET and the pressure of Dr. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior, compelled the Indian Bureau to organize a special trachoma campaign last summer.

Johnson has demonstrated that he either knows nothing of health conditions among the Indians or that he is deliberately misstating the facts. If his knowledge of the morality of the Indians is as inaccurate as his knowledge of their health, Commissioner Burke owes the Pueblos an apology and a retraction for circulating Johnson's letter.

U U

The Dark Flood Pours Through the South Gate

Yes, we have no immigrants. East and west the gates are barred. We are keeping out Asiatics and limiting the number of European immigrants, but we are leaving the side door from the south wide open. Mexicans by the thousand are legitimately coming across the line; they are working on the railroads and farms everywhere. Last winter two hundred of them were surprised by the ice blasts of a Minnesota winter and had to be taken care

by St. Paul charities. At the present rate northern Mexico will be drained of laborers in a few years.

Is it easier for the national stomach to digest Mexican Indian descent or to assimilate Europeans? Would we have Mexicans than Englishmen, Swedes, Germans, Italians? Must we have, do we really need these dark-skinned newcomers? We offended them by exclusion. Should we antagonize Mexico, Central America by closing the southern gate?

It's up to Congress to answer these questions discreetly silent.



INTERNATIONAL

She lives in the same house, played on the same courts and received instructions from the same teacher as Helen Wills, national woman's singles tennis champion. Helen Jacobs, 16, brought the national girls' singles championship home to California

Until men of ordinary caliber can go over the same route in six weeks at a fixed schedule and with no undue risk, the airplane must remain of rather little commercial importance, though invaluable for the national defense.

U U

Raise Taxation and Build More Good Highways

The old question of how to get more money is with us again. We are referring to the cash needed for highway construction. In all of the Far Western states ambitious highway building programs have been undertaken, but nowhere are the present funds sufficient to complete the system. And bond issues of a size to make completion of the road program possible are out of the question.

Oregon is tackling the highway-financing problem in the right spirit. It is paying for its new highways out of current receipts, and it is throwing the largest part of the burden on the users of the roads. Oregon not only has a comparatively high schedule of license fees for motor vehicles, but it also has the highest gasoline tax in the Far West, three cents a gallon, and it proposes to add another cent to this tax.

Four years ago we advocated a gasoline tax for California. When it was imposed, we suggested a three-cent tax and retention of the then existing schedule of state license fees because it was plain that the huge amounts needed for highway work could be raised in no other way. But the legislature under the pressure of the automobile associations decided on a gasoline tax of only two cents and reduced the license fees by several million dollars a year. Now the highway funds are practically exhausted; no new work can be undertaken unless the revenues are increased.

Why not increase the gasoline tax from two cents a gallon to three cents and lift the state license fee from \$3 to \$6 per passenger car? The average motorist would not feel this added burden perceptibly, but it would produce an additional sum of at least seven million dollars a year for new construction and maintenance. It will have to be done eventually; why not now?

U U

Boy Criminals as a Menace to Civilization

Of late the newspapers in various parts of the Far West have had another fit, this time about the increasing numbers of boy criminals. Civilization is headed for the rocks, morality is going to the bowwows, the home is about to disappear and the inhabitants of Mars are tearing their hair in futile sorrow because the earth dwellers are not heeding their danger signals, all on account of the amazing growth of adolescent crime. At least that's what the front pages of the newspapers would have us believe.

It is true that today more boys and young men are transgressing the law than a hundred or fifty years ago. It is also true that there are more boys and young men, more laws and more opportunities for youngsters to engage in those daring, lawless enterprises they crave. They can't go West to prospect or fight Indians any more. A century ago the trading expedition of Andrew Henry into the Rocky Mountains consisted largely of boys in their late teens; Jim Bridger, David Jackson, William Sublette, Etienne Provost, pathfinders and



INTERNATIONAL

Drouth and hot weather caused a great house moving on the slopes of Mt. Shasta, California, this summer. Unprotected by a fresh snow cover, the glaciers melted so rapidly that one of them sent down a huge flow of mud and boulders which tore through the forest for weeks before colder weather ended the avalanche

trail blazers all, had not yet reached twenty when they started up the Missouri to risk their scalps for beaver pelts. To the venturesome youth life in those days offered constant opportunity for action, risk and excitement. Today he only has highways and the automobile, either his father's or a stolen one.

The number of young offenders undoubtedly has increased, but this increase is without special significance unless the proportion of juvenile criminals to the total population also has increased. Until the newspapers can statistically prove such a proportional increase, we have nothing to worry about. Civilization, morality and the home survived the Great War, bobbed hair, short skirts and prohibition; these ancient institutions will be able to withstand the onslaught of the criminal, be he old or young, for a few years longer.

U U

Predicting the Weather Four Years Ahead

Explorers returning from the Far North report that the polar ice cap is extending, moving south. Scientists who for more than ten years have been systematically and continuously measuring and recording the fluctuations in the amount of radiation given off by the sun, the sole source of heat for this planet, report that since 1921 there has been a steady decrease amounting to a maximum deficiency of almost three degrees so far.

Do these things indicate another gradual change in the climatic conditions of the earth? Twice before the northern ice cap grew and crept south, the advancing glaciers covering the Middle West as far south as Nebraska and scouring out the Great Lakes on the way. A sudden decrease in the amount of heat given off by the sun may easily cause the ice cap to start marching again, burying stalled motor cars instead of mired mammoths in its deadly folds. It will require some time, though, to complete the journey, probably two or three thousand years.

But long before the advance has reached its maximum, the accompanying climatic changes will have played havoc with agriculture and temperate-zone civilization. In 1816, for instance, there was a deficiency the equivalent of ten degrees in the amount of the solar radiation received by the planet; that year there were snowstorms, frost and ice every month throughout the summer; the harvest was calamitously small and many a family was hungry.

June 1, 1923

WHEREAS, at the option of a single official of the government, several of the national parks in the United States are nevertheless open to mining and grazing, while the control of water power in future parks has recently been surrendered to the Water Power Commission; and all but one of the national parks in Canada are similarly open to certain economic or commercial uses; and

WHEREAS, this generation can pass on to future generations no greater gift than these parks in their primitive condition. Therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, That the American Association for the Advancement of Science earnestly requests the people and the Congress of the United States and the people and Parliament of the Dominion of Canada to secure such amendments of existing law and the enactment of such new laws as will give to all units in the international parks system complete conservation alike, and will safeguard them against every industrial use either under private or public control at least until careful study shall justify the elimination of any part from park classification.

THE STATUS OF PUEBLO INDIAN LANDS¹

WHEREAS, the economic status of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico is in jeopardy because of various land and irrigation claims of non-Indians; and,

WHEREAS, the United States has justly guaranteed to the Pueblo communities the titles of their lands and the irrigation and other rights pertaining thereto; and,

WHEREAS, every interference with their natural condition will destroy the usefulness of these areas to science and education; and

WHEREAS, the Congress of the United States has recently been considering the passage of laws to quiet land-title disputes between non-Indians and the Pueblos; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the American Association for the Advancement of Science, an organ-

¹ Resolution adopted in principle by the council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the fourth Boston meeting, adopted in this form by the executive committee of the council of the association at its regular spring meeting held in Washington, April 22, 1923, and issued from the Washington office of the association, April 25, 1923.

ization of over 11,000 American scientists and friends of science and education, unequivocally favors the full and complete protection of the Pueblos in all their fundamental land, irrigation and cultural rights, to the end that they may continue to live their own lives in as nearly their own manner as is possible and with as little restriction as is consistent with the rights of their non-Indian neighbors.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

DR. R. A. MILLIKAN, director of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology, formulated and secured the signatures to the following statement:

A JOINT STATEMENT UPON THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION

We, the undersigned, deeply regret that in recent controversies there has been a tendency to present science and religion as irreconcilable and antagonistic domains of thought, for in fact they meet distinct human needs, and in the rounding out of human life they supplement rather than displace or oppose each other.

The purpose of science is to develop, without prejudice or preconception of any kind, a knowledge of the facts, the laws and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals and the aspirations of mankind. Each of these two activities represents a deep and vital function of the soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress and the happiness of the human race.

It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion, when it represents Him as revealing Himself through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his God-like powers.

RELIGIOUS LEADERS

Bishop William Lawrence, episcopalian, Boston, Massachusetts.

Bishop William Thomas Manning, episcopalian, Bishop's House, Cathedral Heights, New York City.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, presbyterian, preacher and poet, Princeton, New Jersey.

Dr. James I. Vance, presbyterian, First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tennessee.

President Clarence A. Barbour, baptist, Rochester Theological Seminary, Rochester, New York.



A PUEBLO OF THE RED WILLOW PEOPLE

The people of the Red Willow originally settled near the willow shadowed waters of Pueblo Creek, although the present pueblo was not built until about 1700. The early Spanish conquistadores reported that after the men brought the wood and constructed the frames of the houses, the women mixed the mortar and built the walls. It was also said that the women built and owned the houses while the men tilled and owned the fields. Women have a high place among these Indians, for descent is in the female line, the children belonging to the clan of the mother.

RED WILLOW PEOPLE OF THE PUEBLOS

How the Red Willow People Got Their Name—The Unique Position of Women Among the Pueblo People—Why the War Chief Retains His Title

BY FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY

THE Taos Indians or the Red Willow People, so the legend runs, were sent by the Great Spirit from the north to find a home in the south land, and the land allotted them would be recognized by a clear mountain stream coming down from a canyon, in which grew red willows and red plum bushes. For a long time the tribe wandered up and down along the Rocky Mountains searching for the appointed land, finally establishing themselves on Pueblo Creek, at the foot of the Sanger de Cristo Range. And here we found their irrigation ditches in places bordered with thickets of red willow and wild plum, the plum heavily laden with red fruit which the Indian women and children were industriously gathering as an important part of their winter food supply.

The system of irrigation upon which the life of the Pueblo Indians depends has been in operation among them since before the Spaniards came. But now, notably at Taos, such a large part of the water is taken by squatters who have settled on the Indian grants that the Indians' crops, which make them self-supporting and self-respecting, are sadly jeopardized. When we were camped near the Taos pueblo for a few days in a dry season, the water was in use not only by day but by night, each man to whom it was assigned coming at his appointed hour to turn the ditches for himself. Some came on horseback, balancing their hoes in their hands, but most of them came on foot. At dusk one night a ditcher passed swiftly up the road to take his turn, stopping at our tent on his way back; and a few hours later in the darkness a light we saw swinging around in a circle, throwing off sparks like a fire wheel, proved to be the faggot torch of a midnight irrigator. Sometimes a thrifty Indian would work in the fields irrigating all night for two nights in succession,

we were told, although he had previously worked all day long.

At the present time the irrigation water is definitely apportioned between the Indians and the settlers on their grants, the settlers using it two days and two nights and the Indians two days and two nights, but sometimes at a crucial moment in dry weather part of a crop is lost by the hard-working Indians while waiting their next turn to irrigate.

On our visit the industry of the people impressed us at every turn. Hardly a man was to be seen about the pueblo during our stay. The whole community was at work in the fields or woods. In petition for good crops both Indians and Mexicans, under the tutelage of the priests, sometimes carried through the fields a canopied image of the Virgin, occasionally firing their guns into the air as they progressed. But they believed in doing their own part as well as asking the Virgin to do her's. From a hill back of camp the pueblo land looked like patchwork, patches of green being separated by the willow and plum thickets that bordered the irrigation ditches. In these small fields substantial crops of wheat and oats, or corn, beans, peas, and squashes were raised. Some of the wheat fields were solid headed, as weedless as those of the best white farmers.

The thrift of the Indians was impressed upon us particularly by their use of wood. By the wise rules of the pueblo no one was allowed to cut the living trees; only waste timber could be used, and faggot gatherers, presumably unable to do harder work, were seen on the slopes of the foothills picking up sticks for the small fireplace and oven fires.

Another phase of the life of the pueblo was seen when we passed through the country at harvest time.

At one of the first threshing floors we recognized an English-

speaking Indian. John Concha, who, like all the other men, had a Mexican as well as an Indian name. His floor, fenced like a corral, was a typical one, circular, hard, and smooth as a tennis court. From the grain stack in the center he was scattering wheat to be threshed out by a band of horses which a small boy was whipping around the ring. As we drove up Concha came forward, pitchfork in hand, his long green shirt hanging below his knees, his blanket having been thrown on the fence. By the fence was a draped figure, a woman with a baby in her arms. At our approach she turned her back and while we stayed talking, presumably with her husband, she kept her position, standing like a lay figure, silent and motionless, watching the boy who may have been hers, who was driving the horses.

We, too, soon became absorbed in watching the boy. In a little red shirt, his hanging braids tied with red, his big shell earrings flapping as he ran, the plucky little fellow, whip in hand, kept close at the heels of the eleven horses as they plunged through the entangling grain. Around and around he ran after them, urging them on with an Indian sing-song, lashing at those that held back to snatch for a mouthful of grain, till he sent the bunch crowding on again. If a horse strayed out too near the corral fence, getting off the grain, another boy, a size larger, who stood leaning against the fence, whipped at it, but he was only an onlooker waiting his turn. The small driver had his hard work to do himself. We watched his plucky, ambitious efforts with admiration. Wading almost up to his knees in the tangle, sometimes tripping close under the horses' feet in the thickest



LOADING THRESHED GRAIN ON TO MULES

Today some of the Taos people have their grain threshed by modern methods, but many more still adhere to the primitive threshing floor of Biblical times. These floors are circular, and as hard and smooth as a tennis court. From a stack in the center of the ring the grain is thrown out to be threshed by a band of horses that is driven around the ring by a small boy. Finally the grain is carried off to be packed on mules by Indians whose only dress is a breach-cloth, and whose brown bodies glisten with sweat.

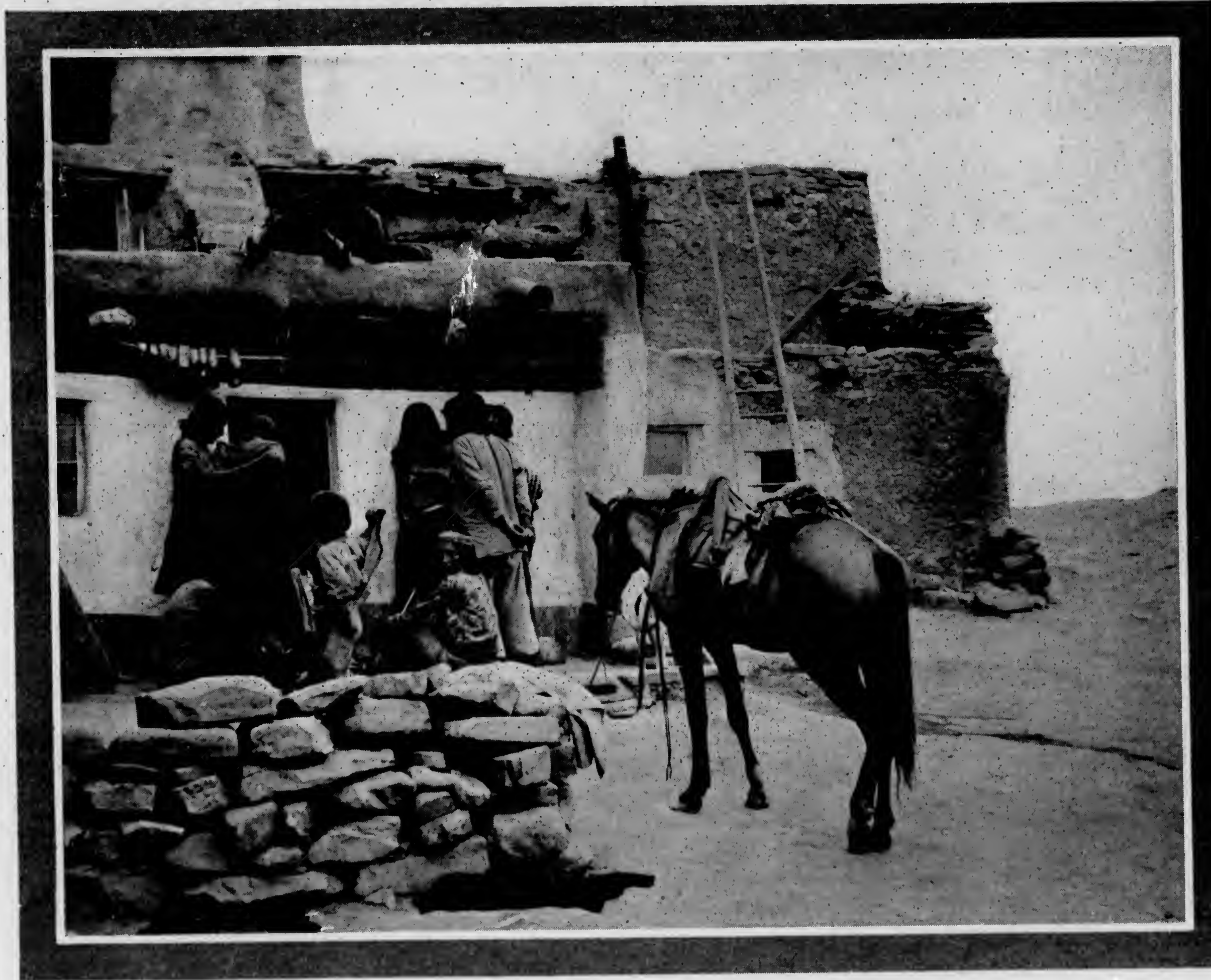
quite sure that the bigger boy would not outdo the little fellow in this test of endurance by which braves are made.

On another threshing floor we found a high stack of beans and an Indian, whose willow-wreathed brows gave him the air of an old Roman, forging ahead with set face and tense muscles after a bunch of piebald ponies circling around the stack.

"A Mexican would get on one of the horses and drive the rest," was commented, "but that's just the difference between the Mexi-

cans and the Taos people — there's not much of the 'lazy Indian' about them!"

Threshing and winnowing were going on at the same time on different floors, and on one across from John Concha's, Big Pablo, the Lieutenant War Chief, was peacefully winnowing his wheat. His strong face and proud bearing compelled our admiration. As we drove up, a young woman with a baby in her arms laughed shyly and tried to hide behind a winnowing screen, one of the primitive models of ancient agriculture, the first crude step toward the fanning mill. It was simply a long box with handles, the bottom being of fine wire mesh which, when the sieve was shaken by two men would



GOSSIP AT THE DOOR OF A PUEBLO

The roofs of the pueblos, once used as defenses against the enemy, are today utilized as storehouses and as vantage points for friendly visiting. These roofs, which are drained by pipes very much after the fashion of the modern house, are reached by ladders and the entrance to the house proper is from the roof. It will easily be seen that under these circumstances a pueblo would be impregnable to attack until the roofs had been taken. Now, however, lacking an enemy, doors and windows have been made.

sift out the wheat, but hold the chaff. Pablo was working alone, however, and used a still more primitive method. With a long wooden shovel he scooped the grain from the yellow stack, raised it high in air and let it run slowly off, the wind blowing away the chaff as it fell. Watching the winnowing was an Indian boy with a baby tied in a shawl on his back, learning to winnow while he played the role of father.

After seeing the threshing floors we drove about among the corrals and feeding sheds the roofs of which were conveniently stacked with straw. Novel sights met us at every turn and we grew so absorbed in them that when, after encountering a band of horses driven by a picturesque foreign-looking lad with a draped head and red shirt, we suddenly came on an American flag waving over a small schoolhouse, we started as if recalled from the Arabian Nights. On the way to the school we met one of the teachers—Tah-bah, Antelope River—a graduate of the Santa Fe Indian school and one of Edward Curtis' most striking photographic models.

Finding us on the way to the pueblo, he offered to act as guide and interpreter. The women were busily engaged, as he explained, preparing for the Harvest Feast. Blankets that they had washed with soap root (*Yucca baccata*), good for washing flannels in hard water, hung drying on the walls giving great splashes of color. A row of Mexican ovens at the base of the north pueblo was being freshly plastered with adobe and a new smooth coat of brown was being given the pueblo itself. Women dressed in something that gave an added touch of beauty to the brown walls, red, perhaps, oftenest of all, were at work on the different stories; some leaning over the edge of a roof, others standing on ladders smoothing the soft brown earth with their hands in quaint archaic style. Had we not seen the Mexican women doing the same it would have seemed a strange occupation for them. At the coming of the Spaniards, however, the Pueblo women did still more. It was reported by Casteñada, who was with Coronado, that after the men had brought the wood and constructed the frames the women mixed the mortar and built the walls. Another authority stated that the women not only built but owned the houses, while the men tilled and owned the fields. The importance accorded women in Pueblo life was attested in other ways. Notably enough, descent was in the female line, children belonging to the clan of the mother.

In passing the pueblo mission, an adobe of characteristic Spanish mission style with its bell and walled courtyard, we found another group of workers, a band of pretty young girls in bright rebozas whitening both church and wall with *tierra blanca*. Other women were at work beautifying the inside of the mission. Standing Deer, the Governor who has since died, whose forceful face was wrinkled and careworn, stood wrapped in a dark blanket overseeing the workers and elicited our especial interest. We had already seen the War Chief, whose title sounded decidedly melodramatic for agricultural Indians in these days of peace, and had learned how his duties had been modified to suit the needs of the times, how instead of keeping sentinels posted on the walls and mountain passes to watch for hostile bands of Apaches, Yutas (Utes), and Comanches as in previous generations it was now his duty to keep off trespassers, whether sheep men grazing their flocks on his range or others who would take still greater advantage of his people. What were now the duties of an Indian Governor? In the pueblos, each of which has had political autonomy and its clan system, said to be "the fundamental basis of ancient society, the unit of organization of the social and governmental system" from its first discovery by the Spaniards, there are two complete sets of officials, civil and military—both elected annually by a council of head men to carry out their decrees—the Governor being the head of the civil as the War Chief is of the military organization. Considering the anxiety the civil authorities are given by scheming enemies and the fact that their unsuspicious friendliness has cost them large sections of their irrigable land in the past, it is no wonder that white men are suspected foes until proven friends, that the Governor looked careworn, and that we were looked at askance until he was convinced that we meant his people no harm.

From the creek a splendid figure approached us, a stately Indian woman with a huge black Santa Clara water jar, its highly polished surface glinting in the sun, balanced on her head, her scarlet reboza beneath it blowing out over her figure. As she approached she returned our admiring glances with such hauteur that, as if in apology, the Interpreter explained, "She is a Princess!" As we looked, she mounted a ladder like a caryatid, her figure erect, her arms at her sides, touching neither jar nor ladder

as she rose with magnificent dignity to the roof of the pueblo.

The flat roofs of the pueblos which in historic days sometimes held piles of pebbles and rocks to be thrown down upon the heads of the enemy, now held a variety of possessions, from drying plums to horns and skins, piles of firewood, and plows. The small chimneys when not in use were covered with stones or capped with artistic pottery jars with the bottoms broken out, the constricted throats keeping the smoke from being blown back into the rooms below. Doors now filled the low, narrow doorways which had formerly been protected by blankets of twisted rabbit skins. But porthole windows, and trapdoors opening down into the rooms below, recalled the days of warfare when there were no outside doors and the people of the pueblo, at the approach of an enemy, drew up the ladders and retreated within their stronghold.

As we walked around at the foot of the pueblo among the chicken coops, ovens, and storehouses, more sacks of grain were being brought in from the threshing floors. One boy in a magenta shirt who had a horse and plenty of leisure was carrying in a sack at a time across his saddle. Another Indian fortunate enough to have a wagon drove in with a small load of grain bags. When he had climbed a ladder with one on his back he calmly waited on the roof for his wife to bring up the next hundred-pound sack, though when she reached the top of the ladder he did considerably lean over and take the load from her back.

One of the rooms where the wheat was stored was shown us by Antelope River. He had taken us freely over the outsides of both pueblos, but had to be asked twice if we might be shown the inside of some of the apartments, and then, with evident reluctance, muttering that he guessed it would do no harm, he went up to an open door and asked in a tone of apology if he might bring us in. His hesitation was so characteristic of the self-respecting Red Willow People that we felt delicate about intruding, but the matronly Indian woman who met us at the door in a delightful glowing red dress and white moccasins, seemed pleased when we shook hands with her, and smiled at our interest in the contents of her room.

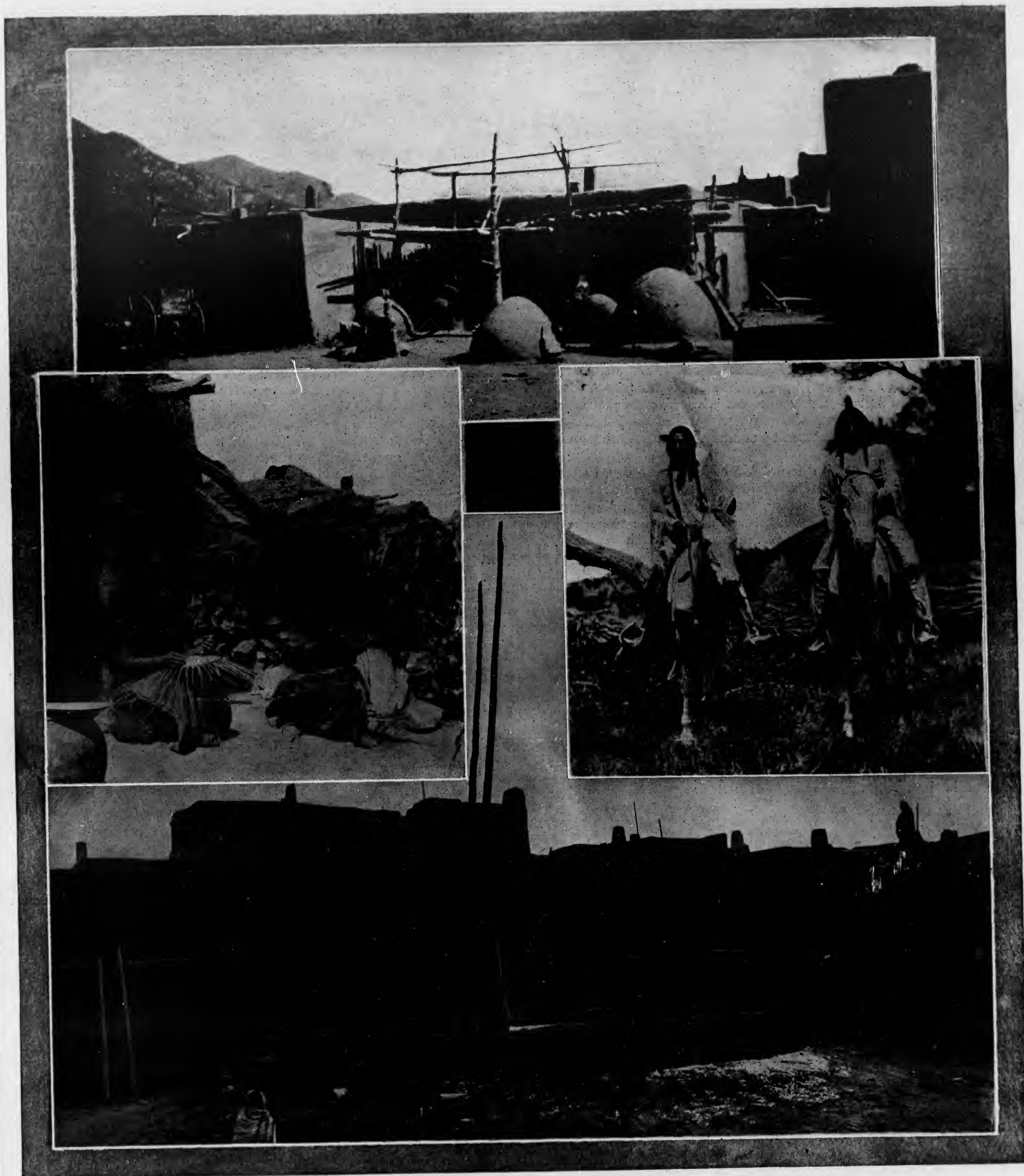
It was spotlessly clean, swept apparently with a small broom of golden brush (*Chrysothamnus*) stems that lay on the ground. Burro and goat skins used as sleeping mats gave a decorative touch to the adobe floor, and in one corner was a low-framed bin full of wheat, fresh from the winnowing. At the end of the bin were two grinding stones, metates, set in adobe against the wall, used today in grinding corn. A bow with arrows hung by the door and on the wall a row of shelves held a curious mixture of Indian and white man utensils, white crockery beside bread-filled Indian baskets. As we passed along, a second open door revealed white walls, an immaculate floor, and an orderly bench-like row of folded blankets.

When we had seen the typical Indian rooms our Santa Fe student said with pride that he would show us his room. At the padlocked door we were joined by a strange tall figure swathed in white from head to foot which followed us in and, during our stay, remained silent and motionless with suspicious eyes fastened upon us. An iron bedstead here took the place of skins and blankets, and there were tables covered with school books. On the walls in place of bows, arrows, and guns, hung a school uniform, photographs of graduating classes and football teams, one team that the boy had been captain of himself, he told us with just pride. When we looked at the ugly Yankee bluejeans of our utilitarian age we thought of the picturesque flowing robes and rich colors of the ancestral Pueblo dress.

Our young teacher was about to be married and showed us the house he was building for his wife, the Red Willow People being monogamists with strong family ties. The responsibilities of family life, we were told, were publicly recognized. When a man married, if possible, he became an officer of the pueblo, so assuming the full duties and privileges of citizenship. He also became the moral head of his household and was expected to uphold the ethical standards and carry out the teachings of the sages of the tribe.

The good moral tone of the pueblo was explained not alone by the peaceful, industrious character of the Indians, but by the fact that ethical ideals were constantly kept before the people. Every Sunday, as we were told, after mass the Indians stopped in the courtyard of the mission, and if no white men or Mexicans were there the Governor or one of the old men would give an ethical talk, admonishing the people to be good—not to steal, drink whisky, or be like some of the low settlers around them.

(Continued on page 42)



LIFE AMONG THE RED WILLOW PEOPLE

Top: When the baking is done, the housewife, dressed in her reboza, opens the doors of the ovens at the base of the pueblo and with a long wooden paddle brings out the little, flatish loaves. *Left:* The Taos women are very expert in weaving, and many baskets of their construction are brought home by admiring visitors, after the actual need of the pueblo has been satisfied. *Right:* The men of the Red Willow dress in white buckskin and wear eagle feathers in their hair. This is for gala or ceremonial attire, but their workaday dress is no less picturesque, consisting of brightly colored shirts and gracefully draped blankets. *Bottom:* There are seven underground council chambers at Taos, each belonging to a separate secret society. The two poles are the top of a ladder which descends into the interior where councils are held and where costuming for the dances is done.

Red Willow People of the Pueblos

(Continued from page 12)

During the week these guardians of the pueblo morals were on the watch and, to generalizations, added good advice on pertinent subjects, the married men being appealed to as the heads of their families to carry the good advice home to their wives and sisters.

The wholesome lives of the people showed in their faces. One of the boys whom we met, a clean, frank-faced, handsome lad, full of vitality and the enjoyment of life, seemed typical. At the moment he was dressed in gala attire, with a wide band of bright red flannel dragging on

the ground behind him. As we talked with him a figure appeared on the north pueblo and began addressing the people.

"Who is that?" we asked.

"The Governor, my father," he answered impressively. But though he felt the full dignity of the position, his father the Governor was not disturbed in his daily walk of life by pride of station. He was found the next morning, hoe in hand, irrigating his fields, wading about barefooted, a striking example of the democratic industrious spirit of the Taos people.

is less hospitable than that of these other cities, for all about it is the absence of habitation, and the dust, crumbling rock and drought-stricken soil of desolation—an extraordinary situation for a city that maintained itself as a great metropolis, a center of culture, religion and government for many centuries under changing civilizations.

The early evening train from Madrid, carries you to Toledo after dark and in a spirit of adventurous interest, as of approaching something strange and exotic, you enter the city. As is usual in Spain the railroad station is removed from the town and the drive along the dust-blanketed road, around the shoulder of the hill, across the Moorish bridge that spans the deep chasm of the river and up the precipitous slopes of the now shrunken metropolis leaves impressions that do not fade. The desert sky, a deep blue, is spangled with a myriad of luminous stars that hang low in the clear upland air, and as you slowly make your way up the winding causeway the scene which unfolds at your feet, as the straggling outskirts of the town drop below you, with its twinkling lights duplicates the canopy of the heavens and you have the impression of ascending in midair and being enveloped in the evening sky.

If Toledo has been described to you as a dead or dying city, crumbling to dust in its splendid isolation, you will wonder at the lively traffic that accompanies you from the station, on foot and donkey back, in carriage and motor. The air vibrates with the sound of moving life which toils up the perpendicular grade, an activity that later you find characterizes the daylight hours as well. At last a final turn of the serpentine road brings you into the principal square which, paradoxically, is triangular in shape, and proceeding across it your bus enters a tiny

IBLING MAJESTY OF ERIAL TOLEDO

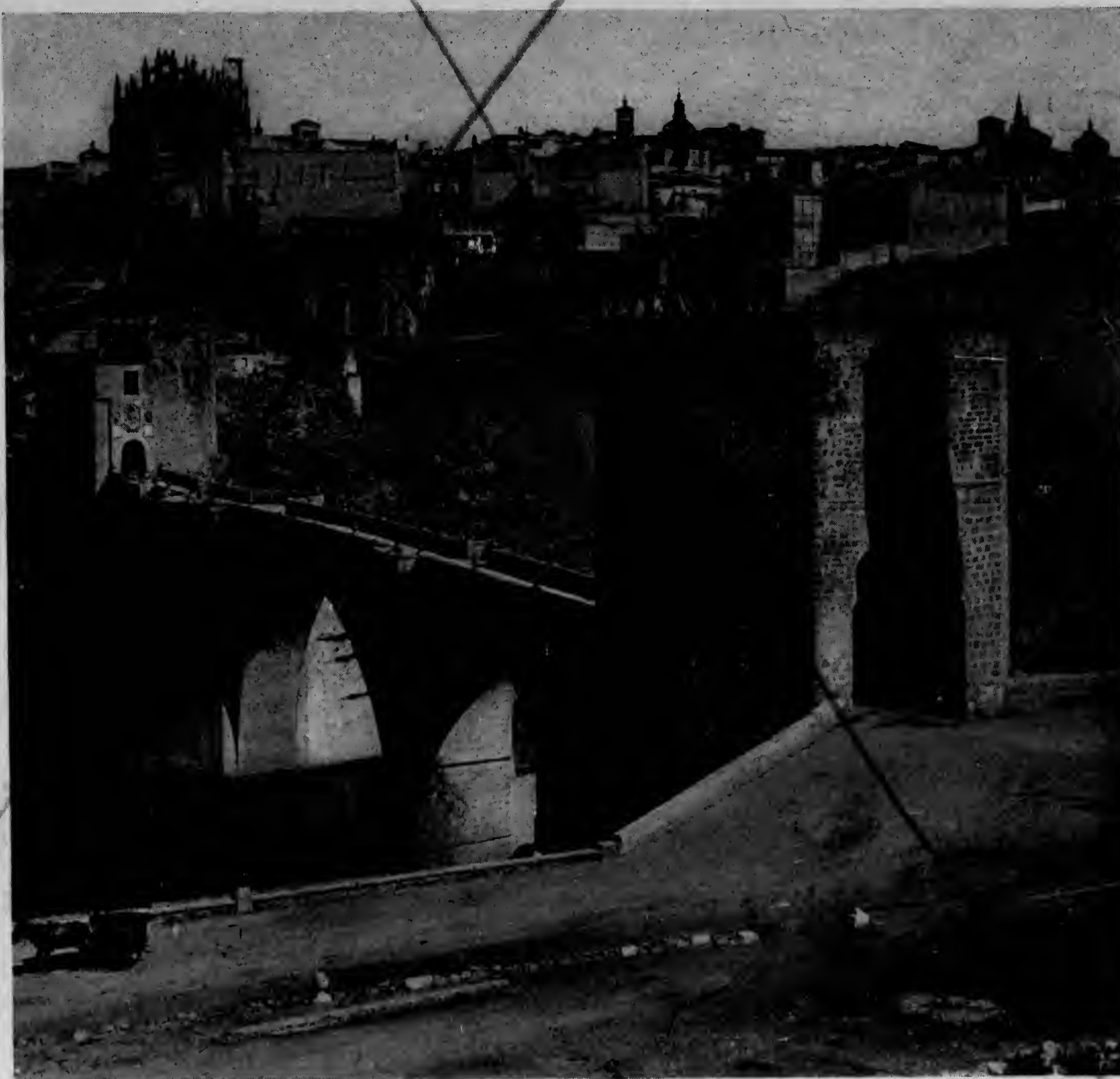
from a Hotel Window—The Tragedy of Florinda the
ous Manner in Which the Church of The Christ of
ired Its Name—The House of Cervantes

BY ROBERT MEDILL

hat Mr. Medill is writing for TRAVEL on various aspects of
later in the fall in his book "Spanish Towns and People." The
Spain," appeared in the August issue, and the next, on Cordova,
will be published in October.

ne to draw up almost immediately in a miniature plaza before
the door of your hotel. The hotels of Spain have been much
aligned and this hotel at Toledo helps to prove the falsity of
much that has been said of them. It is built after the order of
an old palace and in spite of its relative modernity it strikes a
harmonious note that is quite gratifying to the sense of age
that you expect to envelop everything in a city that knows nothing
new. It has a central court which is ample in size; its
dining room is almost imposing and if its furnishings are marked
by an extreme simplicity that approaches poverty what does it
matter? For, situated on the pinnacle of the city at the edge
of the slope overlooking the road and the houses which fall
away in cascades below, it offers you views of enchantment from
your chamber window that are hardly equalled outside of fairy
tales. If your windows face the east they will command a view
of the golden desert over the city walls and roof tops below
that is as far reaching as the prospect from an aeroplane. Nothing
could be lovelier than this vast expanse of shimmering plain
in the cool sparkling air of the early morning, glorified into a
canvas of color harmonies by the rays of yellow sunlight; and

when the blanket of
night envelops the silent
world beyond, the
twinkling lights of the
houses clustered at the
foot of the hill and
the bull ring, a gigantic
bowl of incandescence
under its flood of elec-
tric light, it is like a
place where fairies
dwell. If there could
be any monotony in this
prospect over the dis-
tant plain there as-
suredly is none in the
extraordinary scene on
the flat roof tops im-
mediately below. For the
worthy people who oc-
cupy the buildings vie
with their brethren of
the country in the en-
joyment of the advan-
tages of suburban life
in their strictly urban
surroundings. Estab-
lished as places of
recreation and utility,
the convenient roofs
afford sanctuary for the
pets of the household,
furnish excellent drying
yards for the family
laundry and offer airy
retreats for the barn-
yard fowl. The poultry
runs are, of course,
limited in extent, but the
unexact fowls seem
content in their exalted
situation and presum-
ably render generous



THE ST. MARTIN BRIDGE LEADING TO TOLEDO

The St. Martin Bridge which spans the Tagus and leads up to Toledo was built in 1212. A curious legend is connected with the building of the bridge in which it is said that the original constructor discovered at the last minute a dangerous flaw in his plans. Not daring either to confess or to continue his work, he told his wife, who stole from the house that night when her husband was sleeping and fired the scaffolding that supported the arches, causing them to collapse. Thus the work was begun over and the flaw was remedied.

DIRECTOR OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS SAYS PUEBLOS ARE PERSECUTED BY PAGAN CHIEFS

[In the interest of truth and justice, and especially for the benefit of the Pueblo Indians, the following newspaper article is reproduced from the Sacramento Bee of July 26, 1924, for circulation among friends of the Indians by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.]

BY REV. WILLIAM HUGHES

Two recent editorials on the alleged religious persecution of the Pueblo Indians by the United States Government Indian Department have stirred every reader, and no doubt moved many of them to protest in letters to officials in Washington.

Now, if the facts were as they are represented to be in the magazine which *The Bee* quotes, no protest would be too strong. If the Government were lending itself to persecution, or if any individual missionary or any organization, missionary or otherwise, were attempting to persecute the Pueblo Indians because of their practice of a conscientious religion, even though pagan, then no protest would be strong enough which fell short of stopping once and for all such persecution. But what are the real facts?

Persecution of Pueblos

As regards persecution of the Pueblos by missionaries, Protestant or Catholic, no instance is alleged or can be alleged. That the traditional attitude of tolerance on the part of the Catholic missionaries remains unchanged is shown from the fact that after more than three hundred years of missionary work pagan customs do still exist. There are fifteen Catholic priests and twice as many sisters devoting their lives to the Pueblos. That the padres and hermanas have the confidence and affection of the Indians is proved from the fact that the children of pagan and Christian parents alike are freely and gladly committed to their care.

Surely no defense is needed of Charles H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. From his record of the past twenty years, not only since he has been Commissioner of Indian Affairs, but also for the sixteen years previous thereto, during which time he was United States representative from South Dakota, his voice has constantly been raised in burning words against injustice and his time and energy given without stint to the writing and enactment of wise laws for the Indians.

Friend of Indians

Because of his record of devotion, wisdom and justice in behalf of the Indians, Commissioner Burke must be counted with the foremost friends of Indians, like Major McLaughlin, General Scott and President Roosevelt.

Certainly no one who is acquainted with the character of Commissioner Burke for a moment has thought or could think that there was any intention of the least effort to violate the right to religious freedom of the Pueblo Indians, whether expressed through dances or otherwise.

Pagan Permit Granted

For instance, every well-informed person knew that the request of the Taos Indians to permit the education of certain boys in the pagan religion would be granted, as it was granted. The principle which must and does guide the Government Indian office in such requests, is the right of the parents, and the parents alone, to determine the religion of their minor children. Neither the Government nor the cacique can take that parental right away.

The fact is that the pagan, or reactionary, Indians are cruelly persecuting the Christian progressives because of the latter's refusal to participate in the pagan dances and customs. For many years returned students have been compelled to go back to the blanket or be persecuted by the czarist party.

Unjust Punishment

In order to punish the progressives for their refusal the pagan rulers unjustly take away their land and their livelihood, force them to labor on ditches and roads for unreasonably long periods and without profit to themselves. The despotic rulers delight in selecting as the day of this penal labor Sunday, especially while the pagan dances are being performed.

Remember, that the old Pueblo form of government which rules nearly every pueblo is not representative. That the caciques, who usually number three in

each pueblo or town, hold office for life and must be chosen from the czarist party, the party of the established religion. That the caciques alone nominate and in effect, i.e., by intimidation, choose the governor, or absolute ruler, and his satellites. And that they often choose one of themselves in turn to be governor.

But now, at last, the progressive Indians have revolted and demand that the United States Government secure for the Pueblo Indians the American form of self-rule.

Autocratic Rulers

Just there is the rub. The autocratic rulers and their favorites raise the hue and cry of religious persecution both in order to distract attention from their own acts of misrule and persecution and in order to maintain that misrule. The Indian rulers are aided and abetted by a few white men who wish to perpetuate the old order because it pays them in a salaried job or in art models or in scientific research, or because they are won by deception or sentimentality to the cacique cause.

It must be admitted that the change from the despotic form of government probably will, as it did long since in the fortunate Pueblo of Laguna, do away with many old customs and pagan beliefs and practices. What then? Shall despotism be allowed to continue under the specious plea of religious liberty? Or, rather, must there not be an immediate separation of pagan church and pagan government? First, give the Pueblos political freedom. Then let the pagan religion survive if it can. But make the Pueblo people free.

Progressive Demands

The demands of the progressive party among the Pueblo Indians are expressed by one of their number, Juan Pedro Melchior, who, because of his refusal to participate in the pagan customs, was robbed of his land by the despotic Indian ruler. Melchior spoke at the meeting of the progressives at the

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Recd. Aug. 24, 1924.
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Pueblo of Santa Clara, New Mexico, May 27, 1924, as follows:

"It is true that I have no education as others have, but I want to speak as well as I can. In the first place, I live in the Pueblo of Cochiti. I was born and grew up in that pueblo, and now they leave me not an inch of ground. After the many years that I have lived in that pueblo, fifty years or more, I cannot even have my rights.

"The maintenance of my families, for my daughter, too, has a family, they have taken away. When they began to persecute me they took away from my mouth and from the mouths of my children the food we need, because the land which they have taken away from me is the only maintenance that we have.

Reasonable Punishment

"If any one has done wrong there should be a punishment, but the punishment should be reasonable, something like a reasonable fine. Now I find myself in a barren land, my cattle have no part of the Indian land. They have not left me a place where I can keep an animal of mine; they have driven us from our possessions. We have no right to defend our rights.

"All we ask for is our rights. I with a loud voice, and my boy, too, ask this right that we be not persecuted. What we progressives further want is our children whom the government

has educated, and others who have been educated in the mission school, go ahead and use what has been taught them. Education has many advantages; education looks three, four miles ahead. We who have no education are in darkness, but he who has an education can see because he has light to see."

Want Protection

"The progressives ask that the Government protect them in their education, to make use of it and be not subjected to customs. I am satisfied that customs have never been made law and have no rights. The Christian religion has principles because God Himself has made religion, and simply because we believe in one God, that is the reason why we have been persecuted in our rights. It is true that we are under the Constitution of the United States, that we are under the American flag, and the American Government is very strong and can defend us.

"All the progressives want to progress, and they want their families to progress, and the Government is obliged to defend us. The old officials must be put to one side. What we progressives want is a voice in the appointment and election of our officers, and that all who have the age have a right to vote for the persons whom they want. But the officers are always taken from the other party, the party that we

call the Cacique party. They do not work with justice; they have practiced many injustices against us. We progressives do not want this. We want liberty. We want justice."

Public Works

Speaking of public works, labor on ditches and roads, Melchior continues:

"He who has much land should work much, but he who has little land should work little. That is what we ask with a loud voice; we ask for justice, not injustice, because injustice has brought about many difficulties. I have had many difficulties because those of the other party (reactionaries) who are rulers and have much land are excused from work. There are societies who have much land, but are excused from work. Everybody who has land should work.

"Therefore we say that we are being persecuted. Therefore we ask that all be treated equal as children of one pueblo, that in all rights and privileges all should be treated the same. Therefore there must be a change because while they (the Caciques) are electing the officers, this party (the progressives) will never have any rights. Officers will always be elected from the other party and there will always be the same difficulty. Therefore there must be a change."

The Pueblos' Land Problem

By John Collier

Author of: *Our Indian Policy, etc.*

CAN America do justice to its Red Indian wards? This question is important or unimportant according to the point of view one takes. To do wrong to the lowly, to inflict torture on the silent, to waste beauty, and to make shreds of paper out of national pledges—all this may seem not important in the bustling life of a hundred million Americans. Yet such conduct takes all the glory out of Americanism, gives power to brutality.

Last year this question was raised sharply through the Bursum bill which confirmed ancient wrongs, inflicted new wrongs and threatened the doom of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. At present the question is raised again, still with the Pueblos as the proposed victims.

Readers know of the Bursum bill and its companion Snyder bill, both endorsed by the Indian Bureau. They remember how the Bursum bill passed the Senate and was recalled by the Senate following an outburst of public indignation.

They will recall the essential feature of these bills. The agricultural, self-supporting Pueblo Indians are owners of land granted them by Spain and confirmed to them by the United States, and of additional lands which they bought from Spanish grantees generations ago. White men and Mexicans have encroached on these lands while the United States Government, guardian of the Indians, stood permissively by. The encroachments have taken from the Indians of many pueblos the bulk of their arable land; so much that in a number of cases the Pueblos are no longer able to make a living from the land, and in two cases they have been forced to accept rations for the first time in Pueblo history.

An Attack from the Rear

The Bursum and Snyder bills had the primary aim of wiping out the Indian title to these Pueblo lands taken from the Pueblos by outsiders. In addition, the effect of these bills would have been through destroying the hope of recovery of their temporarily lost lands, to have forced many of the Pueblos to give up their struggle, to disperse and thus to let all their land pass into white possession.

The Pueblos sent a delegation to Washington in protest. The General Federation of Women's Clubs took the lead in opposing the destructive bills and in advocating legislation which would have insured the Pueblos' future while fully caring for all legitimate squatters' interests as well. The Pueblos and the Indian Welfare Committee of the Women's Federation retained a New Mexico lawyer, Francis C. Wilson, who appeared for them before the Committees of Congress.

I have told in *SUNSET* (May, 1923) the story of the Congressional hearings. I did not tell the astonishing denouement of this effort at Washington, because at the time of that writing I hoped that those who had created a situation that nearly proved fatal to the Pueblos and to American honor, would themselves take the lead in undoing what they had wrought.

They have not taken the lead, so here I tell the balance of the story.

The Bursum and Snyder bills were dead. It was clear that new legislation of a constructive sort could hardly be effected in the last two weeks of a burdened Congress. It was certain that no legislation opposed by the Pueblos and the General Federation of Women's Clubs would be passed at the eleventh hour before adjournment. Therefore the writer, who had remained at Washington throughout the session, and Mrs. H. A. Atwood, who represented the General Federation of Women's Clubs, left Washington. The delegation of seventeen Pueblo Indians likewise had departed, feeling secure. The attorney of the Pueblos, Francis C. Wilson, who likewise was the attorney of the Women's Federation Indian Committee, remained at Washington.

Now came the unexpected. On February 27th—five days before Congress adjourned—the sub-committee of the Senate Public Lands Committee reported a bill to the Senate. It has become known as the Lenroot bill. The name of Senator Jones of New Mexico likewise is associated with it through the Senate discussion. Senators Lenroot and Jones are men of superior ability and of unquestioned and unquestionable probity.

I quote from the Congressional Record, February 28th.

Mr. Lenroot. "There is no objection to the bill as reported."

Mr. Jones. "I think all parties who have taken an interest in the subject are agreed upon the bill which the committee has now presented."

Mr. Smoot. "The Indians themselves have agreed to the provisions of the bill, as I understand."

Mr. Lenroot. "That is, their attorney has."

Mr. Smoot. "Yes, their attorney has."

The General Federation of Women's Clubs, through Mrs. Atwood or otherwise, had never agreed to this bill. Mrs. Atwood had never seen the bill; she had never been apprised of its contents. I, as research agent for the Indian Committee of the Federation, had never seen the bill or been apprised of its contents. Further, the Pueblos had never seen the bill, or any description of the bill, nor had they been consulted about it by their attorney. Nor had either the Women's Federation or the Pueblos, in writing or by word of mouth, given their attorney the discretion to reverse their contentions and stamp their endorsement on a bill which in its central features and its effect was the equivalent of the Bursum bill.

But acting on the information quoted above, the Senate instantly passed the bill. Meantime the Indian Affairs Committee of the House had hurried to report favorably a bill identical in wording with that of the so-called Lenroot Bill. Unanimous consent was asked for a vote. Congressman Leatherwood of Utah refused to

give this consent, so the bill was not voted on. A vote would undoubtedly have passed it, because the House labored under misinformation identical with that of the Senate; and the Pueblos' ruin would have been insured.

The importance of this so-called Lenroot bill is not merely historical. For like the Bursum bill, it contains the essentials of the anti-Pueblo legislative program, and it or its equivalent will be pressed with skill in the Congress about to begin.

The primary aim of the Bursum and Snyder bills was to wipe out the Indian title to those Pueblo lands—and waters—which have been taken from the Pueblos by white men. The method in both these bills was to enact a statute of limitations. It operated against the Government and its wards, *against whom heretofore no statute of limitations has held*; and it operated not forward, but backward into the past, as an *ex post facto* statute.

A statute of limitations—all states have them—says: "If forward from a present date, you neglect to defend what you own and allow another person to occupy and use and claim it, then after ten or twenty or thirty years, as the case may be, you will have sacrificed your claim to the property. You are presumed to be a competent person, of age, and to possess the legal right to evict the trespasser. Use this right in time or you lose."

Reviving the Bursum Bill

But the Bursum and Snyder proposals were of a different order. They said to the Indian, who is a ward of the Government and *not competent legally to defend his own rights*: "You, Pueblo Indian, who are not legally competent, have had your lands taken from you in past years. You still claim a title in those lands; the United States Court is now deliberating on cases to determine whether your title is good. We hereby declare that if any man can establish adverse possession of your land for ten years (the Bursum bill) or for thirty-three years (the Snyder bill), in the past, not in the future, then he can keep that land; your title is legislatively wiped out by an *ex post facto* law even while the courts are deliberating on the subject."

The two bills in question proposed to compensate the Indians, though the compensation was largely impracticable and even fictitious. However, a debt of honor was at least formally recognized.

Now we come to the so-called Lenroot bill, "to which even the Indians were agreed; that is, their attorney was." There is nothing to say except to repeat the above description of the Bursum and Snyder bills. Sections 4 and 5 of the so-called Lenroot bill established a limitation period, operated backward into the past, against these Indian wards, twenty years "with color of title," thirty years "without color of title." And the Lenroot bill, so-called, contained not a word about compensation to the Indians.

Fortunately Representative Leatherwood's objection prevented its passage during the hurried closing hours of Congress.

(Continued on page 101) *Forer*

The Pueblos' Land Problem

(Continued from page 15)

To consider the situation, the Pueblos met at Santo Domingo pueblo late in August. Every New Mexico pueblo was represented. There has been no such complete representation of the Pueblos within historic times, not even the famous All-Pueblo gathering of last year. Mrs. Atwood came, and Mrs. Mary Austin, the author, and two attorneys representing the American Indian Defense Association and now representing the Indian Committee of the Women's Federation. Four representatives of the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs came, and they pleaded against a repudiation of the so-called Lenroot bill. The Pueblos went far beyond a repudiation of this and the other confiscatory measures. They adopted a complete formula of constructive legislation, with their own ideas embodied in careful technical language.

And then spoke out Senator Bursum. "They call it the Lenroot bill out here, do they? Well, it is my bill. The Bursum bill, which some people call the Lenroot bill, has been agreed to and will pass."

The Pueblos have made extraordinary, even pathetic offers of the voluntary surrender of much land that they need and could claim, but without results. To do justice to Indians and Whites alike Congress will have to spend some money, and this fact will work against a constructive, permanent settlement. The Lenroot bill is the cheapest and clearest-cut solution of the Pueblo land tangle *at the expense of the Indians*. The Women's Federation will do its utmost and so will the American Indian Defense Association to bring about a *just* solution. Will you help?



Sunset on Lake Pend d'Oreille, Idaho

Northern Idaho and northwestern Montana contain a series of mountain lakes the beauty of which is becoming known to the thousands of motorists who traverse this region of pines, peaks and glaciers during the summer months. Lake Pend d'Oreille will be one of the important sources of water for the stupendous Columbia Basin project whose promoters hope to bring a million and a half acres of land under irrigation at a cost of \$150,000,000. One of the northern transcontinental highways follows the shore of Lake Pend d'Oreille for miles

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK PALMER

American Indian Life

Bulletin No. 13, October, 1928

Publication Office, 1037 Mills Building, San Francisco

From the Hopi Wonder World

We have received from the Oraibi day school (Hopi Pueblos in Arizona) one of the work-books of the primary-grade children. What richness of old China, old Persia, with what charming naievety! Here is pure design in rich color, subtle and strong as any the world has achieved. Some is copied, freehand, from ancient pots, some from modern pots. Some is copied from flower pots and glorified lard cans, and from modern weaving and embroidery done in the homes. There is a stunning, highly conventionalized moth-design created out-of-hand the other day by one of the very

"Why shouldn't we be loyal?" asked a young Dakota Indian soldier of 1918, proudly. "This was our country before it was yours." (Answer to a white man who complimented him on the high record of loyalty made by the Indians during the war. "The American Legion Monthly," July, 1928).

young children. There are sketches of Hopi corn planters, weavers, and bread makers using red and purple corn. There are portraits of the masked gods, and among the legends in very young hand-writing is this: "He sometimes punishes disobedient children." And there are landscapes of Hopi mesa, Hopi houses, and

clouds. All is the undirected work of young children, on brown wrapping paper because that is cheaper than white drawing paper and less readily smudged by little hands. One glimpse among a thousand into the richness of Indian life. And a product of one of those day-schools which points the way in Indian education. Alas! Those who make these enchanted work-books must soon be drafted for the non-reservation boarding schools, of which the Institute for Government Research says, p. 403 of its report:

"One who has observed the devastating effect of the large congregate institution or of the crowded classroom upon the personality of children,' says a leading authority on social case work, 'begins to understand somewhat better the relation of natural ties, of affection and undivided attention to the normal development of the human being.' This is particularly true of the non-reservation Indian boarding school."

Recd. Oct. 21, 1928 S

Indian Children Sent Again to Beet Fields

Indian child-labor in the Kansas beet-fields. "Twenty-nine Navajo boys from one school were returned (after the summer) with average net earnings of \$5.62, or less than nine cents a day."

Undernourished child-labor in the beet-fields. Exposed to typhoid and getting typhoid. Denied the safeguard of anti-typhoid vaccination. Stricken with typhoid, then dumped into trucks and driven 700 miles over the desert to their homes. Dying of typhoid.

All of this and more, indignantly exposed by the Indian Survey group of the Institute for Government Research. Reported in the June issue of *American Indian Life*.

The facts have been known to the Indian Bureau chiefs for more than a year. It is their employees who collect and deliver the Indian child-labor. The facts were in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior prior to March 1st last. And what has happened?

Indian child-labor is again in the beet-fields. Again, this present summer. And again, regardless of last summer's heartbreaking demonstration, the little Indian boys have been sent to the beet-fields without being given anti-typhoid vaccination.

Solemnly the Indian Bureau chiefs aver: "Indian children must be made to love work." They shall be, though they die. They shall love work, though in those institutions of child-labor, the boarding-schools, 27,000 of them shall continue hungry on a food-allowance of eleven cents a day.

The recommendation of the Institute for Government Research, that one million dollars be immediately appropriated for famine-relief in the boarding schools, was withheld by the Interior Department from the public and from Congress till Congress was ready to adjourn. Result: In face of the shocking revelation (which Congress was not allowed to know about), the urgent deficiency bill passed in May provided:

"That the total of the expenditures during the fiscal years 1928 and 1929 shall not exceed for any boarding school the total of the limitations as specified for such school for the fiscal years 1928 and 1929 in the Interior Department Appropriation Act for such fiscal years."

The Indian Bureau officials appeared before the Appropriations Committees of House and Senate. They knew that the above clause was being placed in the urgent deficiency bill. And they continued to withhold from Congress the report of the Institute for Government Research.

PUEBLO CONSERVANCY; AND AN APOLOGY TO THE SANTA FE

No radical change in the Pueblo conservancy situation can as yet be announced. On September 19th, Mr. Louis Marshall presented the Indians' case to Secretary Roy O. West at Washington. Secretary West will visit Albuquerque in early October.

An extended statement, in mimeographed form, of the facts and considerations to September 3rd last, will be sent to members on request. Secretary West before that date had "approved as to form" a tentative agreement with the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District, which though changed from the form of the earlier draft (see the last *American Indian Life*) was from the Indian standpoint not less menacing, but more menacing. Secretary West was uncommitted to the substance of the Agreement.

On August 15th, the Conservancy Court ordered a radical change in the engineering plan of the Conservancy District. The extreme southern portion of the District, including the special flood control work for the Santa Fe railway, was cast out of the plan. No Pueblo lands were directly affected by the change. On September 25th, a hearing was scheduled at Albuquerque on the plea of white landowners of the District for an injunction against the issuance of bonds, on grounds of excessive cost and of confiscation.

The issue, as affecting the Indians, remains a simple one. The Conservancy District and Indian Bureau are seeking to make the Indians pay, not only for the full measure of the Indian benefits but for white benefits: an excess charge against the Indians of \$567,168 or more. The chief beneficiaries at Indian expense will be the urban property-owners in Albuquerque, Bernalillo, Los Lunas, Belen and Socorro. Among these urban beneficiaries will be the Santa Fe Railway. But to the Santa Fe we owe a sincere apology for the heading of our note on Conservancy in the last issue of *American Indian Life*.

The text of that note was rigidly accurate. But the heading read: "Shall the Pueblo Indians Finance Albuquerque and the Santa Fe Railway?" The implication of this heading was that the Santa Fe Railway, along with the Albuquerque interests which are dominant in the Conservancy District organization, was exerting itself to bring about the extortionate arrangement whereby all urban interests will reduce their assessment by loading it upon the Indians.

But in fact the Santa Fe Railway has been hesitant about the Conservancy plan as a whole, and has not promoted it; and did not lend help to those who promoted the Conservancy bill in Congress in a form both violative of compact and hurtful to the Indians; and did not participate in the drafting of the objectionable agreement about which the struggle now rages; and is not seeking to persuade the Secretary of the Interior to execute that agreement. These facts have been known to the attorneys for the Pueblos, and to the Indian Defense Associations, for some months.

That the Santa Fe, as one of the outstanding urban property-owners in the District, will inescapably partake of the reduction of urban assessments secured by the charging of urban costs against the Indians, is a fact inherent in that wrongful agreement now pending. The heading which implied that the Santa Fe was seeking or promoting this result was an inadvertence, and is regretted.

The pending agreement turns a possible constructive development for the Pueblos into an unique, immediate and perpetual injury. It is unthinkable that the agreement in this form will be signed by Secretary West.

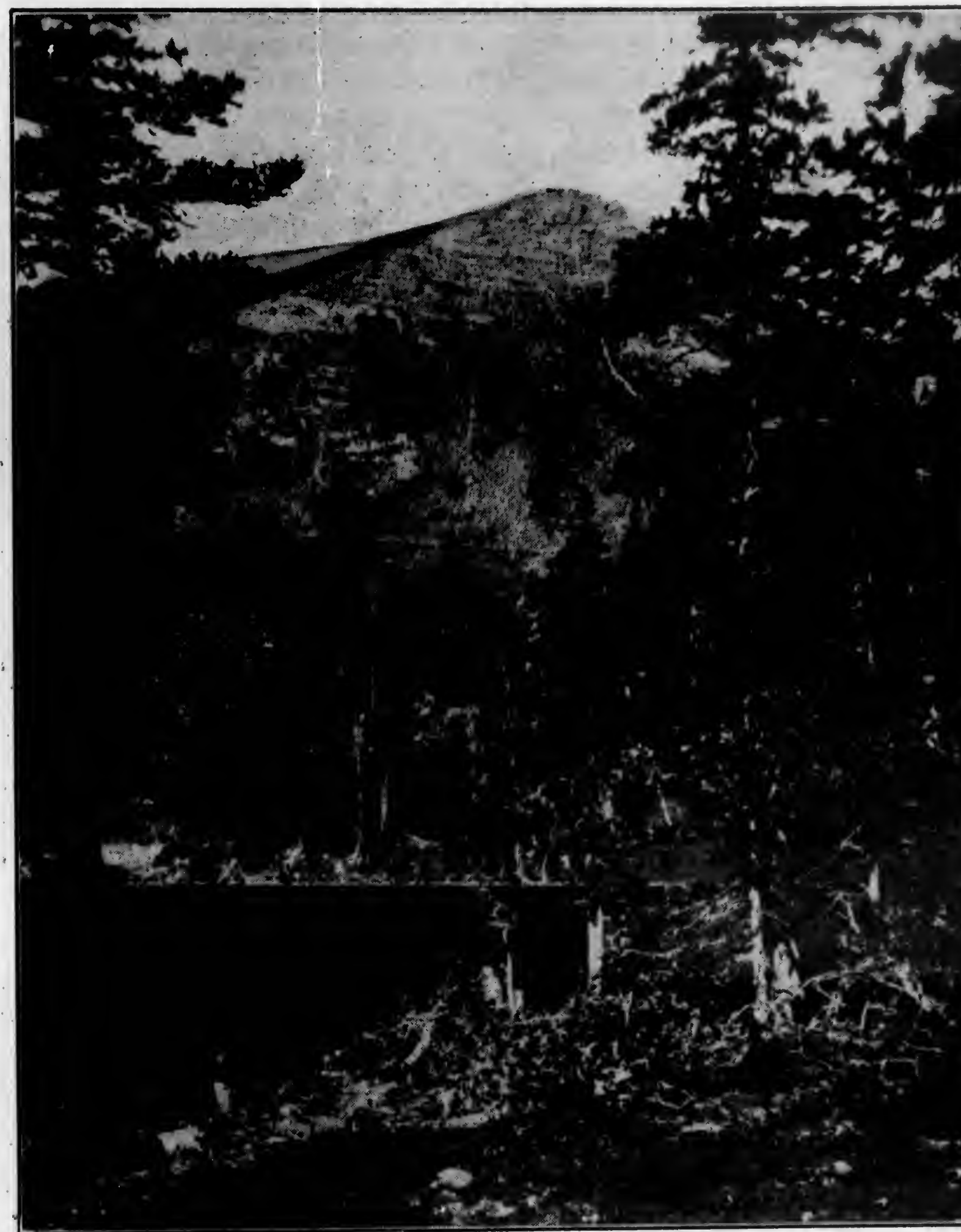
The Blue Lake Ceremonies: A Glimpse of Indian Religion

(Blue Lake and its watershed are now safeguarded to the Indians. Only once have white persons witnessed the August ceremonies of Taos. Their culmination at Blue Lake, no whites have ever witnessed. "Whispering campaigns" about these August ceremonies have troubled the Indians. Hence, two years ago the tribe invited witnesses who might testify before Congress if need arose. Ten Indians, under the stimulus of an Indian Bureau official, raised with some violence [after the ceremonies had begun] the cry of sacrilege, and as the tribe's desire thus ceased to be unanimous the witnesses retired. What horrors transpire at Blue Lake, the whispering campaign [which the Indian Bureau itself once promoted] must tell. The following is a diary-entry of one of the white witnesses, written the day after the ceremony.)

Three hundred or more went up to the ceremonies. They went as whole families—there were babes-in-arms a year old. A few of the tribe walked; these were old men, reproducing the custom of times before the horse. Some men were unable to go, being held at the Pueblo by community tasks or by work in the fields. Their wives then went with the families.

There were some alterations due to historical contact with the Whites. The great lean-tos, built by the old men and women, had canvas for roofing instead of buffalo hides. There were woolen blankets in place of the ancient cotton; and in some cases, not the complete mocassin but store shoe tops on mocassin soles. The horse provided a striking esthetic addition. Two hundred or more horses were pastured in the five-acre glade. Until nearly midnight, belated Indians were coming in, riding through absolute blackness on the steep, craggy and disused trail which has led to this ceremonial ground since thousands of years. (The ceremonial ground is elevated about 10,500 feet on the flank of Taos Peak, the Pueblo's sacred mountain.) Far-off the horses would sense the coming horse, and the high, far-flung whinney of welcome from hundreds of horses would wing across the human song. All night, this silvery whinneying from hundreds of throats was flung across the ceremonial ground.

Otherwise, what transpired was unchanged from immemorial ages. Even the Plains-Indian elements of Pueblo culture were largely absent; no feathered bonnets, for example, were worn. No White eyes, nor even alien Indian eyes, had witnessed this occasion before, and after once the cry to the Spirits had been raised in the opening song, we two witnesses became conventionally non-existent; and when at dawn we and the tribe departed opposite ways, there was no saying of good-bye.



BLUE LAKE RECOVERED FOR TAOS PUEBLO

Readers are acquainted with the facts regarding Blue Lake, near Taos Pueblo, and the watershed of which it is a part. The lake, at 11,400 feet elevation is a religious shrine for the Indians. And it is the headwater of Pueblo River. The river flows through the Pueblo plaza and furnishes the drinking water of the tribe.

Congress has now segregated, as a municipal watershed, Blue Lake and the whole drainage area of which it is a part. The acreage is 31,000. Jurisdiction over this region is left with the Department of Agriculture. The Department has signed a contract with the Taos Tribe, granting to the Indians the exclusive use of the lake and watershed and closing the Blue Lake area to whites during the August religious ceremonies of the tribe. The Indians on their side will assist in the administration of the reserve. It is hoped that the contract may be extended and variously perfected through conferences to be held at Washington this Fall.

So concludes one item of service begun in 1925 by the Defense Associations. In securing Congressional action, Assistant Commissioner Edgar F. Meritt of the Indian Bureau gave unstinted and effective help.

First, and throughout, was the supreme esthetic quality. Yet concerning it, as concerning stranger impressions of that night, descriptive words are nearly useless. Eight log-fires threw a rising and falling, now white, now ruddy, now almost invisible glow of robed moving masses of human forms and on great aspen trunks poised like rays of milky or golden light. The lean-tos caught every glow. They consisted of whole thirty-foot trees, brought from outside the ceremonial ground, the tree trunks two feet apart; and resting on them, great canvases. They rose from different levels of ground, tier behind tier, irregularly centering toward the fires. Under the lean-tos had been built dais-like structures, and there in the fire-glow clustered all who were not at any moment dancing. Here the gorgeousness of the Pueblo color-hunger was seen; women and infants wore colors which in the transfiguration of the fire-glow were rich as Chinese decorations. All the tribe's wampum, silver and turquoise was worn.

The fires lit the dance-ground. Here were no colors, other than the fire's own color reflected from white and dusky robes. Here, with personal qualities shrouded, moved scores, hundreds of ghosts. They moved like masses of smoke, like wind made visible, like masses of cloud heaving over this, to the Indians, sacred mountain. No casual motion, and no gesture of one to another, ever appeared; all was a mass-rythm, but an evolving rythm which changed a hundred times during the night. Among the figures was a woman who danced all night with her baby on her shoulder.

The song went out from fifty, sometimes a hundred singers. From ten o'clock until dawn, there was never a sixty-seconds' interlude. Only once, the dancers were still, the mass-singing ceased, and one powerful voice for seven minutes sang alone.

How in many Pueblo sacred dances the oblivion of self and the corresponding inrush of power becomes even terrifying, is known to all who frequent the dances. But even the Red Deer dance is brief, its intensity is faint, compared to this all-night dancing. The occasion as a whole was a summoning by the tribe of many spirits of the wild, elements or cosmical kindred known in ages gone by; and a summoning from within the breast of capacities and loves which had formed the ancient life and must sustain its present and future. As the hours moved on, a displacement of human and trans-human factors seemed to take place. The rejoicing was not a merely human rejoicing, and that marvelous ever-renewed, ever-increasing, ever-changing leap and rush of song was not merely a human song. A threshold had been shifted, forces of the wild and of the universe had heard the call and had taken the proffered dominion. That is what the tribe believed; that is how it seemed—physical actuality in a thunder storm or amid ocean breakers seems no more certain. Empirically, it can only be said that a strange release of energies took

place, that the dynamic potentiality of ancient beliefs was realized, and that there was expressed a rejoicing passionate and yet almost coldly exalted, and the fleshly raiment appeared to fall away.

This night and this place, the spirit of the Pueblo religion could have been mistaken by none. Forces or beings normally invisible, only half personal yet connecting with the hidden central springs of the empirical life, are a dominating fact in the Pueblo (in the tribal Indian) mind. The Indian's relationship to these forces is not chiefly one of adoration or of fear, but of a seeking and sharing in joy. It is a partnership in an eternal effort whereby, from some remote place of finding and communion, the human and the mechanical universes alike are sustained. A tribal religious illusion? But the Indians nor we can prove or disprove it till the world ends. A primitive animistic fiction: a fiction still, thus late (perhaps thus soon) endowing a disinherited race with an eagle's wings? Last night it seemed that among the necessary illusions or fictions since man, the creator, began, there could have been none more adequate for gathering all of a race's life into one self-transcending, quietly and permanently nourishing passion, than this fiction unloosed and re-affirmed in this place which might have been a Grecian temple. But a Grecian temple before the dance and song were gone, before the oracle was stilled and Pan was dead, before the mural colors had faded from pillars and roof, and before the Attic social age had passed away.

SORRY, BUT THE RECORD CONSTRAINS US

The Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia is concerned about a statement beginning page 12 of the last "American Indian Life". That statement is headed: "The Bureau's Spokesmen and What They Say". Its text is not here repeated. Every item was wholly accurate.

With one immaterial item alone does the Indian Rights Association seek to cope. "Indian Truth", organ of the I. R. A., July, 1928, states:

"His error to this point is only 300 per cent," exclaims John Collier, referring to a statement in an article by the editor of *Truth*. Curiously enough, the Editor was repeating the exact figures given by Mr. Collier, which he either forgot or deliberately ignored!"

Mr. Mathew K. Sniffen, Secretary of the I. R. A., writes July 14th, expanding on the printed quotation above. "You evidently forget, or ignore," he says, "your own statements about the cost of this bridge. For instance, in the Christian Century editorial (written by you, or based on your information), published December 15, 1927, it is stated: 'The Christian Pimas, who are dying at five times the white death rate, are taxed \$100,000 for the tourist bridge'."

We are sorry to withhold consolation from the I. R. A. but it must be stated:

1. Neither Mr. Collier nor the Indian Defense Associations have made, verbally or in writing, the statement quoted, or any statement resembling it. The Indian Rights' Association will not be able to specify the statement, or where it was made.

2. Not only was the statement never made by Mr. Collier or this Association. But further, the Christian Century editorial, mentioned by Mr. Sniffen, was not "written by Mr. Collier or based on his information". It was based on an article in the same issue by the Rev. Irwin St. John Tucker, and Mr. Tucker's article was self-stated to have been based exclusively on the printed hearings of the Senate Indian Affairs Committee on the King Resolution, February 23, 1927. (See "American Indian Life", October 27, 1927). And these Senate hearings contain only one statement about the cost of the Pima bridge. That statement was made by Congressman James A. Frear, as follows: "I have crossed the bridge myself and I have seen what it is. The bridge and the approaches are to cost between \$300,000 and \$400,000." Mr. Collier's only reference to the Pima bridge was as follows: "The Pima bridge is merely a romantic example".

But the I. R. A. case is more hopeless still. The Indian Defense Association dealt with the Pima bridge in its leading article, "American Indian Life", October, 1927, stating: "The Pima bridge cost a third of a million, and decorative lighting globes of enormous size were added by the Indian Bureau for good measure."

Thus Mr. Sniffen's and the I. R. A.'s statements are completely at variance with the record.

The above text deals with a triviality. It is printed because of the urgency of Mr. Sniffen. The Indian Rights' Association does not retract or prove, nor does Mr. Sniffen in his July 14th letter retract or prove, that statement by Mr. Sniffen which Congressman Cramton franked over the United States: "The Pimas understood the proposition (of making them pay for the bridge) and favored it." "No protest", writes Mr. Sniffen, "reached us". Why, in view of the general and special position of the Indian Rights' Association, the Indians would protest to that Association, is not made clear; nor why an alleged failure to protest to the I. R. A. is proof of "understanding and endorsement" of a transaction necessarily abhorrent to all the Pimas. The Pimas' outcries against the transaction have been quoted in "American Indian Life".

When the legislation for cancelling this illegitimate charge against the destitute Pimas comes before Congress, will the Indian Rights' Association join with the Indian Bureau in fighting against the legislation?

FILMING ACOMA

The classic motion-picture of Esquimaux life, "Nanook of the North," is widely known. Less widely known, but of a greater beauty, is "Moana", depicting the native life of Samoa. The creators of these films, Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty, are now engaged in making a film of Acoma pueblo. Its truthfulness and its loveliness may be taken for granted.

THE SENATE INVESTIGATION

The public hearings of the Senate Indian investigation will commence promptly after election. Field workers of the committee have gathered much data: in the Southwest, in the Northern States, the Pacific Coast, Oklahoma and New York State. The General Accounting Office, cooperating with the Senate committee, has investigated the handling of Indian moneys tribal and individual. The crowning opportunity of the Senate committee will be to formulate, and draft into bills, and into an appropriation agenda, a comprehensive program of Indian relief, Indian emancipation and Indian service reorganization.

INDIANS IN THE ELECTION

Several thousand, at least, of Indians will cast their first Presidential ballot in November. States where the Indian vote might be decisive in a close election are the following:

Oklahoma, 120,000 Indians; Arizona, 45,000; South Dakota, 24,700; Montana, 13,300; North Dakota, 10,100; Minnesota, 14,819; Nevada, 5,700; Wisconsin, 11,000. The New Mexico Indians, numbering 22,500, are shut out from the franchise by a provision in the state constitution denying the vote to "Indians not taxed."

To the date of this writing (September 22nd) no discussion about Indians, or addressed to Indians, has entered the Presidential campaign. The Indian Defense Associations hope to obtain from both major candidates an expression of policy.

THE ZUNI GOVERNMENT RESTORED

A long time of struggle and pain has come to an end at Zuni pueblo. Five years ago, through intrigue and use of force by employees of the Indian Bureau, the thousand-year-old Zuni government was overturned. A delegation from all the pueblos laid the case before Secretary Work. Relief was promised, but the opposite of relief was provided. The ancient Spanish cane and the Lincoln cane, which had been seized from the tribal officers, were returned only after a lawsuit for their recovery was ready for filing. Meantime, dysentery ravaged the pueblo, due to surface drainage into the shallow wells; the sluggish river seeps into these wells and the Indian agency buildings, two miles up-stream, dump their sewage into the river.

Superintendent Bauman of the Zuni reservation was transferred to the Apache country a year ago. His successor, Captain Trotter, is working with the Zunis, instead of against them, and is exhibiting frankness, judgment and sense-of-humor. Now the ancient Zuni government is allowed to reassert itself, and has done so. The canes are restored, and officers have been installed by the hierarchy in the traditional manner. And a partial water-supply has been furnished from one uncontaminated but insufficient well. About half of the principal Zuni village is still exposed to the enteric infections.

INDIAN GAINS UNDER PUEBLO LANDS ACT

What recent news of the recovery of land and compensation by the Pueblos? All friends of the Indians will be interested. Members of the Indian Defense Associations will be especially interested, because a substantial part of the income of the Defense Associations is used to pay for legal aid to the Pueblos under the Pueblo Lands Act.

San Felipe is one of the most beautiful of the Pueblos. Its compensation award (for land irrevocably lost through the negligence of the United States as guardian) is \$20,341.10. Its acreage adversely claimed by whites totals 7,794.48. Of this total, 487.07 acres have been decreed to the whites; 7,307.41 acres have been decreed back to the Indians.

Isleta is one of the largest Pueblos and one of the loveliest. Adverse claims of 209.44 irrigated acres have been found invalid; the land will go back to the Indians. Adverse claims of 59.8 acres have been found valid and thus are lost to the Indians. Compensation award, \$3,218.21. Through correction of an erroneous survey, the Isleta tract of 19,826 acres, which had been thrown into the public lands, is being restored to the Indians. The Peralta tract of 14,710 acres, which had been lost to the Isletas through a valid court decree, proved irrecoverable, nor could compensation be awarded for this tract.

Picuris. The Land Board's report is not yet filed. Indications are that an award of nearly \$50,000 will be made to Picuris, and that acreage totaling over 600, mostly irrigated, will be restored to this needy Pueblo. Picuris literally has been perishing from the earth through losses of land—losses which the Lands Board will declare to have been largely due to negligence of the official guardian. The acreage recovery by Picuris will be due almost exclusively to the tax researches conducted by Judge R. H. Hanna, attorney for the Pueblos under retainer of the Indian Defense Associations.

A fuller analysis and a report on results to date, and a forecast, will find space in an early issue of *American Indian Life*.

F. C. COLLETTE IN CALIFORNIA

Frederick C. Collett of the "Board of Indian Cooperation" of California, has been indicted for using the mails to defraud. He has provided bail, and is continuing to solicit money from the Indians of Northern California.

Since 1920, California Indians have paid to Mr. Collett's organization unknown thousands; probably \$100,000 is a conservative estimate. The tale is an old one and is not retold here. The court of claims bill for California was passed this late spring, in a form not devised by Mr. Collett and without discoverable aid from him. The Attorney-General of California, in the discretion of the Governor, becomes attorney for the Indians under the new act. The act construes itself and creates in the Indians a legal right to compensation whose previous legal or even equitable validity was in doubt. (The moral right has always been undisputed). The acreage compensation is fixed in the statute. No uncertainties remain, except the precise acreage of the so-called Lost Treaty areas, and the total of special appropriations by the Government (which are to be deducted from the gross award), and the making by the Indian Bureau of a California Indian roll. The machinery for enforcing the act is provided in the act, and the money needed for its application is to be advanced by the Federal Government and the State of California.

Under these conditions, and knowing that Mr. Collett renders no other service to Indians, some have been dumbfounded to hear that Mr. Collett was still in the field gathering money from extremely poor California Indians. He is not gathering much money; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Smithsonian Institution, reports that he has found no Indians, on his many field trips this summer, who were paying. Fantastic and cruel unrealities have surrounded and preyed upon California's Indians since the oldest of them was born. Is it strange that a few of them continue bewildered? Are educated and privileged whites so very different?

Confiscation Was Right, Says the Federal Power Commission

The confiscation of the power-site asset of the San Carlos Apache Indians shall be maintained and completed. So, in effect, the Federal Power Commission advises. The site is wholly on Apache land. No compensation has been paid the Apaches for the power-site values. The Interior Department drafted legislation conveying all the power-site revenues to the Government, and to the Irrigation district of which the Apaches are not a part and from which district they receive no benefits. The Department advised Congress, January 28, 1928:

"It is not seen wherein the San Carlos Indians have any legal or equitable right to the proceeds from this power development."

The law is clear. "All proceeds from power-sites on Indian reservations shall be deposited in the treasury to the credit of the tribe." The regulations of the Federal Power Commission are clear, comprehending all licenses issued for power-development on Indian reservations: "The Commission will fix a reasonable annual charge, based upon the commercial value of the land for the most profitable purpose for which suitable, including power development." This charge, under the Federal Power Act, is levied for the Indian owners of the site and is deposited to the credit of the Indian owners.

Legislation confiscating out-of-hand all the prospective earnings of the Apache site was drafted by the Indian Office a year ago and was put into the Appropriation bill by the House Appropriation Committee under Congressman Louis C. Cramton's leadership. At this point some basic facts must be given.

The Underlying Facts

The Apache power-site is located at the Coolidge Dam in Arizona. The Coolidge reservoir is built on Apache land. It is an irrigation reservoir, costing \$5,500,000, designed to serve the white water-users and the Pima Indians but not the Apaches. Congress has provided the money, at 5 per cent, to be repaid ultimately by the water-users, who are whites and Pima Indians but not Apaches. The Apache land taken for the reservoir has been paid for on the basis of its value merely as agricultural land.

Now there is added a power development; the Coolidge Dam becomes (as generally happens in the regions of irrigation farming) a combined irrigation and power project. Congress has voted \$350,000 for the power-plant and distributing lines. And thus the issue is joined:

Shall the net revenues from the power development, after the investment has been amortized, belong to the Apache tribe, or shall

they belong to the irrigation district of which the Apaches are not members or beneficiaries? (Such Apache lands as have not been taken for the reservoir and power-site are up-stream and cannot utilize the Coolidge reservoir waters).

The law has been quoted, and the Interior Department's action and words have been referred to. The Indian Defense Associations proposed the following amendment to the Appropriation Bill. The amendment was rejected by the Senate Appropriation Committee under the two-fold pressure of the Indian Bureau and the House Appropriations Committee.

"Provided, That the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to sell at the switchboard the electric power developed at the power-site at the Coolidge Dam, and the net revenue shall be deposited in the treasury to the credit of the San Carlos Apache tribe; provided further, That the cost of the power-plant, *including its proper share in the cost of the reservoir and dam of the Coolidge Reservoir*, as determined by the Secretary of the Interior, shall be reimbursed to the United States out of the gross revenues from the sale of power over a period of 45 years."

The above amendment recognized that some part of the cost of the dam should be allocated to the power-plant and be amortized from the power-plant earnings. What part, whether two per cent or ten or twenty per cent, was left for the Secretary of the Interior to determine. After the power-plant had met interest and amortization on its own entire capital cost, and on some just part of the reservoir's capital cost, the remaining net income would go to the Apache tribe. The Indian equity in the net revenues of the power-site would be recognized. Anything less than the minimum which this amendment provided would be a simple, naked robbery of Indians, a confiscation of their property and a reversal of the guarantees of the Federal Power Act.

The Indian Bureau Prevails

Congress, as stated, authorized the robbery. Congress made the loan for the power-site a liability upon the irrigation district; thus by implication making the district owner of the power-site and of all its net revenues. But under pressure of Senator LaFollette, Congress instructed the Federal Power Commission to report: "What compensation, if any, should be paid to the Apache Indians by reason of the generation of hydroelectric power at the Coolidge Dam, in the manner provided in Sec. 10 (e) of the Federal Water Power Act and Section 5 of Regulation 14 of the Federal Power Commission." (What these sections provide has been told above; they provide exactly that which has been denied to the Apache Indians.)

Thus, this case has been kept open for future Congressional action. It is not, in an immediate material way, a big case. It involves one hundred, two hundred, perhaps three hundred thousand dol-

lars for the Apache tribe. But as an issue of principle, and a precedent, the case is a very big one. If in a small case the Indian ownership of power-sites is to be destroyed without compensation by an Act of Congress under pressure of the Interior Department, then the spoliation will be quickly extended to big cases: to the Flathead power-site, for example, with nearly a half-million horsepower, almost rivalling Niagara Falls and worth tens of millions to the Flathead tribe. And that grander spoliation, as readers of American Indian Life know, has been attempted for successive years by the Indian Bureau.

The Federal Power Commission has now made its report. (Senate Doc. 93, 70th Congress, 1st Session). That report bears out expectations, based on the notorious record of the Federal Power Commission in recent years: its record of seeking to whittle down the Indian rights—to abolish the Indian ownership while preserving a righteous attitude. (See American Indian Life, December 6, 1927). The effect of the report bears out expectations. But no expectation could have foreseen the bizarre details of the report. It is a fairyland—an ogre-land—of self-contradictions and of arbitrary and fantastic assumptions and proposals. It presumes that Congress will not read, or that Congress has not brains enough to detect inconsistencies.

Amen, Says Power Commission

The Commission reports: "No compensation should be paid to the Apache Indians." We present briefly the Commission's argument.

1. "*The Indian lands have no commercial value for use in an irrigation reservoir.*" Why not, inasmuch as the whole reservoir in question is built on Indian lands? The Commission solemnly replies: "The facts available indicate that the irrigation uses of this reservoir require the participation of the U. S. Government in order to coordinate all of the interests involved and to secure the necessary capital at the lowest rates of interest. It appears, *therefore*, that the Indian lands have no commercial value for use in an irrigation reservoir." Yes, these are the words of the Commission. They will prepare the reader's mind for some of the mysteries which are to follow.

2. "*The Indian lands in the reservation have no commercial value for power-development purposes alone.*" None ever said they did have; the proposition is superogatory. But to demonstrate it the Commission argues for several pages and in so doing makes the interesting announcement that the Coolidge Dam with the power-plant must cost \$9,100,000 dollars. The whole sum allowed for the dam and power-plant by Congress is less than \$6,000,000. That is all the engineers have told Congress the project would cost. And

the dam is now nearly completed *within the Congressional appropriation*. The Commission does not even mention the existence of the conflict between its theoretical figures and those actual ones on which Congress and the Interior Department are proceeding. The effect of boosting by 50 per cent the theoretical cost of the dam and power-site is to diminish the prospective net revenue. To what end, will appear below.

3. "*A combined irrigation and power development.*" The Commission has here, beginning p. 6, connected its speculations with reality. The Coolidge Dam and power-site are a combined irrigation and power development. The Commission now proceeds to estimate the cost of the power development *per se*. That cost has been represented to Congress as \$350,000; and Congress has authorized \$350,000, with the proviso that "The contractual obligation shall not exceed \$350,000." The Commission omits to mention the sum appropriated or the above restrictive and final language of Congress, and states that the power-development will cost \$724,000, or \$786,500 including capital costs.

Then the Commission says, in effect: "Assuming that the Indians have a hypothetical right to anything at all, the irrigation district is in any event entitled to receive, from the gross earnings of the power-plant, 8 per cent yearly on this inflated sum." "Inflated" is of course our word; the record above quoted justifies the word. This 8 per cent is only the beginning of what the irrigation district ought to receive according to the Commission's reasonings.

The Commission now embarks on prophecy. The object is to complete the destruction of the Indians' moral claim. (A moral claim is all the Indians have left, unless an injunction suit should be brought on constitutional grounds and should upset the action which Congress has taken under the drive of the Indian Bureau. The Apaches can scarcely bring such suit, inasmuch as all their money is controlled by the Indian Bureau (technically speaking, by Congress), and the Indian Bureau would pass upon and control the lawyer retained to litigate, in effect, against the Bureau).

5. *What gross and net revenue will the power-site yield?* How arbitrarily low is the Commission's estimate of gross revenue, is shown by figures which the Commission itself introduced. The Commission, after bringing down the marketable power output from 40,000,000 to 31,940,000 KWH per average year, then divides this output into 29 per cent of primary power and 71 per cent of secondary power. (The secondary power being any power not available during 11 months or more of each "typical" year). This primary power, the Commission says, will have a sales value of 6 mills per KWH. The secondary power will have a sales value of

only 3 mills. The Commission mentions the Nevada Consolidated Mining Company which has stated that it will take 50,000,000 KWH at 6 mills with no distinction between primary and secondary power. (A low price, of course.) The Commission mentions that the Salt River Water Users' Association, which operates under conditions comparable with those which will surround the Apache power development, receives a gross power revenue (primary and secondary combined, of course) of 7.6 mills per KWH. Is the Nevada Consolidated Mining Company bluffing or is it misquoted? The Commission does not say so. Why can the Salt River Water Users' Association sell power for about twice as much as the Apache power development (according to the Commission) can hope to obtain? No answer. Yet the Commission is here furnishing a report, with much technical dressing, to a Congress presumed to be seeking an answer from the Commission to a question which Congress put to the Commission.

With the assumed inflated investment; with the assumed payment of 8 per cent to the irrigation district on this inflated investment; with the reduced power output; with the assumed sales value of the power driven down to an unexplained minimum; still the Commission finds that \$16,000 a year of net income will remain, across a 50-year period. Capitalized at 8 per cent, \$16,000 a year represents \$200,000. The Commission states: "On the assumptions made" (which are recited above) "\$200,000 could be paid (to the Indians) for the lands and still permit an earning of 8 per cent upon the investment in the project inclusive of lands. Of this amount, \$86,291 (the appraised agricultural value of the lands taken) has already been paid (to the tribe). The balance, for which provision has not yet been made, is \$113,708."

6. *How to avoid paying this \$113,708 to the Apaches.* The balance of the Commission's report, and the most astounding part of the report, is devoted to answering this weighty question. We recite the Commission's argument and prescription, first remarking that the sum, \$113,708, is probably a fictitiously low sum, as the above paragraphs indicate.

The Apache tribe, says the Commission, *should not receive* from Congress \$113,708 or any other sum, smaller or greater, computed from the net earnings of the power-site. Instead, Congress should proceed on the following fictions:

The Power Commission's Climax

A. The net revenue of the power-site shall be spread over the whole investment on the reservoir, dam and power-site. This whole investment shall be considered to be the actual investment of \$5,850,000 plus the \$113,708 which *is not* to be paid to the Apache

tribe. Total, \$5,963,708. (Note that the Commission at this point forgets that it has asserted that the reservoir, dam and power-site must cost \$9,100,000). The net revenue shall be considered to be \$16,000 a year.

B. The \$113,708 which the Apache tribe shall *not get* is 1.9 per cent of the above figure \$5,963,708. Therefore, the Apache tribe shall be entitled to 1.9 per cent of the net revenue of \$16,000, or \$304 a year. In other words, the payment morally due them (and legally and equitably due them until Congress enacted the confiscation five months ago) shall be withheld; and shall be fictitiously construed as entitling the tribe to an equity in the whole irrigation and power enterprise; an equity restricted however, to a claim on 1.9 per cent of the net revenue from power, and on nothing else. The \$113,708 is thus dwindled to a sum represented by \$304 a year interest, or \$5,046 if 6 per cent interest be assumed. But wait; the \$5,046 shall not be paid to the Apache tribe, either.

C. For the power-site is to supply the Indian Bureau's agency buildings with power at less than cost. And this donation from the power-site to the agency buildings is "compensation to the Apache tribe equivalent to \$926 a year!" Behold, therefore. The Apaches are over-compensated to the amount of \$622 a year. Next it will be in order for the Indian Bureau to propose that \$622 a year be taken from the Apache pockets and given to the irrigation district.

D. The Commission provides a final and extreme touch, which unconsciously (?) connects the achieved spoliation of the Apaches with that far vaster attempted spoliation of the Flatheads which was at last blocked in the recent Congress. Congress might refuse to accept the Commission's very low estimate of the net revenue from the Apache site; or future events might disprove it; and if the net revenue were materially greater, then by the Commission's own strange reasoning the Apaches would become entitled to some compensation. Hence, the Commission points out (p. 12), "No consideration (in this argument) has been given to the investment of some \$5,000,000 in the irrigation project itself over and above the cost of the dam and power-plant." This investment, on canals, syphons, etc., etc., scores of miles away, an investment undertaken solely to distribute the stored waters of the dam, should be entitled to its share of the net revenues of the Apache power-site. Whereupon, the Apache claim on the net revenues of the power-site would become 1 per cent, not 1.9 per cent, and by the Commission's reasoning in C, above, the Apaches would continue safely to be entitled to nothing.

7. *Why has the Federal Power Commission made the elaborate and peculiar effort represented by this Report?* We can only answer: The stake is a trifling one in this Apache case. The stake of all the

Indians in all the Indian power-sites is a huge one. This report, if accepted by Congress, will lay the foundation for materially ponderous misdeeds to come. The Interior Department and the Power Commission lean upon one another. This report is one more act by the bureaucracy, directed against Indian property rights and intended to hasten the expropriation of the Indians.

Stella M. Atwood and the Indians

Mrs. Stella M. Atwood, of Riverside, California, has become Legislative Advisor to the American Indian Defense Association, Inc.

A national director since the Association was founded in March, 1923, Mrs. Atwood has been more widely known as chairman of the Indian Welfare Division of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She is no longer chairman of that Division, which she created. A historical note will interest the Association members.

Mrs. Atwood, speaking on the platform with Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin (now President of the National Council of American Indians), first laid the Indian case before the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Salt Lake City in 1921. She had previously enlisted the clubs of California, had become their State chairman of Indian Welfare, and was speaking from a knowledge gained by years of earlier work with Indians.

Not previously identified with public conflicts, and shrinking from conflict, Mrs. Atwood as chairman of the national Indian Welfare Division faced a choice never so sharply confronted (the writer believes) by a division chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Albert B. Fall, Charles H. Burke and Edgar F. Meritt were in charge of the Indian Bureau. Conditions disastrous to Indians persisted and multiplied under their hand. Three great legislative raids against Indian property were being sponsored by them: The Bursum Pueblo Indian Bill, the Indian Omnibus Bill, and the Indian Oil Bill whose foundation in administrative decrees was laid by Secretary Fall and whose promotion in Congress was attended to by Commissioner Burke after Secretary Fall had retired. The medical neglect of Indians was extreme and the Indian death-rate was rising, while eulogies and suppressions by the Indian Bureau concealed the facts from the public. The attempt to proscribe the Indian tribal religions was launched by the Indian Bureau in 1923.

Mrs. Atwood and her committee had to choose. They could subordinate themselves to the Indian Bureau's policies and actions, meanwhile waving a banner of justice to Indians as an unapplied ideal. Bureau hospitality, plaudits, laudation in the Congressional Record, perhaps membership on the Board of Indian Commissioners with expense-money for travel, would be theirs.

Or they could state facts as they found them, and go to Washington and state them, and fight the Indians' battles before the committees of Congress.

Mrs. Atwood made, of course, the second choice. She made it, though fully warned that she would be socially frowned upon—not in Illinois or California, but in many Indian states and at Washington—and actively impeached, and charged with exciting sedition among Indians, with discrediting the "government," with peculating money, and any other useful impeachment.

Abundantly was the warning fulfilled. Secretary Fall declaimed before the Senate Public Lands committee: "Rogues have set a snare to trap fools." Mrs. Atwood, helping to resist the Fall-Burke-Meritt-Bursum Bill before the committee, was left in doubt as to whether she was the rogues or the fools. Commissioner Burke clarified the situation. Prison-doors, he said, yawned for Mrs. Atwood and her associates. Let them once more go independently onto the reservations! He had the power; he possessed, and possesses, ancient statutes making it a prison offense to go or stay on Indian reservations against his prohibition.

Then, before a House Indian committee aggressively subservient to the Indian Bureau, Mrs. Atwood was heckled insultingly, elaborately and violently. The hint of a peculation of moneys was provided; the libel (a whole-cloth invention) some vague misuse of moneys contributed for Indians was broadcasted through the frank and under Congressional immunity.

The Bursum bill was killed. Its successor, the equally bad Len-root Pueblo bill, was killed. The Indian Omnibus bill was killed. But Mrs. Atwood's affray had only begun. A shift of battlegrounds. The General Federation of Women's Clubs at its yearly and biennial meetings provided the new battleground.

Mrs. Atwood asked for Constitutional rights for Indians. Specifically and first, liberty of religious conscience. The Bureau's *ukase*, demanding that all Indians voluntarily abjure their tribal religions within one year or else "other methods would be employed," i. e., imprisonment, was issued in the Spring of 1923. Mrs. Atwood "attacked the Government," i. e., quoted the constitutional guarantee

of religious freedom. Whereupon from the Indian Rights' Association came the announcement that a movement to revive "paganism" among the Indians had been set under way. The tribal religious "Sodoms and Gomorrahs" (the I. R. A.'s words) were to be protected and encouraged. At Los Angeles at the biennial conclave of the General Federation in 1924, the atmosphere quivered with this romance. To protect Mrs. Atwood, the resolutions committee of the Federation forbade the offering of her resolution which declared that the Constitutional privilege of freedom of religious conscience should be extended to Indians. An Indian Bureau official stormed the biennial with a troop of "Christian" Pueblo Indians to plead that the Christian women of America should intervene to save Christian Martyrs from the onslaughts of "pagan" Indians. Borne on the wings of this audacious Bureau hoax, Mrs. Atwood and her co-workers flared before the eyes of American womanhood as the protagonists of satanic things.

And so down the recent years. Item by item Mrs. Atwood (helped by faithful clubwomen in many parts of the country) lined up the General Federation of Women's Clubs behind hers and the Indian Defense Association's program. Not religious liberty alone but a complete Bill of Rights for Indians, written into statute law. Defeat of the Indian Bureau's scheme for destroying the Indian ownership of executive reservations (22,500,000 acres), and the vesting of title to these reservations in the Indians. Passage of the bills (from Wisconsin, California and Montana) enlisting the States in the service of their Indians. The guarding of the Indian water-power-site ownership. No more robbing of Indians through the reimbursable debt method. A Senate investigation of the Indian Bureau. Some of these objects have been attained. The most necessary of them still wait to be attained against the resourceful opposition of the Indian Bureau and of many special interests. But the General Federation of Women's Clubs, through battles many times renewed, has been committed to them all.

Three friends of Mrs. Atwood should be mentioned. Decisive was the help—moral help directly and material help indirectly—of Mrs. Kate Vosberg of Azusa, California. Her wide and humorous vision, her moral indignation and her passionate and uncompromising heart, were behind Mrs. Atwood through the most critical times. And Mrs. Frank A. Gibson, most creative of women and dean of California women in social service and educational and public work, gave support and counsel unfailingly. The third has been Mrs. J. Marc Fowler, formerly Indian welfare chairman and now president of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs.

Now, September, 1928, Mrs. Atwood has ceased to be chairman of the Federation's Indian Welfare Division. The new President has appointed a new Chairman. We believe that *now*, when the Indian Affairs system, though still deeply entrenched, is apologetic and on the defensive, the Federation will not relax in a service given to Indians in tragical need through difficult years. The Indian Defense Associations are helped. Mrs. Atwood has become Legislative Advisor to the Associations, and will exert her nationwide influence and will go forward in her field work for the Indians.

J. C.

Plans are now being made for an exhibit and sale of Indian craft work. A committee of Indian Defense Association members, headed by Mrs. Charles de Y. Elkus, are making the arrangements for this sale, which is to be held at the Emporium, November 7th to 13th, inclusive.

It is also hoped to have several Indian craftsmen present during the exhibit and demonstrating their craftsmanship.

Remember the place and date: Emporium, November 7-13, and watch for announcements in the press.

We are counting on our members to make this a success.

Issued on Behalf of the American Defense Association, Inc., and Its Branches, by the Indian Defense Associations of California

The Indian Defense Associations have a united National Program. They are governed locally by autonomous Boards of Directors. They invite members within their respective areas. The officers of the American Indian Defense Association, Inc., are Haven Emerson, M. D., President; John Collier, Executive Secretary, and Fred M. Stein, Treasurer. The treasurer of the Pueblo Legal Aid Fund and the Fund for California and Southwest Indian Work is Max L. Rosenberg, Treasurer of the Central and Northern California Branch.

Indian Defense Association of Central and Northern California
1037 Mills Bldg., San Francisco

Indian Defense Association of Santa Barbara
P. O. B. 274, Santa Barbara

Indian Defense Association of Southern California
Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles

Indian Defense Association of Pasadena
535 Bellefontaine, Pasadena

Indian Defense Association of Salt Lake City
548 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City

Indian Defense Association of Oshkosh
70 Merritt St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Wisconsin Indian Defense Association
692 Prospect Av., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Branches of
The American Indian Defense Association, Inc.
Treasurer's Office, 270 Madison Ave., New York

Forum May 1924

OUR ROSTRUM

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plants will be seen next to the fruit warehouses where the orchard products will be changed into valuable chemicals.

And not until the farmer has encouraged and sought the assistance available to him from scientific research, and gained profit from the by-products thus derived, will the farming industry be permanently helped by legislative acts.

J. W. BECKMAN.

Oakland, Calif.

Truth About Indians

Apropos the March Debate:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mrs. Seymour gives the Indian Bureau an incredibly clean bill of health. She glides over such indications of dangerous inefficiency as the fact that, while we scrupulously protect the country from trachoma at our ports, we lightly permit inland its wholesale and infectious continuance among the Indians.

As to the Pueblo land problem, Mrs. Seymour, not having noticed Fall's crooked finger in the defunct Bursum Indian Bill, appears a little muddled; but so, on the other hand, does Mrs. Austin, who has been lending her name through the Federation of Women's Clubs and the Indian Defense Association, to virulent public and private attacks on such of us as have tried to amend the so-called Lenroot Substitute into a bill justly settling the difficult situation in New Mexico. The Indian Defense Association's belated endorsement of our measure, does not absolve its members from warranting Mrs. Seymour's scorn for sentimentalists. Its recent hectic appeal for funds on the plea that the Pueblos are now starving, is further evidence that misguided friends of the Indians can resort to statements as inexact as some of Mr. Fall's. The Pueblos, though by no means affluent, are no longer starving, and the public deserves better than to be misled. Other Indian Associations fortunately have kept their heads and have stood throughout for a proper and speedy adjustment of the Pueblo land and water problem on a basis of truth and equity. Toward this end they still endorse the amended Lenroot Substitute, now known as Senate Bill No. 726.

As to Indian culture, I agree, on the whole, with Mrs. Austin's position that we need not be so cock-sure of our own ways as to interfere heavy-handedly with an Indian's ways. We might learn a good deal from his religion and its effect on his conduct, as compared with prevalent and notorious evidences of Christian citizenship. It might even do us good to dance now and then before the Lord instead of worshipping Him from our fatted pews.

Very truly yours,

WITTER BYNNER.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Moving the Sea Base

THE FORUM's recent discussion of the transportation problem has evoked a practical suggestion from the Assistant Executive Director of the Great Lakes — St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, who writes as follows:

There is a national transportation problem in which the rehabilitation of the railroads is a subordinate clause; the development of waterways is a subordinate clause; coordination of railway and highway transport is a subordinate clause; the recomposition of railway systems is a subordinate clause. The use of each arm of transportation in its highest economy and the planning of the system as a whole embracing all arms is the true problem.

To illustrate: railroads are trying to haul the bulk products of a continent across the greater breadth of the continent to the seaboard. From a large section of the Northwest they parallel an unused marine highway, that of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, — busy in each of its sections, scarcely functioning as a whole. To connect those sections which is the gist of the St. Lawrence project, to turn that frustrated route into a great avenue of commerce, will not only serve the prime purpose of giving to the deep interior an outlet now denied to it, but will confer upon the railroads west of the Great Lakes the incidental benefit of populating the territory they serve now sparsely settled, and benefiting their revenues now insufficiently nourished.

Pueblo

1923-24

Including articles and bulletins

Folder 2

EASTERN ASSOCIATION ON INDIAN AFFAIRS

In our last report, dated Oct. 10th, 1923., we announced that a bulletin relating to legislation would follow. The enclosed pamphlet, issued by the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs, was written in collaboration with our attorney, Mr. Francis C. Wilson. It not only contains a full report on the Pueblo Indian land situation but also recommends a solution which has our endorsement. Therefore, instead of printing ourselves a report which would be necessarily a repetition, we merely add this note of explanation.

By order of the Committee.

AMELIA ELIZABETH WHITE, *Secretary*
115 East 55th Street
New York City

December 5th, 1923

BULLETIN No. 1

The Pueblo Land Problem



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The New Mexico Association on
Indian Affairs

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

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FOREWORD

This Bulletin is issued by the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs as an historical statement of law and fact which must serve as a basis for any proposed Pueblo legislation. It is in the nature of an open letter, which we hope will elucidate the complex Pueblo land problem and unite all friends of the Indians in a co-operative effort toward constructive legislation for the Pueblos.

The policy of the Association was fully set forth in the official Blue Book published last year in connection with its fight on the defeated Bursum Bill, in which it was stated that "Congressional action is required, but it must be action based upon fairness to both sides and not action favoring one side as against the other."

The New Mexico Association will welcome any criticism of fact or policy indicated in this outline, if such criticism is based upon supportable argument or evidence, and will be guided thereby in its recommendations for constructive legislation at the coming session of Congress.

(Signed) MARGARET McKITTRICK, Chairman.
JAMES L. SELIGMAN, Vice-Chairman.
B. J. O. NORDFELDT, Secy.-Treas.

GUSTAVE BAUMANN,
WITTER BYNNER,
WM. P. HENDERSON,
SARA W. McCOMB,
FRANCIS C. WILSON,

Executive Committee.

THE PUEBLO LAND PROBLEM

I.

HISTORY

The present Pueblo land conflict is the result of seventy-five years of neglect—a neglect which the next session of Congress has the power to rectify by just legislation.

The Treaty With Mexico, 1848

To understand the situation, it is necessary to review briefly the history of the Pueblo land grants from the time when the United States, by formal treaty with Mexico, assumed possession of territory now included in New Mexico, Arizona and California. Under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, ratified in 1848, the United States guaranteed the protection of all civil and property rights of residents of the Mexican Republic, who, by the terms of the Treaty, were to remain under the jurisdiction of the United States. Article IX of the Treaty reads as follows:

“Mexicans who, in the territories aforesaid, shall not preserve the character of citizens of the Mexican Republic, conformably with what is stipulated in the preceding article, shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and be admitted at the proper time (to be judged of by the Congress of the United States) to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States, according to the principles of the constitution; and in the meantime shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property, and secured in the free exercise of their religion without restriction.”

The subsequent confirmation by Congress of the Pueblo grants, secured under Spanish and Mexican sovereignties, did not represent a gift from Congress to the Pueblo Indians but was a specific fulfillment of this treaty obligation.

Prior, however, to the date of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, certain settlements of non-Indians had been made within the boundaries of the Pueblo grants, and these settlements existed by virtue of Spanish or Mexican grants, or by virtue of gift, compact or purchase from the Pueblo Indians. (Several of the larger towns within Pueblo grants, such as Taos and Bernalillo, originated from such grant, compact or purchase.)

In confirming the Pueblo grants, Congress, therefore, recognizing the existence of such valid third party rights, provided for them in the quit-claims given to the Pueblos, in the following language:

"This confirmation shall only be construed as a relinquishment of all title of the United States to any of said lands, and shall not affect any adverse valid rights, should such exist."

If, at the date of confirmation of the grants to the Pueblos by the United States, provision had been made for the adjudication and settlement of these conflicting Indian and non-Indian claims, this particular feature of the present problem would have been disposed of. As it is, there exists this class of non-Indian claimants to Pueblo lands, whose title the United States could not, and can not extinguish, since these titles, like those of the Pueblo grants, are superior to American sovereignty and are guaranteed equal protection by the terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

The Crux of the Problem

But, in addition to this class of non-Indian claimants, we have today a large body of non-Indian settlers on the Pueblo grants who hold their lands by virtue of claims originating since 1848. And the question as to how these claims were acquired represents the crux of the Pueblo land problem.

To answer this question, we must go back to the Organic Act creating the Territory of New Mexico. This act was passed by Congress in 1850, and by its provisions all the lands within the territory, apart from Indian reservations and the public domain, were placed under territorial jurisdiction, without excluding the Pueblo grants from such jurisdiction. Consequently, due to the failure of Congress to make such exception, the Pueblo grants, not being reservations, became subject to the operation of Territorial laws, and continued so for sixty-two years.

Pueblo Land Status Till 1912

Meanwhile, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, soon after the signing of the Treaty of Hidalgo, assumed to a certain extent an administrative guardianship over the Pueblo Indians, and by course of conduct these Indians thus became wards of the government, as they have remained ever since.

As regards the land status of the Pueblo Indians, however, it was held in effect both by the territorial courts and by the United States Supreme Court, that, since the United States had not reserved any Federal jurisdiction or control over the Pueblo grants, these grants were therefore by the terms of the Organic Act subject to all territorial laws, including those of adverse possession.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that the status of the property rights of the Pueblo Indians is distinctly different from that of Indians living on Executive Order or Treaty Reservations where title is still held in trust by the United States. Against these

Reservation Indians, as against Indians holding restricted allotments, no plea of adverse possession nor of laches can be maintained, since neither plea can be asserted against the Government. When, however, the Government has relinquished all title to and has no pecuniary interest in the lands of its wards, and when these lands are not, by specific legislation, retained under Federal jurisdiction, it has been decided by the United States Supreme Court that the Government has no interest which entitles it to maintain a suit brought in connection with such lands. (*United States v. Waller*, 243 U. S. 452.) Congress can authorize the United States to bring such suits, but in that event the United States, acting for the Indians by Congressional authorization, can in the case of their lands, assert no greater rights than the Indians themselves. When, in such suits, laches or statutes of limitation can be asserted against the titles of the Indians, they can also be urged against the Government. (*Folk v. U. S.* 233 Fed. 177, 192; *C. C. A. Eighth Circuit.*)

Such has been the decision of the courts of the United States in regard to the property rights of other tribal or individual Indians, who like the Pueblos are still technically wards of the Government but who like them have been given title in fee to their lands without restriction.

Power of Congress

As regards the Pueblo land grants, it might have been asserted that any restriction placed upon their titles would have been a violation of their rights under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. But it was still within the Constitutional power of Congress, through appropriate legislation, to protect these grants against aggressions which, under the territorial law, might operate to their disadvantage, as in fact they did.

The Joseph Case, 1877

In 1877 the case of *United States v. Joseph* (94 U. S. 614), brought to enforce a Federal penalty against a trespasser on the Taos Pueblo grant, the Supreme Court decided that the Pueblo Indians were not tribal Indians within the meaning and intent of federal statutes applicable to tribal Indians whose title was retained in trust by the United States, and that the claim of this settler must be tried out under territorial law. After discussing the terms by which the Pueblos hold their lands, the Court said:

"It is unnecessary to waste words to prove that this was a recognition of the title previously held by these people, and a disclaimer by the government of any right of present or future interference, except such as would be exercised in the case of any individual holding by competent and perfect title in his individual right.

"If the defendant is on the lands of the Pueblo, without the consent of the inhabitants, he may be ejected or punished civilly; by a suit for trespass, according to the laws regulating such matters in the Territory. If he is there with their consent or license, we know of no injury which the United States suffers by his presence, nor any statute which he violates in that regard."

In other words, this decision established the fact that the Pueblo lands were under Territorial jurisdiction; and—in the absence of Congressional action—this decision became the precedent followed in all similar cases until the time of the passage of the State Enabling Act in 1910.

Pueblo Land Status After 1912

The Enabling Act required the Territory at the time it became a State (January 6, 1912) to agree with the Government that all the land of the Pueblo Indians to which their title had not been extinguished on the date when the Territory became a State should "be and remain subject to the disposition and within the absolute jurisdiction and control of the United States." This act, by reserving jurisdiction over Pueblo lands and excluding them from State jurisdiction, automatically removed these lands from the operation of State laws and made them subject only to Federal law and control. The responsibility for protecting such lands after 1912 was thus placed squarely upon Congress. The compact required by the Enabling Act became effective on January 6, 1912, and from that date henceforward no claim of adverse possession under State laws could be maintained against the Pueblo grants. In the State Enabling Act, Congress did what it should have done in the Organic Act creating the Territory. Subsequently, the constitutionality of the Enabling Act was upheld by the Supreme Court in the case of *Sandoval v. United States*, 1913, (231 U. S. 28).

Non-Indian Claimants

But between the dates of the Organic Act and Statehood—from 1850 to 1912—the number and area of non-Indian holdings on Pueblo lands increased to an extent that has, in the case of certain Pueblos, menaced their existence by taking from them a large proportion of their arable lands, with an attendant loss of water for irrigation, upon which the cultivation of their remaining lands depends.

It must be recognized, however, that a comparatively small number of claimants to Pueblo lands whose claims originated subsequent to 1848, are of the "squatter" class. Many of the settlers hold their lands by virtue of deeds secured from the Pueblos, through direct purchase from individual Indians or community

grants. Some of the deeds were secured by fraud on the Indians and others for an inadequate consideration, but the lands are now held for the most part by innocent purchasers for value, or by the heirs of the original grantees.

Moral Responsibility

Unfortunately, the question whether the compensation was adequate or inadequate, or whether the titles were, as in known cases, originally obtained by fraud, or whether the sale was made by an individual Indian without the consent of the Pueblo community, could not affect the situation, after that transfer had, through the lapse of time, ripened into a perfect title under territorial law. This fact emphasizes again the moral responsibility of a great and powerful nation, presumably acting as the guardian of a weak and dependent people. Not only should the Pueblo grants have been protected against encroachments, but the United States should have defined its guardianship and should have supervised and protected the property interests of its wards to a far greater degree than it did. In the matter of encroachments, it may be stated that, although the Pueblos as corporations under the Territorial laws (Section 2784, N. M., Code 1915, construed *Lane v. Santa Rosa* 249 U. S. 110) had access to the courts and could have ejected trespassers by due process of law, they were, in reality, helpless to act in their own defence, because of their ignorance of our laws and procedure. And even in the case of the United States Indian agents and attorneys who were empowered to represent the Pueblos, the law was such, prior to 1912, that they could achieve little on behalf of their clients. From the time of the first Territorial Indian agent, James C. Calhoun, appointed in 1848, until today, practically every Indian agent and attorney has reiterated a request to the Indian Office that the matter of the disputed claims be adjudicated and settled. Calhoun recommended in 1850 that a commission be appointed by Congress to establish the respective Indian and non-Indian claims. After confirmation by Congress of Pueblo grants in 1858, surveys were made establishing their boundaries, and upon these surveys the Pueblo patents were based; but practically nothing has been done by Congress from 1848 to the present day to provide adequate methods and means to settle the conflicting third-party claims, and no Congressional action prior to the Enabling Act was taken to protect the Pueblo grants as confirmed by Congress against subsequent encroachments. In the act creating the Court of Private Land Claims (1891), Congress asserted its authority to protect Pueblo lands by limiting the jurisdiction of that Court, so that it could not confirm Spanish and Mexican claims that would "interfere with or overthrow any just and unextinguished Indian title to any land or place"; but still no special tribunal was created by Congress to say what Pueblo titles had or had not been extinguished.

Recompense

The conditions that have arisen resulting from this absence of Congressional action represent an injustice and a pecuniary loss to the Pueblos for which due recompense should be made. It is a moral obligation which Congress should recognize. But, owing to the human as well as legal nature of the problem now involved, the moral responsibility is not single, but double; and restitution to the Pueblos in any form that it may take must be made without injustice to the settlers on Pueblo grants, who in the majority of cases hold their lands in good faith, and who have, moreover, under Territorial law, acquired vested property rights which may not be impaired or destroyed.

What, then, is the solution of this very intricate human and legal and moral problem?

II.

SOLUTION

As an attempt towards such solution, the Bursum Pueblo Land Bill (S. 3855), defeated last winter, was shown in both the Senate and House Committee hearings to be a manifestly unfair piece of legislation, against which the public was justly aroused. It was completely one-sided in giving to the non-Indian claimants practically everything claimed, without any possibility of redress by the Pueblos or by the Government in their behalf. This bill is now dead.

The Lenroot Substitute.

The Lenroot Substitute, which was reported out of the Senate Sub-Committee, retains the Senate number of the original Bursum Bill; but, from that point on, all similarity between the two bills ends. In fact every word of the original Bursum Bill was stricken out, and even the title was amended. The Lenroot Substitute passed the Senate, but did not come to a vote in the House, owing to lack of time. The Lenroot Bill was an attempt to legislate in conformity with the facts and the law set forth in the foregoing historical survey.

Compensation

As it stands, the bill represents in principle a just and equitable solution of the conflicting land titles; but due to the nature of the Committee in which the bill originated, it could carry no appropriations for recompense to the Indians, for the arable and other lands lost to them because of the perfection of non-Indian titles against them under Territorial laws. The question of compensation was fully discussed in the Senate hearings, and it was understood that, in the event of the reporting out from this Committee of a bill de-

voted wholly to the settling of the disputed land titles, a second bill providing a method for arriving at adequate compensation to the Indians would be presented through the proper Committee in the House or Senate.

It has now become clear that no compensation can be made until the extent of compensation which both the Indians and the settlers may be entitled to receive shall have been officially determined and presented to Congress.

Thus, the Commission should be authorized and directed to report to Congress the compensation which both the Indians and the settlers may be entitled to receive. No other method of arriving at a solution of this difficult feature of the situation would be satisfactory to Congress, nor could compensation be expected without the basis of the findings of such a commission on the subject.

Statutes of Limitation.

As regards the statute of limitation section of the Lenroot Substitute, it has been shown above that the non-Indian claimant who can maintain his title under the Territorial adverse possession statutes prior to January 6, 1912, has a vested property right which may not be impaired or destroyed. This is the principle recognized in Section 4 of the Lenroot Bill. It is possible, however, to improve this Section so that it will conform more nearly with the complete protection of vested rights in both the Indians and the settlers. For convenience' sake and to clarify this statement of conditions under Territorial laws of settlers claiming rights without color of title and those claiming rights with color of title, the discussion will be separated and treated in two paragraphs.

(a) **Without Color of Title.** Under a law enacted February 1, 1858, appearing as Section 2938 of the Compiled Laws of 1897 of New Mexico, the right to recover lands entered upon without color of title but with claim of right was barred after ten years possession. (*Probst v. Trustees*, 129 U. S. 182; *Maxwell Land Grant Co. v. Dawson*, 151 U. S. 586). This law was amended, so as to require adverse possession under color of title, by Chapter 63 of the Session Laws of 1899, approved March 16, 1899, and thereafter under that Section no title to real property could be gained in New Mexico without color of title. Thus, to leave undisturbed the rights which became vested by entries made under the law passed February 1, 1858, ten years prior to the amendment of that section in 1899, and at the same time to protect the Indians from the assertion of claims of less standing, the limitation without color of title but with claim of right should commence with March 16, 1889, and run continuously to the passage of the proposed bill.

(b) **With Color of Title.** Prior to 1912 there were two pertinent statutes, one passed originally February 1, 1848, now appearing as Section 3364 of the Annotated Codification of 1915, and, Chapter 63 Session Laws of 1899 referred to in the preceding paragraph,

now appearing substantially as enacted as Section 3365 of the Annotated Codification of 1915. Under the first statute, which has been continuously in effect since its passage in 1848, ten years possession united with color of title conferred title upon the adverse claimant, and under the second, ten years adverse possession with color of title united with the payment of taxes by the adverse claimant barred the owner from the right to recover. On January 6, 1912, the Territorial statutes of limitation applicable to real property ceased to be effective against the Pueblo Indians. Thus to leave undisturbed the rights which have vested under those statutes on January 6, 1912, and to protect the Indians from the assertion of claims of less standing, the limitations with color of title of the proposed legislation should commence on January 6, 1902, and run continuously to the date of the passage of the Act.

It will be asked why the limitations should run continuously to the date of the passage of the bill and for the information of those to whom this question might occur, it may be stated that under the Territorial statutes mentioned which operated only to bar the right of the fee simple owner to recover, an abandonment by the claimant at any time after the statutes have run would permit the owner to re-enter the land and claim it as his own, and thus, an abandonment, if it should be proven at any time up to the passage of the bill, would permit the Indians to reclaim such land.

Safeguards

Primarily, the limitation section should act as a restricting safeguard upon the discretionary powers of the Commission. The commission provided for in the Jones-Leatherwood bill, submitted by friends of the Pueblos last year, had no check upon its discretionary powers, and as Senator Lenroot pointed out in the Committee hearings, Congress would never give its consent to a commission which could operate without restrictions imposed by Congress. The justice of this is evident. Congress would not be responsible for any measure which did not insure by its stated provisions protection in law and equity for its wards and for the non-Indian claimants. Any proposed legislation on the subject should include this principle of restriction upon the power of the Commission.

By the terms of the Lenroot Substitute, the Pueblo Lands Board can not approve any non-Indian claim having less standing in law and in fact than the limitations section of the bill provides. The Board is required to be unanimous upon every decision and thus a difference of opinion upon either law or fact would leave the Indian title unextinguished and subject to a final decision in the courts.

If the finding of the Commission is against the non-Indian claimant, the land is included in the report to the Attorney General as Indian land. The Attorney General is directed to bring a suit to quiet title in the Federal Court for the District of New Mexico

on the lands in the report described as Indian lands. The non-Indian claimant therefore has his day in court to determine whether he has a just claim or not, and the usual procedure as to appeal is provided for. Where the finding of the Commission is against the Indian, the Pueblo involved has no direct appeal from the decision; but if such decision should result in taking from the Pueblo land to which it had a good and indefeasible title, the Pueblo would have its recourse, its day in court, by means of an original proceeding in the Federal Court brought to set aside the ruling of the Commission. (*Lane v. Santa Rosa*, 249 U. S. 110). If there were anything in the Lenroot Substitute which attempted to take away that right of recourse to the courts, it would be held unconstitutional.

It has been suggested that no decision against Pueblo claims should be valid without the consent of the Pueblos. It is unthinkable to stipulate the Indians' consent to the disposal of such lands as may not be legally theirs. Moreover, if the consent of one side were required, the consent of the other side would be equally necessary for fair action. As a matter of fact, in a judicial decision, the consent of either party is irrelevant. The court determines for both sides, regardless of contesting litigants or their wishes. However, by the actual terms of the Lenroot Substitute, "any party aggrieved by any final judgment or decree, shall have the right to review thereof by appeal or writ of error or other process as in other cases."

Need of a Commission

The Commission is a necessary feature of the legislative act, since an equitable settlement of the disputed claims will entail actual first-hand knowledge of the ground, in connection with surveys made or ordered made, and an amount of first-hand investigation which could not be expected of the courts. The Commission makes its findings on the spot, in each respective pueblo, with all necessary witnesses, and without cost to either party. It is believed that 80% in number but not in area of the claims will thus be settled without cost to either party and without court proceedings. Considering these facts, the inquiry conducted by the Commission may be expected to obtain for both claimants a fuller measure of human and equitable justice than could be obtained through the courts.

Furthermore, the Commission is necessary to determine and report to Congress, as the courts could not efficiently do, the compensation which both the Indians and the settlers may be entitled to receive.

Preserving the Pueblo Communities

Another feature of proposed Pueblo legislation should be a practical method by which the Pueblo communities could be pre-

served as such. In several Pueblos the settlers' claims are within the Pueblo plazas, and a possible sale or exchange of such non-Indian claims would be to the benefit of both races. Under Section 13 of the Lenroot Bill, it is provided that an unextinguished Pueblo claim within a settlement of valid non-Indian claims may be sold by the Secretary of the Interior with consent of the Pueblos' governing authorities. A section giving the Secretary of the Interior authority to purchase non-Indian claims inside the Pueblo settlements should also be included; and the Commission should be empowered to report upon these conditions where they exist, with an estimate of the cost to purchase non-Indian claims which are within Pueblo settlements or are so close thereto as to interfere with the Pueblo community life.

Personnel of the Commission

The Commission, as provided for in the Lenroot Substitute, includes the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney General of the United States, and a third member appointed by the President. It has been suggested that the Pueblos have a specially elected representative on the Commission. In this event, a balancing right of special representation would obviously have to be accorded the settlers. But this balance is officially maintained by the proposed personnel of the Commission: the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney General, with a third member, the Presidential appointee; and the dissent of any one of these three leaves the Pueblo title unextinguished and subject to a final decision by the Court. Additional representation of the two sides is conceivable, but would probably only complicate without advancing the work of the Commission.

Conclusion

Taking the Lenroot Substitute as a basis, with the added provisions indicated above and other possible amendments of a consistent nature, we have every reason to believe that a just and equitable solution of the complex Pueblo land problem will have been achieved.

(Signed) ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON, Chairman.

WITTER BYNNER,
E. DANA JOHNSON,
MARGARET McKITTRICK,
Publicity Committee.

(To appear in the Freeman:
Not released for reprint till Dec. 19, 1923)

A PUEBLO PRIMER

by Witter Bynner

Who are the Pueblo Indians ?

- A group of Indians who inhabit "pueblos", or villages, in New Mexico and Arizona. They long have been peaceful and industrious agriculturalists, noted for their simple but well-organized self-government and for their skill in the arts.

Do they live on reservations, like other Indians ?

- They do in Arizona. In New Mexico, Zuni is the only Pueblo government reservation. All the other New Mexican Pueblos live on land originally owned by their ancestors under Spanish and Mexican rule.

Did they lose this land when New Mexico was annexed to the United States ?

- No. By the terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848, their land was confirmed to them on the same basis as land owned by other former Mexicans.

So the United States has never owned their land at all, as it has owned the reservation lands ?

- Never, Except for a few additions granted the Pueblos through Executive Order and lying therefore outside the present discussion.

Yet the Pueblos are wards of the Government, like other Indians ?

- Wards, yes, but not like other Indians.

Why not ?

- In some respects they have been treated as wards ever since 1848, though their legal status has never been fully defined; but until 1912 the Government had no greater legal concern with their lands than it had with the land of any American citizens in any of its Territories.

What happened in 1912 ?

- The Territory of New Mexico, through a compact with the Federal Government, became a State and in that compact agreed to exempt from the action of State laws all lands legally belonging to the Pueblo Indians.

But what about Territorial laws ?

- Between 1850, when the Organic Act created New Mexico a Territory, and 1912, when the conditions of the Enabling Act were met and New Mexico became a State, Pueblo lands had been subject, like any other lands within Territorial boundaries, to the action of Territorial laws.

Might they not have been exempted from such action ?

- Yes; if the Federal Government, in the Organic Act which created the Territory, had stipulated such exemption.

Why was it not stipulated ?

- Because the status of the Pueblos was vague and both the Indian Bureau and Congress were careless and negligent of eventualities.

Then a wrong was done the Indians ?

- Yes, a wrong of omission.

With what result ?

- With the result that they have lost many of their holdings.

Had their original holdings been clearly defined ?

- No. Before 1848, there had been grants, both from the Spanish and Mexican Governments, overlapping the Indian grants; and on these conflicting grants, which have never been legally untangled, there were Spanish and Mexican settlements long antedating all the mid-Western American cities.

Which claims did the United States recognize ?

- It confirmed the Pueblo holdings but was careful to specify that "this confirmation shall not affect any adverse valid rights."

So, from the beginning of our sovereignty over New Mexico, there have been doubtful and undetermined Pueblo titles ?

Yes.

To lands which the Indians claim as their own ?

- Yes.

And is the present Pueblo land problem concerned with these old conflicts ?

- Only in part. There have been later losses of land.

Due to what ?

- Fraudulent deals in some cases, and in others deeds of sale or transfer given either by individual Indians or by one of the pueblos as a community.

Did the Indians own the land individually ?

- For use, yes, and even for temporary transfer among themselves; but in permanence it was owned communally.

Then how could they sell it individually ?

- Such sales were invalid, except as affected by later circumstances.

What circumstances ?

- When the purchaser, through adverse possession of the land, had held it long enough to become its legal owner under the Territorial statutes of limitation, which applied alike to Pueblo and non-Indian lands the original question of transfer no longer mattered.

Does this mean that the action of Territorial laws has determined the status of all lands held against the Pueblos, regardless of original title ?

- Yes, up to certain dates, and excepting lands which have been claimed by several parties but are legally occupied by none of them.

Have the Pueblos met their land losses without protest ?

- No. And neither have the Government Indian Attorneys. Ever since 1850, the Pueblos and others in their behalf have appealed to Congress for definition of boundaries and for remedial measures.

With what results ?

- With none whatever till 1912, when federal jurisdiction promised future security.

But had the Pueblos no recourse except to Congress ?

- They were supposed, like other Territorial inhabitants, to have recourse to the courts, but they seldom, on their own initiative, had made use of their right and, in action brought for them, they had seldom received unqualified justice from the local courts.

And the Federal Government had failed to advise them of their rights and to direct the action? but

- Yes. The Government had furnished them with agents and attorneys, it had practically done no more about their land than it would have done for inhabitants of any Territory who failed to protect their own property interests.

And they have no redress against the Federal Government on account of this neglect?

- None legally. The Federal Government was acting within the law that existed till 1912.

They can claim nothing from Congress to offset injustice done them in the Territory?

- They have a moral claim to special consideration and recompense.

Through restoration of their original lands?

- No. Not through restoration of lands legally lost to them.

Why not, if the lands were unjustly lost?

- Because justice has to work two ways.

How so?

- Lands that may have been unjustly lost to the Pueblos have come none the less legally, in most cases, into the possession of innocent settlers. If those settlers have complied with the law, they have every right to rely upon such local laws as have in no way been gainsaid by the United States Government.

What laws, for instance?

- Territorial statutes relating to adverse possession.

And did those statutes continue to apply against the Indians till 1912?

- The situation was complicated by changes of the law, but in a nutshell, the Territorial statutes of limitation apply in this way: non-Indian claims, without color of title, commencing later than March 16, 1889, and non-Indian claims, with color of title, commencing later than January 6, 1902, are disqualified, but such claims, commencing respectively, earlier than those dates, are protected.

But what do those legal phrases mean, "with or without color of title"?

- "With color of title" implies a document which purports to convey property but which in fact does not. The document may or may not have been given in good faith. "Without color of title" means squatter's rights and no document of transfer. If the squatter, however, fails to continue as a legal occupant of the land, title reverts to the previous owner.

Would it not be within the power of Congress, through retroactive legislation, to override Territorial laws?

- Congress might, as an extreme measure, exercise its authority to confiscate lands legally held and to pay the evicted owners an estimated value; but such legislation would be arbitrary, discriminatory and dangerous to the peace, as well as unnecessary.

The Pueblos, then, will be sufficiently protected without such drastic legislation?

- Yes. They will be in a better position morally, and will be sufficiently protected for their livelihood and well-being, with what they gain from exact determination of questionable claims, provided the Government duly assists them in the care of their lives and in the proper development of their legal holdings.

What should be the procedure with these questionable cases?

- Court action might be brought to settle them; but, better, a Commission should be appointed to consider and adjudicate.

Why not immediate court action?

- Because the courts are not equipped for the intricate, delicate and expensive investigation necessary among the various pueblos, a task abnormally complicated by centuries of neglected confusion.

Is a Commission possible?

- Yes. It may be authorized by Congress, which since 1812 has had jurisdiction over Pueblo lands, similar to its jurisdiction over lands in the District of Columbia.

Is such a Commission contemplated?

- Yes. It is provided for in a Congressional measure known as the Lenroot Substitute. After defeat of the notorious Bursum Indian Bill, Senator Lenroot and others carefully prepared this substitute, which was favorably reported, at the last session, by the Senate Committee on Public Lands.

Is the Lenroot Substitute a fair bill?

- On the whole, yes.

As it stands?

- No. It needs both modification and amplification.

In what way does it already improve on the Bursum Bill?

- The Bursum Bill favored the settlers at the expense of the Indians' legal rights. The Lenroot Substitute respects the legal rights of both sides.

Are the Indians represented on the Commission?

- Not directly. Neither are the settlers. It is proposed that there be three Commissioners: (1) the Secretary of the Interior, who is the Cabinet official specially charged with the interests of the Indians and who, in the person of the present Secretary, has given evidence of a conscientious attitude very different from the attitude of his immediate predecessor; (2) the Attorney-General, who is the Cabinet official primarily concerned with the just application of the country's laws and who would have an eye as well on the legal rights of the settlers as on those of the Indians; and (3) a member to be appointed by the President of the United States.

Would two additional members be advisable, one chosen by the Indians and one by the settlers?

- Such an expansion of membership would be possible, but not likely to facilitate progressive action.

Would the Commission consult the Indians?

- Necessarily, and would consult the settlers also, in the natural course of investigation.

Should final decision depend upon consent of the Pueblos?

- No more than upon consent of the settlers, unless a sort of reverse Bursum Bill is planned, without conscience. However, the consent of either side is obviously irrelevant to a judicial decision.

But what safeguards have the Indians against an unfair decision?

- Dissent by any member of the Commission from a finding in favor of a settler's claim would leave the Indian title unextinguished and convey the question to the

courts. And even unanimous decision against the Pueblos could not deprive them of the right of recourse to the courts, through original action.

In cases where the Pueblos have a moral claim against the Government because of land legally but unjustly lost to them, is there any way to make sure of their being compensated?

- This is what the Lenroot Substitute fails to provide; and it should be amended as follows: Recompense should be assured the Pueblos, not in the shape of land to be unjustly taken from their neighbors, not through an attempt to make a right out of two wrongs, but through the Commission's report on the amount of Pueblo losses in land and water, the report to have the force and effect of a judicial finding and judgment as to compensation due the Indians from the Government.

Are there other proposed modifications?

- Yes. It is proposed, for instance, through reasonable adjustment and purchase to clear from the inner circle of the Indian villages all white settlers. It is proposed, also, that non-Indian claims, no matter when they commenced, must be based on continuous legal occupation of the land, including payment of taxes, up to the date of passage of the final measure.

What are the chances of passage for the Lenroot Substitute thus amended and improved?

- Excellent, if the Pueblos' friends will take advantage of the start made in Congress, will cease from making sentimental and excessive demands and will seriously base their endeavors on the facts and the law: in a word, if they will unite upon the amended Lenroot Substitute as a sound and equitable measure.

Will the Pueblos be satisfied with the outcome?

- The Pueblos are human. So are the settlers. And in the long run, the Pueblos will no more wish to deal unjustly with their neighbors than they have wished their neighbors to deal unjustly with them.

The Council of All the New Mexico Pueblos, assembled at Santo Domingo Pueblo this fifth of May 1924, issues the following Declaration, addressed to the Pueblo Indians, to all Indians, and to the People of the United States.

We have met because our most fundamental right of religious liberty is threatened and is actually at this time being nullified. And we make as our first declaration the statement that our religion to us is sacred and is more important to us than anything else in our life. The religious beliefs and ceremonies and forms of prayer of each of our Pueblos are as old as the world, and they are holy. Our happiness, our moral behavior, our unity as a people and the peace and joyfulness of our homes, are all a part of our religion and are dependent on its continuation.

To pass this religion, with its hidden sacred knowledge and its many forms of prayer, on to our children, is our supreme duty to our ancestors and to our own hearts and to the God whom we know. Our religion is a true religion and it is our way of life.

We must now tell how our religious freedom is threatened and is denied to us.

We specify first the order issued by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to Indian Superintendents, dated April 26th, 1921. In that lengthy order, the Commissioner gives a list of "Indian Offenses for which corrective penalties are provided." He places upon local Superintendents the duty of determining whether Indian religious observances "cause the reckless giving away of property;" are "excessive;" promote "idleness, danger to health and shiftless indifference to family welfare." "In all such instances the regulations should be enforced." And one of our present Superintendents of the Pueblos thus states his attitude in a printed Government report: "Until the old customs and Indian practices are broken up among this people we can not hope for a great amount of progress. The secret dance is perhaps one of the greatest evils. What goes on I will not attempt to say but I firmly believe that it is little less than a ribald system of debauchery."

We denounce as untrue, shamefully untrue and without any basis of fact or appearance, and contrary to the abundant testimony of White scholars who have recorded our religious customs, this statement, and we point out that the Commissioner's order, quoted here, to be interpreted and enforced by the local Superintendents, is an instrument of religious persecution.

We next refer to the circular addressed "To All Indians" signed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and dated February 24, 1923. He states: "I could issue an order against these useless and harmful performances, but I would much rather have you give them up of your own free will and, therefore, I ask you now in this letter to do so. If at the end of one year the reports which I receive show that you are doing as requested, I shall be very glad, but if the reports show that you reject this plea, then some other course will have to be taken." And on February 14th, 1923, the Commissioner addressed all Superintendents commending to their attention the proposals of certain Christian missionaries, stating that "the

suggestions agreed in the main with his attitude. " Among these suggestions were the following:

"2. That the Indian dances be limited to one each month in the daylight hours of one day in the midweek and at one center in each district; the months of March and April, June, July and August being excepted (no dances these months).

"3. That none take part in these dances or be present who are under 50 years of age.

"4. That a careful propaganda be undertaken to educate public opinion against the (Indian) dance."

We Pueblo Indians of course have not consented to abandon our religion. And now the Commissioner of Indian Affairs has just visited the Pueblos, and he went to Taos Pueblo and there he gave an order which will destroy the ancient good Indian religion of Taos if the order is enforced. He ordered that from this time on the boys could no longer be withdrawn temporarily from the Government school to be given their religious instruction. These boys would stay longer in school to make up for the time lost and there is no issue about the Indians not wanting their children to be educated in the Government schools. But if the right to withdraw the children for religious instruction be withdrawn, then the Indian religion will die. The two or three boys taken out of school each year are the boys who will learn all the religious system of the tribe, and they in turn will pass on this knowledge to the generation to come.

When issuing this order to the Taos Pueblo, the Commissioner denounced the old customs and religions and he used harsh words about us who are faithful to the religious life of our race. He called us "half-animal."

And now we will call attention to the fact that when our children go to school, as they all must do and we want them to do, they are compelled to receive the teachings of the Christian religion no matter what the parents or the clans may desire. And the parents, the clans and the tribes are not even given the privilege of saying which branch or denomination of the Christian religion their children shall be taught. Thus a division is made between the parents and the children. And now if we are to be, according to the Commissioner's new order, forbidden to instruct our own children in the religion of their fathers, the Indian religions will quickly die and we shall be robbed of that which is most sacred and dear in our life.

We address the Indians and the people of the United States, and we ask them to read the guarantees of religious liberty which we have received. We came into the United States through the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and that treaty guaranteed to all the inhabitants of the Southwest, that until such time as they were made citizens of the United States "they should be maintained in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property, and secured in the free exercise of their religion without restriction." And we call attention to the covenant, which was a treaty, made between the United States and the People of New Mexico, whose words were embodied in the enabling act making New Mexico a State and in the Constitution of New Mexico:

"And said convention shall provide by an ordinance irrevocable without the consent of the United States and the people of the said State:

"First:--Perfect toleration of religious sentiment shall be secured, and no inhabitant of this state shall ever be molested in person or property on account of his or her mode of religious worship."

We conclude this statement by asking the citizens of the United States: Shall the Commissioner of Indian Affairs be permitted to revoke those guarantees which the Congress of the United States itself could not revoke under the Constitution. We are but a few people, in the Pueblos. We have inherited and kept pure from many ages ago a religion which, we are told, is full of beauty even to White persons. To ourselves at least, our religion is more precious than even our lives. The fair-play and generosity of the American People came to the rescue of the Pueblos when it was proposed to take away their lands. Will the American people not come to our rescue now, when it is proposed to take away our very souls?

We request and authorize the various organizations friendly to the Indians' cause, to act with and for us in this crisis. This appeal has been written with the help of representatives of these organizations though what it says is our own thought and our own plea.

Most of all we say to all the Pueblos whom we represent - to all of the ten thousand Pueblo Indians, and likewise to the Hopi and Navajo Indians: This is the time of the great question. Shall we peacefully but strongly and deathlessly hold to the religion of our fathers, to our own religion, which binds us together and makes us the brothers and children of God? There is no future for the Race of the Indians if its religion is killed. We must be faithful to each other now.

Taos Pueblo :

John D. Archuleta
Albert Martinez
Antonio Mirabel
Antonio Lujan

Picuris Pueblo

Manuel Vargas, Governor
Miguelito Lopez, Captain

San Juan Pueblo

Ambrosio Martinez, Governor
Pedro Povijua, Ex-Governor
Jose Maria Cruz, Captain of War
Sotero Ortiz, Chairman of all Pueblo Council of War

Santa Clara Pueblo

Santiago Naranjo, Governor
Juan Jose Gutierrez, Ex-Governor
John Naranjo

San Ildefonso Pueblo
Bernardo Sanrdons, Governor
Sotero Montoya, first fiscal
Juan Esteban Roybal, Captain of War
Juan B. Gonzales, Ex-Governor

Nambe Pueblo
Loreto Vigil, Ex-Governor
Augustin Vigil, Ex-Governor

Acoma Pueblo
James H. Miller, Governor
Frank Johnson, Lieutenant Governor
Lorenzo Routzen, Principal

Tesuque Pueblo
Juan de Juse Pino, Governor
Martin Vigil, Lieut. Governor
Marcella Herrera, Sheriff

Cochiti Pueblo
Louis Ortiz, Governor
Joe Trujillo
Salvador Pecos
Jose Alcario Montaya

Sandia Pueblo
Francisco Lauriano
Juan Avilar
Lorenzo Lucoro
Lupito Cortez
Pasqual Antion

San Felipe Pueblo
Santiago Esquibel, Principal
Andres Velasques, Lieut. Governor
Juan Martino, Captain of War
Miguel Aguilar, Principal

Santana Pueblo
Daniel Otero, Governor
San Lorenzo Tenorio, Lieut. Governor
Miguel Silva
Florencio Roman

Sia Pueblo
Toribio Aguilar
Amado Medina
Juan B. Pino

Isleta Pueblo
Lalo Lucero, Governor
Jose Padilla
Antonio Abeita

Santa Domingo Pueblo
Rogue Garcia, Governor
Victor Nieto, Lieutenant
Santiago Pina
Julian Lobato
Tomasito Tenorio
Augustine Aquilar
Jose Eliseo Calabasa
Felipe Coris
Valentin Crispin
Francisco Tenorio
Francisco Abeyta
Diego Venavede
Jose Tenorio
Juan Cate
Feliciano Tenorio
Jose Coris
Santiago Abeyta
Victoriano Melchor
Ventura Melchor
Cruz Calabasa
Francisco Rianio
Liandro Maina

THE NECESSITIES FOR LEGAL AID, IMPOSED ON THE PUEBLOS BY
THE NEW PUEBLO LAND TITLE LAW.

August 7th, 1924

Efforts and conflicts lasting four years, eventuated in the passage by the last Congress of a law designed to effect a permanent and absolute settlement of the Pueblo land controversies which have developed over two centuries.

Justly or unjustly, the law will produce the effects sought after. What is to be gained or lost, for Indians or Settlers, must be gained or lost now. The subject will be closed hereafter.

Various organizations and thousands of individuals were active in securing the law finally passed, which is a law sound in principle and workable in practice---workable if the conditions which it imposes be promptly and capably met. The present law would not exist save for the efforts of various Indian Welfare bodies. Further action is necessary if this law is to do good and not harm the Pueblos. This fact imposes an obligation moral if not contractual on these bodies. The obligation assumed really is a strong one; inasmuch as the Indians themselves were encouraged to support the bill in the form made Law, whereas under the terms of the law they will suffer perhaps in some cases vitally unless they now receive legal aid.

A copy of the law is attached. Its main features are stated in practical terms below, in order to make plain the necessity for continued action by Indian Welfare bodies, in the shape of legal aid to the Pueblos before the Pueblo Land Board and the Courts. The Pueblos have formally asked for this aid.

1. The PUEBLO LAND BOARD under the law must investigate and set forth all lands granted or confirmed to the Pueblos by the United States or by any prior sovereignty. It shall then make a REPORT, setting forth the findings but excluding from its description of Pueblo lands any lands held adversely to the Pueblos since a date earlier than 1902 with color of title or 1889 without color of title. Thereafter, the GOVERNMENT shall institute suit, where necessary, to recover for the Pueblos any lands, declared their own, adversely held since dates subsequent to those named above.

2. Under the terms of the Act, the GOVERNMENT is not called upon to sue to recover for the Pueblos any lands held adversely to them since PRIOR TO the above dates; but by the terms of the Act, the PUEBLOS themselves may sue---may assert any existing right, unaffected by the terms of the present act.

3. Under the Act (but not in the face of independent suits by the Pueblos) the SETTLERS may plead the limitations of the act---i.e., that they have held the land more anciently than the above dates. Where the Settlers retain the land, the Act imposes on the United States Government a responsibility for compensating the Pueblos for the land lost, to the amount of its present market value as grazing or farming land, PROVIDED that the Government could EVER by seasonable action have retained the land for the Pueblos and PROVIDING that in the event of the appeal to the courts by the government, which the act permits, the courts shall sustain the findings of the Board, whether the appeal be as to the liability of the government or the amount of the award.

4. From the above it follows: "That in the majority of contests in number, and possibly in area likewise, the PUEBLOS must decide either to (a) accept compensation or (b) litigate through original proceedings for the recovery of the land. If they decide to (a) accept compensation, then they must be prepared, on appeal by the government,

to uphold in the COURTS (not only before the land board), in suits wherein the Government will be the opposing party, that the Government has been responsible for their loss of the land and that the Land Board's award of compensation is just and adequate. They might determine to accept compensation and then fail to get it; they might decide to litigate for the recovery of the land, and then litigate in vain.

5. The ORIGINAL WORK by and before the Pueblo Land Board will be fraught with difficulties. What is color of title---i.e., in New Mexico; has a Seller fulfilled the conditions which would entitle him to keep the land he claims, under the terms of the Act though not necessarily in face of independent suit by the Pueblos; was a piece of land, adversely claimed, sold by the Pueblo as a corporation, or by an individual Indian, or was it leased, or simply seized; has the Settler, though he may hold a portion of his land securely under the terms of the Act, enlarged his boundaries since 1889 or 1902? Again, was the Government, as Guardian, responsible for the loss of a given parcel of land to the Indians, or for the failure to present a Pueblo claim to the Court of Private Land Claims for confirmation? Some of the above are questions of FACT, and the Land Board's decisions will be in most of such cases final even if the cases get into Court; at least the making of the record will be of final importance--the record before the Land Board. Some are questions of law and may, or will, require construction by the Land Board and Courts. Some are questions where the law itself throws the Indians and the Settlers into a legitimate conflict; some are questions where the law itself may throw the Indians and the Government into a legitimate conflict; some are questions where the law itself may throw the government and Settlers into a legitimate conflict.

6. Enough is said above, to make plain that EACH of the THREE parties will require legal representation before (a) the Land Board and (b) the Courts. The act itself makes no reference to Government lawyers or Settlers lawyers but explicitly authorizes the use of lawyers for certain work employed directly by or for the Pueblos, requiring as a precaution that the contracts made with such lawyers be approved by the Indian Bureau (Secretary of the Interior). PART of the legal work for the Pueblos, could effectively be done by Government-paid lawyers, and it is hoped that such lawyers will be provided by the Government. But there should be, for the best interest of all concerned, the co-operation, in this work, of the attorneys retained independently for the benefit of the Pueblos, and who will have the whole problem in mind. The work, in large part, which the Act implies shall be done by lawyers independently retained by or for the Pueblos, has to be done before the Land Board starts its sitting, and also during these sittings, and thereafter before the Courts. It should be added, that though the law says nothing about Settler attorneys, these will be "on the job" plentifully, and the Settler's legal preparation is vigorously proceeding at this time. This is as it should be. The Settler as well as the Indians will gain or lose finally under the Act.

7. It must be understood that the Pueblo Land Board, alike in its fact-finding and in its judicial or quasi-judicial capacity, is not created by the Act as an advocate for or guardian of the Pueblos or the Settlers. Its sole duty is to be detached and non-partisan, just as is the case with any Court of the land. Should it lean in a partisan way to either side, the result would be dead-locks so far as settlement by adjustment is concerned, and a multiplication of appeals to the Courts, at great cost to Settlers, to Pueblos and to the Government. So the intensive demonstration of facts and of considerations advantageous to any of the three parties, should be the duty of the lawyers representing these three parties, and the party not having such lawyers will be the loser accordingly.

8. IS THE LAW NEEDLESSLY COMPLICATED? One might be inclined to think that the law is excessively complicated and loaded with uncertainties because of the struggles which necessitated compromise. In the main, this is not a fact. There might have been a simpler settlement by empowering the Land Board to make final awards of compensation. Congress was unwilling and insisted that the Government be given an appeal to the Courts in this matter. Again there were compromises that had to be made and always the question of constitutionality to be met. The present Act, in its complexity of operation and in the many uncertainties of law and probable conflicts of testimony about facts which the Land Board will confront, does but reflect, and attempt to deal with, the confused history of centuries, under three sovereignties, and under the changing status of the territory of New Mexico and the shifting Court attitudes of past years.

To devote a couple of years, and to spend a few thousand dollars, for the permanent settlement of an issue that has been tragical for generations, involving the existence of whole peoples and the final ownership of property worth many millions--this is not an unreasonable task, and it is a task in which the organizations friendly to the Indians should be willing to carry their part.

9. IS IT SEDITION, TROUBLE-MAKING, AND AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, TO OFFER LEGAL AID TO THE PUEBLOS IN THIS SITUATION?

An intense campaign has been waged among the Pueblos, to convince them that they were "going against the Government," and would invite reprisals against themselves, and win the ill-will of the White community, if they used private Counsel. Later, having failed to convince the Indians to the above effect, the propagandists turned their attention to those who might assist the Indians with advice and money in the matter of legal aid. They have sought to convey, which is certainly not the fact, that the offer of legal aid was a questioning of the integrity of the Pueblo Land Board and of the Government? They have not attacked Congress which passed the law, but the private friends of the Indians proposing to assist in the crisis.

A reading of the above pages or of the texts of the Pueblo Act will make plain the disingeniousness of these statements.

It is submitted, that the several organizations which joined in the endorsement of the present law, have a continuing responsibility in the premises.

a batch of lies

Recd. at Lagunitas,
Calif. Sept. 16, 1924
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(In the following article written and mailed from London, England, to the New York Times for publication, W. E. (Pussyfoot) Johnson, director of the World League of Alcoholism, discusses the affairs of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.)

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Editor New York Times: Just before sailing from New York on July 26, my attention was called to an article in your paper of July 13, by Mr. Carl Asher entitled "Pueblo Indians Fear for their Religion." About the same time I received the following telegram from New Mexico:

"You helped us many times before. Help us now against a man named John Collier who is trying to do us harm. He is deceiving Indians and whites about us, trying to work against the Government and Christian religion in the name of what he calls "liberty," PROGRESSIVE COUNCIL, SANTA CLARA PUEBLO, by VIDAL GUTIERREZ, PRESIDENT."

Almost at the same day I received the following telegram from Clara D. True of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Miss True, for a quarter of a century, has devoted her life to the welfare of the Pueblo Indians, spent her earnings for them, nursed them through small pox epidemic and has more influence over these Indians than any living person. The telegram read:

"The Progressive Christian Pueblo Indians of New Mexico have an all Pueblo Council composed of Indians from eleven villages representing 2,305 Indians. These Indians are being supported in their position by the Indian Rights Association, the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions and others. The greatest danger to these Indians now is a deliberate propaganda against the Christian religion and the United States Government. An agitator named John Collier is getting publicity in the New York Times and elsewhere that is ruinous to Indian welfare. Collier is trying to prevent the Government from stamping out the peyote evil that is rapidly gaining headway among Pueblos. Collier is also trying to interfere in schools among Pueblos, advocating and encouraging Indians to keep children out of schools two years for instruction in pagan religion. CLARA D. TRUE, ASSOCIATE SECRETARY, INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION."

During the past two years, there has been a veritable concatenation of misinformation published throughout the United States in connection with

this subject. A part of this has arisen from wholesale attacks on the Indian Bureau from professional grafters who have been defeated in their attempts at plundering the Indians, and who welcome any sort of a brick that can be hurled at the Indian Administration. A part, the larger part, arises from well-intentioned people, mostly women, who have witnessed spectacular Indian dances, and who admire the weird performances as I do, but who really do not know what they are talking about, and who find amusement in participating in this sort of a ghost dance around the Indian Office in Washington.

Because I have been appealed to by the Pueblo Indians themselves, and because of my intimate connection with these Pueblo Indians for twenty years, six of which was during my services as Chief Officer of the United States Indian Service, I may be helpful in setting up the facts in this matter. I do not speak as a champion of the Indian Bureau, for I resigned my position as Chief Officer in order to be free to conduct a successful fight to prevent unscrupulous grafters from stealing 30,000 acres of Indian land from these same Pueblo Indians. The Indians were saved their lands and the corrupt officials involved in the scheme were ousted from the service or demoted and one committed suicide. The officials who cooperated with me in defeating this fraud are now in control of the Indian Office. These are some of the reasons these Indians now appeal to me in their difficulties, not with the Indian Office, but with half-baked philanthropists stuffed like toads with grotesque misinformation.

The Peyote cult is not a "pagan religion" at all. It is a modern Christian cult less than thirty years old. The only trouble with it is that they use a highly narcotic cactus known as "peyote," instead of wine as a medium of communion. "Peyote," is an Aztec word meaning "caterpillar." The word is applied to this cactus because the plant, after flowering in the spring,

resembles a caterpillar. The peyote, which is chewed, has about the same narcotic effect as cocaine, though it produces visions like opium. It is highly destructive, more so than alcohol, and from communion purposes, its uses have rapidly spread to indiscriminate irreligious uses among the Indians, much to the satisfaction of dealers in peyote who gather the plants for sale. The objection to peyote is exactly the objection that would lie against any other Christian cult that would arise should they begin to use cocaine or here- in at the communion table in celebration of the Lord's Supper, and then from that starting ground, would propagate the indiscriminate use of cocaine and heroin under the guise of "religion" for the exclusive benefit of dealers in cocaine and heroin.

I have read much ornate maledictions against the Indian Office because of the plundering of Indians of their lands. Nearly every case of this sort has arisen because of unwise land legislation, enacted by Congress through the intrigues of grafters and over the opposition of the Indian Office itself. The worst of this wholesale grafting has been in connection with the administration of Indian estates in Oklahoma. This astonishing plunder all arose after and because the Indian Office was deprived by Congress of the right to administer these estates, the right to administer them having been taken from the Indian Office and placed in the hands of state officials. Criticisms against the Indian Office for this is on par with a criticism of General [Robert E.] Lee, for the evils of the Reconstruction after the Civil War.

But the burden of this agitation is voiced in Mr. Asher in his article, the complaint being that the Government is attempting to crush out wholesome, ancient, innocent Indian "religions" and to annihilate the "beautiful Indian religious dances," the whole being an unwarranted attack upon "religious liberty."

Under this slogan of "religious liberty," a terrific disturbance has been raised, all of it having an absolutely fictitious basis.

Mr. Collier and Mr. Asher claim to represent 10,000 Pueblo Indians. There are not that number of Pueblo Indians in existence. The great majority of Pueblo Indians are Catholics and not pagans at all. Surely these agitators do not represent the Christian Indians in their championship of pagan religious rites. And more than 2,000 of these same Pueblos are actually organized to combat this so-called "protest" against the alleged operations of the Indian Service.

not true The Indian Office has issued no orders whatever prohibiting Indian dances and all this outcry of protest against such orders is entirely fictitious. The Indian Office has made no attempt whatever to prohibit pagan rites and ceremonies as such. There has been no attempt whatever to interfere with Indians indulging in any form of worship they choose, provided it is not obscene or immoral. The only interference with religious liberty is the oppression of pagan caciques who, encouraged by Mr. Collier and his associates have sought to compel Christian Indians to participate in degrading and horribly immoral pagan secret rites. Mr. Collier and his associates have thereby precipitated an enormous amount of trouble and contention among the Indians themselves by their propaganda.

All that has been attempted by the Indian Office has been to eradicate certain infamous abuses, mostly secret, in connection with these Indian dances, concerning which Mr. Collier and his associates seem to know nothing about. I would not for a minute imagine Mr. Collier and Mr. Asher encouraging any of these abuses if they knew what they were talking about.

There is no objection whatever to any of the Indian dances, pagan or otherwise, so far as they are seen by the white people. I have personally

participated in some of these dance myself. One night I actually led one of these so-called "pagan dances" from midnight until four o'clock in the morning, in which 400 Indians participated, a weird performance that I thoroughly enjoyed, as did a couple hundred white people who witnessed the affair.

Even some of the "secret dances" are entirely harmless, such as the annual Feast of Kurook of the Yumas, the annual feast of the dead. Some years ago, the Yumas became annoyed by white people attempting to surreptitiously witness this performance. So to avoid trouble, I suggested to the Yumas that they divide this ceremony into two parts, one part of which the white people were to see, and the sacred part, the whites were not to see. And I personally, at the request of the Yumas, guarded their retreat all one night to prevent white people witnessing their sacred ceremonies. And these ceremonies which I guarded were of the most intensely interesting and harmless character, a sort of a religious ritualistic allegorical portrayal of the history of Yuma people. There is no objection to such ceremonies, secret pagan or otherwise on the part of the Indian Office or of anybody else that I know of.

But there are other features connected with these Indian dances that are held in secret that are of the most hideous, obscene and revolting character, dances the white people are never permitted to see, and which the Indian Office is seeking to eradicate. These functions are of such a loathsome infamous character that they can not be described in print. They are practices and rites that are the survival of an ancient Phallic worship, much more degrading than the Phallic worship of the Ancient Greeks and Hindus. In these performances, crowds of men and women are thrown together entirely naked. Boys and girls returned from Government schools are stripped naked and herded together entirely nude and encouraged to do the very worst that vileness can suggest, all in the

name of "religious liberty." I know what I am talking about in this matter.

On one occasion, I broke up one of these horrible affairs by strong arm methods. Indians have appealed to me to protect them from pagan caciques and priests who sought to compel them to participate in these bestial affairs.

In the Indian Office at Washington are file after file of official reports from inspectors and affidavits of Indians regarding the unprintable character of these affairs, much of this testimony having been collected by Rev. E. M. Sweet, formerly inspector in the Indian Service. In the office of the Indian Rights Association in Philadelphia, sheafs of affidavits from Indians revealing the unprintable details of these horrible secret affairs in which Indian women and Indian girls, many of them just returned from school, are compelled to submit to unspeakable atrocities, all in the name of what Mr. Asher calls "religious liberty." I have before me as I write, about 100 pages of closely type-written pages of affidavits from reputable Indians describing these nauseous practices, in which they have been compelled to participate. I have before me a long letter from Miss Mary E. Dissette, a veritable saint among the Pueblo Indians, who gave her whole life to their service, who nursed the Zuni Indians through the historic and horrible small pox plague of thirty years ago, and who has herself adopted and educated out of her own slender earnings, five Pueblo Indian orphan children. Miss Dissette tells of these frightful practices that came under her own observation. She tells how her own little girls were debauched in these dances under the guise of "religious liberty." I have unimpeachable testimony detailing how at one of these "sacred dances," every one of the girls of one Indian village became pregnant, and many of these girls had just returned from mission and government schools. I, myself, have rescued and educated more than one Indian girl, who had become a victim of such hideous

affairs. From Indians whom I know and whose word is beyond reproach, I am told how, in these "sacred dances," they have seen Indian mothers, wives and daughters ravished before hundreds of yelling, naked savages, all done in the name of "religious liberty." I have been told in sworn testimony how little girls, too young and tender to be ravished, have been whipped naked until their little bodies were bruised and covered with purple welts as an "initiation into the sacred rites," which performances were witnessed by a horde of naked people of both sexes. I have the sworn testimony of civilized Indians whom I personally know and whose word I can not question, who have been driven from their homes, whose cattle and sheep have been driven away, who have been robbed of their common Indian allotments and who have been assaulted because they refused to participate in these tribal "religious" functions, ruled by caciques, koshares, komshees, rainmakers, medicine men, witch doctors and half-breed bootleggers, all protem champions of "religious liberty" under the grotesque tutelage of my friends John Collier and Carl Asher, flanked by a battery of well-meaning ladies in pursuit of "cult."

There are minor dance abuses which the Indian Office seeks to modify or eliminate, like the "potlach" of the northwest when an Indian will "give away" everything that he has, runs himself in debts that he can never pay and pauperize himself and family for life.

There are the fiestas of the southwest, generally harmless in themselves, but which are often held in rotation at the time of planting or harvesting, and the Indians give months of their time to these affairs when they should be attending to their little farms. The Indian Office has striven with considerable success, to transform these Indian fiestas into Indian fairs, in which prizes are given for the best products of the farm, basketry, weaving and so forth,

which fairs are held at times when they will not interfere with the making of Indian crops. These agitators are encouraging the Indians to abandon these things; devote their energies to holding snake dances for the entertainment of male and female tourists.

lie | The Indian Bureau instituted years ago an elaborate medical service, which has now almost completely eradicated trachoma and certain other diseases prevalent among Indians. As a result of this new "cult" agitation of Mr. Collier and Mr. Asher and their associates, thousands of Indians now refuse medical attention and rely upon the incantations, tom toms and drum beatings of medicine men for relief. And thanks to this agitation, a large number of Indian children at Santo Domingo and elsewhere have recently unnecessarily died because their parents, under the inspiration of the agitators, refused medical attention.

The Government is spending several millions of dollars annually upon education of ten of thousands of Indian children. Now, under the inspiration of well meaning but ignorant agitators, we have the spectacle of Indians withdrawing or attempting to withdraw their children from these schools in order to give them a two year course in sodomy under pagan instructors, all under the enthusiastic slogan of "religious liberty." The Indian Office is made up of human beings, prone to err. Like the rest of us, they are not even impeccable. The service has had a bad history, but the bad is ^[not quite] all ancient history. But as it now stands, it can challenge favorable comparison with any government social service on earth in efficiency, in devotion to a high human trust, and in patience under mountains of ignorant criticism. Commissioner Burke fought for and worked for the Indians as Chairman of the Indian Committee of the House of Representatives and otherwise, long before some of these silk stockinged critics got out of knee pants and short dresses. And in the whole history of

America, no ten men have done more to block and thwart the schemes of grafting highbinders than has Edgar B. Meritt, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Meritt, during the past fifteen years alone, to my personal knowledge, has saved the Indians many millions of dollars that, without his efforts, would have gone into the pockets of thieves who would take the blanket off the Indian's back and steal the pewter spoon from the mouths of Indian children.

I don't plead that the Indian Office be immune from criticism; I have indulged in such criticisms myself. But, I do beseech good people who would really like to help the Indians to first find out what they are talking about before interfering in these affairs with such disastrous results.

In this movement to eliminate these evils attending the Indian dances, the Indian Bureau has the active support of the Indian Rights Association, the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions, every known Protestant Indian Missionary Organization, and every other reputable Indian organization in the country that is more than five years old.

"Lo, the Poor Indian," God save him from fool friends; his enemies, grafters, and thieves are comparatively easy to deal with.

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON.

London, England.

71. SPANISH ELEMENTS IN THE KACHINA CULT
OF THE PUEBLOS

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

As the Pueblos have fitted Spanish folk tales into their native lore, so have they fitted into their ceremonialism Catholic ritual. The clowning Grandfathers of the Mexican town of Alcalde appear as the Grandfathers of the Tewa and of Isleta and the "old ones" or Koyemshi kachinas of Zuni and the Hopi; also as the widespread bug-a-boo mask (Tsabio-Atoshle-Suyuku). The Matachina dance of Alcalde and of the eastern Pueblos and the *tablita* Saint's Day dance are the prototypes of the kachina line dances of the western Pueblos; the Spanish animal burlesques and demons, of the animal and whipper kachinas, the horse masks of Santa Clara and San Domingo and the Pecos-Jemez bull mask representing an incipient stage of borrowing. The Shalako ceremonial of Zuni is the Christmas-King's Day celebration of the eastern Pueblos.

Certain sacrosanct masks in the west, the idea of transubstantiation through wearing a part of an animal, mimetic animal dances, clownishness in war societies, rain-bringing Spirits,—these were the pre-Spanish traits which lent themselves to the process of acculturation. This was first abetted by the friars, but later, when the kachina cult developed and spread as a native cult in conflict with Lenten observance and perhaps with the Spanish prohibition against masks, the Church opposed the cult, thereby fostering the secretiveness and exclusiveness which now characterize it, particularly in the east.

Appendices on religious dancing in Spain (notes on dancing in Mexico) and on the Franciscan missions from Mallorca to America.

Resolution on the Status of Pueblo Indian Lands

Adopted in principle by the Council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at the fourth Boston meeting, and adopted in this form by the Executive Committee of the Council of the Association at its regular spring meeting held in Washington, April 22, 1923.

WHEREAS, the economic status of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico is in jeopardy because of various land and irrigation claims of non-Indians; and

WHEREAS, the United States has justly guaranteed to the Pueblo communities the titles of their lands and the irrigation and other rights pertaining thereto; and

WHEREAS, the Congress of the United States has recently been considering the passage of laws to quiet land-title disputes between non-Indians and the Pueblos; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the American Association for the Advancement of Science, an organization of over 11,000 American scientists and friends of science and education, unequivocally favors the full and complete protection of the Pueblos in all their fundamental land, irrigation, and cultural rights, to the end that they may continue to live their own lives in as nearly their own manner as is possible and with as little restriction as is consistent with the rights of their non-Indian neighbors.

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Recd. July 14, 1923 - cm

The Council of All the New Mexico Pueblos

assembled at

Santo Domingo Pueblo
August 25th, 1923

make the following statement:

Believing that Federal legislation is absolutely necessary for the solution of the land question, and for the removal and prevention of the encroachments upon their land which menace their very lives, the New Mexico Pueblos again call upon Congress and upon their friends throughout the United States to assist in securing such legislation.

They believe that no legislation will be just unless it conforms to the following principles:

1. No land to which any Pueblo has title, or in which it has legal rights, should be taken from any Pueblo without the consent of the Pueblo's authorized agent. Where any Pueblo cedes land, there must be an adequate equivalent given to the Pueblo.

2. The Pueblos recognize the fact that certain portions of their lands are occupied by populous towns. Without in any way relinquishing their claims to the sites of these towns, where the Indian title is still paramount, the Pueblos recognize that the reclamation of the townsites would involve hardship and even injustice. They are accordingly prepared to

cede these townsites, in return for other lands or, if such return is impossible, then in return for money, which shall be equivalent in value to the farming value of these townsites. They are prepared also to accept legislation excluding from litigation church sites, cemeteries, public service corporations where proper compensation has been paid, and lands now held by Governmental authorities—so long as the above are used for public purposes.

3. The Pueblos recognize the fact that many of the persons now living on land which belongs to the Pueblos, have so lived for long periods of time in the belief that they have acquired title; and that, in such belief, they have built upon and improved the land; have bought, sold and bequeathed it; and that, while they have no legal rights, they have human rights entitled to recognition. The Pueblos unhesitatingly place the responsibility for this situation upon the United States Government and the Indian Bureau; since for seventy-five years the Pueblos have constantly and repeatedly asserted their claims to these lands, yet the United States officials charged with maintaining the Pueblos' rights—who until recently alone could maintain them—have failed to do so, permitting the non-Indian settlers in Pueblo grants to possess, cultivate and improve the land and even to believe that they had acquired title to it. The Pueblos need and desire to recover this land in many instances.

They are, however, disposed to support and to ask their friends to support the claims of the settlers in good faith for a long period of time, to fair compensation from the United States Government in the case of their removal from Pueblo land.

4. The Pueblos have indisputable evidence of peculiarly flagrant land seizures in recent years, and especially at the time of the Joy Survey, so-called. They believe that all such cases should be dealt with drastically and at once—lest these

seizures should become the basis for new claims against the Pueblos and against the Government.

5. Independently of the foregoing, the Pueblos believe that measures should be taken to prevent further encroachments and, on the recovery by the Pueblos of all or any part of their land, to prevent the recurrence of the present situation. To that end, they desire: (a) That any encroachment on Pueblo lands—on lands now held or hereafter acquired by any Pueblo—shall be made a crime, punishable by an adequate penalty; (b) That a machinery for summary eviction by United States officials shall be provided; and (c) That there shall be a statutory affirmation of the principle that title against any Pueblo can not be obtained by adverse possession.

In addition to the above-stated principles and policies, the Council of All the Pueblos makes the following declarations:

In a number of instances, the grants of land made to the Pueblos by the United States Congress, which theoretically confirmed the Pueblo titles to land owned by them under the Spanish and Mexican governments, were so surveyed that large portions of the land belonging to the Pueblos by Spanish title were taken away. We hope that legislation may be adopted which will permit either the rectification of the surveys, or the granting to the Pueblos in question of lands in compensation for the lands lost.

The Pueblos are vitally interested in the establishment of just principles of law in regard to their land claims, and in the creation of favorable precedents for the determination of their rights in the Courts and before Congress. We, the Pueblos, accordingly authorize The American Indian Defense Association, Inc., and the Indian Welfare Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, by their attorneys, to take such steps as may be necessary and possible, to pro-

tect the rights of the various Pueblos in the cases of *Sandia v. Garcia*, et al; *United States v. Candelaria*; and *United States ex rel. the Pueblo of San Ildefonso v. Exon*, et al (the Namber River Water Rights case.) We similarly authorize the above-named two organizations to take suitable action in our behalf before Congress.

(Note: The cases of *Sandia v. Garcia* and *U. S. v. Candelaria* concern the question of whether the New Mexico law giving title to a possessor on ten years' adverse possession, applies to the Pueblo lands.)

The several Pueblo delegations voted as units on the above statement of principles and of authorization, the vote being as follows:

Taos, Yes. Picuris, Yes. San Juan, Yes. Santa Clara, Yes. San Ildefonso, Yes. Pojuaque, Yes. Nambe, Yes. Tesuque, Yes. Santo Domingo, Yes. Cochiti, Yes. San Felipe, Yes. Sandia, Yes. Santa Ana, Yes. Zia, Yes. Jemez, Yes. Pecos, Yes. Isleta, Yes. Acoma, Yes. Zuni, Yes. Laguna: Delegates from Laguna were without authority to vote on any question, but expressed individually their approval.

(The Pueblos as above listed were represented by ninety-eight delegates.)

ed. by me Oct. 6, 1923

C. S. M.